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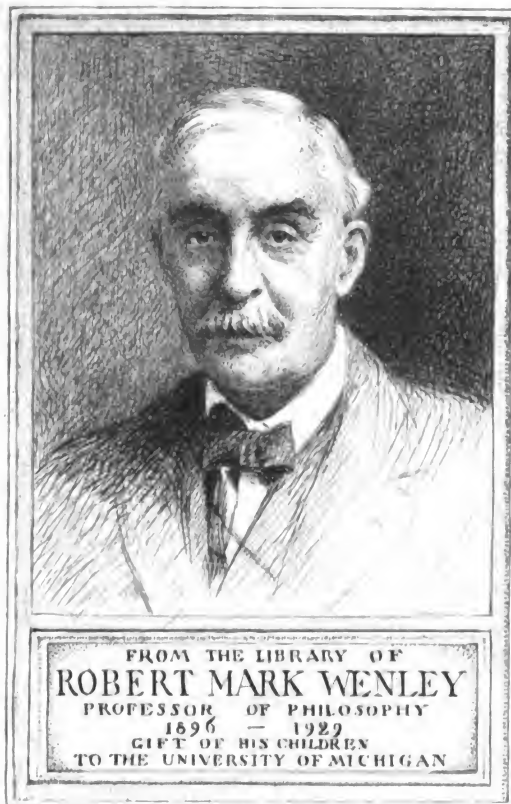
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The Review of

EDITORIAL OFFICE, 451, 551

BRAY HOUSE

PUBLISHED by Naurier, (Illustrated), 387
"Man," by Marie Corelli, 453

MARSHALL

National Social Union):
Conference and the Pope, 429
143, 413, 440
under Libraries.
Search of the Future, National Social Union.
on Sunday, 261
see Twain (Mark).
Imperial Federation:
Education, 31
Colonial Policy, 201
Asian Federation, see under Australasia.
ion: White Men and the Tropics, 245
ion of the People (see also under Labour, etc.):
Problem of the Poor in London, 449
emporary Review reviewed, 29, 44, 49, 59, 60, 135, 142, 148, 151, 153,
217, 219, 247, 248, 320, 344, 361, 408, 412, 413, 433, 434, 438, 439, 501,
505, 509, 512, 516, 523, 534

The Annual Subscription for the "REVIEW
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of the world.

INDEX TO VOL. XII. OF REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Accident Insurance in Germany, 263

Afghan Embassy in London, 418

Africa:

The Mahdi-Land as a Buffer State, 195

War in Ashanti, 293, 391 (map), 477, 478

The Murder of Mr. Stokes, 391, 479, 514

The Boers' Oligarchy in the Transvaal, 145

The Crux in South Africa, 199

The South African Gold Boom, 319, 435

Khama, African Chief, (illustrated), 393, 478

The Best Road to Central Africa, 422

Slavery under the British Flag, 392

Agriculture (see also under Ireland):

What should be done for the Farmer? 220

The Government and the Farmers, 392

The County Councils and Agricultural Education, 260

Co-operative Agriculture, 361, 414

Small Holdings, 517

The Abolition of the Middle Man, 414

How Water Makes Land, 222

Air Car, 515

All the World reviewed, 251, 520

Ameen, Miss Elin, (with portrait), 241

American Historical Review reviewed, 511, 541

American Journal of Sociology reviewed, 347

American Magazine of Civics reviewed, 510

Ampleforth Journal reviewed, 321

Annals of the American Academy reviewed, 56, 140, 265, 360, 364.

Annual Index to Periodicals, 1894, 92, 186, 282

Arbitration, International, see under Peace

Architecture in England, 526

Arctic Exploration: By Balloon to the North Pole, 234

Arena reviewed, 35, 58, 59, 63, 148, 161, 251, 264, 347, 445, 538;

Armenian Question, 5, 108, 142, 197, 289, 290, 321, 387, 475

Arnold, Matthew, Letters of, 513

Art: How to teach Art to the Masses, 221

Art in the Magazines, 161, 354, 423, 520, 521

Art Annual reviewed, 354

Art Journal reviewed, 161, 354, 423

Artels in Russia, 265

Artist reviewed, 354

Ashanti, see under Africa.

Asquith, H. H., Liberal Leader of the Future, 329

Atalanta reviewed, 161, 354

Athletics, Gymnastics, etc. (see also Cycling):

The Physiology of Recreation, 44

Atlantic Monthly reviewed, 241, 326, 328, 538

Australasia (see also New Zealand):

Federation, 32

Australia:

New South Wales Elections, 111

Austria, Archduke Karl Ludwig of, 225.

Austria-Hungary:

Diplomatic Conference at Vienna, 198

Count Baden's Ministry, 390

Anti-Semitism, 484

Old-Age Homes, 263

Baby Exchange, 86, 179, 266, 377, 468, 545

Badminton Magazine reviewed, 163, 256, 353

Balfour, A. J., 427, 512

Balfour, Jabez Spencer, Conviction of, 484

Ballooning:

By Balloon to the North Pole, 234

The Air Car, 515

Baltic and North Sea Canal (map), 3

Bechuanaland, see under Africa.

Beresford, Lord Charles, Bravery of, 519

Bernhardt, Sara, 56

Betting, see under Gambling

Bible and Biblical Criticism:

Higher Criticism of the Gospels, 26

Allegory of the Sex Relation, 232

Bible in Schools and Denominational Education:

The Denominational School, 392

Rev. H. P. Hughes's False Start, 299

The Next Education Bill, 413

Lord Salisbury and Voluntary Schools, 477

Cash for Sectarian Schools, 516

Bibliography: Recent Schemes, 528

Birds:

Women as Destroyers of Birds, 72

The Kea, (illustrated), 524

Blackwood's Magazine reviewed, 137, 164, 229, 251, 321, 325, 411, 433, 443,

506, 511, 523

"Blasius, the King's Chamberlain," (illustrated), 451, 551

Bonghi, Signor, 395

Book Exhibition at Library Bureau, 529

Book of the Month:

"Tribby," by George Du Maurier, (illustrated), 367

"The Sorrows of Satan," by Marie Corelli, 453

Bookman reviewed, 329, 336, 443

Books, New Publications, 8, 183, 267, 374, 464 (illustrated), 554, 559

Christmas Books (illustrated), 554

Borderland reviewed, 165, 348, 426, 427

Brahmanism, A. J. Balfour and, 427

Bravest Deed I ever Saw, by A. Forbes, 519

Brighton Civic Centre, 547

British Association at Ipswich, 297

Browning Hall, 363, 482

Bulgaria: Murder of M. Stambuloff, 110

By-Elections, see under Electoral

Bynoe, Dr., 409

Cables, see Telegraph

Cain and Abel and the Lost Atlantis, by D. R. O'Sullivan (illustrated), 271

Caine, Hall, 522

Calcutta Review reviewed, 157

Cambridge, Duke of, Resignation of, (illustrated), 8

Camphor Manufacture in Formosa, 525

Camping-Out, 178.

Canada: An Agrarian Feud in Prince Edward Island, 517

Canadian Magazine reviewed, 257

Canals, see Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, Nicaragua Canal.

Caricatures, see under Illustrations.

Cassell's Family Magazine reviewed, 32, 41, 233, 541

Cassler's Magazine reviewed, 525

Catholic Church (see also Leo XIII.):

The Temporal Power of the Pope, 27

The Pope's Letter to the English People, 426

The New Catholicism, 426

Plea for a New State Church, 47

Catholic World reviewed, 339

Caucasus: Legends, 41

Celsus, Philosopher, 242

Central America (see also Yucatan, Nicaragua, etc.):

The Sick-Man of the New World, 323

The Real Rulers of Central America, 417

Century Magazine reviewed, 66, 220, 227, 256, 353, 415, 416, 432, 449, 511, 520, 542

Chamberlain, Joseph,

Character Sketch of, (illustrated), 114

Other Sketches of, 26, 108, 140, 200, 530

On the British Empire, 478

Chambers's Journal reviewed, 58

Chapman's Magazine of Fiction reviewed, 235

Character Sketches:

The Third Salisbury Cabinet, (illustrated), 16

Joseph Chamberlain, (illustrated), 114

Archbishop Croke, (illustrated), 204

Khama, Chief of the Bamangwato, (illustrated), 303

Herbert Spencer, (illustrated), 399

The Sultan of Turkey, (illustrated and maps), 489

Chautauquan reviewed, 354

Cheltenham Ladies' College Magazine reviewed, 318

Children (see also Baby Exchange):

State Control of Children, 245

The Rights of the Unborn, 264

How to save the Street Arab, 71

Country Holidays, 70

China (see also Korean War):

Massacre of English Missionaries, 197, 290

Eggshelly China, 289

France and China, 6

Dispute on the Mekong River, (map), 194

The Russo-Chinese Loan, 6

Russia and Port Arthur, 291, (map), 383, 384

China as a Holiday Resort, 53

Chitral Campaign (map), 196, 424

Christendom, Reunion of, see Church of the Future

Christian Social Union, 143

Christmas Cards, 548

Church of England: Tithes, 409

Church of the Future, Civic Church, (see also National Social Union):

The Reunion of Christendom: Grindelwald Conference and the Pope, 429

Church Quarterly Review reviewed, 143, 413, 440

Churchill, Lord Randolph, 240

Circulating Library, see under Libraries.

Civic Church, see Church of the Future, National Social Union.

Civic Duty: Citizen Sunday, 261

Clemens, S. L., see Twain (Mark).

Colonies and Imperial Federation:

Empire and Education, 31

The New Colonial Policy, 201

Australasian Federation, see under Australasia.

Colonisation: White Men and the Tropics, 246

Condition of the People (see also under Labour, etc.):

The Problem of the Poor in London, 449

Contemporary Review reviewed, 29, 44, 49, 59, 60, 135, 142, 148, 151, 153,

217, 219, 247, 248, 320, 344, 361, 408, 412, 413, 433, 431, 438, 439, 501,

505, 509, 512, 516, 523, 534

iv. INDEX TO VOL. XII. OF THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

- Co-operative Movement :**
Congress in London, 262
Co-operative Agriculture, 361, 414
Co-operation in France, 57
Co-operative Banks, see Savings Banks
Coppée, François, 335
Corelli's (Marie) Book "Sorrows of Satan," 453
Cornhill Magazine reviewed, 53, 54, 330, 424
Cosmopolis reviewed, 353, 425
Cosmopolitan reviewed, 58, 66
Cotton : Indian Cotton Duties, 201
Country Holidays for Children, 70
Country House reviewed, 353, 414, 446, 517, 542
County Councils and Agricultural Education, 260
Covent Garden in 1824 (illustration), 542
Crime :
Is Crime Beneficial ? 224
Famous Female Criminals, 338
Crime in Wales, 69
Crispi, F., 148
Critical Review reviewed, 239
Crockett, S. R., 42
Croke, Archbishop, Character Sketch of, (illustrated), 204
Cromwell, Oliver,
Cromwell as a Soldier, 414
Cromwell's Women, 40
Cromwell's Major-Generals, 236
Cromwell Statue at Westminster proposed, 727
Cromwell's Statue at Manchester, (illustrated), 8
Cuban Insurrection, 12, 195, 292, 393
Currency, see under Finance
Cycling :
The Perils of Cycling, 231
Women Cyclists (illustrated), 149, 201, 424
Cycling for Soldiers, 424
An Electrical Bicycle Railway (illustrated), 426
Daudet, Alphonse, 37
Delbrück, Professor Hans, (with portrait), 514
Diary, for June, 14 ; for July, 112 ; for August, 202 ; for September, 300 ; for October, 396 ; for November, 486
Dickens, Charles, 23
Dublin Review reviewed, 237
Dufferin and Ava, Marquis of, 392
Du Maurier's (George) Book "Tribly" (illustrated), 367
Economic Journal reviewed, 57
Economic Review reviewed, 263, 264
Economics, see Political Economy, etc.
Edinburgh Review reviewed, 158, 442, 455
Education, (see also Technical Education) :
Empire and Education, 31
Religious Question in the Board Schools, see under Bible in Schools
Higher Education in France, 527
Educational Review (London) reviewed, 249
Educational Review (America) reviewed, 54, 219, 346, 424, 527
Electoral (see also Liberal Party, etc.) :
General Election of 1895, 7, 99, 135, 138, 219
The National Social Union and the General Election, 67
Questions for Candidates, 68
Maps of the General Elections in England, 1885-1895, 102
The Poster in Politics, (illustrated), 168
The New Ministry, see under Parliamentary
By-Elections, 14, 16, 301, 486
Lancashire, North (Chorley Division), 14
Inverness-shire, 14
Cork City, 16
Inverness Burghs, 301
Dublin (St. Stephen's Green), 301
Kerry (South), 301
Limerick City, 301
Kensington (South), 486
Liverpool (East Toxteth), 496
Middlesex (Harrow), 486
Electric Power, Transmission of, 525
Electrical Bicycle Railway, (illustrated), 425
Elephants : Taming African Elephants, 324
Eliot, George, —An Appreciation and a Depreciation, 332
Elizabeth, Queen, 237
Emigration : White Men and the Tropics, 245
Empire and the Colonies, see Colonies.
Employers' Liability, see under Labour
Engineering Magazine reviewed, 156, 225, 235, 241, 445, 517, 525, 526
England and the English People :
The Civilising of England, 319
English Women of To-day, 235
Londoners at Home, 147
English Historical Review reviewed, 236, 238, 427, 433, 435, 541
English History, see Mary, Elizabeth, Cromwell.
English Illustrated Magazine reviewed, 51, 133, 182, 256, 324, 352, 448, 524, 542
English Language :
English in America, 51
How to Write English, 54
English-Speaking Folk : Fête-Day of the English-Speaking World, 217, 322
Ethical Movement in Germany, 50
Eucalyptus Oil and Scarlet Fever, 40
Evolution :
The Riddle of Existence, 234
The Morality of Nature, 328
Heredity, etc. ; the Rights of the Unborn, 264
Existence, Mystery of, see Evolution.
Fiction :
The Modern German Novel, 52
Penny Dreadfuls, 418
Penny Popular Novels, 543
Fildes, Luke, (illustrated), 425
Finance :
Is England Bankrupt ? 34
How to Solve the Currency Question, 425
Why Pay Off the National Debt, 519
Prospects of Trade, 12
Don't Speculate ! 518
Foreign and Colonial Finance, see New Zealand, United States, India.
Fire Insurance, 509
Formosa : Camphor Manufacture, 525
Fortnightly Review reviewed, 27, 32, 38, 60, 61, 132, 135, 136, 144, 145, 154, 219, 220, 224, 243, 321, 326, 330, 340, 341, 412, 418, 419, 427, 439, 440, 506, 507, 508, 516, 530, 532, 533
Forum reviewed, 26, 48, 54, 62, 160, 221, 233, 252, 253, 327, 331, 332, 336, 346, 531, 537, 538
France (see also Paris, Napoleon III.) :
Evolution of French Government, 140
The French Ministry, 292
Fall of the French Ministry, 388
Programme of M. Bourgeois's Ministry, 486
Official Corruption, 383
France Outre-Mer, 6
France and Madagascar, see Madagascar.
France and Russia, 5, 293
France and China, see under China.
Higher Education, 527
Co-operation in France, 57
The Firebrands of the World, 141
Blackmailing Journalists of Paris, 246
French Surgery, 44
Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly reviewed, 541
Free Review reviewed, 27, 36, 38, 137, 138, 163, 231, 419, 431
French Magazines reviewed, 30, 44, 55, 64, 65, 166, 167, 224, 235, 249, 254, 255, 334, 337, 338, 341, 350, 351, 354, 432, 446, 447, 523, 529, 539, 540
Gambling :
Crusade against Betting and Gambling, 63
Balance Sheet of Monte Carlo, 526
Gentleman's Magazine reviewed, 250, 261, 354, 435
Geographical Congress in London, 111
Geographical Journal reviewed, 25, 33, 158, 246, 422, 510
German Literature :
The Modern German Novel, 52
Patriotic and War Songs, 337
German Magazines reviewed, 28, 50, 52, 60, 140, 242, 243, 321, 337, 354, 483, 514
Germany :
The Kaiser and the Socialists, 390, 493
Das-Nächst gone Mad, 514
The Kaiser's Picture Politics, (illustrated), 474, 475
Opening of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, (map), 3
Accident Insurance, 263
Girl's Own Paper reviewed, 182
Gizycki, Professor von, 50
Good Words reviewed, 40, 85, 151, 444, 352, 411, 451, 517, 522, 525
Gordon, General, and Li Hung Chang, 548
Gorst, Sir John, and His Work, 25, 229
Great Thoughts reviewed, 441
Graham, Walter Q., Death of, 11
Hallé, Sir Charles, (with portrait), 436
Hamley, Sir Edward, 28, 150
Harper's Monthly Magazine reviewed, 53, 71, 182, 231, 256, 257, 310, 323, 324, 352, 417, 435, 509, 538
Healy, Tim, and the Nationalists, 299, 481
History (see also Mary, Elizabeth, Cromwell, Napoleon III., etc.) :
The Restoration of Battlefields, 220
Holdings, see under Land Reform
Holy Land, see Palestine
Homes for the Aged Poor in Austria, 263
Homiletic Review reviewed, 32, 228, 361
Housing of the Working Classes :
Motel Lodging-Houses, 263
Howells, W. D., on England, 435
Humanitarian reviewed, 35, 37, 49, 165, 226, 235, 260, 319, 336, 338, 414, 424
Huxley, Professor, 13, 144, 331
Hymns That have helped Me, 365
Iceland and Its Wants, 420
Idler reviewed, 42, 149, 162, 256, 353, 448, 453
Idström, Ellen (with portrait), 529
Illustrations (see also Portraits) :
Caricatures, 10, 11, 12, 99, 100, 101, 104, 106, 115, 116, 118, 119, 121, 125, 126, 128, 129, 131, 132, 133, 195, 203, 292, 294, 295, 297, 299, 385, 446, 481, 485, 487, 491, 496, 497, 500, 501
Political Posters, 168-178
The Cromwell Statue at Manchester, 8

Illustrations—*continued*.

- Covent Garden in 1824, 642
- "Trilby," by George Du Maurier, 367
- "Blastus, the King's Chamberlain," 450, 550
- "A Modern Maid," 452
- Book Cover, 267
- Luke Fildes painting "the Doctor," 423
- "Nations of Europe! Join in the Defence of Your Faith and Your Home!" 474
- New Town Hall, Morley, 398
- The Rock of Cashel, 205
- Thurles Cathedral and Convent, 207, 213
- St. Patrick's College, 208
- Maynooth Church, 215
- Bookcases for the Penny Poets, 83, 180, 181, 358, 546
- Lady Cyclists in Battersea Park, 149
- A Motorcycle, or Four-Wheeled Petroleum Gig, 395
- A Fairy Tale of Central America—Dr. Le Plongeon's Discoveries, 271-281
- The Grand Visier on His Way to the Sublime Porte, 488
- The Mosque of the Yildiz Kiosk, 499
- The Kea, 524
- Japanese Cavalry Scouts, 268
- Mission Church at Palapye, 317
- Index to Periodicals, 94-96, 187-190, 283-285, 378-380, 469-472, 562-564
- Index to Periodicals for 1894, 92, 186, 282
- India :
 - Cotton Duties, 201
 - The Coming Bankruptcy, 230
 - How We may lose India, 320
 - Frontier War, see Chitral
 - A. J. Balfour and Brahmanism, 427
 - Can English Women live in India? 42
- Insurance :
 - Free Insurance for Sailors, 262
 - Accident Insurance in Germany, 263
 - Municipal Fire Insurance, 509
- International Journal of Ethnics reviewed, 47, 50, 442
- Investors' Review reviewed, 25, 34, 139, 218, 225, 230, 318, 408, 435, 505, 518, 519, 520, 530
- Ireland :
 - What should the Government do? 411
 - Irish Committee suggested by Mr. Horace Plunkett, 260, 481
 - Mr. Tim Healy and the Nationalists, 289, 481
 - Killing Home Rule with Kindness, 481, 512
 - Rome Rule, 2-3
 - The Irish Convention at Chicago, 292
 - Do Irish Americans hate England? 510
 - Co-operative Agriculture, 414
- Irish Literature: Best Irish Books, 329
- Italian Magazines reviewed, 65, 162, 237, 249, 305, 418, 514, 541
- Italy and Crispi, 148
- Japan (see also Korean War) :
 - The Future of Japan, 291
 - The Yellow Man and the White Money, 326
- Jarrah, 151
- Jewish Quarterly reviewed, 434
- Jews :
 - The Restoration of the Jews, 222
 - Anti-Semitism in Austria, 484
- Jokal, Maurus, 336
- Journal of Education reviewed, 465
- Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute reviewed, 31, 151
- Journalism :
 - The Times, 339
 - An American Tribute to the English Press, 328
 - The Firebrands of the World, 141, 383
 - The Blackmailing Journalists of Paris, 240
- Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, (map), 3
- Kea, New Zealand Parrot, (illustrated), 524
- Khama, Chief of the Bamangwato, Character Sketch of, (illustrated), 393
- Kinglake, A. W., 523
- Kingsley, Charles, 233
- Korean War, 46
- The Battle of the Yalu, 227, 325
- Labour Gazette reviewed, 82
- Labour Problems (see also Co-operative Movement) :
 - Ship-Building Strike at Belfast, and on the Clyde, 483
 - The Trade Union Congress at Cardiff, 299
 - The Government and the Unemployed, 177
 - Employers' Liability, 411
 - Machinery and Labour, 517
 - Free Insurance for Sailors, 263
 - Labour in New Zealand, 518
 - Accident Insurance in Germany, 263
 - Artel System in Russia, 265
 - Drink and Labour, 47
- Ladies' Home Journal reviewed, 525, 537
- Lady Cyclist reviewed, 231
- Languages, Study of—Gouin Method, 57
- Land Reform :
 - How to Create Small Holdings, 517
 - How the Landlords were bought out in Prince Edward Island, 517
- Laundries: The Model Laundry, 67
- Leading Articles in the Reviews, 25-58, 135-151, 217-257, 318-339, 408-436, 505-529
- Leisure Hour reviewed, 29, 58, 70, 233, 244, 352, 412, 507
- Leo XIII., Pope, (see also under Catholic Church) :
 - Arbitration and the Pope, 199
 - Leo XIII. and the Social Question, 230
- Le Plongeon, Dr., and the Cradle of Man's Primitive Traditions, by D. R. O'Sullivan, (illustrated), 271
- Letter-Writing, Art of, by John Morley, 513
- Liberal Party (see also under Parliamentary, etc.) :
 - What should the Liberals do? 412
 - The Liberal Leader of the Future, 329
- Libraries :
 - The Review of Reviews Circulating Library, 84, 181, 258, 365, 549
 - Lending Libraries for Schools, 360
 - Library Bureau, 529
- Li Hung Chang and General Gordon, 548
- Lippincott's Monthly Magazine reviewed, 149, 327, 425
- Literature (see also Poetry, Fiction, Journalism, etc.) :
 - Penny Dreadfuls, 418
- Liverpool Social Service, 69
- Lobanoff, Prince, 293, 389
- Lodging-Houses, see Housing of the Working-Classes.
- London :
 - Proposed New Thoroughfare from the Strand to Holborn, (map), 394
 - Covent Garden in 1824, (illustration), 542
 - Londoners at Home, 147
 - London Magazine reviewed, 353, 448
 - London Quarterly Review reviewed, 157
 - Longman's Magazine reviewed, 43, 146, 222, 226, 231, 325, 436, 442, 525
 - Lost Atlantis, see Yucatan
 - Longgate reviewed, 353, 448, 451, 523
- McClure's Magazine reviewed, 339, 372, 366, 449, 533
- Macedonia, Turkey and, 5
- Machinery and Labour, 517
- Macmillan's Magazine reviewed, 56, 162, 219, 265, 511, 517
- Madagascar, French Conquest of, 195, 291, 388
- Magazine of Art reviewed, 161, 354, 449
- Mahdi, see under Africa
- Maps, Plans, Diagrams :
 - Diagrams showing Position of Parties in General Elections, 1885-1895, 102, 103
 - Plan showing Proposed Thoroughfare from the Strand to Holborn, 394
 - The Brompton Electric Bicycle Railway, 425
 - The Kiel Canal, 3
 - Turkey, 492
 - Turkey in Asia, 503
 - Shan State, showing Territory in Dispute between France and England, 194
 - Chitral to Peshawar, 196
 - Maps showing Proposed Route of Siberian Railway, and suggested Russo-Chinese Railways, 384
 - Central South Africa, illustrating the Lake Ngami Mission, 309
 - Gold Coast, Ashanti, etc., 477
 - Venezuela, showing Boundary Lines of England's Claim, etc., 61, 385
- Marlborough, Duke of, Marriage of, 484
- Marriage, Abuse of, 35
- Mary, Queen, of England, 237
- Medical Magazine reviewed, 46, 145, 232
- Medicine (see also Scarlet Fever) :
 - French Surgery, 44
- Mekong River, see under China
- Millonades, 484
- Mind reviewed, 238
- Minster reviewed, 42, 218, 222, 519
- Missionaries in China, see under China
- "Modern Maid in Modern Babylon" (illustrated), 452
- Monist reviewed, 442
- Monroe Doctrine, 323, 386, 416, 484
- Monte Carlo's Balance Sheet, 526
- Monthly Illustrator reviewed, 161, 354
- Morley, John, 200, 479, 513
- Morris, William, and Socialism, 431
- Motocycle, (illustrated), 395
- Municipal Government :
 - Municipal Elections, 393, 484
 - Citizen Sunday, 261
- Music :
 - Abt Vogler, 243
 - Dr. G. F. Root, 337
 - The Religion of Music, 436
 - Purcell Commemoration, 431
- Music Halls, London County Council and, 393
- Musical Herald reviewed, 431
- Musical Times reviewed, 430, 431
- Musical Visitor reviewed, 337
- Napoleon III., 45
- National Home-Reading Union Magazine reviewed, 527
- National Review reviewed, 41, 47, 61, 136, 138, 141, 156, 219, 240, 250, 343, 366, 409, 411, 425, 429, 431, 440, 515, 516, 535
- National Social Union, 67, 177, 260, 360, 547
- Nature, Morality of, 328
- Navies :
 - End of the Turkish Fleet, 4
 - The Battle of the Yalu, 227, 325
 - The Naval War of the Future, 226, 325

- Nelson, Lord, and Lady Hamilton, 421
 New England Magazine reviewed, 68, 226, 213, 327, 330, 361, 436, 449
 New Review reviewed, 91, 139, 155, 219, 223, 245, 249, 257, 329, 311, 412, 421, 436, 448, 515, 534
 New South Wales, see under Australia.
 New World reviewed, 26, 321, 327, 328,
 New Zealand :
 Finance, etc., 33
 The Tollers' Paradise, 518
 Niagara as a Motive Power, 229
 Nicaragua Canal, England and America and, 485
 Nineteenth Century reviewed, 25, 58, 125, 127, 132, 136, 137, 138, 140, 152, 217, 246, 263, 318, 320, 340, 342, 343, 416, 429, 436, 437, 438, 454, 481, 482, 489, 507, 512, 513, 516, 531, 532, 533
 "Noah's Ark" in the Nursery, 228
 North American Review reviewed, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 45, 46, 51, 63, 109, 141, 159, 160, 222, 230, 231, 234, 252, 331, 338, 345, 364, 420, 440, 444, 445, 508, 536
 North Pole, see Arctic Exploration
 North Sea Canal, see Kaiser Wilhelm Canal
 Nothing New under the Sun, 49
 Obituary, 15, 113, 203, 301, 398, 479, 487
 Old-Age Homes of Austria, 263
 Open Spaces : Playgrounds for Children, 263
 Opium Question : A Japanese Warning, 298
 Orient, Far East, (see also China, Japan, Korea, etc.):
 The Far East from a German Standpoint, 475
 Women in the Far East, 510
 O'Sullivan, D. R., on the Cradle of Man's Primitive Traditions, (illustrated), 271
 Our Day reviewed, 26, 36, 47, 238, 445, 523.
 Pain, Psychology of, 146
 Palestine : Pierre Loti's Holy Land, 55
 Pall Mall Magazine reviewed, 68, 256, 257, 352, 446, 526, 545, 560
 Paris :
 How Paris is Fed, 30
 How an American rebuilt Paris, 45
 Parliamentary (see also Electoral, Liberal Party):
 Diary for June, 15; for July, 113; for August, 203; for September, 301
 The Rosebery Cabinet, 7, 8, 73
 Record of, 73
 The Third Salisbury Cabinet, 7, 10
 Character Sketch of, (illustrated), 16
 Suggestions for the New Cabinet, 138
 Home Policy of the New Ministry, 177, 200
 Opening of Parliament, 199
 The Speakership, 200
 What should the Government do? 410
 The Lull in Home Politics, 298
 The Liberal Leader of the Future, 329
 Pasteur, Louis (with portrait), 288, 338, 433, 529
 Pauperism and the Poor Law :
 Old-Age Homes of Austria, 263
 Peace and Arbitration :
 Arbitration and the Pope, 199
 Peace Prospects, 193, 198
 Pearson's Magazine reviewed, 448, 519, 530, 545
 Penny Dreadfuls, 418
 Penny Poets (illustrated), 83, 180, 259, 355, 451, 546
 Penny Popular Novels, 543
 People's Banks, see Savings Banks
 Phil May's Illustrated Winter Annual reviewed, 448
 Philanthropy of Competition, 327
 Philosophical Review reviewed, 238
 Phrenological Magazine reviewed, 133
 Playgrounds, see Open Spaces
 Plunkett, Horace, 260, 481
 Post-Lore reviewed, 243, 431
 Poetry :
 Poems to be learnt by Heart, 357
 "Penny Poets" (illustrated), 83, 180, 259, 355, 451, 546
 In Praise of Poets, 522
 Poetry in the Periodicals, 58, 251, 257, 366, 436, 530
 Polar Exploration, see Arctic Exploration
 Political Economy (see also Socialism, Labour, etc.):
 The Philanthropy of Competition, 327
 Pleas for the Study of Economics, 48
 The London School of Economics, 364
 Politics in the Pulpit, 46
 Pope, see under Catholic Church, Leo XIII.
 Port Arthur, see under China
 Portraits :
 Agnew, Sir William, 113
 Alexander, Mrs., 397
 Ameen, Miss Ellen, 241
 Arton, Emile, 480, 241
 Ashbourne, Lord, 22
 Bajen, Count Casimir, 390
 Balfour, A. J., 17
 Balfour of Burleigh, Lord, 23
 Balfour, Gerald, 104
 Bathoen, Chief, 302, 311
 Benson, Archbishop, of Canterbury, 382
 Bentley, George, 15
 Brodrick, Hon. W. St. John, 10
 Cadogan, Lord, 23
 Cambridge, Duke of, 9
 Chamberlain, Joseph, 19, 98, 114, 117, 123, 130
 Constantinople, Armenian Patriarch of, 357
 Crespo, General J., 487
 Croke, Archbishop, of Cashel, 204
 Croze, 211, 216
 Cross, Lord, 22
 Currie, Sir Philip, 476
 Curzon, Hon. G. N., 24
 Davidson, Bishop Randall T., of Winchester, 202
 Delbrück, Professor Hans, 514
 Devonshire, Duke of, 17
 Du Maurier, George, 370
 Galton, Sir Douglas, 301
 Gardner, Herbert, 113
 Genoa, Duke of, 14
 Germany, Emperor William II. of, 4
 Gizycki, Madame von, 50
 Goluchowsky, Count, 14
 Goschen, G. J., 24
 Hallé, Sir Charles, 430
 Halsbury, Lord, 22
 Hamilton, Lord George, 23
 Hampden, Viscount, 14
 Harper, Mrs. Willa, 451
 Hayhurst, Private, 112
 Hepburn, Rev. J. D., 305
 Herbert, Hon. M. H., 476
 Hudson, R. A., 11
 Huxley, Professor, 13
 Idström, Ellen, 529
 Jenkins, John, 300
 Khalil Rifaa Pasha, 488, 495
 Khama, Bechuana Chief, 302, 303, 304, 311
 Kiamil Pasha, 397
 Lamington, Lord, 396
 Lansdowne, Lord, 22
 Lascelles, Sir Frank, 300
 Le Plongeon, Madame, 272
 Li Hung Chang, 290
 Londonderry, Lord, 486
 Magnier, Edmond, 389
 Maples, Bishop, of Likoma, 397
 Markoff, Dr. 111
 Portugal, King Carlos I. of, in England, 390
 Post-Office : If I were Postmaster-General, by J. Henniker Heaton, 29
 Poster in Politics (illustrated), 168
 Practical Photographer reviewed, 419
 Preaching : Politics in the Pulpit, 46
 Presbyterian and Reformed Review reviewed, 167
 Prince Edward Island : An Agrarian Fend, 517
 Progress of the World with Diary (with maps and illustrations): in June, 3; in July, 99; in August, 193; in September, 289; in October, 383; in November, 475
 Psychical Research : What It has proved, 49
 Psychological Review reviewed, 146
 Publishers' Showroom, 529
 Purcell, Henry, 431
 Quarterly Illustrator reviewed, 161
 Quarterly Review reviewed, 143, 147, 157, 239, 410, 441, 538
 Queen Victoria, Coronation of, 421
 Quiver reviewed, 86, 430, 533
 Railways :
 Railway Rates, 56
 Nationalisation of Railways, 362
 An Electrical Bicycle Railway, (illustrated), 425
 Recreation, see Athletics.
 Renan, Ernest, and His Sister, 334
 Review of the Churches reviewed, 158, 429
 Review of Reviews (America) reviewed, 109
 Reviews reviewed, 59-66, 152-167, 246-257, 340-354, 437-449, 531-543
 Root, Dr. George F., 337
 Rosebery, Lord,
 His Letter to the Liberals of Airdrie, 479
 Rosebery Cabinet, see under Parliamentary
 Rothschild, Baron Alphonse de, and the Explosive, 198
 Ruakin, John, as a Master of Prose, 330
 Russia (see also Caucasus):
 Progressive Russia, 479
 An Anglo-Russian Alliance, 408, 506
 France and Russia, 5, 293
 The Russo-Chinese Loan, 6
 Russia and Port Arthur, 291, (map), 383, 384
 Russia and Armenia, 321
 What is the Russian's Fatherland? 507
 Religious Persecution, 434, 480
 Artels in Russia, 265
 Russia, Nicholas II. of, 6.
 Sailors : Insurance for Sailors, 262
 St. Anthony's Bread, 364
 Salisbury, Marquis of,
 The Salisbury Cabinet, 7, 10, 138, 177
 Character Sketch of, (illustrated), 16
 Foreign Policy of, 108
 Salvation Army, 482, 520
 Shelters and Rescue Work, 482
 Work in India, 483
 Middleton, Capt., R. W. E., 11
 Miles, Major-Gen. Nelson A., 352
 Montsieu, Chief, 308
 Moore, Henry, 15
 Murray, Sir Herbert H., 396
 Past-nr, Louis, 288
 Peary, Lieutenant, 301
 Portugal, King Carlos I. of, 391
 Reeve, Henry, 442
 Ridley, Sir Matthew White, 23
 Ritchie, C. T., 24
 Russia, Empress of, 480
 Saint-Hilaire, Barthélemy, 487
 Salisbury, Marquis of, 2, 16, 475
 Scott, Sir Francis, 478
 Sebele, Chief, 302, 311
 Sheppard, Sir Sidney, 311
 Sher Afzul Khan, 113
 Smith, George, 15
 Smith, Col. Gerard, 396
 Spencer, Herbert, 400
 Stambuloff, M., 110
 Stewart, Rev. R. W., 203
 Stokes, Charles, 203
 Tahsin Bey, 495
 Talbot, Bishop E. S., of Rochester, 202
 Tauchnitz, Baron, 202
 Turkey, Sultan of, 489
 Wales, Prince of, 296
 Waller, Rev. Dr. D. J., 112
 Watts, W. H., 393
 Wells, H. G., 375
 White, John, 300
 Wilkin, Colonel Sir Walter, 396
 Willoughby, Rev. W. C., 302
 Wolseley, Field-Marshal Viscount, 192
 York, Prince Edward of, 107

- Sanitation : Ideals of Sanitary Reform, 43
Saus-Göbe, Marshal and Madame, 55.
Savings Banks :
 People's Banks, 261
 Co-operative Banking, 261
Scandinavian Magazines reviewed, 45, 55, 335
Scarlet Fever and Eucalyptus Oil, 46
School Boards and the Religious Question, see under Bible in Schools
Schreiner, Olive, 343
Scotland : What should the Government do? 410
Scottish Geographical Magazine reviewed, 41, 420, 510, 525
Scottish Review reviewed, 164, 410, 443
Scribner's Magazine reviewed, 66, 149, 256, 331, 436, 449, 542
Secondary Education, see Technical Education
Seeley, Sir J. R., 238
Settlements in London, 244, 333, 363, 482
Shaw, Dr. Albert, 523
Shipping : Free Insurance for Sailors, 262
 "Sir George Tressady," see under Ward (Mrs. Humphry)
Social Institutes (see also Settlements), 548
Social Purity, 37, 38
 Comparative Morality, 232
Socialism (see also Labour, Political Economy, etc.):
 Social Reform, by Sir John Gorst, 25
 The Socialists' Millennium, 431
 William Morris's Socialism, 431
 The Pope and the Social Question, 230
Songs : German Patriotic Songs, 337
Spanish and Portuguese Magazines reviewed, 241, 418, 436
Speakership, 200
Spencer, Herbert, Character Sketch of, (illustrated), 399
Spinoza, 434
Stambuloff, M., (with portrait), 110, 223
Stansfeld, Sir James, Presentation to, 394
Stevenson, Robert Louis, Fables of, 146
Stokes, Charles, Murder of, in Africa, 391, 479, 515
Strand Magazine reviewed, 56, 182, 448, 545, 556
Strand Musical Magazine reviewed, 430
Studio reviewed, 161, 354, 417
Sunday at Home reviewed, 165, 352, 544
Sunday Magazine reviewed, 71, 265, 352, 451, 521, 525
Surgery in France, 44
Symonds, John Addington, 239
Tallest Men in the World, 507
Technical Education (see also Agricultural Education)
 Secondary Education Report, 516
Technical World reviewed, 57
Tel-el-Kebir, Battle of, 28
Telegraph : Penny-a-Word Cablegrams to America, 30
Temperance and the Liquor Traffic :
 Temperance Reform, 360, 393
 Drink and Labour, 47
 The Pub. or the Pavement? 71
 British Christendom and the Drink Question, 547
 A Parson's Public House, 41
 The World's Women's Convention in London, 12
Temple Bar reviewed, 58, 63, 225, 244, 436, 525
Time, 238
Times, see under Journalism
Tissot, M., Religious Artist, 529
Tithes, 409
Trade, see under Finance
Trade Unions, see under Labour
Trausvaal, see under Africa
Triple Alliance—Austria, Germany, Italy, 294
Tropics : White Men and the Tropics, 245
Turkey :
 End of the Fleet, 4
 The Near Eastern Question, 475, 476
 Turkey and the Armenians, see Armenian Question
 Character Sketch of the Sultan, (illustrated and maps), 489
 The Situation in Macedonia, 5
 The Sultan and His Harem, 419
 Turkish Women, 38
Turkey, Sultan of, Character Sketch of, (illustrated and maps), 489
Twain, Mark, 231
Twentieth Century reviewed, 232, 240, 253
Unemployed, see under Labour Problems
United Service Magazine reviewed, 28, 48, 150, 163, 248, 249, 349, 414, 417, 424, 433, 494, 532
United States :
 The Wealth of the United States, 34
 Foreign Policy (see also Venezuela), 415
 Monroe Doctrine, 323, 386, 416, 484
 Anglo-American Questions, 485
 November Elections, 485
 The British-American Rupture, 511
University Hall, 333
Venezuela, England and, (maps), 51, 109, 385, 416, 485, 508
Vogler, Abt, 243
Wales : Glamorgan and Monmouth ; the Blackest Spot in the Kingdom, 69
Ward, Mrs. Humphry,
 Founder of University Hall, 333
 Her Story, "Sir George Tressady," 432, 511
Warwick, Countess of, 422
Watts, G. F., 521
"Wealth against Commonwealth," by H. D. Lloyd, 527
Westminster Review reviewed, 61, 229, 245, 251, 347, 376, 402, 443, 518
Windsor Magazine reviewed, 51, 57, 66, 234, 256, 412, 448, 451, 524, 544
Witte, M. de, 293, 389
Wolseley, Viscount, 150, 193, 321, 417
Woman at Home reviewed, 41, 42, 58, 72, 165, 222, 332, 421, 422
Women and Women's Work :
 The World's Women's Convention in London, 12
 The Englishwomen of To-day, 235
 A Study of Wives, 420
 A Male Mrs. Grundy, 38
 Famous Female Criminals, 338
 Cromwell's Women, 40
 Women Cyclists, see Cycling
 Turkish Women, 38
 Women in the Far East, 510
Yachting, International, 201, 294
Young Man reviewed, 164, 519
Young Woman reviewed, 161, 333, 427, 521
Yucatan : The Cradle of Man's Primitive Traditions, by D. R. O'Sullivan, (illustrated), 271

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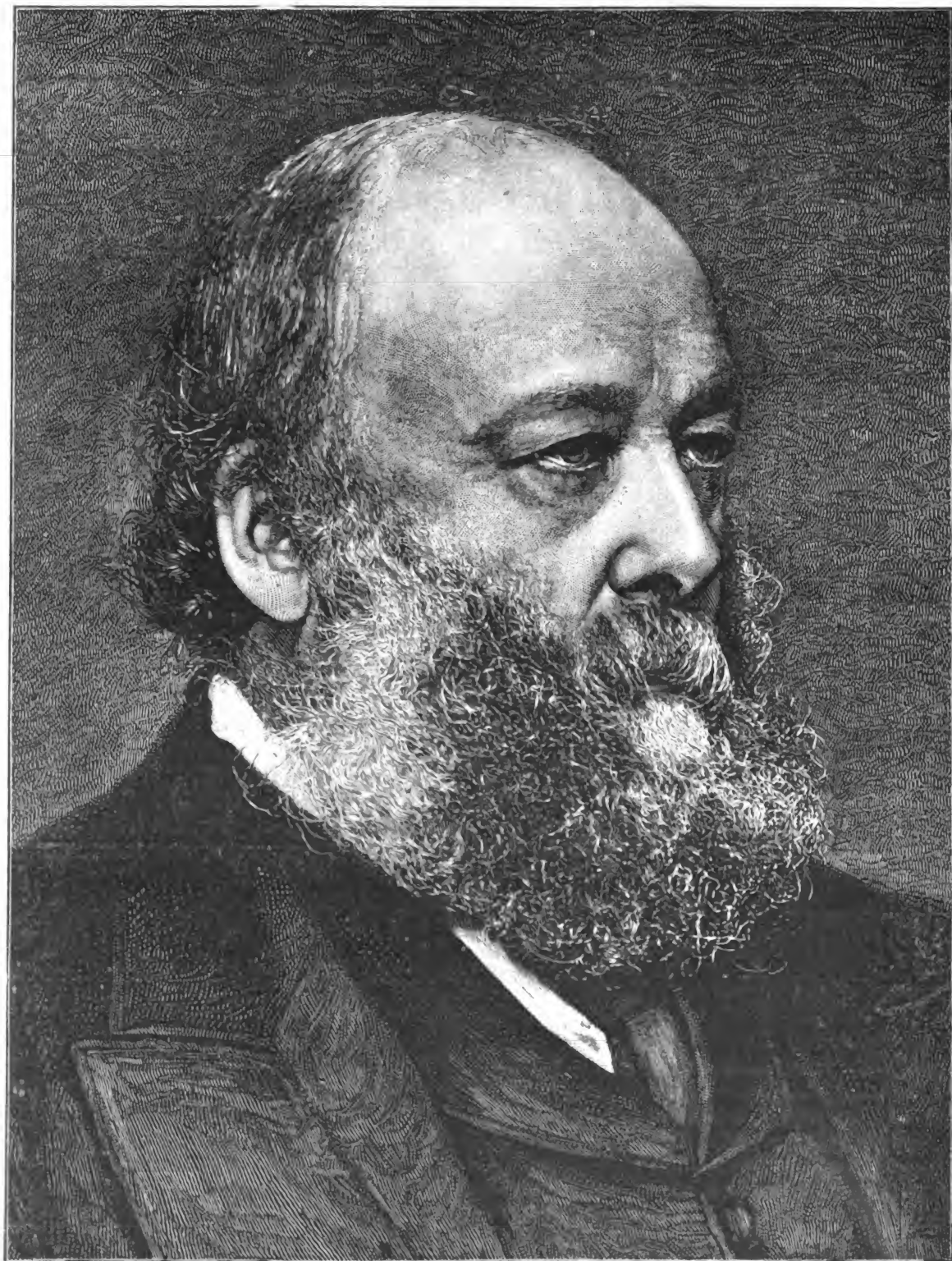
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THE HEAD OF THE THIRD SALISBURY GOVERNMENT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS.



THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, July 1, 1895.

The Opening of the Kiel Canal. The great international event of the month was the opening of the Kiel Canal, connecting the Baltic with the

German Ocean. As a ceremonial, the festivities

arranged and carried out under the direction of the German Emperor were singularly successful. Nothing more magnificent has been seen in our time than the gathering of the warships of the world in Kiel Harbour to welcome the

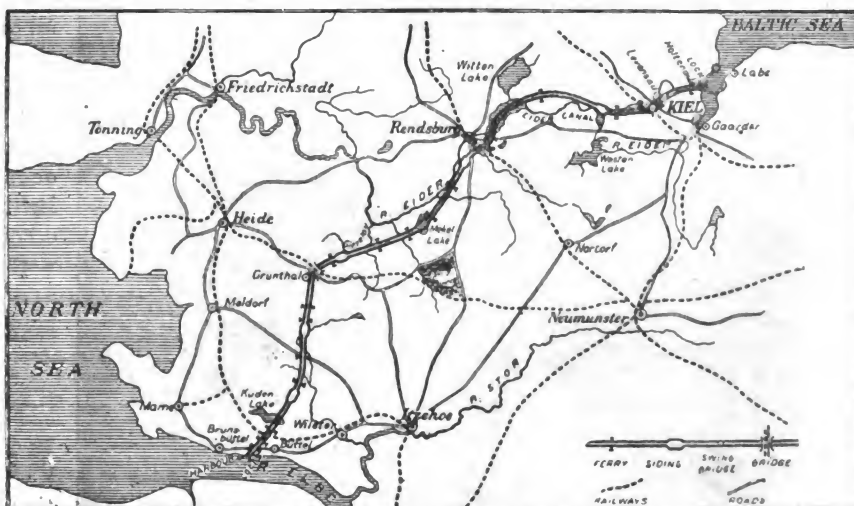
completion of a great engineering feat, which may exercise incalculable influence upon the history of the world. The canal, which only cost eight millions to build, or less than the annual increase in the English Naval Estimates since 1885, will, it is estimated, be equivalent to the doubling of the fighting force of the German navy, and may at the same time so facilitate the dispatch of a German expedition from the Baltic to the North Sea and the Channel, as to affect decisively the fortunes of some future war. Of all this nothing was said,

however, when the diplomatists, the admirals, and the princes of the Old World and the New gathered together to cheer the German Emperor, and to pay the homage of civilisation to the Imperial engineer. One hundred warships, representing all the Naval

Powers, thundered a salute of welcome when the Imperial flotilla, piloted by the Emperor, steered its way through the canal into Kiel Harbour.

A World Armada.

The gathering of the fleets was an event, in its way, as not-



THE KIEL CANAL.

able as, or perhaps more notable than, the mustering of manufacturers of all nations at international exhibitions, such as at Chicago and at Paris. There the competitors, although rivals, were rivals in the arts of peace, whereas at Kiel the exhibitors were armed to the teeth with the latest appliances of science for the purpose of destruction. It is the daily thought and the nightly preoccupation of every officer on board those one hundred fighting ships how he can most speedily wipe out of existence, by torpedo, cannon, or ram, the vessels which represent the

armed strength of his rivals. The antagonism, latent in times of peace, was very near the surface in the case of France, who on this occasion could not even suppress her ill-will sufficiently to preserve ordinary civility in the midst of the international concourse. Her admiral, obeying orders, took his ironclads to Kiel, but ostentatiously and sullenly took as little part as he could in the festivities in which he was invited to participate. Still worse, the Russian and French ironclads entered the harbour together as if they were one fleet, the command of the entire squadron being vested for the time being in the hands of the French admiral. The Parisian press naturally made the most of this significant demonstration, and declared that the true significance of the *fêtes* was not the opening of the canal, but the display side by side of the French and Russian fleets. The Germans, for once displaying more *sang froid* than is usually natural to that sensitive and somewhat thin-skinned race, stolidly ignored the French ill-will, so that the incident which might have been serious passed off without creating more than a ripple of discontent. All the same, it is a cause for great satisfaction that the mustering of the navies passed off without a breaking of the peace or a single contribution to the troubles of the chancellories of Europe.

No longer "the Estranging Sea." Although the Emperor, the war-lord of united Germany, in whose honour this armada of civilisation had assembled, was never more visibly the soldier and the admiral, his speech was as peaceable as if he had been a magistrate on the bench. The canal was for peace and for linking of the nations together, and, he added

in a significant sentence, "the sea unites, it does not divide." This truth is one which Mr. Gladstone, for instance, never could be got to recognise. He always drew in his own mind the widest possible difference between an empire which was united by the sea and an empire all of whose possessions were territorially contiguous. Yet it is a fact that it is owing to the ocean that the British drumbeat is echoing round the world. What chance would there have been of colonising Australia, for instance, if we had had no other but land carriage all the way? At the same time proximity is by no means always or necessarily contributory to peace. Hence it is by no means certain that



THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

(From a recent photograph by Russell and Sons.)

the canal which brings the Baltic nearer to France will altogether conduce to the maintenance of the sullen peace which exists between Paris and Berlin.

Among all the reflections which the End of the Turkish mustering of the navies suggests, one of the most serious from the point of view of the old alarmist was the appearance in the

harbour of Kiel of a solitary Turkish ironclad. It was well, no doubt, that the crescent should fly at the masthead of one ship at least in the combined navies of Christendom, but its presence emphasised and accentuated the extent to which the power of the Ottoman has faded out of Europe. It is stated on the best authority that this solitary Turkish ironclad was the only vessel in the whole of the Turkish fleet whose boilers were in a condition to get up steam, and possibly the only survivor of the fleet which, thirty years ago, ranked as one of the best half-dozen in the world. Europe has by no means adequately recognised the way in which the Eastern Question has been revolutionised by the way in which the rust has eaten into the boilers of the Turkish ironclads. At the last Eastern war the Turkish fleet, under the command of Hobart Pasha, had an unquestioned supremacy in the Euxine, and in the waters of the Levant. Hence the Russian advance upon the Bosphorus was of necessity made by land. In the future there will be no necessity for crossing the Danube and marching through Bulgaria. The Russian Black Sea fleet could in a moment seize Constantinople, and hoist the Russian eagle over the Mosque of St. Sophia. Of course this might mean war—probably would mean war—but not necessarily with England, for with us the Constantinople superstition is rapidly dying out. But if war it be, it would be a war in which the capital of the Turk would be in the hands of the Russians almost as soon as the rest of Europe heard of the declaration of war.

How stands Constantinople? There is no reason to anticipate any such bold and dashing stroke as this on the part of the Russian Tzar. He might seize Constantinople, but whether he could retain it would depend upon the issue of the war which would then almost of necessity be raging along the whole of his Western frontier. Still, it is well to remember when people are discussing the chances of the great war which some anticipate will break out this autumn, that if France and Russia should really go campaigning together, Constantinople would fall into their hands almost without a blow. The great Napoleon regarded this as such a menace to civilisation, that no consideration would induce him to consent to Russia's occupying the Bosphorus. The Frenchmen of to-day are not so squeamish. In order to wreak their vengeance upon their German conquerors and recover their lost provinces, they appear to be willing to place not only the keys of the Bosphorus, but the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven

into the hands of Russia, or any one else who will help them to vengeance.

France and Russia.

Rumours were rife all through last month as to the understanding between France and Russia, one side of which might easily be very serious for us. It is stated, not officially, but in quarters where the wish is the father to the thought, that Russia will support France in all African questions. This is much too large an order to be accepted without better confirmation than any that has yet been forthcoming. The policy of Russia, ever since the days of the Emperor Nicholas, has been that of acquiescence in English ascendancy in Egypt; and although there is a new school in power in Russia, it is doubtful whether the Russian Foreign Office has so far departed from its traditional policy as to try and take the Egyptian chestnuts out of the fire for the benefit of the French Republic. For the moment, France, Russia, and England are all working harmoniously together on the Armenian Question, nor is it likely that the advent of Lord Salisbury to power will jeopardise the good understanding which exists between the three Powers on that important point. But the situation is dangerous, and—as the Sultan knows as well as any one else how difficult it is for any of the Powers to fire a shot even to secure the better policing of his Armenian provinces, fearing, as all do, that a spark might be thrown into the European powder magazine,—he is not likely to do more than make faces politely at his mentors, who are in no position to enforce their benevolent lectures by a display of physical force.

The Peril in the East.

Meanwhile, the situation in Macedonia is serious indeed. Macedonia is the great south-western province of the Great Bulgaria which Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, with the aid of Austria, succeeded in 1878 in thrusting back under the rule of the Sultan. By the treaty of San Stefano, Macedonia would have been part and parcel of the Bulgaria, one and indivisible, which General Ignatieff drew upon the map, from the Danube to the Ægean. At the Berlin Congress the British diplomatists insisted upon dividing Bulgaria into three parts. The Principality north of the Balkans became independent in all but name, the second division received a modified autonomy under the name of Eastern Roumelia, while the third and most unfortunate—namely, Macedonia—was made over to the uncovenanted mercies of the Turk, a crime which was scantily veiled from the conscience of Europe by a clause in the Berlin Treaty, which

said that the Sultan would make due provision for law, order, and liberty in the province which Europe had restored to him. The Bulgarians in Eastern Roumelia very promptly repudiated the diplomatic settlement, and united themselves to the Bulgarians north of the Balkans. The Macedonians, left without redress and without hope, have at last taken the law into their own hands and, according to latest accounts, a brisk little insurrection is raging in that province. A single insurgent victory on the one hand, or a general Turkish massacre on the other, and the whole of the Balkans may be in a blaze.

The New Tzar. It may be said that all these causes of uneasiness existed before, and that many times in the last ten years Europe has seemed as if it were waiting the general conflagration. That is no doubt true, but the comfort which can be gathered from this is but small, for one vital factor in the situation has been revolutionised. The fact that Europe remained in peace during the last ten years, despite all the dangers which threatened her, depended, humanly speaking, on one fact only. The peace of Europe was in the firm strong hands of Alexander the Third; he, the keeper of the peace, saved Europe again and again from war. We are only beginning to realise what we lost when his place was taken by his son. That, however, is incorrect; his place has not been taken by his son. Nicholas the Second has shown no disposition to keep the peace, to make war, or do anything excepting to enjoy himself. It is a new thing for him to be an Emperor, and he is as yet hardly out of his honeymoon. The novelty of the one and the joys of the other seem to leave him no time or energy to keep a firm hand upon those forces of disorder and of unrest which unfortunately abound in the government of every state, certainly not excepting that of Russia. At St. Petersburg it seems to be a case of go-as-you-please, with De Witte as the Mephistopheles of the situation, and Prince Lobanoff as the cloak for a policy for which no one in particular seems to be responsible, but which is believed to be due to the financial ambitions of De Witte.

The Russo-Chinese Loan. This state of things has produced for a few weeks a spectacular success for Russian diplomacy, but it seems as if the attempt made by De Witte to reduce China to tutelage by guaranteeing the loan of sixteen millions, which France was to lend on a Russian guarantee, has collapsed somewhat ignominiously. China objects to the Russian loan,

and although Russia is quite willing to take the money which France was eager to subscribe, the situation is somewhat ridiculous both for France and for Russia. A new loan for forty millions sterling will be issued, it is stated, in London, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. If so, the attempt made by De Witte to secure the overlordship of China, with a contingent advantage in the shape of a railway through Manchuria, will be thwarted. Hence great wrath in St. Petersburg, and gnashing of teeth in Paris, with much oburgation of the English marplot. On the other hand, Germany, whose part in this Chinese intervention has been little better than that of a catspaw for Russia and France, has reason to rejoice that her quondam allies have overreached themselves. The one bad blot in the whole incident is not the attempt to get the loan. That might be all fair game. What is distinctly bad and a menace to the peace of Europe, is the evidence which the negotiations afford of the fact that there is no longer in St. Petersburg a strong man who can compel his Ministers to speak the truth. If Alexander the Third were living, both Prince Lobanoff and M. de Witte would be sent packing as soon as their master discovered that they were capable of saying one thing and doing another. Alexander the Third may not have been a great genius, but he hated a liar as the gates of Hell.

France It is an evil thing for the peace of *outré-mer*. the world when great Powers are made ridiculous, whether it is by their fault or their misfortune. The ridicule and failure sour the temper, and although France has secured from China provisionally a promise of concessions in South Western China, it is doubtful whether the ultimate result of their dealings with the Court of Peking will prove an adequate *solatium* for the financial adventure into which they have been lured by the temper at St. Petersburg. Meanwhile they are worrying themselves, not without cause, over the heavy price which they are paying for their colonial extravagance. The debates in the French Chamber last month, which actually resolved to hold Ministers personally responsible for all the expenditure incurred by them in their official capacity, and then refused to vote the credits demanded by Ministers for carrying on French policy in the Soudan, show that even French Chauvinism is becoming restive under the continual increase of burdens, which to the taxpayer seem to be chiefly incurred for the benefit of avaricious monopolists, who are able to put into their pockets immense fortunes at the expense of their

heavily overtaxed fellow citizens—the said fortunes being the only visible fruit of the policy of colonial extension. Add to all this that the fever is playing havoc with the French troops in Madagascar—invalids are returning to France by the shipload—and there is already a cry for reinforcements which will have to be attended to; otherwise the campaign will terminate in a disaster which will wreck the Ministry.

Who Will Keep the Peace Now? Altogether the situation is full of elements of danger which may at any moment draw to a head with results disastrous to a general peace. It is one of the aggravations of the situation that the foreign policy of Austria-Hungary is no longer in the experienced hands of Count Kalnoky, whose devotion to peace and confidence in the pacific policy of Great Britain have been counted upon for many years as one of the constant facts which told for continued tranquillity. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that there are many Englishmen whose one fear about the coming elections is that they may result in the return of a majority too small to render a firm and dignified foreign policy possible. Now that the Tzar has gone, it is the Prime Minister of England more than any one else who can hold the balance even and keep the peace of the world; and a Prime Minister who has no considerable majority behind him in the House of Commons is not in a position to maintain more than his own equilibrium.

The Fall of Lord Rosebery. We have dealt elsewhere with the one great event which has overshadowed everything in home politics—namely, the substitution of a Salisbury Cabinet for a Rosebery Administration. The end long perceived came at last in a very unexpected fashion. The Liberal majority had been gradually dwindling. One bye-election after another had eaten into their narrow margin. Each of the groups which make up the composite majority had developed mutinous elements in the shape of those cut-throats of faction who were prepared to wreck their party if their demands were not immediately satisfied. Ministers lost even the will to live, and more than one of the Cabinet regarded the final *coup de grace* with profound gratitude. "Do not condole with me," said one of the most distinguished of their number; "what I have been praying for for months has at last come to pass." I do not know of any case when an outgoing Ministry was so glad to die as that which gave up the seals of office on June 29th.

At the beginning of last month it seemed probable that Ministers would be defeated on the Welsh Bill in Committee or on the second reading of the Local Veto Bill. It was well known that they had not a majority for Local Option. The Liberal brewers could not be induced to vote for a Bill which Sir William Harcourt supported with a zeal due possibly to the fact that in his old age he has found the one and only enthusiasm of a lifetime. It was understood, however, that the difficulty about Local Option would be solved by shelving it to an autumn session, which would have to deal with one man one vote, clipping the claws of the House of Lords, and the introduction of prohibition in patches. The Welsh Church Bill remained. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Thomas were showing their teeth, on one division the Government majority went down to seven, and it was quite on the cards that at any moment this slender majority might disappear altogether. The action of the Liberal Whips in cancelling Mr. Gladstone's pair, in order that he might have a free hand to deal with the Welsh Bill, increased the uneasy feeling in the Liberal ranks that the ground had shifted under their feet, and it was with more incredulity than with satisfaction that they heard that Mr. Asquith at the last moment had succeeded in squaring the recalcitrant Welsh members, and that the Bill was safe. The mutinous MacGregor, who had shaken the dust off his feet in wrath against the Government because their assurances about the crofters were not good enough for him, brought upon the Government an ugly defeat at Inverness, the only subsidiary advantage of which was the quietus which it administered to Mr. Donald Macrae. Their Irish Bill, which had been well received by those whom it concerned, appeared to be the only piece of legislation which would be got through this Session. Unfortunately, even in Ireland, Ministers contrived inadvertently to provoke an effervescent outbreak of dissatisfaction which contributed indirectly to their final overthrow.

The Cromwell Statue. This penultimate misfortune arose out of a proposal, originating no one knows exactly how, to erect a statue to Oliver Cromwell. Lord Rosebery is probably the first English Prime Minister who had publicly proclaimed his admiration for the Lord Protector, and it was assumed, without evidence, that the proposal to erect a statue outside Westminster Hall to the victor of Naseby and of Dunblane had been decided from the

Prime Minister. Such, however, was not the fact. The proposition seems to have originated in the Office of Works. Members of the general public discover from time to time that Cromwell has no statue,

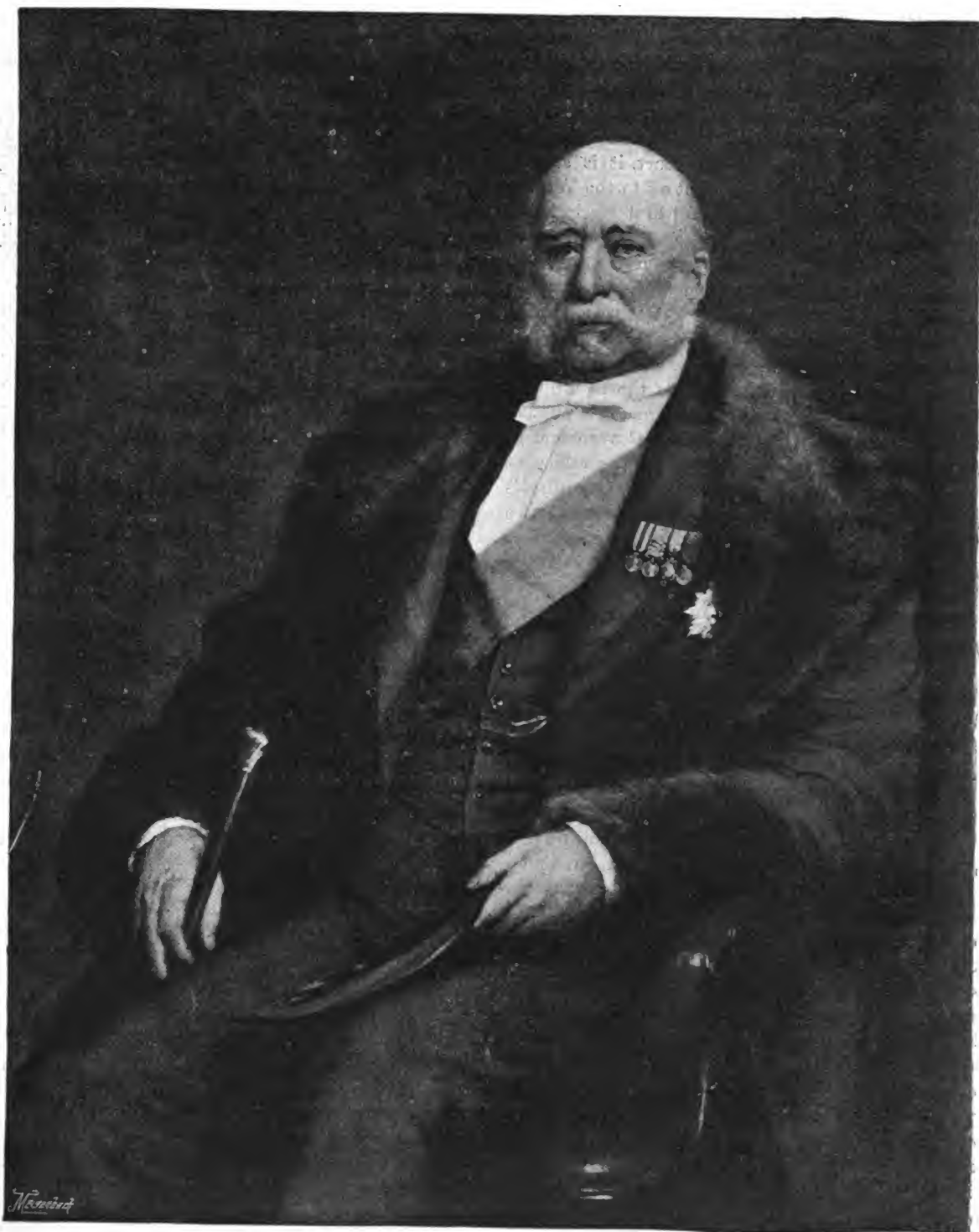


THE CROMWELL STATUE AT MANCHESTER.

and write to the papers or to Ministers suggesting that the omission should be repaired. One of these innumerable communications seems to have put the Office of Works in motion, and the First Commissioner consulted the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject. They decided that it would be a good thing to erect a statue to Cromwell, and thereupon consulted their colleagues as to where the statue should stand. Some said one thing and some another, but only two raised the prior question whether there should be a statue at all. No one had any objection to do honour to the greatest of English rulers, but a small minority demurred to bringing forward a proposal which was certain to irritate the Irish beyond bounds. Their warnings were unheeded and the proposal went forward.

When the first vote for £500 was taken of the Irish. Mr. Thornycroft had agreed to erect for £3,000, Ministers had not long to wait in order to discover the blunder into which they had stumbled. Of course if Mr. Balfour had been capable of rising superior to the temptation which assailed him, all might have been well. Unfortunately for almost the first time in his career Mr. Balfour played the unworthy part of a Randolph Churchill. Instead of rising to the occasion with a magnanimity which would have done him honour, he eagerly seized the chance of discrediting the Government by stooping to a course of policy which was unworthy of his reputation. No doubt ecclesiastical rancour against the great Protector still exists in many a country parsonage, but Mr. Balfour seldom plays to his gallery so meanly as he did when he attacked the memory of Cromwell for the sake of embarrassing Sir William Harcourt. On the 250th anniversary of the battle of Naseby the House of Commons voted the money for the statue by a majority of fifteen. Ministers were saved from defeat solely by the votes of a few Liberal Unionists and Ulster Tories. The question came up again on report. Another division was challenged, and the Whips reported adversely as to the chances of success. So, making a virtue of necessity, Ministers put up Mr. Morley to announce the abandonment of the proposal. The Conservatives were of course in high glee and the Irish for the moment were appeased, but the wrath of many Liberals and Nonconformists knew no bounds. The sum of £3,000 necessary for erecting the statue was at once contributed in the House of Commons, but the mischief was done. Ministers had escaped by a humiliating retreat from a position into which they should never have blundered. But although they had saved their lives by the skin of their teeth, the incident created an uneasy feeling that the end was near.

How near the end was, however, no one anticipated. On Friday night, June 21st, of the Duke. the House assembled with no suspicion that the end was at hand. Ministers were in good spirits, for Mr. Campbell-Bannerman was able to announce the successful completion of a long and delicate negotiation which he had been conducting, in order to clear the ground for the reorganisation of the army. The Duke of Cambridge, who for some time past has been little more than a dignified figure-head of the army, had consented



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G., K.C.S.I., K.P., G.C.B., ETC.

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. W. OULES, R.A.

to resign the office of Commander-in-Chief, and henceforth the command of the army would be vested in an officer appointed for a term of five years. Everybody congratulated everybody else on the achievement of an object which had long been regarded as inevitable, and Sir William Harcourt, it is stated, for the first time that Session went off to the Terrace to enjoy a quiet smoke with his faithful gossips, Mr. Labouchere and Sir Wilfrid Lawson. He is said to have remarked, as he took his seat on the Terrace: "There is at least one night on which there is no danger of a Ministerial crisis." Yet it was on that night of all others that the Ministry fell.

The Fatal Division.

The occasion was insignificant enough. Mr. Brodrick, acting as the mouthpiece of Mr. Chamberlain, who had been chafing impatiently against the refusal of the Government to give up the ghost, moved to reduce the salary of

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the Secretary of War, by £100, in order to bring before the House what he declared was the neglect of the War Office to keep in stock an adequate supply of cordite cartridges for small arms. The Ministerial Whips were caught napping. In vain Mr. Campbell-Bannerman assured the House



THE HON. W. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, M.P.
(From a photograph by Russell.)

that not only was he satisfied with the supply of cartridges in reserve and at command, but he could give the most positive assurances to the same effect by Sir Redvers Buller, the Chief-of-Staff, who for some time past has virtually been the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. These assurances, however, went for nothing with the Opposition, who snatched a division at the dinner-hour, and to their own infinite surprise put the Government in a minority of seven. Half-a-dozen Ministers were absent and very few members voted. It is interesting to note that the only Liberal who voted with the majority was Sir Charles Dilke, so that the Liberals of the Forest of Dean who sacrificed morality to party at the last election have had their reward.



HARD HIT!

With an apology to Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.
From the Westminster Gazette.

Lord Salisbury's Accession.

The defeat, unexpected as it was, was not unwelcome. A Cabinet Council was held on Saturday, and in the evening Lord Rosebery tendered the resignation of his Cabinet. The Queen accepted it, and sent for Lord Salisbury to undertake the formation of a Ministry. Mr. Balfour complained somewhat bitterly that Lord Rosebery had resigned instead of dissolving, but as the House had censured the Secretary of State for War for not providing adequately for the national defence, it is difficult to see what other course it was possible for them to have taken. After a little delay a new Cabinet was formed, and on the following Saturday, June 29th, Lord Rosebery and his colleagues handed their seals of office to Her Majesty. Later in the day she entrusted them to Lord Salisbury, who by that time had completed his Cabinet and was in a position to undertake the administration of affairs. The policy of the incoming Administration is one of dissolution. By the middle of this month the elections will be in full swing.



UNION IS NOT ALWAYS STRENGTH.

From the Westminster Gazette.



ON STEPPING STONES OF HIS DEAD SELVES.
From the *Westminster Gazette*.

Captain Middleton and Mr. Hudson are now the masters of the situation until August, when the new House of Commons will assemble to vote the necessary supplies. I discuss elsewhere both the record of the late Ministers and the *personnel* of the new Cabinet; suffice it here to say that the expectation is universal that Lord Salisbury will come back from the country with a sufficient majority to carry on until such time as circumstances precipitate a breach between him and Mr. Chamberlain. That gentleman, who is now Secretary for the Colonies, is the most conspicuous member of the Cabinet after the Prime Minister.

The death of the American Secretary of State, Walter Q. Gresham, Secretary of State for the United States, has been the

most prominent event of the past month, so far as American public affairs are concerned. Mr. Gresham had for more than thirty years been a man of influence

and distinction, having served brilliantly through the Civil War, from which he came out a Brigadier-General. Returning to his Indiana home, he rose rapidly as a lawyer and a Republican politician. In 1893 the Republican nomination would have filled the cup of his life-long ambition; but it did not come to him, and he was asked to accept a nomination from the Populists, whose convention was held at Omaha. His hesitancy before declining to become the Populistic standard-bearer—a circumstance which kept the Populists anxiously waiting for some time—showed how lightly the party tie held a man who had all his life been considered one of the foremost of Republican leaders. Later on, in that same campaign, it was announced that Judge Gresham had concluded to vote for the Democratic candidates, and Mr. Cleveland gave the country a surprise by selecting the “man without a party” as his Secretary of State. His career as Secretary of State began with the unfortunate blunders of the Administration’s Hawaiian policy; and for more than two years the American people, regardless of party, have evinced a certain uneasiness and anxiety touching the wisdom of the Administration’s treatment of foreign questions. It is, however, quite too early to pass any final judgment upon the conduct of the State Department under Mr. Gresham’s headship. He has been succeeded by Mr. Olney, the legal adviser of the Cabinet, a lawyer of high standing, especially among “solid” men.



MR. R. A. HUDSON,
The Liberal Agent.



CAPTAIN R. W. E. MIDDLETON,
The Conservative Agent.

The Cuban Insurrection. Secretary Olney's first important act in the State Department was the issue of a proclamation warning American citizens against participating directly or indirectly in the Cuban revolution. This proclamation was evoked by the reports of considerable activity, on the Florida coast and elsewhere in the South, in the fitting out of small expeditions in aid of the patriots who are trying to throw off the Spanish yoke. The action of the State Department was immediately followed by a corresponding display of energy in the Naval Department, and Secretary Herbert forthwith dispatched a vessel to patrol the Florida coast. Spain is more alarmed than ever, and is sending many more fresh troops. She is also purchasing a fleet of small steamers, which she will arm and place upon Cuban patrol duty. The hopes of the Revolutionists grow higher every day, and if Spain should prevail in the end her victory will have cost her far more than it can ever benefit her.

Prospects of Trade. Business is distinctly looking up. In America there is an unmistakable revival of trade. The alarm occasioned by the Silver Party has to some extent died down. The prospect of crops is better than the average, and a more hopeful feeling is general. In Australia also there is a better prospect. Our Australian colleague sees golden possibilities in the results of the Chino-Japanese war. He says:—

Both Japan and China offer markets of unexplored vastness to the chief products of these colonies, and as one clause in the new treaty stipulates that China shall be open to Western commerce, it is clear that commercial possibilities of a very golden sort are unfolding for all the chief Australian products. Neither China nor Japan, for example, can hope to grow the fine wools of Australia, yet they offer an almost limitless market for them. Japan, in addition, promises to become an extensive purchaser of leather and butter, wines, etc., and the Japanese, with that same mental alertness which has made them victorious in the field over an empire ten times greater in bulk than their own, are clearly awake to the commercial value of Australia. The Japanese Diet on February 7 adopted a report in favour of subsidising great lines of communication with Europe, America, and Australia, but these lines are to be subsidised in the order of their importance, and the Lower House declared the Australian service to be of the greatest immediate urgency, and recommended the expenditure of £60,000 in the establishment of a direct service with Australia.

The World's Women's Convention in London. Women sent as delegates from no fewer than twenty-three different countries assembled last month in London under the presidency of Miss Frances E. Willard to hold the third Biennial Convention of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union. This informal international parliament of crusading womanhood was enthusiastic, unanimous, and jubilant. Lady Henry Somerset was the most influential woman present after Miss Willard, and the proceedings were characterised from first to last by a burning hatred of strong drink and a cheering spirit of self-confidence unusual in an assembly exclusively female. There were receptions to the delegates at the Mansion House and at Reigate Priory, crowded meetings in the Queen's Hall, and an immense demonstration and spectacular display in the Albert Hall, where deputations from all lands, clad in appropriate costume, defiled before the President. It was a memorable illustration of the unifying

From *Judge*:-

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

[May 25, 1895.]

The old story with the inevitable result.

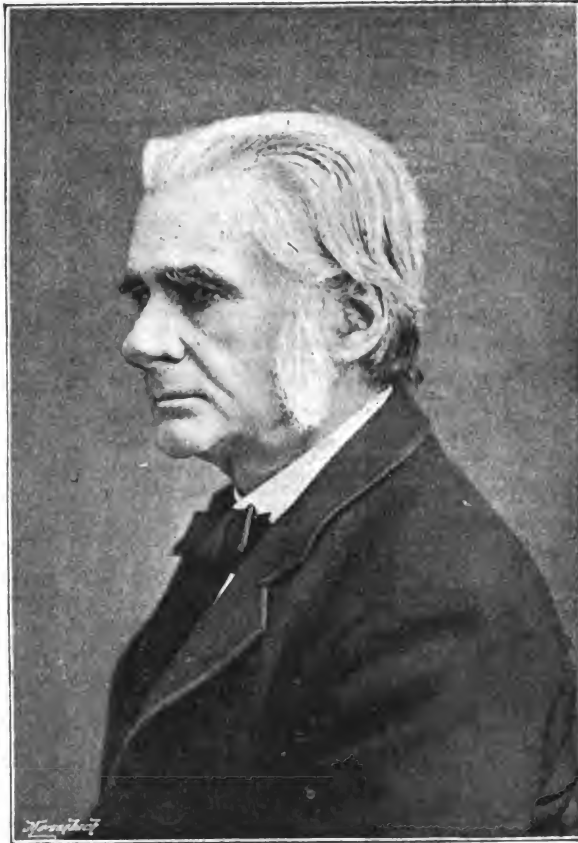
power of an idea. What was it that gathered all these thousands of organising units, nerve cells and centres from so many lands to the Albert Hall? Simply the idea of an American farmer's daughter, that the time had come for concerted action on the part of women as women to combat intemperance and its related curses all round the world. Is it any wonder that, having achieved so much, these white ribboners should be speculating whether, after all, the Parliament of man, the federation of the world, may, like man himself, have to come into being through a woman?

**Death of
Professor Huxley.**

After long and lingering illness, the man who of all others was best known to the public as an exponent of modern science has passed away. A few years ago, when men talked of science, the names of Huxley and Tyndall always were the first to rise to the mind. Others may have made greater discoveries, and there may be many who would be considered much more important by the scientific experts; but to the man in the street Huxley and Tyndall were the great Twin

Brethren of modern science, and what they said was regarded very much as the law and the testimony on the matter in discussion. Both of them probably

owed this unique distinction more to literary ability than to the originality or profundity of their scientific study. As for Professor Huxley, he probably gained more attention by the vehemence and energy with which he assailed the conventional orthodoxy of the day than by any contribution which he made to science. He was a rare "slogger," and whenever he took off his coat, whether it was against Mr. Gladstone or a Bishop, or the Pope or General Booth, the public always gathered around the ring, knowing they would have some rare sport. The last article which appeared from his pen in periodical literature was the opening of his reply to Mr. Arthur Balfour's "Foundations of Belief." In that, however, he hardly began his at-



THE LATE PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

(From a photograph by the Stereoscopic Co.)

tack—an attack which now, alas, must remain for ever undelivered. His death leaves a gap among our modern men which no one at present seems qualified to fill.



DIARY FOR JUNE.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

June 1. Formal transfer of Formosa to Japan completed at Keling.
Annual Convention of the Irish National League of Great Britain.



THE DUKE OF GENOA,
Commander of the Italian Fleet.
(Photograph by Vianelli.)

3. Canon Awdry appointed Suffragan Bishop of Southampton.
Hon. R. B. Brett appointed Secretary to the Office of Works.
International Miners' Congress opened in Paris.
Congress of Co-operative Societies opened at Huddersfield.
Capt.-General Primo de Rivera of Madrid shot by a Captain of the Infantry whilst receiving Officers.
Porte replied to the Powers on the question of reforms in Armenia.
4. New Tariff Bill introduced in the Melbourne Legislative Assembly.
M. Bachmann elected President of the Swiss Federal Assembly.
5. Congress of Co-operative Societies closed.
Canadian Parliament rejected a motion in favour of Women's Suffrage.
Legislative Assembly, at Sydney, carried the repeal of Customs Duties.
Captain Cavijo, who attempted to assassinate the Spanish Capt.-General, was executed at San Isidor.
Flood-burst in the Black Forest district of Wurtemberg; 50 lives lost.
6. The Shahzada was entertained by the Corporation of London.
Armenian Inquiry Commission closed.
Statue of the late Sir John Macdonald, at Montreal, unveiled by Lord Aberdeen.
New Commercial Treaty between Greece and Russia ratified.
7. Education Department issued a revised scale of charges for School Board elections.
Canadian Government decided to reduce the permanent military force of the Dominion from 1,000 to 800 men.
International Miners' Congress closed.
German forces in the Cameroons inflicted severe losses on the rebellious Bakoko tribes.
Japanese established headquarters in Formosa at Taipeihu.
Mr. Richard Olney appointed American Secretary of State.
8. Djehav Pasha, the Turkish Grand Vizier, was dismissed, and Said Pasha appointed in his stead.
10. Postmaster of New Zealand conferred with the Canadian Premier on trade matters.
Debate in the French Chamber on the Foreign Policy of France.

Italian Parliament opened.
M. Zaimis elected President of the Greek Chamber of Deputies.
House of Assembly, at Cape Town, adopted Mr. Rhodes's motion for the Annexation of British Bechuanaland.
Umra Khan placed in strict confinement by the Amir of Afghanistan.
The Powers demanded of the Porte an indemnity for the injuries inflicted on their Consular Officials, and also the disarmament of Bedouins at Jeddah.

12. Bimetallist Convention opened at Memphis, Tennessee.
Transvaal troops routed Magoeba's forces; the chief himself being killed.
13. Annual Fisheries Conference.
The *Tantallon Castle*, with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone on board, arrived at Hamburg.
In the House of Assembly, at Cape Town, the Budget statement was introduced.
14. M. Delvanni submitted his Budget statement to the Greek Chamber.
15. The Tsar conferred the Order of St. Andrew on the French President.
Spanish Government decided to send an additional 25,000 troops to Cuba.
17. Viscount Hampden appointed Governor of New South Wales.
Portuguese Chamber of Deputies destroyed by fire.
Free State Volksraad agreed to join the Customs Union Conference.
Harlem Ship Canal opened.
Council Meetings of the National British Women's Temperance Association opened.
18. The Porte made a second reply to the Powers re the Armenian Question.
Sigrau, the Pondoland chief, surrendered to the South African Government.
King and Queen of Denmark entertained on board the *Tantallon Castle* at Copenhagen.
19. Official Festivities connected with the Opening of the Baltic Canal began at Hamburg.
Resignation of the Austro-Hungarian Ministry.
Scenes in the Italian Chamber; attack on Signor Crispi.
20. New Zealand Parliament opened.
New Austrian Ministry formed.
21. Baltic Canal declared open and christened the "Kaiser Wilhelm Canal" by the German Emperor.
22. Festivities at Kiel closed.
24. Sir Arthur Halliburton appointed Permanent Under-Secretary for War.
Banquet given to Dr. W. G. Grace by the Gloucestershire C.C.C. in honour of his one hundred centuries.



VISCOUNT HAMPDEN,
New Governor of New South Wales.
(Photograph by Russell and Sons.)

German Emperor entertained on board H.M.S. *Sovereign*.
Fighting between Turkish troops and bands of Macedonians in revolt.
Bill introduced in the Newfoundland Legislature to reduce the salaries of the Governor and Judges.



COUNT GOLUCHOWSKY,
New Minister of Foreign Affairs in Austria-Hungary.

25. Princess Hélène's marriage to the Duke of Aosta.
New commercial agreement between Franco and Switzerland ratified.
New Slavery Convention agreed to by Egypt.
Maynooth Centenary celebrations began.
26. International Railway Congress opened at the Imperial Institute.
Sir Arthur Nicolson appointed British Minister at Tangier, and Mr. F. H. E. Elliot was appointed to succeed him as Consul-General at Sofia.
Honorary degrees conferred, at Oxford, upon Lord Shand, Sir H. Loch and others.
Admiral Saldanha da Gama, the Brazilian insurgent leader, committed suicide.
27. Legislative Assembly, at Victoria, rejected Mr. Murray Smith's motion to establish a maximum *ad valorem* duty of twenty-five per cent.
Annual Meeting of the English Church Union.
Lord Salisbury completed his new Cabinet.
Lord Rosebery was invested by the Queen with the Order of the Thistle.
The projected Russo-Chinese Loan reported to be a failure.
The Sultan appointed Shakir Pasha "Imperial Inspector of Armenia."
29. The Prince of Wales entertained the Shahzada and others at Marlborough House.
The retiring Government went to Windsor to deliver up the Seals of Office, and the new Government afterwards went to Windsor to be invested.
Disolution Honours were announced.
Cardinal Vaughan laid the foundation stone of the new Catholic Cathedral at Westminster.
Mr. Rose-Innes (M.) was returned for the County Council in North-East Bethnal Green with 1,584 votes, against 1,492 recorded for the Progressive candidate.

BY-ELECTIONS.

- June 7. Chorley Division:—
On the death of Lieut.-General Feilden, Lord Balcarras (C) was returned unopposed.
15. Inverness-shire:—
On the resignation of Dr. Macgregor, a by-election was held with the following result:—
Mr. James E. B. Baillie (U) .. 3,164
Mr. Donald Macrae (L) 2,514
Unionist majority 650
In 1892 the figures were (L) 3035; (U) 2706; Liberal majority, 329.

28. Cork:—

On the resignation of Mr. Wm. O'Brien, a by-election was held with the following result:—
Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien (N) 4,309
Mr. Ald. Roche (P) 4,132

Nationalist majority .. 177

In 1892 the figures were—Mr. W. O'Brien (N), 5,273; Mr. Maurice Healy (N), 4,759; Mr. W. Redmond (P), 3,186; Mr. Ahlertman D. Horgan (P), 3,077—majority of Mr. M. Healy over Mr. W. Redmond, 1,573.

NOTABLE UTTERANCES.

- June 4. Mr. Bryce, at Aberdeen, on the Government.
Mr. Hall Caine, at Stationers' Hall, on Authors and Publishers.
Professor Lankester, at the Royal Institution, on Biological Progress.
5. Lord Hopetoun, at Edinburgh, on the Colony of Victoria.
6. Sir J. Stansfeld, at Halifax, on the Equality of Men and Women in Public Life.
Mr. Bryce, at Tarrand, on Agricultural Depression.
Dr. Huggins, at the Royal Institution, on Spectroscopic Astronomy.
8. Dr. Waldstein, at Cambridge, on Art.
Professor Cornu, at the Royal Institution, on the Atmosphere.



THE LATE MR. HENRY MOORE, R.A.
(Photograph by Ralph Robinson.)

11. Sir W. C. F. Robinson, at the Hotel Métropole, on Western Australia.
12. Mr. Chamberlain, at Mercers' Hall, on the House of Commons.
Lord Salisbury, at Westminster Town Hall, on the Church and Religious Education.
Mr. Gonsuké Hayashi, at the London Chamber of Commerce, on "The Foreign Commerce of Japan."
14. Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain, at the Hotel Métropole, on the Unionist Alliance.
Lord Rosebery, at Clerkenwell, on London Government.
17. Mr. H. F. B. Lynch, at the Royal Geographical Society, on Armenia.
20. Mr. Asquith, at the Hotel Métropole, on the Civil Service.
22. Mr. Henry Vivian, at the Society of Arts, on "What Co-operative Production is Doing."
24. Mr. O. H. Howarth, at the University of London, on "Sierra Madre de Mexico."
25. Mr. Mundella, on Co-operation.
26. Mr. Balfour, at Ardwick, on the Political Crisis.
27. Dr. Parker, at the City Temple, on the General Election.
28. Lord Londonderry, in Manchester, on Tory and Radical Governments.
Mr. Healy, on the Liberal Party and Ireland.

PARLIAMENTARY.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

17. Market Gardeners' Compensation Bill read second time.
Marine Insurance Bill passed through Committee.
18. Administration of Estates (Consolidation) Bill read second time.
Museums and Gymnasiums Amendment Bill withdrawn.
Naturalisation (Residence Abroad) and Local Elections (Corrupt Practices) Bills read third time.
20. Royal Assent given to several Bills.
Court of Consignations (Scotland) and Post Office Act (1891) Amendment Bills read second time.
Life Assurance Companies (Payment into Court) Bill read third time.
21. Inebriates Bill read second time.
London County Tramways Bill read second time.
24. Lord Rosebery announced the resignation of the Government.
Judicial Committee Amendment Bill read second time.
Extradition and Mortgagees' Costs Bills read third time.
Sea Fisheries Bill read first time.
25. Sea Fisheries Bill passed through all its stages.



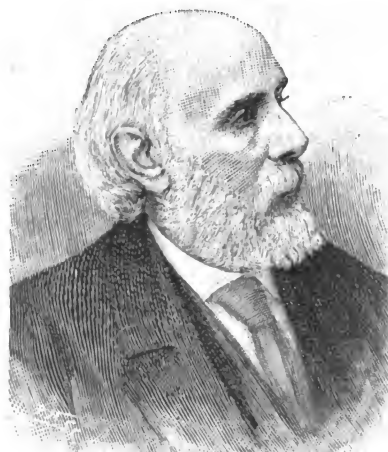
THE LATE GEORGE SMITH OF COALVILLE.
(Photograph by J. Powell.)

- Court of Consignations (Scotland) and Post Office Act (1891) Amendment Bills read third time.
Judicial Committee Amendment Bill passed Committee.
27. Royal assent given to the Sea Fisheries (North Pacific) Bill and several others.
Lord Salisbury announced that the new Government would dissolve Parliament on July 9 or 10.
Friendly Societies Bill read second time.
28. Third reading of the Judicial Committee Amendment Bill.
The Volunteers (Military Service) Bill and the Outdoor Relief (Ireland) Bill passed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

10. Sea Fisheries (North Pacific) Bill read first time.
Fatal Accidents Inquiry (Scotland) and the Local Government (Scotland) Bills referred to Scotch Standing Committee.
Outdoor Relief (Ireland) Bill read second time.
Conciliation (Trade Disputes) Bill referred to Standing Committee on Trade.
11. Crofters' Holdings (Scotland) Bill read second time.
Adjourned Debate on the second reading of the Light Railways Bill.

12. Municipal Franchise (Ireland) Bill read third time.
Funeral Expenses of Children Insurance Bill withdrawn.
13. Committee of Supply—Civil Service Estimates.
14. Committee of Supply—Adjourned debate on the Civil Service Estimates.
Debate on the second reading of the Sea Fisheries (North Pacific) Bill.
Report of Supply on the Uganda vote agreed to.
17. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre introduced a Bill to amend the law respecting the use of locomotives on highways.
Welsh Disestablishment Bill—Clause 5 agreed to.
Supreme Court (Officers) Bill withdrawn.
Report of Supply.—On the Motion of Mr. Justin McCarthy, the Government's proposed Statute of Oliver Cromwell was defeated by 220 to 83.
18. Sea Fisheries (North Pacific) Bill read second time.
Welsh Disestablishment Bill—Clause 6.
Friendly Societies Bill read second time.
19. Welsh Disestablishment Bill—Clause 6.
20. Welsh Disestablishment Bill—Clause 6; Mr. Thomas's Amendment rejected by 172 to 165 votes.
21. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman announced an important scheme of Army Reform and the resignation of the Duke of Cambridge; but later on, the Government were defeated by seven votes in Committee of Supply, and the Government resigned next day in consequence.



THE LATE MR. GEORGE BENTLEY.
(Photograph by F. M. Sutcliffe.)

- Naval Works Bill ordered for Third Reading.
House Tax (Consolidation) Bill read second time.
Friendly Societies, the Outdoor Relief (Ireland), and the Volunteers (Military Service) Bills were read a third time.
24. Sir W. Harcourt announced the resignation of the Government.
Sea Fisheries (North Pacific) Bill was passed.
25. North British Railway Bill read third time.
26. Adjournment till July 1.

OBITUARY.

1. Sir James Bacon, 97.
3. Right Hon. Sir Charles Murray, 88.
4. Sultan of Johore, 60.
Lieut.-General Sir Charles Crawford Fraser, 65.
17. Sir Geo. H. Porter.
18. Lord Colin Campbell, 42.
19. Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., 64.
Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, 64.
20. Mr. Henry Moore, R.A., 64.
23. Dowager Marchioness of Lonsdale, 76.
24. Dr. W. C. Williamson.
29. General Felixton, 84.
Professor Huxley.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

THE THIRD SALISBURY CABINET.

FOLLOWING the precedent which I set in 1892, I devote the Character Sketch this month not to an individual, but to that composite personality known as the Cabinet, for the great event of last month was the birth of a new Cabinet — a premature birth, but one which nevertheless sufficed to give to the world a new Ministry, complete in all its parts.

The Rosebery Cabinet is disbanded, making way for the third Salisbury Cabinet, or rather for the Salisbury - Chamberlain Cabinet. For this Cabinet is not like any of those which have governed the country for the last fifty years. It is a composite Cabinet, a dual Cabinet, a Cabinet of the Siamese twins. It is not a Tory Cabinet, or a Conservative Cabinet, or a Liberal Unionist Cabinet. It is a Cabinet which is as yet without name. And what is even stranger, without a nick-name. The Liberal - Unionists who have joined it would shrink from being regarded as Conservatives; the Conservatives, who supply its chief and the majority of its rank and file, would naturally protest against its being regarded as merely a Unionist Cabinet, and therefore it is a little difficult to know how to describe it.

Nevertheless, name or no name, it has to be reckoned with. Into its hands have been made over the reins of power. The governmental machinery of the Empire, which but yesterday was set in motion or at rest by the will of Lord Rosebery and his colleagues, is to-day equally obedient to the new group which has found itself suddenly established at Downing Street—as the result of a snap division on an unreal issue. Whatever its genesis, whatever its title, it is now the ruler and governor of the British Empire. Nothing is more marvellous to

communities that have but recently emerged from what may be regarded as the Afghan principle of general election, where the supreme ruler is evolved from anarchy and chaos by the

primitive but effective process of killing off his competitors, than to note the extreme facility with which power changes hands in this country. Our constitutional machinery is very antiquated in parts. The front wheels seem often as if designed for no other purpose than to revolve in an opposite direction to the back wheels. There are brakes here and brakes there, and the machine to a casual observer seems often as if it were constructed in order that it should stick in the mud rather than carry on the government of a great empire. But in one respect we have almost obtained perfection, and that is in the arrangements which have been made for a change of Government.

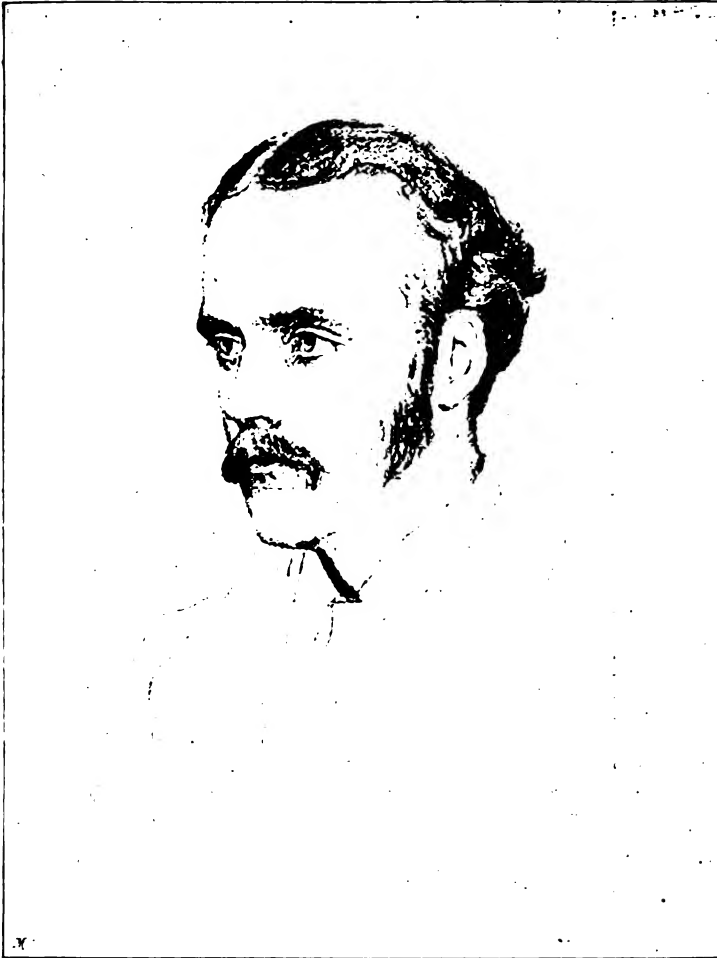
On Friday, June 21st, the House of Commons, by a chance majority of seven, passed a vote of censure upon one member of the Administration. The vote in question was trivial. It merely reduced the salary of that Minister from £5,000

to £4,900, but, like Merentio's wound, although it was not "deep as a well nor wide as a church door," still it sufficed to wreck the Administration. Within twenty-four hours Lord Rosebery had placed his resignation in the hands of Her Majesty, and in less than one week from that time an entirely new set of administrators were sworn in with new aims, different policy, and different following. The ins had become outs, and the outs had become ins, with less hubbub or commotion than if they had been rival elevens in a cricket-field. Nothing could be



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

(From a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.)



MR. A. J. BALFOUR.

(From a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.)

own mind or whether it does not. Cabinets being composed of from a dozen to nineteen Ministers, have sometimes the misfortune to have as many minds as members. On other occasions the Cabinet has only one mind, which is that of the dominant personality who called it into being, and who presides over its deliberations. This Cabinet comes into neither of these categories. It is not a single-souled Cabinet, for it is a double-headed one, and as is natural to a double-headed entity, it is in danger of being a double-minded creature—unstable in all its ways.

In the formation of this Cabinet Lord Salisbury began by constituting an inner circle of those who may be regarded as the greater gods of the Downing Street Olympus. Then after having constructed this kernel of the Cabinet, he filled up the spaces between it and the circumference with such a collection or assortment of administrators as commended itself to the judgment of the inner circle. The group which lies at the heart of the Cabinet as the yolk lies at the centre of the egg is a composite junto consisting of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour on the one hand, and the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain on the other.

THE LIBERAL UNIONISTS.

The Liberal Unionists at the last general election held forty-six seats, Conservatives two hundred and sixty-nine, and it is not likely that the number of Liberal Unionist seats will increase at the coming election. It would indeed be comparatively difficult to maintain that number were it not for the compact entered into by the Liberal Unionists and their allies, which gives perpetuity to the *status quo*. In the new Parliament, therefore, there are likely to be six Con-

more tranquil. That is to say, in less than eight days the whole of the administrative and executive power over the most widely extended empire in the world was transferred from one party to the other without a single ripple on the smooth surface of national life. There was talk of a crisis in the newspapers, but there was no crisis anywhere else. The solid and stable machinery of the Government, which is controlled by the permanent experts of the Civil Service, went on functioning without the *personnel* of its parliamentary chiefs.

CABINETS VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.

Some day I shall try my hand at writing a Character Sketch of the invisible Cabinet—the Cabinet that never goes out of office, the Cabinet of the permanent under-secretaries and heads of departments who have no need to appeal to constituencies for renewal of confidence, and whose devotion to the actual work of governing is not affected by the accidents of snap divisions or the passions of the parliamentary lobby. But to-day, as there is a new Cabinet in office and a visible Cabinet, we may leave the invisible alone for a time and devote a few pages to the consideration of the new entity that last month made its appearance in our midst. Such consideration will be useful, not merely at home but abroad, for we have all to reckon with this new personality. Upon its wisdom or its folly hangs the prosperity or adversity of millions of men. The state of its collective mind may be the dominant factor in crises of peace and war, and for numberless tribes and nationalities in all the continents. It matters more what the Cabinet thinks than what is thought by any other human entity in this universe.

I.—THE JUNTO OF FOUR.

The first question which every one asks about a Cabinet is whether it knows its

THE DUKE
(Photog)

servatives, and possibly many more, for every Liberal Unionist who is returned. But in the constitution of the real governing Cabinet within the Cabinet the proportion is not one to six, but two to two. In the Cabinet itself, which consists of nineteen members, there are five Liberal Unionists, so that the Liberal Unionists are much over-represented in proportion to their numbers. In constituting Cabinets, statesmen have proceeded on another basis than that of the rule of three. At the ballot-box we count heads, in Cabinets we weigh them. Hence, it is not surprising that Lord Salisbury should have accorded to the Duke of Devonshire and his allies a position in the Cabinet to which their strength in the country by no means entitles them. Although natural, this step is far from being without difficulties. The position of the Liberal Unionists in the Coalition Cabinet is somewhat like that of the English garrison in Ireland. It holds its position, not by right of numbers, but by other considerations, which the fear of offending the delicate susceptibilities of their Conservative allies forbids us to particularise. But—just as the English garrison in Ireland, which can only return twenty-three out of one hundred and three Irish members, exercises a right of eminent domain that is not affected by any number of ballot papers in the south and west filled in by Home Rulers—so the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain will be disposed to claim at least an equal voice in all the decisions of the Government with those of their Conservative colleagues. It will be well, indeed, if Mr. Chamberlain can be induced to be contented with this. During the last Conservative Administration Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire exercised from time to time, outside of the Cabinet, an authority which they certainly will not wish to see diminished by their acceptance of direct responsibility.

THE UNION NEGATIVE RATHER THAN POSITIVE.

There will spring from this of necessity a certain duality of mind in the Cabinet which can hardly be a source of strength, which may be an element of weakness, and which possibly may result before long in its disruption. Of only one thing can we be sure, and that is, that as long as the Cabinet persists in the negative policy of simply putting a veto on Home Rule it will have no difficulty in keeping together. But the more Home Rule recedes into the background the more difficult will it be for Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour to walk hand in hand. The union of the Unionists has, indeed, no other basis than this:—as all Irishmen are said to be “agin the Government, whatever that Government may be,” so all Unionists are “agin” Home Rule, whatever may be the meaning of that phrase. But, as the imminence of what they regard as the Home Rule danger united them, so, when Home Rule recedes, and in proportion as Home Rule recedes, into the dim distance, the centrifugal tendency, which exists in all composite bodies moving at great velocity through space, will assert itself, and we may have a Cabinet that does not know its own mind, because it cannot come to a decision as to which of its two minds is the right one. It may be objected to this that the new Cabinet is a body, which, whatever else it may do or refrain from doing, will not move with too great velocity in any direction whatever. The instinct of self-preservation will reinforce the inertia common to all created things, and Ministers will recognise as the law of their being that they should do either nothing at all or as little as possible lest they go to pieces in the operation

THE CHIEF OF THE JUNTO.

This would be undoubtedly Lord Salisbury's instinct. He is never anxious to legislate, and cordially sympathises with Lord Melbourne's mental condition, which found expression in the familiar question, “Why can't you let it alone?” Lord Salisbury is a strong man, well able to hold his own in the Cabinet which he has made. For although it is a Coalition Cabinet, it is none the less a Salisbury Cabinet, the third of the same name, and Lord Salisbury, although indisposed to make a parade of his power, has never hesitated to use it on occasion. He has behind him the rank-and-file of his own party, and the confidence of the country at large to an extent which no other statesman of any party can pretend to enjoy.

The Right Hon. Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, now Prime Minister of England for the third time, is in his sixty-fifth year, and may therefore be regarded as in the ideal prime of manhood, if age be reckoned from the statesman point of view. Even apart from his position as Prime Minister to the Crown, he is far the most commanding personality in English politics since the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. He was elected by the House of Commons as member for Stamford when his predecessor, Lord Rosebery, was six years old, and so he enjoyed the advantage—which Lord Rosebery lacked—of a long apprenticeship in the House of Commons. From 1853 to 1868, first as Lord Robert Cecil, and then as Viscount Cranborne, he represented Stamford in the Conservative interest. If Lord Rosebery had had but half that apprenticeship, many things would have gone better than they have.

HIS RECORD.

It is now nearly thirty years since Lord Salisbury first became Cabinet Minister, when he was appointed Secretary of State for India in Lord Derby's third Administration. His tenure at the Foreign Office, a post to which he is now returning, dates from 1879, when he succeeded Lord Derby, and sullied a reputation until then almost blameless by a participation in the crime of attempting to resuscitate the Ottoman Empire. In this he sinned against light, under the promptings of ambition, say his adversaries; under the hypnotic influence of Lord Beaconsfield, was the excuse of his friends. Be that as it may, in that fatal period occurred the blunder of the partition of Bulgaria, the crime of the re-enslavement of Macedonia, and the fiasco of the Anglo-Turkish Convention. Under the same sinister influence it was that he was responsible for the Afghan invasion—a crime which cannot be forgotten, and of which probably Lord Salisbury retains as vivid a memory as any one of those who assail him. From the death of Lord Beaconsfield he has been recognised as the only possible Conservative Premier, although within the last few months some have been calculating sufficiently on his patriotism to suggest that he should confine himself to the Foreign Office, and leave to Mr. Balfour the task of forming the Cabinet. These suggestions were never seriously made, and the same may possibly be said for the offer which, years ago, was made to Lord Hartington to become the Prime Minister of a Unionist Administration, in which Lord Salisbury would serve at the Foreign Office. It was therefore in the nature of things that, when Lord Rosebery resigned, Her Majesty should at once send for the Marquis of Salisbury and entrust him for the third time with the duty of forming an Administration.

THE POLITICAL CHAMPION.

Lord Salisbury, although his career is stained with the record of deeds done when he was under the glamour of Lord Beaconsfield, has, since he was himself again, regained much of the confidence of the country which he then forfeited, and even among the ranks of the late Ministry there are not a few who regard his advent to power with feelings of complacent satisfaction. He is not the "W. G." of politics; there is no "W. G." in the political arena since W. E. G. retired from Parliament, but after W. E. G. he comes nearest to being the political champion of the day. Lord Salisbury is deficient in the faculty of commanding great enthusiasm. There is too strong a dash of cynicism in his character, too great readiness to cut and thrust with ruthless blade at the most cherished convictions of his countrymen when they do not coincide with his own views as to what is wise and just. There is also about him a certain aloofness as of a hermit, which, while standing him in good stead in some things, weakens him in others. He shrinks, for instance, from meeting political opponents. He lives to himself, apart, a student, a thinker, and a patriot. Excepting during the lamentable period when he was under the domination of Lord Beaconsfield, he has never shown himself devoid of caution and common-sense; indeed, it may rather be admitted that in his foreign policy he has shown a disposition to undue caution rather than to any excess of daring. He has submitted to be squeezed by Germany rather than risk the loss of a good understanding with Berlin. If, as some seem to think, we are entering upon a critical period in which the atmosphere is charged with saltpetre, it is a source of satisfaction to reflect that our destinies are in the hands of a tried and experienced statesman, who keeps his blazing indiscretions for home consumption, who watches over the interests of Britain abroad with ceaseless vigilance, and holds the helm of State with a steady hand.

THE WHIG UNIONISTS.

The Duke of Devonshire, although no Tory, is conservative to his finger tips. A shrewd, cautious, somewhat lazy man, to whom fortune has given everything that most men covet, he is the last man in the world to indulge in any "wild cat" policies of sensational adventure. In him Lord Salisbury can safely trust, to render him effective aid and service against the wild men of the party.

Neither need Lord Salisbury fear that he will be left in the lurch by the other two Liberals that he has admitted to his councils. Mr. Goschen has long been the tame elephant of the Tory Party. They know him of old and trust him not without cause as one of themselves. Sir Henry James also, even before he obtained the peerage, which is so often the extinguisher of the last remnant of youthful enthusiasm, had shown himself completely divorced from the more adventurous of the left of his old party. Therefore it comes to this, that the only man in the Cabinet who is not a more or less adulterated version of Lord Salisbury is Mr. Chamberlain, and the question which practically confronts the Administration is, how long will the Administration get on with Mr. Chamberlain, or how long will Mr. Chamberlain get on with the Administration?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

The situation is not unlike that of 1886. Nine years ago Lord Salisbury founded a Cabinet not materially different from the present, excepting for the fact that neither the Lord President of the Council, the First Lord of the Admiralty, nor the Chancellor of the Duchy had

ever at any time in his career been labelled a Liberal. The one man in the Cabinet of 1886 who gave colour, point, and piquancy to the body was Lord Randolph Churchill. As Lord Randolph was in 1886, so Mr. Chamberlain is in 1895. Alone among Lord Salisbury's colleagues nine years ago, Lord Randolph had



MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

energy, individuality and ideas. Mr. Chamberlain is equally rotatable in the present Administration. There is a very strong resemblance between the two men. Both regarded the world from the circle of the crown of their own hats. No other two men divided the universe so distinctly into two sections, the I and the not-I—the ego and the non-ego, and probably no two men agreed more absolutely in believing that the importance of the ego transcended

infinitely the rest of the universe. Both found themselves in a position of comparative solitude. No doubt Lord Randolph had his followers as Mr. Chamberlain has sympathisers, but practically they stood alone, each in his own Cabinet.

A LIBERAL LORD RANDOLPH.

Mr. Chamberlain, like Lord Randolph Churchill, regards himself as the statesman who has to save the Cabinet, even against its will, from perishing in the morass of reaction. It is not too much to say that Mr. Chamberlain, like Lord Randolph Churchill, regards himself as the vital soul of the Administration. The other members who are with him in the Cabinet are more or less inert matter, which is without form and void until it has been breathed upon by the creative genius of the member for Birmingham. Lord Randolph made no secret among his friends, and even among those who were not his friends, but to whom he used to speak with dangerous freedom, of his contempt for the timid and idealless mass of his colleagues. But when young and ambitious statesmen endeavour to save their colleagues, in spite of themselves, from yielding to the temptation of lethargy and timorous Conservatism, they are extremely likely to come into violent collision with those said colleagues, who are apt, with shameful ingratitude, to refuse to recognise the services which their deliverer would render them. We all know how this terminated in the case of Lord Randolph. After some months, during which he was in more or less strained relations with his chief, he brought things to a head by an act of official suicide. His place was taken by Mr. Goschen, and everything went on without any one being apparently a penny the worse, excepting, of course, Lord Randolph himself, whose sun suddenly sank in mid-heaven out of the sight of all men. Mr. Chamberlain, of course, has the advantage of Lord Randolph's fate before him as a beacon or warning.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RÔLE.

He will not fall in the same way, but he is bent upon doing the same kind of things, and his only method is to

employ the same kind of influence; i.e., he will constantly pose as the representative of the Progressive party in the Unionist alliance. He will speak for the people with a big P. He is the champion, self-elected but not less self-confident, of that social democracy without which the Conservative cause would be hopelessly stranded by the receding tide of time. Therefore, by power of persuasion within the Cabinet, by the adroit manipulation of the press outside the Cabinet, by the careful and assiduous application of pressure upon the small minority which regards him as its leader, Mr. Chamberlain will endeavour to force the pace of the new Administration, and will seek to shape the legislation and direct the policy of his colleagues to an extent which they are more likely to resent than to tolerate. At the same time, Mr. Chamberlain is not so young as Lord Randolph Churchill was. He is now approaching his sixtieth year, and he has had what Lord Randolph sorely lacked—long experience in responsible administration. His municipal training will stand him in good stead, nor must we forget that, during the Gladstone Administration from 1880 to 1885, although Mr. Chamberlain was continually standing in the breach and threatening resignation, he never actually resigned. He managed to pull through in the midst of great difficulties, and that also when the velocity of the Cabinet was much greater than that of any Cabinet over which Lord Salisbury presided.

Then, again, we must remember that Mr. Chamberlain has a personal liking for Mr. Balfour, with whom he will have most to do. Mr. Balfour also likes Mr. Chamberlain, and gets on well with him, as indeed Mr. Balfour does with almost every one; but how far this personal liking on both sides will stand the strain of actual colleagueship in a new Administration remains to be seen.

FOR WAR WITH FRANCE?

Leaving out of count the chances of disruption that are contained in the mere presence of Mr. Chamberlain in the Cabinet, no one can deny that it is to Mr. Chamberlain the Cabinet owes the chief element of colour and life which it possesses. Without Mr. Chamberlain, the third Salisbury Cabinet would be a good, excellent, capable, humdrum body of administrators, guaranteed sound in wind, limb, and eyesight, but quite certain never to bolt or to kick over the traces. Mr. Chamberlain has been widely reported to have declared, probably in jest rather than in earnest, that before the new Government was out it would contrive to involve this country in war with France. Whether he ever said this, or whether he did not, is a question upon which I shrink from expressing an opinion. All that I can say is that no statement is more frequently repeated at Liberal headquarters than that Mr. Chamberlain's presence at the Colonial Office means war with France. Without for a moment imputing to the new Colonial Secretary the criminality of deliberately contemplating the precipitation of so great a catastrophe as that of an Anglo-French war, it is at least certain that his presence at the Colonial Office will not tend to make Lord Salisbury's task easier in arranging the little accommodations by which in the past he contrived to fob off the hostility of Berlin or pacify the French. Lord Salisbury, although keeping up a certain appearance of determination in dealing with other Powers, has always proved himself to be open to a little transaction. This may be good statesmanship, but it is not very good business, excepting for the smart

Germans who, knowing Lord Salisbury's weakness, presumed upon it to the uttermost. Mr. Chamberlain is not likely to have much liking for a spirited foreign policy which keeps up appearances at home by sacrificing the interests of the Empire abroad, nor is it difficult to see how very easily the presence of a spirited advocate of British extension in the English Cabinet might bring about a collision on more points than one. We have a perennial difficulty with the French Republic on the coast of Newfoundland. We have constantly irritating disputes with France about questions of customs in the West Coast Settlements. In the Pacific, the New Hebrides, and the proximity of the French Convict Settlement at New Caledonia, offer ample openings for trouble, if the Colonial Office decided to deal with the foreigner as Mr. Chamberlain is in the habit of dealing with his political opponents. Mr. Chamberlain may be strong, but he certainly is not suave, and it is a thousand pities that he had not the opportunity at the War Office of learning the actual condition of our army before he was placed in an office which enables him at every turn to bring about a situation from which only armies could extricate us.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

After Mr. Chamberlain, the most notable Liberal-Unionist is the Duke of Devonshire, better known as Lord Hartington. The Duke takes office with un concealed reluctance. He is now sixty-two years of age. He inherited a princely position which more than satisfies all his somewhat tepid inclination for the transaction of affairs. He is happily married, and he would probably have been much better pleased if he could have remained outside as a *deus ex machina*, with liberty to intervene on such rare occasions as he deemed it unavoidable. But the Duke of Devonshire has a high sense of public duty, and he has put his shoulder to the wheel, notwithstanding his constitutional indisposition to work. His position as Lord President of the Council will not give him much administrative labour, even when to the ordinary function of President is added the abnormal, new, and as yet imperfectly-conceived, responsibilities involved in his position as Chairman of the Council for National Defence. Lord Hartington proposed this some time ago, and the Duke of Devonshire, therefore, no doubt, feels it is his duty to carry it out. But if the Council of National Defence is to be anything more than an inter-departmental committee for the purpose of keeping the War Office in touch with the Admiralty, it will probably entail a very serious re-arrangement of the constitutional machinery. If Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, had been appointed to the Duke of Devonshire's post, there is little doubt but that he would have sooner or later succeeded in either reducing Mr. Goschen at the Admiralty, and Lord Lansdowne at the War Office, to a condition of complete subservience, or he would have driven them into open revolt. The Duke, with that lazy-tongs manner of his, and with his constitutional indisposition to do anything that must not absolutely be done, is safe to minimise rather than to maximise the duties of the chairmanship. This will probably be more or less of a sinecure, but the Duke and his two colleagues at the War Office and Admiralty will constitute a group within the Cabinet which will necessarily have more power and influence than any one of its three members. Apart from his special duties as Lord President of the Council and Chairman of the National Council of Defence, the Duke's presence in the Cabinet is undoubtedly a

source of strength. He is a level-headed man, of good judgment, no temper, and with an intellectual apparatus which, although slow, is within its range almost as automatically exact as Babbage's calculating machine. The late Tzar, who was no bad judge of men, recognised the sterling qualities of Lord Hartington long before he had gained recognition among his own countrymen, and nothing more grieved Alexander III., in surveying the future of English politics, than the fact that the Home Rule split had deprived the Liberal Party of the one man of all others whom the Tzar would most have wished to see Prime Minister of England.

MR. BALFOUR.

After Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire, it seems absurd to mention Mr. Balfour, who in many respects is the most important man of the four. But no absurdity in the order of mention can obscure the important position which Mr. Balfour holds in his uncle's Cabinet. Mr. Balfour is not the man who hankers for place, power or position. He is, take him all in all, probably the best all-round member in the House of Commons—the best liked, the best tempered, and the best leader of the House. In saying this I am saying nothing that would not be endorsed by all of his political opponents who have been long enough in the House of Commons to know what is what and who is who. Although Mr. Gladstone was a great leader in debate, he was never a first-class leader of the House. Sir William Harcourt led the House fairly well. He has, indeed, done much better than most people expected under the circumstances; but there is no comparison between him and Mr. Balfour. It is a rare good fortune of the First Lord of the Treasury in the new Administration to have lived down the intense animosity and antipathy with which he was regarded by those who did not know him, excepting as the author of Coercion in Ireland. Even in the heat of the conflict, when it was almost high treason in the Liberal Party to admit that the "base, bloody, brutal Balfour" was other than a fiend incarnate, the leaders of the Liberals, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley and others, never wavered in their personal esteem for the young statesman. Their verdict has now been approved by the party generally. No man stands higher in the opinion of the Liberal Party than does Mr. Arthur Balfour. And this is not because of any leaning on his part towards their views. It is the personal equation which counts. Mr. Balfour's very defects tell in his favour. There is a certain easy-going indifference—a philosophy that savours of a certain apartness—which gives a peculiar charm to all that he says and does. He is always distinguished by a rare chivalry and a perfect candour which make him quite one of the most ideal characters in modern politics. In the new Parliament he will gain by having Mr. Chamberlain as a foil and background wherewith to show off his urbanity, his courtesy and his genial contempt for many of the small things which agitate small minds in the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour's memory is not as good as it might be; he is not as diligent as some of us could desire; his ability to abstain entirely from all reading of the newspapers, while it exhibits a singular amount of self-confidence and originality, indicates an absence of that intensity of interest with which most men follow public events. His judgment is good, his manner perfect, his sympathies are wide, and if it be that he is somewhat wanting in passion it would be a mistake to confuse the easy debonair manner of the man with indifference to those greater questions which affect the welfare of men and

of nations. If Arthur Balfour were any one but Arthur Balfour the odds would be heavy against his being able to get on with Mr. Chamberlain, but as he is Arthur Balfour it is easy enough. The only mortal sin which he has committed in recent times was when he succumbed to the temptation of embarrassing the Government by opposing the erection of a statue to Oliver Cromwell. No doubt there is not much in common between the stalwart Puritan who hewed off the head of Charles Stuart and the graceful and fascinating author who wrote "The Defence of Philosophic Doubt," but for all that the line he took on that occasion was unworthy and entirely out of keeping with Arthur Balfour's better self.

II.—THE GARNISHING OF THE PEERS.

The new Cabinet as at first constituted contained, as might have been expected, a majority of Peers. This was but right, and in accordance with the nature of things. Government by Lord Salisbury means government by the House of Lords, and government by the House of Lords it will be, even though Lord Salisbury at the last moment added two additional Commoners to his Cabinet to redress the balance. If the constituencies return a majority of Members pledged to support Lord Salisbury, they declare they wish the country to be governed, for the time being, in accordance with the will of the House of Lords, rather than in accordance with the will of the people as expressed in the late House of Commons. Lord Salisbury therefore naturally packs his Cabinet with Peers, some of whom are notable enough in their way, but none of whom will influence materially the decisions of the Cabinet. The grey matter of the brain dwells in the four Ministers of whom I have already spoken. Among the Peers let us give the first place to Sir Henry James, whose new title has not yet been officially announced.

SIR HENRY JAMES.

Sir Henry James is a little man of considerable ability who has never quite achieved first rank. He has done good service for his country, especially in passing the Corrupt Practices Act, by which bribery, treating, and the grosser forms of intimidation were practically banished from our electoral contests. His judgment has always been esteemed, even by those who are opposed to him, excepting when strong constitutional prejudice stood in the way of impartial consideration of the merits of the case. He shares with Mr. Balfour the distinction, if such it be, of being one of the two bachelors in the Cabinet; but, unlike Mr. Balfour, who has spoken and voted in favour of woman's suffrage, Sir Henry James has always been as bitter an adversary of female franchise as it is possible for a man to be whose nature is singularly devoid of gall. His training has been that of a lawyer; and although from time to time he has done good service in politics, he has always been a lawyer rather than a statesman. In 1885, the year of the great disruption, he wrenched himself apart from his colleagues, who wished to make him Lord Chancellor, and from that time, beyond an occasional appearance in the unfamiliar arena of London municipal politics, he has not been much to the front, excepting as an opponent of Home Rule. He is one of the elderly men of the Cabinet, having already completed his sixty-seventh year, and age has brought with it its infirmities; otherwise he would probably have been sent to the Home Office, where his judicial frame of mind and his familiarity with business would possibly have made him a success. Unfortunately, however, his health is failing, and it was

necessary to find him a position where the work would not be too severe a task upon his energies. Therefore he has been made Chancellor of the Duchy and a kind of honorary judicial adviser of the Government in the House of Lords.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

Lord Halsbury comes next in order as the occupant of the Woolsack. Lord Salisbury is faithful to his old friends, and therefore Lord Halsbury is Chancellor once more. Sir Richard Webster, who is once more Attorney-General, was at one time talked of as the most likely person to occupy the Woolsack under the new Administration. Lord Halsbury, however, was not disposed to waive his claims. From a political point of view probably Lord Halsbury does not count as a debater; but there is no need for much debate in a House where the Government have a permanent majority of ten to one.



LORD HALSBURY.

(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

LORD LANSDOWNE.

More interest attaches to the next peer, Lord Lansdowne, who has taken charge of the War Office. Lord Lansdowne, who succeeds Mr. Campbell-Bannerman at a rather critical and important time, is a Liberal Unionist, but his severance from his party dates long prior to the introduction of the Home Rule Bill. Lord Lansdowne has been notable in recent years for two things. He was one of the landlords most vehemently attacked during the Plan of Campaign in the Irish troubles, and he has quite recently returned from occupying the responsible position of Viceroy of India.



LORD LANSDOWNE.

(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

Lord Lansdowne is not a showy statesman or a dashing brilliant administrator. He is a quiet man with a steady head, much more convinced of the dangers of plunging than he is conscious of the mischief which may follow a policy of inertia. As a Viceroy in India he was fairly successful; as a landlord in Ireland he is one of the few who have shown, especially on his Kerry estates, that all landlords in Ireland are not unmiudful of the duties and responsibilities of their position. At the War Office one of his first duties will be to provide a successor to the Duke of Cambridge, and immediately afterwards to endeavour to

establish a *modus vivendi* with the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Goschen. He is not a stranger to the War Office, for he acted as Under Secretary for War from 1872 to 1874. He was a fairly successful Governor-General for Canada, a position which he occupied before his translation to India. His presence in the Salisbury Cabinet adds to its strength in many directions—in all directions, it may be said, excepting one: he contributes nothing to its driving force.

LORD CROSS.

Lord Cross has reappeared; for Lord Salisbury, as already noted, is loath to part with old friends. Lord Cross was Home Secretary under Disraeli, Home Secretary in Lord Salisbury's first Administration, Secretary of State for India in his second, and in his third he is Lord Privy Seal. Whether Home Secretary, India Secretary, or Lord Privy Seal, it is probable that Lord Cross's most important function is that of being Member for Her Majesty. The Queen curiously enough has evinced a strong personal predilection for the two Ministers who have obtained Cabinet position from the ranks of the solicitors. Lord Cross came first, but he was rivalled on the Liberal side by Sir Henry Fowler. Lord Cross is one of the veterans of the Cabinet, being over seventy-two. He may be regarded as a kind of honorific supernumerary.



LORD CROSS.

(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

LORD ASHBOURNE.

Another old stager without whom no Conservative Administration would be complete, is Lord Ashbourne, who is once more Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He held this post in both previous Salisbury Administrations. It would be much more advantageous to the Cabinet if he could be in the House of Commons, where his knowledge of the detail of the Irish Land Question would stand them in good stead when they come to the ordeal of passing the new Land Bill.



LORD ASHBOURNE.

(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

LORD CADOGAN.

The Earl of Cadogan, one of the two remaining peers of the Cabinet, holds the office of Viceroy of Ireland. During the sharp short Conservative Administration of



LORD CADOGAN.

(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

1885, it was the Viceroy, Lord Carnarvon, who represented Ireland in the Cabinet. The same arrangement has been reverted to in the case of Lord Cadogan. He is only fifty-five years of age. He occupied a seat in the House of Commons for a short time, and sat in the second Salisbury Cabinet from 1887 to 1892. He is chiefly known in London as one of the great ground landlords of Chelsea, which he represents on the London County Council. He possesses

the first indispensable requisite of an Irish Viceroy, in that he has a large private fortune which he can spend, if he thinks fit, in maintaining Royal State at Dublin Castle.

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.

The last peer to be noticed is Lord Balfour of Burleigh. He is the Minister of Scotland, and has the distinction, if it be such, of being the only peer of the Cabinet who is not considered sufficiently important to be mentioned in the last edition of "Men and Women of the Time."

III.—COMMONERS IN THE CABINET.

Leaving the House of Lords, we turn to the House of Commons. The only surprise in the Cabinet was the appointment of Sir Matthew White Ridley as Home Secretary. Anything, of course, is better than that Mr. Matthews should have had another term of office as Home Secretary, but few persons ever imagined that Sir Matthew White Ridley would be selected for the post.

SIR MATTHEW W. RIDLEY.

He comes of a Northumbrian family, which has often been represented in the House of Commons. The fact that he was regarded by his party as the best man for the Speakership is the best possible credential as to his popularity with the Conservatives, but whether or not he can be a Home Secretary up to the standard of his predecessor, Mr. Asquith, is somewhat doubtful. Mr. Asquith is a thin, spare man, who works like a steam engine, and has plenty of "drive" Sir Matthew is a comfortable gentle-



SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY.

(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

age with Lord Lansdowne. The question as to what is to be done with Chitral is one which will at once come before him for decision. His predecessor decided to evacuate it. Lord Lansdowne, with Lord Roberts and the Government of India at his back, are in favour of occupying it. Lord George's views are as yet not known.

MR. CHAPLIN.

Mr. Henry Chaplin appears somewhat oddly as the President of the Local Government Board. Mr. Chaplin, it is believed, would have preferred to have been Minister of Agriculture, but he has committed himself so uncompromisingly against the bill, giving security to farmers for their unexhausted improvements, that it was found necessary to shunt him to a department where his views on agricultural tenure would not bring him into collision with the decisions of the party. His appointment at the Local Government Board, if it means anything, means an attempt to readjust the rates, so as to relieve the landed interest. Mr. Chaplin is a typical country gentleman, fond of sports, very opinionated, with private fads of his own, the shape of Bimetallism, and other heresies, in which he is kept in countenance by Mr. Balfour. If Mr. Chaplin were Prime Minister, he would probably re-impose the Corn Laws, make silver legal tender, and bring England to a revolution or bankruptcy, perhaps to both, within six months of his accession to office. As he is only appointed to the Local Government Board, where he can do no harm, Lord Salisbury probably regards this as a convenient cage in which to coop up what might have been a somewhat unmanageable bull in the china shop.



LORD GEORGE HAMILTON.

(Photograph by Stereoscopic Co.)

man who is by no means spare, and who will probably slow up the Home Office all round to the great relief of many male-factors in various industries.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON.

Lord George Hamilton, who, I suppose, will vacate his seat as Chairman of the London School Board, is appointed Secretary of State for India. He acquitted himself well in the last Administration, as First Lord of the Admiralty. He is connected by marriage

MR. RITCHIE.

Mr. Ritchie, who has been rusticated for some time, and has just been returned to Parliament as Member for



MR. RITCHIE.

(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

Croydon, is appointed successor to Mr. Bryce at the Board of Trade. Mr. Ritchie has the advantage of being a Scotchman, who has had a practical training in business. At the Local Government Board he showed himself to be an administrator not devoid of courage, and capable of plodding industry. He will find the Board of Trade a much wider field for his individual initiative, especially in dealing with trade disputes, than he ever enjoyed at

the Local Government Board. Like Lord Cadogan, Mr. Ritchie occupies a seat on the London County Council, a body which has had the unique distinction of furnishing a Prime Minister to the late Administration and two members to the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury.

MR. GOSCHEN.

Mr. Goschen, after having served as Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been sent back to the Admiralty. He was Mr. Gladstone's First Lord from 1871 to 1874, and he has ever since taken a keen interest in all that relates to the welfare of our first line of defence. The Admiralty is one of those Departments in which the principle of continuity is very rigorously applied. It is, therefore, a position eminently fitted to be occupied by one who unites long traditions with conservative confidence.



MR. GOSCHEN.

(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

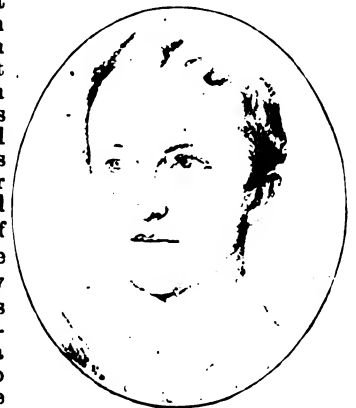
MR. MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is one of the all-round administrators who has been tried in almost every office, and who has succeeded fairly well in everything he has put his hand to. The failure of his eyesight in 1887 removed him from the Irish Office at a critical time, which would have subjected his capacity to a severer test than any to which he had previously been exposed. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the first Salisbury Administration, and leader of the House of Commons. As such he was the particular object of Lord

Randolph's somewhat unscrupulous animosity. At the close of the second Salisbury Administration he acted as President of the Board of Trade. In the new Government he appears as its Chancellor of Exchequer. He took a leading part in opposing the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, for, like almost all his colleagues, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is a stout churchman. Sir Michael, although a most typical country gentleman, sits for one of the divisions of the city of Bristol. In returning thanks for his re-election on July 1st, he made a declaration which seems likely to be the keynote, or at least one of the keynotes, of the Conservative appeal to the country. Agriculture, he said, was after all the greatest interest of England.

Every one expected that the Cabinet was completed when the names of seventeen of its members had been published. A Cabinet of seventeen is an unwieldy body, but as if to emphasise the fact that the Cabinet counts for little, Lord Salisbury at the last moment added two fresh members in the person of Mr. Walter Long, who is Minister of Agriculture, and Mr. Akers-Douglas, who, after serving his apprenticeship as Conservative Whip, now receives Cabinet rank as First Commissioner of Works. Mr. Akers-Douglas is well known to all Conservative members. He sits for a county seat in Kent, and was as little dreamed of as First Commissioner of Works as Mr. Arnold Morley was dreamed of as Postmaster-General when he was appointed to that office in 1892. It is becoming a tradition to make Cabinet Ministers out of Whips, but the experience of the Liberals has hardly been so good in this respect as to encourage imitation by the Conservatives. Mr. Walter Long, who succeeds Mr. Herbert Gardner as President of the Board of Agriculture, has had some experience heretofore in a strictly subordinate position. His presence in the Cabinet is one more indication, if such were wanted, of the intentions of Lord Salisbury in connection with the relief of the landed interest.

The Under Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs has been conferred upon Mr. Curzon. Mr. Curzon is a superior person, of superior parts, whose superiority is so transcendent that it shines from every pore of his skin and makes itself felt in every line which he writes. It is therefore a good thing that he has to take an inferior position, and instead of posing as a kind of territorial providence gifted with infallibility and omniscience, has to do with the Marquis of Salisbury, a statesman of far too wide an experience and knowledge of the world to tolerate many heroics on the part of a subordinate.



MR. CURZON.

(From a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.)

The Chief Secretaryship for Ireland has been bestowed upon Mr. Gerald Balfour, a faith in heredity being as deeply rooted in the mind of Lord Salisbury as it is in that of General Booth.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

MY PROGRAMME OF SOCIAL REFORM.

By SIR JOHN GORST.

SIR JOHN GORST contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* an article which he calls "The Conservative Programme of Social Reform." It is not the Conservative Programme, but Sir John Gorst's Programme, which is quite another matter. He advocates immediate action in relation to strikes and locks-out and the unemployed.

SETTLE STRIKES.

He would deal with strikes by creating permanent councils and boards of conciliation and arbitration, which should act with the authority of law, and in the name of the people at large. They should be empowered to summon witnesses and compel the production of evidence. Their first aim should be to bring the parties together and try and arrange a settlement by mutual agreement. If they failed they then would ascertain the facts of the dispute, publish them to the world together with their own opinion as to the merits of the case. The first item therefore of social reform to which the new Parliament should address itself should, in Sir John Gorst's opinion, be the establishment of real and effective boards of conciliation in trade disputes.

EMPLOY THE UNEMPLOYED.

As to the unemployed he thinks that the central government should abandon the policy of irresolution and procrastination. There is land lying waste within thirty miles of London, capital in abundance to be had at 2½ per cent., while unemployed labour is vainly looking out for something to do. He would establish labour registries with a central clearing house provided with means for shifting labour with certainty and exactness from one place where it is not wanted to places where it is. This seems to indicate that the bonâ fide working man is to be provided with a free ticket instead of being sent to tramp the country. Local authorities should be encouraged to set the unemployed to work. Experimental labour colonies should be established for the reclamation of lapsed labour. The residuum of those who can work and won't work will then be dealt with severely.

MAKE EMPLOYERS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL ACCIDENTS.

After these two great questions Sir John Gorst would deal with the employer's liability. He would give every workman a right to receive compensation from his employer for every accident unless caused by his own misconduct. No contracting out should be allowed. The Conservative Programme as thus compiled is against partial indemnity. Dealing with the sick, the children, and the aged, Sir John Gorst has a programme equally explicit. He would readjust our poor law administration in accordance with the following principles. First, the interests of the children should not be subordinated to the object of using them as a deterrent to keep their parents off the rates; secondly, when the children do come upon the rates, their parents should forfeit some of their parental authority. Every child chargeable to the public should become the ward of the public authority, which should intervene to prevent the parents from injuring the child. Third, the children should be boarded out as much as possible. Fourth, where boarding out is impossible, homes should be provided like those which the Sheffield guardians have set on foot, where there is

no distinctive uniform, the houses are broken up into blocks, and the children are sent to the schools. Fifth, there must be no more herding together of children in great barracks.

FREE MEDICINE AND OLD AGE PENSIONS.

Dealing with the sick, he would provide free medical advice and treatment to all those who thought fit to apply. The nursing of the sick should be placed in competent hands. No workhouse infirmary should be allowed to be overcrowded. With regard to the aged poor, he would improve their lot by better classification within the workhouse, and then he would try an experiment of State pensions to the aged, beginning at first by making the conditions very stringent and allowing no right to the compensation until the claimant had reached an advanced age. Sir John Gorst concludes his remarkable article by invoking the example of Chinese civilisation, which fills him with admiration. He insists that all his proposed changes are justified by a profound regard for the permanence of our social progress. In its regard for the aged, his scheme resembles the Chinese civilisation, and, as Sir John Gorst says in conclusion, compared with our ephemeral Western civilisation, "its days have been long in the land."

The Future of England and Japan.

THE *Investors' Review*, of all periodicals in the world, contains a plea for an offensive and defensive alliance with Japan against Russia. Mr. Wilson is such an advocate of peace all over the world that it is somewhat surprising to find him advocating a policy so provocative as this. But this is what he says:—

It therefore appears probable that the only course open to us is to form an offensive and defensive alliance with Japan. Japan has been abominably tricked by this Russian move. While her Government listened to the counsels of moderation tendered by the three allied Powers, Russia crept in and stole the fruits of her brilliant victories over the Chinese. And Russia's effective presence in what are practically Japanese waters as a formidable naval and military Power will compel Japan to maintain a war-like establishment, which might crush even her ingenious and energetic people if it had to be borne long. In all probability, therefore, Japan will have, before many years are over, to fight Russia for right to exist as a free and independent Power; and into any conflict of that kind we can hardly help entering ^{at} the side of Japan, unless we are content to see India ^{and} ourselves driven out of the markets of Farther Asia, ^{and} India itself made bankrupt. Such a prospect does not ^{chase} ^{us} from any point of view; but we see no other, and the ^{winner} in which we have allowed ourselves to be outwitted ^{should} be food for much mirth were the stake not so ^{momentary} ^{as} the ^{game}.

TOURISTS to the English lake district will turn with interest to Dr. H. R. Mill's Bathymetrical Survey of the English Lakes, which appears with many admirable maps and diagrams in the July number of the *Geographical Journal*. He remarks on the way in which all the valleys of the district radiate like the spokes of a wheel from a point midway between Stake Pass and Dunmail Raise. "They bear witness to an earlier, simpler structure, when a dome of vanished rocks, ^{by} over the area, the dissected skeleton of which the warfare of air and rain and ice, now ^{has} ^{been} ^{the} ^{stage} ^{of} ^{the} ^{present} ^{structure} ^{is} ^{the} ^{result} ^{of} ^{the} ^{warfare} ^{of} ^{air} ^{and} ^{rain} ^{and} ^{ice} ^{now} ^{is} ^{the} ^{stage} ^{of} ^{the} ^{present} ^{structure} ^{is} ^{the} ^{result} ^{of} ^{the} ^{warfare} ^{of} ^{air} ^{and} ^{rain} ^{and} ^{ice} ^{now} ^{is} ^{the} ^{stage} ^{of} ^{the} ^{present} ^{structure} ^{is} ^{the} ^{result} ^{of} ^{the} ^{warfare} ^{of} ^{air} ^{and} ^{rain} ^{and} ^{ice} ^{now} ^{is} ^{the} ^{stage} ^{of} ^{the} ^{present} ^{structure} ^{is} ^{the} ^{result} ^{of} ^{the} ^{warfare} ^{of} ^{air} ^{and} ^{rain} ^{and} ^{ice} ^{now} ^{is} ^{the} ^{stage} ^{of} ^{the} ^{present} ^{structure} ^{is} ^{the} ^{result} ^{of} ^{the} ^{warfare} ^{of} ^{air} ^{and} ^{rain} ^{and} ^{ice} ^{now} ^{is} ^{the} ^{stage} ^{of} ^{the} 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MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

CHARACTER SKETCH BY MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

In the *Forum* for June Mr. Justin McCarthy writes pleasantly but somewhat bitterly on the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., who is now Secretary of State for the Colonies in the new administration. Mr. McCarthy says:—

There can hardly be a worse stroke of ill-luck in English political life—or I dare say in any other political life—than for an aspiring man to get the repute of being “too clever by half.” I think that is just Mr. Chamberlain's condition. He has the repute of being too clever by half. This may, some day, be his political epitaph.

Mr. Chamberlain may or may not be too clever by half, but Mr. McCarthy has no doubt as to his being clever, very clever, especially as a debater.

There are, according to my estimate, five great debaters in the House of Commons. These are Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Sexton. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Sexton, and perhaps Mr. Asquith may claim to be orators as well. Mr. Chamberlain is certainly not an orator. There is not a gleam of imagination in him, or of fancy, or pathos, or genuine passion. No heart is ever warmed by his frigid, cutting eloquence. No eyes are ever moistened by any appeal from him. To all the artistic side of life he is colour-blind. He has not in him the capacity for one flash of genuine humour. He can be sarcastic, or perhaps rather spiteful than sarcastic; there is a sort of spinster-like shrillness in him when he gets out of temper and loses the suavity of the ladies' doctor. But he is a keen shrewd debater, and he has a singularly clear intonation. Not a word that he says is lost upon the House. His voice is not musical; it is sibilant and monotonous, but it reaches every ear. He has a quick eye to detect a flaw in the argument of any adversary. He is splendidly self-opinionated, and would not be in the least afraid to measure himself against Demosthenes.

Mr. McCarthy lets us into some secrets of the relations which existed between Mr. Chamberlain and the Irish members when he was President of the Board of Trade in Mr. Gladstone's Administration. He says:—

The Irish Nationalist members took him fully into their confidence. We consulted him on all occasions. A vacancy took place in the office of Chief Secretary, consequent upon the sudden resignation of the late Mr. W. E. Forster, and Mr. Chamberlain thought he had every reason to believe that the position would be offered to him. He did what I think was a prudent and a straightforward thing, under the conditions. He sent for a number of the most advanced Irish Nationalist members, and he told us that he desired our advice as to the course he should take in the event, which he then deemed certain, of his being invited to assume the position of Chief Secretary for Ireland. I mention the fact only to show what confidence he then had in him, and what confidence he then professed to have in us—in us whom since that time he has so unsparingly abused. He knew then as well as we did ourselves that the position of him must depend upon his fidelity to the principle of Home Rule, and he and we had together proclaimed with regard to the Nationality and the claim for Home Rule. I could add a number of details of our conversation, but it is not necessary. I do not know to this day why Mr. Chamberlain did not receive the appointment. He told us it was certain to be offered to him. All my personal and private information had given me the conviction that it would be offered to him. It never was offered to him. The place was given to Lord Frederick Cavendish.

When Lord Frederick was killed, the relations with Mr. Chamberlain were never quite so intimate. Mr. McCarthy says:—

Mr. Chamberlain pattered over some plan of local government—a plan that might have done well enough within the framework of a Home Rule system, but which complete in itself was not worth

any serious consideration. Mr. Chamberlain was vexed at the cold reception which the Irish members gave to his proposal of compromise. A certain chilliness began.

This was the little rift within the lute which has widened so rapidly that the quondam Home Ruler and colleague of Home Rulers is now a leading member in Lord Salisbury's Unionist Cabinet.

HIGHER CRITICISM OF THE GOSPELS:

“SOUND, POSITIVE RESULTS” FROM GERMANY.

THE more explosive “results” of the Higher Criticism as applied to the Old Testament have rather tended to obscure the steady progress which the same order of criticism has been making in the study of the New Testament. A welcome corrective to this tendency is supplied by the eminent Professor H. H. Wendt, of Jena, writing on “The Synoptic Problem in Germany” in the *New World* for June. Those who have been accustomed to think of German Biblical criticism as a hopeless welter of conflicting fancies will be surprised to learn that there is growing agreement among its professors on so intricate yet so vital a matter as the origin of the Gospels. The Gospel of Mark is generally accepted as the oldest of the three, and as a source of Matthew and Luke. The sections common to Matthew and Luke, but not found in Mark, are generally referred to a compilation of the Sayings of Jesus, which is supposed to be the same as the “Logia” which, according to the early testimony of Papias, the Apostle Matthew brought together in the Hebrew tongue. The hypothesis that Mark's Gospel and the now lost “Logia” of Matthew form the principal sources of the Synoptic Scriptures “has become dominant with the scientific theologians of Germany,” notwithstanding a few notable names to the contrary. Professor Wendt thus concludes his interesting survey:—

If we proceed upon the way which the progressive historical-critical study of the Gospels has shown to be true and sure, we shall attain to sound, positive results; we shall attain to a plain, consistent picture of the historical personality, work and preaching of Jesus Christ—a picture from which there shines upon us in full glory the unique greatness and divine revelation of our Saviour.

The Cost of Converts.

Our *Day* for June quotes from the *Ram's Horn* a curious calculation that a statistical Christian appears to have made in Chicago. This gentleman, one Mr. Chapman, after making the calculation, thus stated the reflections which are suggested:—

I found, somewhat to my surprise, that the cost of the conversion of each soul in Chicago in forty leading churches was far greater than it was in foreign fields. I therefore asked the question of myself, “Considered as a business investment simply, is the church paying dividends?”

The following figures embody in tabular form the results of his statistical inquiry:—

FORTY CHICAGO CHURCHES—A YEAR'S RECORD.

	Value of Property.	Operating Expenses, including Interest on Plant.	Conversions.	Cost per Convert.
10 Baptist Churches . . .	1,110,000	167,884	589	285
10 Methodist Churches . .	1,275,000	131,470	342	384
10 Presbyterian Churches .	1,246,000	218,305	409	533
10 Congregational Churches	1,050,000	177,568	306	580
Totals and Averages . . .	4,681,000	690,327	1,646	445
Foreign Miss. Societies in the United States	4,924,779	25,325	194

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

THE DAY DREAM OF LEO XIII.

CAPTAIN J. W. GAMBIER, R.N., in a paper entitled "The Papacy, its Position and Aims" in the *Fortnightly Review*, writes very brilliantly concerning the present position and the fixed idea of the Pope. He says:—

THE POPE'S POSITION.

Reason as we may, blink facts as much as we like, the Pope, in the silence of his austere furnished room, with his simple fare of pasta and cold water, is a power in shaping the destinies of the world greater than the Czar, greater than Emperor William, greater than all the Foreign Secretaries who fret and fume on the political stage in the length and breadth of Europe. And why? Because he embodies the idea of a persistent, unwavering policy, with one distinct aim, an aim that will outlive him; that will be followed with the relentlessness of a sleuth-hound by his successors.

IMPROVED BY LOSS OF TEMPORAL POWER.

Captain Gambier looking at the question from an independent point of view, has no hesitation in saying how much the destruction of the temporal power benefited the Roman Church.

To the student of history it seems indisputable that a great boon and blessing has befallen the Church of Rome through the loss of its temporalities.

It is largely owing to the destruction of the temporal power and its consequences that—

Round the person of Leo XIII. a strength has accumulated unknown to modern Papacy, whilst, personally, no Pope for centuries has been more implicitly obeyed or more devoutly revered. Nevertheless, it is also clearly his own remarkable personality which has greatly contributed to this state of affairs, coupled with the fact that the loss of the temporal power, and, with it, relief from the trumperies which take up the time of ordinary royalties, has left him at leisure to devote his great intellect to what may be properly called the legitimate business of his position.

THE TYRANNY OF A FIXED IDEA.

But although Captain Gambier sees this, the Pope does not, and notwithstanding the enormously improved position which has accrued to him as the result of the formation of the kingdom of Italy, Leo XIII. never surrenders for one moment his favourite daydream of winning back again the temporal sovereignty of Rome.

The aim of this policy is the Restoration of the Temporal Power. That this is the leading idea of the Vatican, the pivot on which everything turns, can be said without fear of contradiction. The precise form that this restoration will assume may not have taken definite shape even in Leo XIII.'s mind; but, as far as is known to one who stands near His Holiness and knows, or thinks he knows, the views the Pope holds on this subject, there is never a moment's wavering in the belief of the Holy Father that it will come about. It may not be Leo XIII., nor the next, nor the next after him, but it is the immutable intention of God in the government of His Church that His Vicegerent shall be an independent Sovereign. For a Pope without a territory of his own is a theological anomaly, a crime against the majesty of God himself, and thus the present position of the Pope is that of a prisoner—altogether an intolerable position of affairs.

HOW THE POPE HOPES TO REGAIN HIS THRONE.

Not only does the Pope sigh for the restoration of his temporal power but he believes the attainment of this ideal is not very far out of his reach. The following is a fairly accurate statement of the conclusions which find favour at the Vatican:—

The Church believes that all the poorer and most of the middle and respectable classes sigh for the good old days—all save the political adventurer and the money-lender. The Church, therefore, bides its time until the bubble bursts;

probably after the great war so long foretold, when Europe will resolve into its natural elements; when Italy, leaning on that fatal reed England, will have ceased to be anything but a geographical expression, with France extended all along the maritime Alps to Genoa, Venice once more Austrian, with Lombardy thrown in to "compensate" her for the loss of Herzegovina and Bosnia, formed into a new state with Hungary and Servia, whilst Umberto will be handed back politely to reign in Turin—if he has recognised on which side his bread is buttered, a faculty which has always hitherto distinguished the House of Savoy. The rest of Italy may have formed some kind of Republic, its capital Florence, leaving Rome, and a possible twenty or thirty miles' radius of the Campagna, for the Pope. Here the Head of the Church will reign as an independent sovereign over a neutral state, will levy his own taxes (which would be a species of municipal rate), and will once more strike his own effigy on coins which the experience of Pio Nono's attempt will keep up to the proper standard. This small spot on earth, dedicated to the service of God, will be under the guarantee of all the Powers, will require no lines of circumvallation, no soldiers, and no ships, and Rome will once more become what it had been for nearly seventeen hundred years (with a brief interval), the home of the Head of the only True Church. And the Vatican need not trouble itself much to bring about this state of affairs. By abstention on the part of the faithful in Italy from all political matters, power is gradually slipping into the hands which must ruin the country. With authority set at nought and bankruptcy at her doors, resources sucked dry, credit blasted, with the Triple Alliance fading away (her only support), bullied by France, deserted by England, Italy, the Italy of Umberto, Crispi, Rudini, and Co., is tottering to destruction. And this must render the restoration of the temporal power a European necessity, for the simple reason that, failing an Italian king, no other person except the Pope would be allowed by the other Powers to seat himself there.

CROMWELL AND HIS STATUE.

THE *Free Review* writes sensibly on the proposed statue to Cromwell. It says:—

A thoughtful politician will look at the past of his country all round, and he may as well muse over Strafford as over Simon de Montfort, as well over Bolingbroke as over Peel. Above all, if he is to commemorate kings as kings, he may fitly commemorate statesmen as statesmen. Now, of all the men whose names bulk large in our political history there is simply none so important, so outstanding, so memorable, as Cromwell. That we should have statues in London to the two Charleses and the four Georges, and none to Oliver, testifies merely to average meanness of spirit, not at all to principled criticism of Oliver's tyranny. If we leave him statueless as a tyrant, we should leave the Charleses and the Georges statueless for no less valid reasons. The men who bestated these cannot have done so on worthy grounds of constitutional principle. And as no Liberal can now be supposed to admire George the Third as a politician, no Liberal could reasonably be challenged for proposing a good statue to Cromwell while bad statues to bad kings remain standing in the name of public opinion.

London is infamous among capitals for the quality and the *quidity* of its statues; Shakspeare is made trivial by incompetent statuary; Cobden is made insignificant by selection of site; Kents, London-born, is represented by an American bust, stuck in a church, where it had no business to be; Milton, the greatest of English artists in verse, is but feebly grouped with Chaucer, another great Londoner-born, and with Shakspeare on the fountain in Park Lane; but George the Third, Charles the First and Anne, though with no better, have some of the best available sites. . . . Then the best grotesque chaos of Westminster Abbey, with its reproduces of rank and office sprawling in groups on, while great writers and artists get incl, that can be said for the statue syst, the confusion and irrationality of it.

SIR EDWARD HAMLEY AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.

AN EXPOSURE BY COLONEL MAURICE.

It is difficult to imagine a more crushing exposure than that to which Sir Edward Hamley is subjected in the current number of the *United Service Magazine*. Mr. Shand, who wrote Sir Edward Hamley's biography, which has been recently published, made a series of grave charges against Lord Wolseley, implying that the Commander-in-Chief, in the Egyptian Campaign, had wilfully and unjustly refused to recognise the share taken by Sir Edward Hamley in winning that battle, and suggesting generally that the official history had been cooked in order to give all the credit to those to whom it did not belong. Colonel Maurice, as the compiler of that official history, simply demolishes General Hamley and his partisans. He tells the story of how the official history was written, and shows that every page of it was submitted to Sir Edward Hamley for revision and correction before it was published, and that he adopted almost all Sir Edward's suggestions, merely stating in footnotes when the statement communicated by Sir Edward Hamley rested solely upon that officer's own testimony. In his work as official historian, Colonel Maurice says he had no trouble whatever with any officer engaged in the expedition excepting only from Sir Edward Hamley, and he found it was impossible to satisfy him unless he did injustice to others. Colonel Maurice says:—

Absolutely throughout all my relations with all officers concerned, he was the only man whose efforts were directed to get his own claims recognised. That I consulted him, at all events freely in regard to every point on which he could speak with authority, and accepted his statements with perhaps even too great freedom, is now sufficiently clear. I only asked Lord Wolseley one question about any point connected with the campaign, and as I obtained in regard to that point decisive evidence which showed that he was mistaken, I wrote the story as to that matter in direct contradiction of what Lord Wolseley had told me. Everything that I wrote concerning Lord Wolseley's action was either based on documentary evidence such as in any court of justice would have been decisive, or on the unanswerable evidence of others. Not by one jot or tittle was the evidence coloured in his favour.

Colonel Maurice, in reply to the unworthy sneers directed against Lord Wolseley, tells an incident which has hitherto escaped public notice:—

No army ever ran a nearer chance of losing its Commander-in-Chief at the very beginning of the action. Lord Wolseley and his brother, now Sir George Wolseley, had ridden far ahead of the staff, after he had given the order for our halting. He had given his horse to his brother to hold; wishing to try with his glass to peer into the darkness to see whether the flashes of the firing in front would guide him as to the course of the action, for all the emergencies of which it was so necessary for him to make provision, yet which it was so difficult to guide or aid in any way after it had once begun. The first shell which was thrown from the advanced work, fired no doubt pretty much at a venture, fell between Lord Wolseley and his horse. Fortunately the shell buried itself in the sand and did not explode. Otherwise one of the earliest incidents of Tel-el-Kebir would have been the blowing to pieces of the Commander-in-Chief, his horse, and his brother. As it was, the given was so frightened that it broke away from Sir George as with some difficulty caught.

What Mr. Chambray says, Colonel Maurice says:—

exposed the misapprehension from all sources disproves absolutely the statement which virtually makes the part of the official history, the one which decided the fate of the campaign. I can show conclusively that Sir E. Hamley was simply the fifth

wheel in the coach, the one man whose death at any moment would have made no difference whatever to the success of the expedition, and that nothing but inordinate vanity could have concealed this fact even from himself.

The decisive victory which crushed Arabi, so far from being due to General Hamley, was altogether the work of Lord Wolseley. Colonel Maurice says:—

Knowing pretty well the story of most of the great battles of the past, I know of only one of which it can be said that the entire course of the battle was so completely worked out and foreseen by the general in command, as was the case at Tel-el-Kebir.

There is to be another article, in which Colonel Maurice will further expose this extraordinary tissue of misrepresentation woven by the vanity of General Hamley, in order to conceal the truth from the eyes of the public. It is a thousand pities for General Hamley's reputation that his friends should have forced this exposure upon Colonel Maurice, but as it had to be done, there can be no doubt as to the thoroughness with which the task has been performed.

HOW CHARLES DICKENS KILLED HIMSELF.

CHARLES DICKENS, junior, in the *North American Review* for June, writes a very sad paper about his father, which brings out very clearly how recklessly the great novelist killed himself by giving public readings. He says:—

There was something of almost wilful exaggeration, of a defiance of any possible over-fatigue, either of mind or body, in the feverish sort of energy with which these readings were entered upon and carried out.

It would almost seem that he might have been living and writing novels to this day if he had not persisted, in defiance of all warnings, in giving public readings which exhausted his strength and ultimately killed him. He had plenty of symptoms of his approaching collapse:—

Among other serious symptoms he noticed that he could only read the halves of the letters over the shopdoors on his right. The old elasticity was impaired, the old unflagging vigour often faltered. One night at the St. James's Hall, I remember, he found it impossible to say Pickwick, and called him Pickawick, and Picnic, and Peckwicks, and all sorts of names except the right, with a comical glance of surprise at the occupants of the front seats, which were always reserved for his family and friends. In fact when my father described himself, in a letter written to Mr. Dolby on the very eve of the breakdown, as being "a little out of sorts," he was, in fact, on the brink of an attack of paralysis of the left side, and probably of apoplexy.

What finished him was a farewell series of twelve readings at St. James's Hall. The state in which he was can be imagined from the instructions given to young Dickens by his father's medical attendant:—

"I have had some steps put up against the side of the platform, Charley," said Mr. Beard, who was constantly in attendance. "You must be there every night, and if you see your father falter in the least, you must run up and catch him and bring him off with me, or, by Heaven, he'll die before them all."

In the German reviews there are two character sketches of Mr. Gladstone, tardy articles that appeared before the change in political affairs towards the end of June. The article in the *Deutsche Revue* (June) is unsigned, but the tone of it may be gathered from the concluding sentence: "When Mr. Gladstone was obliged to retire, he left English politics in the worst confusion for his colleagues." In Heft 21 of *Von Fels zum Meer*, Mr. C. Frank Dewey gives us an amiable picture of Mr. Gladstone at home.

IF I WERE POSTMASTER-GENERAL: SECOND TRY.

By MR. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.

MR. HENNIKER HEATON is not going to be Postmaster-General, worse luck! but we can rely upon him to be a thorn in the side and a goad to the back of Mr. Arnold Morley's successor. By way of giving the new Postmaster-General a taste of his quality, Mr. Henniker Heaton contributed to the *Contemporary Review* one of those programmes of his which are so curiously compounded of minute detail and the slap-dash of a theatrical scene painter. His programme is magnificent, even if it is not business, and there is probably more business in it than the Post Office officials will be ready to admit.

IMPERIAL PENNY POSTAGE.

Let us, then, abolish postal frontiers within the Queen's dominions, as we have abolished Customs frontiers. Let the Postmaster-General be empowered to declare the British Empire henceforth a single postal district, with a uniform penny postal rate for letters (as there is already a uniform halfpenny rate for printed matter), whether transmitted one mile, ten miles, or ten thousand. And then let him celebrate the opening of the new building by solemnly promulgating a long list of those reforms on which the public has set its heart, and abolishing a still longer list of grievances, which the public will no longer tolerate. Several great Colonies, including Canada, New Zealand, and Victoria, will consent to imperial penny postage to-morrow, on a sign from the British Postmaster-General. The House of Commons, the Ministry, the Press, and public opinion favour the reform; but our Post Office looks to the Colonies to take the initiative.

AN IMPERIAL BRITISH STAMP.

Not only should we thus encourage correspondence between all parts of the Empire, but we should facilitate the transmission of small sums of money. An imperial British stamp, available throughout the Queen's dominions, should be provided; money orders, on the *mandat-carte* system, should be issued at every British post-office; and telegraphic money orders between all great centres of population, from Edinburgh to Sydney, from Ottawa to Hongkong. And, with every *mandat-carte* or telegraphic money order, the amount named in it should be 'duly delivered at the payee's door. An incalculable stimulus would thus be administered to British trade, and, what is more, to British patriotic feeling and to racial sympathy.

In addition to this he would establish parcel post between the United States and Great Britain, a convenience to civilisation which, incredible though it appears, has not yet been established.

QUICKER DELIVERY.

Mr. Henniker Heaton does not confine his attention to our relations with our kin beyond the sea, he is anxious to improve our home delivery, and for this purpose he makes the following suggestion:—

If the post-office would attach a letter-box to every important train, tram and omnibus, and provide a sorter, with a staff of letter-carriers, at the terminus, hours might be saved. And why is there not a division of mail-matter into three classes at St. Martin's-le-Grand, as in Canada, the United States, and elsewhere? Letters should form the first class, newspapers and book-post the second, and parcels the third; and a special staff should be employed to deal with each. The express service should be simplified and extended, and the charge should be reduced to 2d. for the first mile. How long are we to wait for the crimson "Express" stamp, as used abroad? And why cannot we have the *carte-télégramme* system in London and other large cities? In Paris or Berlin a postcard (costing 3d.) is driven through a pneumatic tube from one part of the city to another with the speed of thought.

AN AGRICULTURAL PENNY PARCEL POST.

In the country districts more frequent collections and deliveries are required. There are too many post offices in

the towns, while there are not half enough in the country. Public opinion demands the immediate abolition of "guarantees" and "portage," as odious exactions worthy only of the Middle Ages, the laying of a network of telegraph or telephone wires throughout the rural districts, and the institution of regular and frequent postal collections and deliveries, and the "Agricultural Parcel Post," at specially low rates, for flowers, fruit, choice vegetables, and dairy produce, which are now imported from France, Belgium, Holland and Denmark to the amount of £15,000,000 a year. The late Mr. Raikes warmly approved of this suggestion. The "Cash on Delivery" system should be given a fair trial. It has been uniformly successful in other countries, and in a rich, busy, and densely-populated country like this it would be invaluable. By this system the Post Office not only carries a tradesman's parcel, but receives the price of it on delivery, and accounts for the price to the sender.

CHEAP POSTAGE FOR MAGAZINES.

Mr. Heaton pleads for the admission of magazines to the privileges of the cheap postage accorded to newspapers. He says:—

The present rule is that any "registered newspaper" can be conveyed by post for a half-penny. To be registered, however, it must (1) be published at intervals not exceeding seven days, and (2) consist mainly of "news, or articles relating thereto." So that the whole of our monthly reviews, magazines, and religious and scientific periodicals are excluded, and subjected to heavy postal taxation; while the registered newspapers themselves must only contain a certain proportion of advertisements. These two rules are obviously opposed to public policy. For in the first place, the deliberate utterances of picked thinkers, divines, philosophers, and medical, military and naval authorities, and, in fact, specialists of all kinds in the monthly periodicals, must be more valuable, and therefore more worthy of favour, than the police and sporting news, the Court and Society gossip, even the political speeches and the glib leading articles, which make up a daily newspaper. Secondly, it is suicidal for the Post Office to repress advertising, since it is well known that the department derives an enormous revenue from the replies to advertisements, the resulting postal orders and parcels, and the registration of them. I have therefore introduced a Bill abolishing the two rules referred to.

OTHER REFORMS.

Here is a tolerably big programme and one which will not be carried out in its entirety this century:—

Postcards and stamped envelopes should be sold, as in other countries, at their face or stamp value. At present a purchaser has to pay 3d. for a "halfpenny" postcard, and the poor are thus severely fleeced. Our postcard, at present the smallest and meanest in Europe, should be made at least as large as the international postcard of the Postal Union. The *mandat-carte* system should be introduced, and the postal order done away with. In Germany, Switzerland, and elsewhere the remitter of money pays in the amount at a post-office, and receives a *mandat-carte*, upon which he writes the payee's address, and adds a short message. The letter-carrier takes the money, with the *mandat-carte*, to the payee's door. Thus speed and safety of transmission, and payment to the right person, are ensured. So successful has this system proved, that the French Government has just adopted it.

THE REV. T. C. COLLINGS has an excellent article in the *Leisure Hour* entitled "The Settlements of London: Where they are and What they are Doing." He thus summarises the settlements already existing:—

Oxford House would be described as a High Church institution, Toynbee Hall as a Broad Church settlement, Mansfield House is supported by the Congregationalists, Bermondsey by the Wesleyans, Newman House represents the Roman Catholics, while University Hall is the outcome of Mrs. Humphry Ward's well-known volume, "Robert Elsmere," and Browning Hall, the youngest, makes a new appeal to the well-to-do to return and live among the poor.

A PENNY-A-WORD CABLEGRAMS TO AMERICA.

MR. HENNIKER HEATON, not content with this programme, launches another idea in the *North American Review* for June. The Atlantic, he insists, ought to be made to cease to exist, and this can be done by utilising the existing cables which united Europe to America, but which are rendered comparatively useless by the monopoly which controls them. He makes the startling statement that—

It would be perfectly feasible to telegraph the whole of the letters now exchanged between the two countries for the sum which is now paid to the mail-steamship companies. Meanwhile, I may invite the Anglo-American Company to make a grand experiment. It should institute a Sunday or nightly service at a penny per word for purely social messages, the use of codes being strictly forbidden. I have little doubt that a profit of £50,000 a year would at once be realised. This is no scientific problem or financial adventure. The wires exist, the staff is in perfect training; and at a week's notice the people of the United Kingdom and the United States may be in constant electrical communication on questions of business or on private affairs; the letter post being reserved for the transmission of formal documents. And this wonderful transformation would be effected with a positive saving to the taxpayers.

The number of words sent over the cables between America and England last year was 23,000,000. Of these twenty million were business messages at one shilling per word, and the balance, three millions, were messages at fivepence per word. Deducting some small charges, the total income from Anglo-American cables may be put down at £1,000,000, or five million dollars.

Now, by means of the recent improvements, forty-five words per minute can be sent over one wire, so that the twelve cables might be employed to send in one year no less than 283,824,000 words! It must be remembered, however, that only two of the twelve cables are extensively employed. Indeed, a cable expert of high authority is of opinion that the new cable of the Anglo-American Company, having a weight of 400 pounds of copper to the mile, is of sufficient capacity to carry all the existing traffic.

The cost of laying a trans-Atlantic cable is said to be about £500,000. If so, the total cost for the twelve working cables, and three which have been abandoned, is about £7,500,000. Yet the capital of a single company is £7,000,000, while for £1,000,000 we might at once lay two cables capable of doing all the work. The interest on £1,000,000 could not exceed £50,000, and the working expenses would be about £80,000; total, £130,000. For which annual expenditure the public might have a service just as good as the present one, for which it pays the companies £1,000,000.

I say it is high time to change all this: to recognise that since the first cable was laid the Atlantic no longer exists. What I propose is that the British and American Governments should jointly acquire the property and rights of the existing cable companies, at a fair valuation, and establish a common state monopoly in cable communication. They should then establish a tariff of one penny per word; and the result would be a prodigious development of trade, and an immense increase in the happiness of the masses.

Finally, I turn to the one man who has it in his power to advance this scheme more than all other public men put together—I mean Sir John Pender. Sir John is the brain of cabling enterprise, not only in the Atlantic, but all over the world. When his one rival, the Commercial Cable Company, was formed, the rates went down from one shilling and eightpence to sixpence, and the traffic increased 727 per cent. But Sir John has worked the charge up again to a minimum of one shilling per word, and there he would fain maintain it. But he must be aware that this scandal of idle wires and prohibitive charges cannot last for ever.

Sir John Pender then must think over the error of his ways and reform, for although Mr. Henniker Heaton is

not Postmaster-General he may go further and fare worse. Honestly speaking there are few persons who can look at the present monopoly of the cable service, with its results in high prices and little business, without seeing in it an object lesson which England and America would do well to take to heart.

HOW PARIS IS FED.

In the fifth of a series of articles appearing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on "The Mechanism of Modern Life," by Vicomte d'Avenel last month, the writer describes how Paris is fed through the great shops and stores devoted to alimentation. The French nation are now noted for their delicate cooking, but in the Middle Ages they seem to have been very poorly fed. Hippocras, a sort of hot punch, was in Rabelais' time the luxury of the rich, and in the age of the poet Villon figs and dates were only eaten by epicures, and oranges were much dearer than are now bananas. In the reign of Francis I., the Duchess of Vendome sent a present of melons and artichokes to the Queen of Spain, then in Flanders, and under Louis XIV. Madame de Sévigné wrote to her daughter that "chocolate will set you up in health, but how are you to make it if you do not possess a proper pot?" Nearly all the fish consumed by the common people was either dried or salted, and by no means cheap. Meat cost less than it does now, but was not good.

There are curious records of the adulteration of food in the Middle Ages: the milk was watered, spices and jams were mixed with cheaper materials, and drugs, especially quinine, suffered in the same way. Even now quantities of olive oil and brandy, which are almost wholly innocent of the fruit of the olive or the juice of the grape, are sold to the population of Paris; but it is only fair to add that these spurious goods are in no wise prepared from unwholesome materials.

Of the great Paris grocery establishments, that going by the name of Felix Potin is the chief. The founder's father, who cultivated his own land at Arpajon (Seine-et-Oise), desired to make a lawyer of his son, and Felix was put into an office at the age of sixteen; but the lad had an irresistible desire to become a grocer, and before he was twenty-four years old he had started in business. He became in time perhaps the biggest grocer in the world. Felix Potin acted splendidly during the siege of Paris. He refused to allow his stock of eatables—which had by that time become immense—to be bought up by speculators, and he rationed carefully his supplies of food, which he doled out to the public at the same prices as before. He thus sold £80,000 worth of food, for which he might easily have obtained a quarter of a million of English money. It is sad to think that this large-hearted man died in the year following the war at the early age of fifty-one.

Neither butchers' meat nor bread has yet been subject to the methods of accumulation and distribution pursued in the grocery trade; but an immense establishment has been started in Paris by a M. Cléret for the making of sausages and black pudding, the price having been sensibly lowered by the concentration of manufacture. But these remarks only apply to pork. Reckoning that there are a thousand co-operative food supplies in France, four hundred are bakeries, and nineteen deal exclusively with the fresh meat trade. The famous Maison Duval possesses not only its restaurants of world-wide fame, but three large butcher's shops, distributing meat each year up to a value of a million of francs—in English money, £40,000.

EMPIRE AND EDUCATION.

BY THE HEAD MASTER OF HARROW.

THERE is a very admirable paper—which might be circulated throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire with advantage—in the *Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute* for June. It is a paper which the Rev. J. C. Welldon read before the Royal Colonial Institute on the "Imperial Aspects of Education." It is an admirable paper, and one which Mr. Cecil Rhodes, for instance, might do well to print by the million, or to submit as an examination paper to all the schools which he can influence in South Africa and elsewhere. Mr. Welldon begins by pointing out that the reign of Queen Elizabeth was the beginning, while that of Queen Victoria is the consummation, of the British Empire. Mr. Welldon says that it is only when great deeds are done that great thoughts are possible. But it is probably just as true that no great deeds are done when men do not have great thoughts. The question as to which comes first is not solved by a reference to Milton, Shakespeare, or Byron.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

Mr. Welldon then proceeds to discuss the relations of the public schools of England to the fortunes of the British Empire. He maintains that whatever are the faults of the public schools, they have such a hold upon the affections and the interests of the English people that no criticism seems to be able to injure their prosperity. The sentiment of an English public schoolman for his school is unfelt and unimagined elsewhere. This is all the more remarkable, because the public schools which have inspired the most affection have by no means always been those of the highest culture and the greatest delicacy. It would be well, said the Head Master of Harrow, if the schoolmasters of the future took a wider view of education, and remembered that it is not so much the lessons learned in class that constitute education as the habits formed in a great and generous community. "What is the education of the generality of the world?" exclaims Burke. "Reading a parcel of books? No! Restraint and discipline, emulation and examples of virtue and of justice form the education of the world." The true ideal of education is not the passing of examinations and the gaining of marks:—

It is large and spacious and profound. It is, in Milton's stately phrase, so to train his pupils that they may "perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." That is "a compleat and generous education," that and nothing less. Speaking in my own name (for I have no right to speak for others), I do not care to turn out scholars and mathematicians, or, indeed, I do care, but I care far more to turn out governors, administrators, generals, philanthropists, statesmen.

THE FIVE IMPERIAL QUALITIES.

English schools and universities may not turn out scholars, but they have sent forth men of vigour, courage, and integrity, men brave, chivalrous, and true, and to continue the supply and the breed of such men is the service which the educator of to-day can render to his country. What are the qualities of Englishmen, he then asks, which have enabled us not only to win, but to retain our Empire and to go on extending it from year to year. Of these qualities he mentions five. First, physical strength; secondly, promptitude; thirdly, self-reliance; fourthly, character; fifthly, religion. He maintains that England owes her Empire far more to her sports than to her studies:—

It is not long since I was at Harrow, looking on at a football match, and a lady said to me, "What do you think of this,

Mr. Welldon?" I said, "It is to this that we owe the British Empire." Englishmen are not superior to Frenchmen or Germans in brains or industry or the science and apparatus of war; but they are superior in the health and temper which games impart. For it is not the physical value of athletic games that is the highest. The pluck, the energy, the perseverance, the good temper, the self-control, the discipline, the co-operation, the *esprit de corps*, which merit success in cricket or football, are the very qualities which win the day in peace or war. The men who possessed these qualities, not sedate and faultless citizens, but men of will, spirit and chivalry, are the men who conquered at Plassy and Quebec. In the history of the British Empire it is written that England has owed her sovereignty to her sports.

But above athletic vigour stands the quality of which Englishmen, and especially English public school men, stand pre-eminent. I will call it *readiness*. It can indeed be scarcely defined in a single word. It means courage, it means self-reliance, it means the power of seizing opportunities, it means resource. But whatever it is, it is characteristic of the English race. I remember asking the most distinguished of living travellers what he had found to be the secret of success in life, and his answering that it was not so much intellectual ability as promptitude in taking advantage of opportunities. That is, I believe, the hereditary gift of Englishmen. It is fostered by the English public schools.

The latent reserve power of the English race, says Dr. Welldon—

is not in the few men whose names are familiar as household words; it is the far greater number of men who, if they were called upon to face an emergency, would face it successfully, that the strength of England consists.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CHARACTER AND RELIGION.

In a striking passage he runs over some of the men who have made the Empire, "who had faith in England and in themselves, and who needed no other faith, except in God"—a rather important exception, no doubt. Mr. Welldon gives a high place to Mr. Rhodes, whose actions, he says, do not need defence. A great career is not free from shadows; they only throw up its brilliancy. But Mr. Welldon is not in the least disposed to underestimate the value of the supreme ruling quality of Englishmen—their character. They owe their position more to their morals than to their arms. He says:—

One last lesson there is which the study of the British Empire suggests, and the student of Imperial politics will enforce upon his pupils. It is the lesson of Imperial unity.

The Empire is one. The English-speaking world is one. Amidst a thousand differences of place, climate, resources, life, culture, religion, and politics, it is in essential tone and character one. The men who founded it, the men who upheld it, have been animated by the same spirit, and have aspired to the same exalted aim. In the large life of the British Empire questions of domestic policy, however important in themselves, decline and vanish.

The fourth secret of empire he dismisses briefly. He admits that the religious character of Englishmen has been stained at various times by grievous faults, but deep down in their hearts has been the fear of God. "I believe it has been the secret of their success," Mr. Welldon believes in Providence much as John Milton did, because its nearest counterpart in the world is the English-speaking race. He says:—

I believe in my heart that the best thing which can happen to the uncivilised peoples of the world is that they should come more and more under the influence of Great Britain. It is much to say, but it is not more than Milton said when he used the proud words, "When God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in His church, even to the reforming of the Reformation itself, what does He then but reveal Himself to His servants, and, as His manner is, first to His Englishmen!"

DEMOCRACY AND HISTORY.

Therefore it follows from all this that the duty of the teacher is to bring before the pupil habitually the magnitude and dignity of the British Empire; to strengthen the sympathies of race, language, and religion, to promote foreign travel, by which alone English men can learn to appreciate the full strength and glory of the British Empire. The schoolmaster must also fashion and promote a spirit of confidence in democracy, and seek by all means its defence in culture and information, which are the best assurance that its sympathies will lie on the side of honour and generosity. In the discussion which followed Mr. Parkin quoted a saying of Cecil Rhodes, which I do not remember to have seen in print before. I reproduce it here in the hope that it may touch the consciences of some of those who are responsible for the damnation in question:—

It was once mentioned to him, I am told, that one of the great colonies of the Empire had given up the study of British history on account of questions arising in local politics. His remark was that "it was enough to damn the soul of any colony." I ask you to carry home the thought which lies behind that expression. Any colony which allows itself, collectively or individually, to break the link of those great national traditions which they possess as a right, is losing the greatest power and stimulus and means of elevating itself that any young community ever possessed.

A WORD FROM LORD LORNE.

In the *North American Review* of June, the Marquis of Lorne, discoursing pleasantly concerning Canadian questions, makes a reference to the subject touched upon by Cecil Rhodes. Lord Lorne says:—

There is little doubt that were it not for the school books which teach young America that Britain was a tyrant, we might have the wider Union to embrace America. Once old Lord Lindsay, himself a noted historian, was dilating to Lord Overton on the use of historical knowledge. "History!" said Lord Overton. "What is the use of history, Lindsay? It only keeps people apart by reviving recollections of enmity." I have often thought of how much truth there is in this. But if the great financier, Lord Overton, said this with some truth, could we not teach our boys another kind of history? Could we not make each school, through its history books, a means of showing how our race can be kept together by united finance arrangements? Could we not make boys see that strength is not gained by recollections of Old World and antique oppression, but that by arbitration, conciliation, and conferences, means may be found to write a new history of English-speaking people's advance, along roads which shall be illuminated by hope in the future, instead of darkened by the forgettable enmities of the past?

Wanted: Sailor Boys.

In *Cassell's Family Magazine* there is an article discussing whether or not boys will go to sea after the fashion of boys in the olden times. The writer replies in the negative. Boys don't go to sea because no one will take them. It takes three boys to do one man's work, and as each boy eats as much as one man, boys are naturally at a discount with economical skippers:—

To sum up, then, we find from statistics, from observation, and from the testimony of gentlemen engaged in the Mercantile Marine, that boys do not enter the Merchant Service in adequate numbers—adequate, that is, to the demands for able seamen; and that the reason for this is the lack of opportunity, for owners will not carry boys. But what is wanted, before the tradition of going a-sailing dies out among British lads, is a revival of the apprenticeship system in some suitable and efficient form, or the substitution of some plan (such as an extension of the training-ship system) answering to the technical schools and engineering shops on shore, by which boys can learn the rudiments of their craft.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

ITS PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS.

MR. EDWARD SALMON in the *Fortnightly Review*, writing on this subject, laments bitterly the delay that has taken place in the federation of the Australasian colonies. He points out the advantages that would result from such federation, and says:—

Why is it that with such palpable boons, immediate and prospective, awaiting them when they shall enter into a state of federalism, the Australian colonies have not long since linked their fortunes in indissoluble bonds? The reasons are many. First, the unwillingness of certain leading politicians to surrender privileges which their colonies cannot possibly retain under a federal system. Second, the ambitions and jealousies of public men, who should be the first to sink personal aspirations for the sake of a great cause. Third, the exaggerated importance of tariff arrangements. A few years ago nothing was regarded as more difficult than to induce New South Wales to give up her Free Trade in the interest of federation. New South Wales abandoned Free Trade; but the cause of Federation was not advanced by her reversion to Protection. Fourth, the indifference, and even the hostility, of numerous officials who have reason to fear that federation would render imperative changes which would not redound to their personal advantage. The present parliaments would become more provincial, and would probably be reduced in size, and the overgrown civil services of the colonies would probably also be more or less drastically dealt with. Fifth, and in some ways most important of all, the lack of spontaneous enthusiasm on the part of the Australian people, due in no small degree to the confusion wrought by the contentions of leading public men.

The truth is, Australian federation has been delayed too long, and though it must come some day, if not in peace, then under the shadow of the sword, when independence itself is the stake, it cannot be too fully recognised that every year the difficulties increase. Without federation she cannot realise either Wentworth's ideal of "A new Britain in another world," or Sir Henry Parkes' of "One People one Destiny." Only by federation can she further the cause of British unity which, in its turn, means so much to the cause of civilisation.

Mr. Salmon finishes the paper by making the following suggestion:—

A report recently appeared in the Australian press that Lord Brassey, the new Governor of Victoria, had written to friends in the colony to tell them that he would probably not remain in Australia more than two years, during which time he hoped to have the privilege of receiving their Royal Highnesses at Government House, Melbourne. Why should not an intimation be conveyed to the colonies that when they federate, the Duke and Duchess will go to Australia, not merely on a visit of pleasure, but to open the first Federal Parliament in the name of the Sovereign?

A Tall Order.

THE *Homiletic Review* for June is chiefly noticeable for the peremptory demand from Dr. Daniel Gregory with which it opens,—that Christendom should proceed *instantly* to the evangelisation of the entire world. All barriers being removed, and Christian nations being in possession of science, wealth, power, "God calls upon the Church and the ministry to complete the conquest of the world for Christ—not one, five, ten, twenty generations hence, but *absolutely now, in this present generation.*" The immediate corollary to this conviction is that "the supreme need of the hour next to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, is that the Church should be set right in her theory of giving."

WHAT NEW ZEALAND IS DOING.

A REPORT BY ITS COLONIAL TREASURER.

THE Hon. J. G. Ward addressed a special meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on New Zealand in 1895. This paper, with the discussion which followed, is published in the June number of the Journal, and very good reading it is. Mr. Ward's paper gives us a brief compendium of the facts and figures concerning the present position of New Zealand. It is so much condensed that it is impossible to summarise it, but a few of the salient facts may be picked out with advantage.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES.

It is only fifty-five years since the sovereignty of the Queen was proclaimed over the island of New Zealand, and cannibal feasts were held within a short distance of the site of what is now an important city. To-day it is inhabited by 728,000 persons, of whom all but 50,000 are whites. It is crossed from end to end with railways and telegraphs, and the income of its population is over 27 millions a year, half of which comes from farms and mines. There are eighteen millions of money on deposit in the colonies, and the value of manufactures produced in the year amounts to nine millions sterling. New Zealand has 1,200 churches and chapels; 77 per cent. of the population can read and write. In the consumption of drink New Zealand is the eleventh in the list, coming after Switzerland, and the sixteenth in the consumption of tobacco, coming after France. In the last fifty years gold to the value of 49 millions has been sent out of the country. The average total wealth at the end of 1894 was estimated at 150 millions; the public debts at 40 millions, of which 15 millions were spent in railways, and 3 per cent. in the interest. The wealth of the United Kingdom is £247 per head, and that of New Zealand comes next, with £232. Such a record is one of which Mr. Ward and New Zealanders may well be proud.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Then passing on from realised progress, Mr. Ward proceeds to give some information on the social legislation that is so much in favour with the party in power. Mr. Ward says that woman suffrage has worked very well. The women exercised their judgment independently, and their presence at the polling booths did more than anything else to make the election go off smoothly and respectably.

You may depend upon it that men who do anything very bad will not be returned if the women, at any rate, can keep them out. I do not say there would be excessive fastidiousness applied in this direction; but they would exercise ordinary intelligence, and see that good men were elected.

LABOUR LAWS.

Mr. Ward speaks highly also of the machinery provided by the Arbitration Law, which gives statutory powers to a council to settle trade disputes. This council consists of three members—one appointed by the trades unions, one by the employers of labour, and the third is nominated by the Governor and Council of the colony. This council of three is provided by the Governor with a judge of the Supreme Court as president. Mr. Ward thinks that if the provisions which make it mandatory on the part of those who have serious grievances to bring them before this court had existed in England, the boot strike in Northampton would never have taken place. Their factory laws, he thinks, are good and useful.

Mr. Ward does not profess to believe in all the social legislation of New Zealand, but on the whole he thinks that it was inspired by a desire to prevent abuse and to make the position of the people better and happier than it was in former times.

GRADUATED TAXATION.

In taxation, for instance, the principle has been adopted of gradation, based on the cardinal doctrine that people should pay according to their means. The system was purposely framed so as to break up the large tracts of country held in idleness, for the New Zealanders believe that close settlement is essential to prosperity, and therefore they tax land speculators who hold enormous tracts of land merely in order to gamble for a rise in land values, in such a way as to compel them to cut them up. The following is Mr. Ward's explanation of the way in which this is done:—

The amount raised under this system is £350,000; it is divided into land tax and income tax, and there are many who confound the two systems, which are as distinct as possible. It is provided that all improvements are exempt, so far as land is concerned, from this system of taxation; and the produce of land is exempt from the income tax. The effect has been to relieve those who are producers from having their efforts to produce from the soil taxed, and the way in which this has worked out is as follows: there are 94,000 land holders in the colony, and only 12,000 pay land tax. Those who say the system is unfair argue that the taxation should be spread over the whole 94,000; but they overlook the fact that, while the taxation of the colony touches the 12,000, the great majority of the others pay under the income tax system. This is a material point, on which there has been a good deal of misunderstanding. As a matter of fact, I am prepared to admit that there are strong arguments used by those who oppose the system; but there are equally strong, and, to my mind, more convincing, arguments in favour of the system. The desire in the colony is to have our land settled, and not, as was the case formerly, have many hundreds of thousands of acres lying idle.

NO CONFISCATION.

This system was originally brought into operation with the primary idea of making the land contribute its fair quota of taxation. When I tell you that the Customs revenue amounts to £1,600,000, and the total amount of revenue derived from land and income tax in the colony is under £380,000, you will see that, even in the aggregate, the taxation under this head is not by any means such a heavy burden as is sometimes represented. At any rate, I wish to tell you this: the Ministry of the country have never said to any man that he must hand over his estate at a particular price to the Government. The idea does exist in the minds of some people that under pressure or force this can be done by the Government. I tell you in this nineteenth century no Government in our country could attempt to do such a thing. If they attempted to force people to hand over what belongs to them against their better judgment, and at prices not satisfactory to them, no Government would be able to continue in office in New Zealand, democratic as it is said to be, for very long.

Mr. Ward concludes his paper with a congratulatory reference to the success with which New Zealand surmounted the recent financial crisis. Replying to a question from the Bishop of Salisbury, Mr. Ward said:—

I would like to set the bishop right about the Land for Settlement Act. I did not say that under the Act land could not be taken. The statements have been made that the Government were disposed to force property from people whether they liked it or not. That never has been done in the country, and I think it never will be done. I would remind you that under the law the Government have no say as to the valuation of the land taken, the owner of the land having in the first place the right of fixing the value, and in the event of dispute independent valuers are called in.

IS ENGLAND BANKRUPT?

NOT YET, UNLESS THERE IS A WAR.

THE other day the *Spectator*, in a very remarkable article entitled "Consols at 106," quoted with enthusiasm the authority of the *Economist* to prove that if the Chancellor of the Exchequer wanted a sum of money suddenly he could raise two hundred millions without imposing a single tax by simply suspending the payment of the interest on the debt. The *Spectator* also pointed out that by putting a penny on the income tax and dropping the sugar duty he could raise three thousand millions more. It would be difficult to conceive a statement more likely to upset the equanimity of the champion financial pessimist of the age, and accordingly, in the *Investors' Review* for July, Mr. A. J. Wilson devotes the first place to a scathing analysis of what he calls the sugared wealth dream of the *Spectator*. The gist of what Mr. Wilson has to say is to be found in the following extracts:—

The truth of the matter is that we have no reserves of wealth worth speaking of in this country. All our spare means is either invested in securities, is the expression of mortgages, or of capital employed in industry, or our banks have absorbed it and turned it into "deposits" and credits lent on the market; and if the thing deposited or pledged is only esteemed of value, or is marketable, it does not matter to the money market what its intrinsic worth may be. And because we have all our wealth directly or vicariously out at interest, or mortgaged, or in trade, because the credits of the banker are only in the main the expression of the debts incurred by one part of the community, or one part of the world, to another, it follows that the entire product has not only no relation to actual wealth, but may in many instances represent the destruction of that wealth at an accelerated pace. The wealth may be consumed, as in the exhaustion of our minerals, or irrecoverably spent upon buildings, "public works," jewels, or riotous living, but as long as the credits originally created upon securities taken to represent it can be kept afloat in the markets of the world, we are not conscious of the loss. On the contrary, we see a continual increase in the appearances of wealth which abundant creations of new securities, rapid advances in the prices of old ones, or the steady expansion of bank and private investments and advances produce. Scotland, gauged by her bank deposits, does not look any the poorer because of her losses abroad, because these losses formed little part of these deposits, save to the small extent the securities the people held to represent former home deposits placed abroad might have been pledged, and because prices of home stocks have risen so much in the interval. The Scottish credit fabric was not breached by these losses causing a wholesale writing-off of exhausted credits, and so long as it could be kept whole, deposits could not but grow by the law of their being. Every bank or other company dividend augments for a time the supply of credit in the market, and *ipso tanto* the total of the deposits. Every new colonial or foreign loan, raised to pay interest on the old, does the same thing; and the steady endeavour of all banks to find a use to the last shilling, for every increase in their apparent means, encourages the pawning of these stocks, and maintains or raises their price. They live to lend, and must lend to live, and the more they lend the more their deposits multiply. Thus the nation grows richer and richer by the debts it nourishes or contracts. All the while these debts may be no better than accommodation bills.

If it be true that Mr. Chamberlain has taken office with the back thought in his mind of using his position in the Cabinet to get us into a war with France it is to be hoped that he will read this article and ponder on what may be some of the financial consequences of an indulgence in his bellicose aspirations. Mr. Wilson stoutly asserts that we cannot go to war without bursting up the Empire:—

How foolish, in the light of considerations like these, is the statement that by merely suspending the sinking fund—*i.e.* stopping the pressure the terminable annuities and other debt-extinguishing burdens exercise upon prices—the Government of this country could add £200,000,000 to the National Debt. The moment such a strain as a large war implies is put upon us, it is probable that most of the wealth we now plume ourselves upon will be discovered to have been eaten and drunk, or otherwise in wantonness consumed, with only dishonoured bills to show for it. Banking wealth, at least, will probably shrink up like the carbons of an incandescent electric lamp when the air is permitted to come in contact with them. Our next great war is almost certain to be the death-knell of our "Empire," boast the featherheads, the poets of the nation's glories, and the sentimentalists of all types never so loudly.

THE WEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

SOME CONCLUSIONS BY MR. MULHALL.

MR. MULHALL, the well-known statistician, spreads himself at some length in the *North American Review* for June, demonstrating how the United States of America whip creation. He says:—

If we take a survey of mankind in ancient or modern times as regards the physical, mechanical and intellectual force of nations, we find nothing to compare with the United States in this present year of 1895. It may be fearlessly asserted that, in the history of the human race, no nation ever before possessed 41,000,000 instructed citizens.

He piles one statistical table upon another, and shows that not only are Americans more generally educated than any other nation, and less subjected to the exactions of militarism, but they are the most energetic and the wealthiest people in the world. He produces figures to prove that—

the United States possess almost as much energy as Great Britain, Germany and France collectively, and that the ratio falling to each American is more than what two Frenchmen or Germans have at their disposal.

By the use of machinery they are able to produce far more food than is possible with the agriculturists of the old world.

The census of 1890 showed that the United States had 4,565,000 farmers, the aggregate value of whose farms, cattle and implements summed up 15,982 millions of dollars, giving to each an average fortune of \$3,505, most of these men having begun on a capital of a couple of hundred dollars. The number of new farms created since 1860 has been 2,520,000, bringing into cultivation 195,000,000 acres, and the greater part of this work has been done by European settlers.

An ordinary farm-hand in the United States raises as much grain as three in England, four in France, five in Germany, or six in Austria, which shows what an enormous waste of labour occurs in Europe, because farmers are not possessed of the same mechanical appliances as in the United States.

As the result of these appliances, four American farmers

can produce and deliver to the bakers as much flour as will feed a thousand persons, at twelve ounces of bread daily, for a whole year. In other words, one man can feed two hundred and fifty, whereas in Europe one man feeds only thirty persons.

This being the case, it is not surprising that—

American wealth exceeds that of Great Britain by thirty-five per cent., but the ratio per inhabitant is less. The following table shows approximately the average of wealth to population in various countries:—

DOLLARS PER HEAD.					
United States.....	1,639	Holland.....	1,080	Sweden.....	630
Great Britain.....	1,260	Belgium.....	840	Italy.....	480
France.....	1,130	Germany.....	730	Austria.....	475

The accumulation of wealth averages \$7,000,000 daily.

THE ABUSE OF MARRIAGE.

AN AMERICAN INDICTMENT AND REMEDIES.

MR. FLOWER, the editor of the *Arena*, has a very terrible paper in the June number of his review entitled "Prostitution within the Marriage Bond."

WORSE THAN PROSTITUTION.

He maintains that the abuse of the conjugal relation by the husband, and the submission to such abuse by the wife, constitute what is often a worse form of prostitution than the vice which is usually so designated:—

Prostitution outside of marriage, and the unspeakable evils resulting therefrom, are as a drop to the unfathomable, immeasurable ocean of evils that spring directly from the marriage relation—or, rather, the ceaseless indulgence of lust within that relation. And this is true among the better classes as among the rude and uncultured.

He quotes from various authorities, women doctors and leading social reformers, one of whom writes:—

The common prostitute "is far freer than the wife who is nightly the victim of the unholy passion of her master, who frequently further inflames his brain by imbibing stimulants."

The chief point of the article is that the mother and the child which she is about to bear are in ignorance constantly sacrificed:—

Generation after generation many weary ages has been reared and entered marriage practically ignorant of the true functions of the sexual nature, the essentially holy obligations of parenthood, the rights of wife and mother, the consideration and loving care which should be bestowed upon the heroic soul who descends into the valley of death to deliver to society another life, and, lastly, the sacred right of the unborn to be well born.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

Mr. Flower points out that mercenary marriage is practically prostitution, the woman in that case making herself over *en bloc* or wholesale to one purchaser, whereas in the other case the sale is conducted in parcels or retail to an indefinite number of buyers. Mr. Flower says:—

"Until girls are convinced that it is immoral to use their powers of physical attraction to secure a rich or otherwise profitable husband, it will be impossible to convince them that, failing to secure that as a price, it is immoral to sell themselves for a lesser price. They, and their mothers for generations back, have been taught to believe that there was nothing sacred about it; that its indulgence was a legitimate method of making a living, if only indulged under the auspices of law. They must marry, and must marry some one capable of supporting them; and in return for this support they must give the use of their bodies, and must bear children, and must continue to do so as long as they are supported and no actual violence is done their bodies, love being left entirely as it may happen to be. Girls born of such intercourse, for several successive generations, must lack the saving grace of love. It is bred into their every fibre that they are given their sexuality as a means of making a living; and it is no wonder that, failing marriage, they feel no revolt at exercising the same means to the same end out of marriage."

UNWILLING MOTHERHOOD.

After contrasting the moral responsibility of a girl who loves not wisely but too well, and yields to her lover often from a passion of self-sacrifice, and the wife who consents to live year after year with a husband who may be a drunkard, and for whom she may entertain an unspeakable loathing, Mr. Flower then touches upon the subject which Lady Henry recently handled in the pages of the same review. Mr. Flower says:—

And she has been compelled to bear children of lust; and what is, if possible, even more terrible, she has been compelled

to become a mother time and again after all love for her husband has been slain, and when the home is far more a hell than a heaven. Herein is found the worst of all kinds of prostitution. Into these homes of hate the loveless children come, cursed at the beginning of life, canopied by bitterness and gloom in the prenatal state, and surrounded by an atmosphere of hate and bitterness through which the storms of angry contention sweep with their blasting influence during the most plastic years of life.

SOME SUGGESTED REMEDIES.

What then must be done? Mr. Flower does not shrink from making proposals which many who have followed him up to this point would recoil with considerable alarm. After saying many wise and true things as to the duty of teaching girls the sacred obligations which they owe to themselves and to the race never to consent for mercenary considerations to unwilling motherhood, he says:—

In order that woman may cease to be in any sense the slave of her husband, provision should be made for her to become possessed at marriage of half the property the husband owns, with an additional amount to be hers whenever a child is born. If, on account of cruelty, abuse, or neglect, she finds life with her husband unbearable, she should have this property in her own right. The true interests of society and sound morality cannot be conserved by compelling a woman to live with a man who has forfeited her respect and love. I believe that divorcees should be freely granted to women when their husbands persist in indulging in sexual abuses, when they drink, or when they treat their wives with that cruel neglect which kills love. And I furthermore believe that divorce cases should be heard in private, that the press should be prohibited from parading the details of shame and humiliation which are filling the lives of so many suffering wives with untold misery. I believe that the jury in divorce cases should be composed of at least one-half women; and in the event of a divorce being granted, I believe that the mother who bore the children should have their custody unless there be special and obvious reasons for the court to decide otherwise. In a word, for the welfare of parenthood, for the rights of the unborn, and for the cause of sound morality, I would favour such wise and just legislation as would protect women from a life of prostitution under the sanction of law and respectability.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS'S OPINION.

The *Humanitarian*, which makes the discussion of questions of this nature one of its specialities, records in its July number the opinion of the man who of all others is the best qualified to express an opinion upon the divorce law from the standpoint of a lawyer. The following are Sir George Lewis's opinions on this subject:—

I consider that a wife should be entitled to a divorce (1) for actual cruelty or cruelty endangering life; (2) for desertion without reasonable excuse on the husband's part for a period of two years or upwards, or desertion on the part of a wife for a like period; by the law of Scotland either party can obtain a divorce for desertion for four years; (3) for adultery committed by the husband in her own home or under aggravated circumstances. In all the instances named, the wife has at present only one remedy at law, that of judicial separation; and that remedy, where the wife obtaining it is a young woman, exposes her to all the temptations of the world, and often to cruel slights; leaves her without a natural protector, and deprives her of the love and consolations of her children. If such amendments as I advocate were effected in the law, the committal of the one class of offence by the husband would enable the wife to regain her freedom, with the chance of a new and happier union in the future. As the law stands, it says in effect to the outraged wife, "Your husband has committed adultery, even in gross and heartless circumstances, but we cannot for that reason free you from him. He must yet commit another offence. You must, therefore, if you desire

to be divorced, continue to live with him, and suffer him either to desert you or to assault and brutally ill-treat you." And (4) either party should be entitled to a divorce where the other has incurred a sentence of five years' penal servitude.

A WOMAN'S VIEW.

The same subject is discussed from two very opposite points of view in the *North American Review* for June, by Miss Elizabeth Bisland, and in the *Free Review* for July, by Mr. Dunton. Miss Bisland, whose paper is very brief, says a good many things which are worth while bearing in mind. She starts from the principle that the maternal instinct of woman has been the greatest factor in the evolution of civilisation. The natural instinct of the male parent is to dine off his offspring, whereas the female instinctively defends her young, and has been painfully endeavouring throughout the ages to wean her mate from indulging in his cannibalistic propensities at the expense of his own offspring. Miss Bisland says:—

To effect this result of an equal care and affection for the offspring, all the energies of women have been bent for ages. She has fought polygamy with incessant hatred; not only for its injury to herself, but for its constant menace to her children. The secret strings of the woman's heart are wrapped about the fruit of her own flesh, but the desire of the man is to the woman, and this desire she has used as a lever to work her will—not consciously, perhaps, not with reasoned forethought, but with the iron tenacity of blind instinct. Reasoned will may be baffled or deflected, but water can by no means be induced to run up hill; and so while woman has been apparently as fluidly yielding as water—to be led here and driven there according to the will of her master—she has stuck to her own ends with a silent persistency that has always tired out opposition at last. She has, like Charity, suffered all things, endured all things; she has been all things to all men. She has yielded all outward show of authority; she has submitted to be scoffed at as an inferior creation, to be sneered at for feebleness and shallow-mindedness, to be laughed at for chattering inconsequence, and to be regarded as a toy and trifle to amuse man's leisure hours, or as a dull drudge for his convenience, for ends are not achieved by talking about them. All the ages of masculine discussion of the Eternal Feminine show no reply from her, but to-day the world is a woman's world. Civilisation has, under the unrelaxing pressure of endless generations of her persistent will, been bent to her ends. Polygamy is routed, and the errant fancy of the male tamed to yield itself to a single yoke. She has, "with bare and bloody feet climbed the steep road of wide empire," but to-day she stands at the top—mistress of the world. Man, with his talents, his strength, and his selfishness, has been tamed to her hand. The sensual, dominant brute with whom she began what Max Nordau calls "the toilsome, slow ascent of the long curve leading up to civilisation," stands beside her to-day, hat in hand, her lover—husband; tender, faithful, courteous, and indulgent. This is the conquest that has been made, the crown and throne achieved by the silent, uneducated woman of the past.

VICTORS THROUGH SACRIFICE.

Miss Bisland is aghast at the thought that there should be any women, new or otherwise, who would propose to fling away the instrument by which they have achieved this miracle. A woman, she holds, can only conquer by sacrifice, and must gain her ends by submission, not for her own sake, but for the sake of her children:—

However the modern woman may swagger about her individuality, may talk of her "spiritual needs," and deplore the stupid tyranny of man who demands sacrifices from her in return for his tenderness, protection and support, the fact is not changed, that however much she may be man's intellectual equal, or spiritual superior, the exigencies of motherhood put

her at his mercy. She can not be entirely self-dependent except at the cost of the welfare of the offspring.

WHAT IS A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE?

Mr. Dunton, who writes in the *Free Review*, takes exactly the opposite view of the question. In an article noticing Mrs. Fawcett's attack upon Grant Allen's "Woman Who Did," he maintains that the present marriage system is the most immoral thing in the world:—

The rights are on the husband's side, the permanent and exclusive right to sexual intercourse with the wife, and the right to the control of her children; and on the wife's side, the right to maintenance for herself and her children at the husband's expense. She has not the exclusive right to sexual intercourse with her husband, the reason probably being that this would leave a preponderance of rights on her side and would raise the question, "What does the woman do that she should be maintained by the man?" Really, one holding a brief for marriage should be the last to mention these shameful rights which no man or woman not utterly destitute of refinement would dream of enforcing. If this marriage contract is not immoral, there is no such thing as sexual immorality. What is the marriage certificate whose possessor considers himself so far above an Herminia Barton, if not a Government license to practice as a courtesan on a limited scale with certain regulations as to the form of remuneration and other details? The leading principle of free love, that men and women should not be forced to live together where they wish to live apart, even though they once upon a time were willing to cohabit, has such *prima facie* reasonableness about it, that the burden of proof must rest with its opponents.

The only argument which he will allow in its favour is that the interest of the offspring which proceed from it demand that it should be indissoluble.

How the Poor Sempstress is Ousted.

THE steadily rising tide of precariousness of employment, which is creeping up to social grades once thought high and dry beyond its reach, is illustrated in Mr. Sparrow's *Quiver* article on woman labour in London:—

It is difficult to say whether it is a good or bad thing that making fine underclothes is passing almost entirely from the hands of the poorer class. It is a striking sign of the continuance of bad times, that the wives and sisters of clerks and tradesmen *undersell* their starving sisters, and snatch the bread from their mouths to put it into their own. Not only fine sewing, but making the fringes for toilet-covers, the braiding of aprons, night-cases, etc., the jet beading for trimming, even the buttonholing of cuffs and collars is eagerly besought by numbers of trim and neatly dressed persons in reduced circumstances; while the heads of such establishments are that they are besieged with applications for similar work from governesses past their prime, and teachers whose teaching days are over, but who hope to eke out a pitiable existence by a means not hurting to their pride. So it is gradually being taken from the working woman, and given to those with whom, at least it is presumed, there will be less risk of disease or infection. Hence the working woman is driven to manual labour.

Two articles in *Our Day* will be read with interest by many who are unfortunately outside the range of its circulation. The one is that in which the Rev. H. P. Douglas gives a *résumé* of the teaching of Dr. George D. Heron, the sociological Christian whose books are beginning to obtain a hearing on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Douglas says of Dr. Heron:—

He has given a distinctively Christian interpretation to historical, political, theological and social doctrines which have never before received it.

The other is Mr. W. B. Murray's character sketch of Dr. Parkhurst.

SOME IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS:

By M. ALPHONSE DAUDET AND OTHERS.

In the *Humanitarian* for July Mr. Sherard records a recent interview which he had with Alphonse Daudet after his return from London. The great French novelist makes several suggestions which will be read with interest by his innumerable admirers in all parts of the world.

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF LONDONERS.

Naturally, he began by asking about London. M. Daudet was not impressed by the immensity of our population, and that for a reason which is very interesting:—

In London everybody is so active, so occupied, that the vastness of the crowd does not impress one with that sense of awe which proceeds, for instance, from inert, inactive crowds, or from masses of people all moving in one direction, *lancées en bloc*. These are the crowds which impress, which frighten. In London, so strongly is the individuality of each human atom marked, that in contemplating the individual one overlooks the agglomeration.

POVERTY IN LONDON AND PARIS.

Asked as to the gulf between the rich and the poor in Paris and in London, M. Daudet said that in both cities the gulf between the carriage folk and those who never rode could not be bridged. Carriage folk live a life between heaven and earth, and know nothing whatever of life on this earth. In Hyde Park they do not seem to notice the bison-like backs of the poor outcasts lying on the grass as they emerge from the rich green of the lawn.

I cannot say that I observed, in comparison with Paris, whether the appearance of the crowds in the streets of London was a prosperous one or the reverse. I did, however, notice, as I leaned forward in my hansom, certain caricatures of wretchedness, more monstrous than any to be seen in Paris, for in London the livery of the very poor seems to be patched together out of remnants of luxury: ragged shawls, shapeless hats with drooping flowers or plumes, tattered parasols, gaping high-heeled boots. In Paris, poverty seems to wear its true livery more than is the case in London.

HEREDITY.

After London, Mr. Sherard asked M. Daudet what he thought of heredity. He said he thought there was something in it, although not as much as Ibsen made of it. M. Daudet wrote a play once, called "L'Obstacle," in order to answer this terrible theory of hereditary madness, under which it is sought to crush certain people. Environment, excessive conglomeration, has an unhealthy influence, and too much misery withers and degrades. Dire poverty does not fatally drive to crime, but its influence is always an evil one. Having thus disposed of heredity and environment, M. Daudet went on to speak as requested upon early marriages.

AGAINST WOMEN WHO DID.

He approves of them provided they are not reckless or foolish, and strongly opposes the concubinage, that parody of marriage which is openly recognised in France. The following passages may be commended with advantage to Grant Allen and others:—

In a life of concubinage both the woman and the man have used up all that is good in them, and leave it without illusions—those charms of life. The female concubine has almost invariably had a past, she has come from other lovers into the parody of marriage. Her spouse has suspected her, has been jealous of the past, and anxious as to the present. He has had to pardon, to overlook many things. His respect for womankind has been diminished if not abolished. As to

the woman, it is even more absolutely impossible for her to be happy in true married life.

M. Daudet went on to state his absolute disbelief in the possibility of reformation for the woman who had fallen. He thinks that a life of concubinage degrades a man, but much less than a woman, for women are regulated by a law of receptivity which makes their condition quite different. M. Daudet is almost brutally frank in asserting the prejudices which make this condition so different.

KEEP GIRLS IN THE DARK!

When Mr. Sherard asked him whether the principles of physiology should be taught to boys and girls, M. Daudet answered that boys did not need to be taught, because they learned everything from the schools, the streets, and the newspapers; but he continued:—

... As to young girls—no. I would teach them none of the truths of physiology. I can only see disadvantages in such a proceeding. These truths are ugly, disillusioning, sure to shock, to frighten: to disgust the mind, the nature of a girl.

Which surely is all wrong, and that M. Daudet should apparently be incapable of seeing the concrete blasphemy against human nature which is involved in such an assertion, is a curious illustration of the extent to which the conditions of which he speaks are capable of distorting the vision of one sex when judging the other.

MORE DRUNKENNESS BECAUSE LESS WINE.

From the vice of incontinence to the vice of intemperance the transition is easy. M. Daudet expressed his belief that drunkenness is largely on the increase in France owing to the ruin of vineyards. Drunkards were genial and gay in France formerly, now they are sad and wicked; instead of drinking wine they swallow filthy absinthes and vermouths, etc. In London it seemed to him that drunkenness was confined to one part of the town, and that part was Whitechapel, where one night everybody he met seemed to be under the influence of liquor. M. Daudet seems to have been unfortunate in his visit to Whitechapel.

ANOTHER VIEW BY THE CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES.

The Rev. W. J. Ward, the Chaplain to the Forces, writes in the same number of the *Humanitarian* a paper on "How to Deal with the Purity Question." Mr. Ward boldly dissents from M. Daudet's doctrine that girls should be kept in ignorance and handed over to the tender mercies of what he euphemistically calls the "delicacy" of their husbands. Mr. Ward says:—

Let no one imagine that the new knowledge would do away with modesty and innocence in man or woman. This so-called innocence does not exist in the nation, if by innocence we mean the absolute theoretical ignorance of the sexual life. Or, if it does, it exists only in the case of a few girls of the middle and higher classes; and to these knowledge would prove a priceless boon, for it would in many cases prevent girls throwing themselves away upon heartless libertines at the bidding of ambition, or of parents seeking for a good alliance. There would be few indeed to walk over the precipice, if they realised beforehand the consequences of their act.

But what is the state of affairs now? The children do know with an imperfect and evil knowledge of their own discovering. Bred in the dark heat of semi-ignorance and imagination, monstrous growths of lasciviousness infest the minds of boys and girls at school. The mother would blush to know her boy's tales to his fellows; the father to hear what his daughter hears at school. Amongst the lower classes child immorality is rampant, and boys of fourteen and fifteen—aye, and girls too—are often hopelessly immoral. The young man thinks it manly, healthy, natural, necessary to be

impure. The girl looks upon it as a rightful pleasure, only denied her hypocritically in public; a venial sin, unless found out. Neither know that all the best and healthiest life of the nation is, and lives, pure. So foul are their surroundings they would not believe it, if you told them.

But let them be educated from childhood in the knowledge of their coming bodily powers and trusts. Let them learn what in due course there will be committed to them, when their maturity and position warrant it, namely the solemn duty and privilege of continuing the life of the nation, and adding to its well-being and greatness by becoming the parents of healthy children. Let them be taught that to violate this trust, to break this confidence reposed in them by God and the nation alike, is so foul a crime, that it should make the man or the woman that commits it an outcast from society, and a felon and a traitor in the eyes of all. Let this be, and the nation's blood will no longer be poisoned at a thousand inlets.

Meanwhile for the sake of the adults of the present generation let the County Councils and other authorities arrange for free lectures, to be given by doctors and others known to be competent in every town and village. Let women lecture to women, and men to men. This would prove an inestimable benefit to the nation at large.

MODESTY TRUE AND FALSE.

In the *Free Review* for July, Mr. R. Bruce Boswell writes a very curious article upon "Shame and Modesty," one part of which goes to prove that dress has not been used so much from a sense of modesty as from an exactly opposite reason. The fig leaf, according to this writer, has not been adopted so much to conceal, as to call attention to what is concealed. He says:—

"Young men erroneously suppose," writes W. Winwood Reade, "that there is something voluptuous in the excessive *deshabille* of an Equatorial girl. On the contrary, nothing is so moral and repulsive as nakedness. Dress must have been the invention of some clever woman to ensnare the passions of the men" ("Savage Africa," p. 546). In one savage community "only harlots clothe themselves, and they do so in order to excite through the unknown;" among others clothing is worn exclusively at festivals and dances, the object of which is to stimulate the passions of the men. Genuine "innocence" has an incomparable charm which mere pretenders cannot hope to rival; and appreciation of this dower has led men to require in their brides an infantine ignorance of the most important of physiological functions, which has done immense injury in other ways, even when unsatisfied curiosity has not been goaded into surreptitious exploration, nor incomprehensible feelings found vent in rash experiments fatal alike to integrity of body and purity of mind. The artificial repression which such claims impose often defeats its own object, where it has seemed most successful; for conjugal initiation in these cases is apt to be attended with painful emotions, with disgust and aversion rather than reciprocated passion.

It is easy to see what bearing this has upon the question of the carefully protected ignorance which Alphonse Daudet desiderates for young women.

THE POSITION OF TURKISH WOMEN.

MR. RICHARD DAVEY in the *Fortnightly Review* gives an account, apparently based on a close observation, of the present position of Muhammedan women in Turkey. He asserts roundly that the vast mass of the thirty millions of Turkish women are little better than animals. This is brought about by many causes, among which he gives a high place to the facilities of divorce:—

The ease with which a divorce can be obtained in Turkey leads to many abuses, and creates a state of affairs not unlike our prostitution.

Most of the beggar women in Constantinople—and they are innumerable—are divorced women whose frequent exchange of husbands has brought them to the level of the most unfortunate

of their Christian sisters. They have got to be too old to find even a fellow beggar to mate with, and usually end their days in abject misery and blindness in some deserted cemetery. Fuad Pacha said many years ago that the emancipation of Turkey must begin by the emancipation of Turkish women, and I hold that the question of the East is the question of women.

If the question of the East is the question of women, that is only another illustration of the fact that the East is very much like the West. Turkish women, therefore, would gain enormously if they were able to exercise the same rights and privileges which are enjoyed by their sisters in the West:—

Only the master of the house can bear witness against his women, and in this year of grace 1895 it is absolutely necessary in Turkey for two women to give evidence as witnesses against a man; the declarations of one female are not legal.

He quotes a correspondent, who says:—

You have no idea of the superstition which reigns among the Muhammedan women throughout the entire empire. Nothing is done without consulting a witch, a hodja, a seer, a fortune-teller, or a palmist. These rascals—many of whom are very interesting on account of the traditions they still possess of the dark arts of bygone civilisations—literally rule the harems. They are the doctors and the confessors of the women.

Among other evils which prevail, he calls special attention to the slave traffic which is carried on in all parts of the Empire:—

Although, during the past thirty years, the slave markets of Constantinople and of the other large Turkish cities have been formally closed, the slave traffic, especially in females and children of both sexes, is still active to-day. It is carried on surreptitiously, especially at Tophané, immediately under the eye of his Imperial Majesty, whose palace of Yildiz dominates this quarter of the city, and also in certain obscure, but well-known places, in the heart of Stamboul. I have a letter before me from Miss J—, an English lady, who is at present a governess in a Turkish family. It is dated as recently as March 10th. She says: "Since I last wrote to you I have had a very painful experience. Last week some six or eight very pretty little slave girls, mostly daughters of Bulgarian refugees, the eldest about fourteen years of age, were brought to this house for sale."

MRS. GRUNDY IN BREECHES;

OR, A MALE MRS. LYNN LINTON.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for July there is an article which the Editor has done well to publish if only to revive the drooping faith of any desponding persons in the persistent survival of moral courage in our midst. The article is entitled "Against Oxford Degrees for Woman," and it professes to be written by Professor Thomas Case, M.A. Probably there may be a real Professor Thomas Case, but in reading the article it is difficult to shake off the suspicion that this name is but a *nom de plume* for Mrs. Grundy masquerading in male attire, or still more awful thought, that Mrs. Lynn Linton has a counterpart of the other sex. Professor Thomas Case, therefore, whether he be Mrs. Lynn Linton reincarnated as a man, or Mrs. Grundy in a bifurcated garment, deserves the gratitude of all of us, who are too apt from time to time to forget the kind of nonsense that a quarter of a century since was regarded as incontrovertible argument against the admission of women to the universities.

PROFESSOR T. C. SHAKES HIS HEAD.

Professor Thomas Case tells us he has been a teacher in the university for more than a quarter of a century, and in that capacity he desires to offer his humble opinion that the admission of women, even to University examinations

remains a dangerous experiment. He admits that he has not been in the position to ascertain the facts, but he submits in a case of this kind, rumour is almost as bad as facts, and if there are reports of dangers and difficulties arising from the presence of women at Oxford, then their very presence is a peril. Translated into blunt Saxon it comes to this: if any one has a mind to tell lies about women at Oxford or elsewhere, their presence should be objected to. This gives an unfair advantage to the liars. Even University Professors, before they put about rumours which they submit are almost as bad as facts, should at least take the trouble to ascertain the truth of what they are talking about. This Professor Case has not done, but he can speak about certain things, even although he has never had anything to do with women's education in Oxford.

WHERE HAS THE CHAPERON GONE TO?

The following passage is delicious:—

By private arrangement many, perhaps most, Oxford Professors and Lecturers admit women to their lectures. At first, the chaperon was a feature. One day, at the beginning of a term, I saw a crowd of young ladies waiting outside the gate of a college, leaning against the main gate and blocking up the wicket. They were waiting for their chaperon to take them into the college for a lecture. As the lecturer was popular, many young men came to the gate and had literally to elbow their way through the crowd of young women. Finally, the chaperon arrived breathless, and in the girls went with her. It did not strike me as a seemly scene at the gate of a college for men. But I should like to ask, in my innocent ignorance, whether the chaperon is any longer required at all before girls go into a lecture in a college, or at the schools, or at the museum; or is she sometimes present, and sometimes conspicuous by her absence?

Surely it is not difficult to answer this question. The unseemly scene which thrills Professor Thomas Case with such horror would never have occurred if the girls had been allowed to go in without the presence of a chaperon, who ought never to have been dreamed of.

NOT TRUE, BUT THAT'S NO MATTER—PROFESSOR T. O.

But there are worse horrors to afflict the soul of the Professor, not, however, of very recent occurrence, as may be seen from the following revival of the old story about *Œdipus*:—

Some years ago an undergraduate, in an undergraduate's paper, referred to the presence of women at a lecture on Sophocles in an Oxford College. The play was "*Œdipus Rex*," who had the misfortune to marry his own mother. The point of the undergraduate was that the young ladies present smiled at the equivocal allusions to the double relationship of mother and wife in which Jocasta stood to *Œdipus*. All Oxford was scandalised. The fact was denied, and the undergraduate was rusticated. Now, the question of fact is not the point. The point is that a mixed audience of young men and women on such an occasion is an uncomfortable thing.

Here again we have Mrs. Grundy in *excelsis*. The question of fact we are told is not to the point—evidently not to Professor Case; but the ordinary humdrum British public will see in the fact that the undergraduate was rusticated for bearing false witness against his sisters, that there is no evidence to prove that men and women could not listen to a lecture on Sophocles with perfect propriety.

WHAT ARE WE NOT COMING TO?

Undaunted, therefore, by the fact that his facts are only exploded libels, Professor Case proceeds, holding up his hands in holy horror:—

I knew intimately a young man who, during his whole career, worked for Honours in Natural Science day by day in

the same laboratory and in close communion with several young ladies. He was also invited to the hall for ladies, in which one of them lived. Now, it is pretty plain that in the future a hall for ladies, conducted on those principles—which are rather smart than old-fashioned—might some day develop into a match-making institution, without the consent of parents. But I do not pretend to understand those mysteries. My point is that in Oxford, even as it is at present, young women not only sit with (or without?) chaperons at lectures lasting an hour, but stay in and move about laboratories for hours every day with young men, necessarily unattended. Not long ago I heard a young man and a young woman engaged in conversation in a room darkened for the purpose of studying optics.

"TO PUT IT PLAINLY."

How truly awful! Even this is not all. Professor Case some years ago succeeded, worse luck, in preventing women attending medical examinations in Oxford, but he ruefully deplores the fact that he could shut women out of medical examinations, but was not able to prevent their studying biology. Listen to the lament of poor Mrs. Grundy:—

They extend to biology, in which the study both of organs and their functions involves delicate details, while the whole subject of artificial, natural, and sexual selection is, to put it plainly, nothing but breeding. Yet the Schools of Anatomy and Physiology are at this moment open to women, who accordingly not only go in for the Examinations by leave of the University, but also, without the leave of the University, can attend lectures and work in laboratories at the Museum, at the will of each individual teacher.

A DEAR OLD RIP VAN WINKLE.

The funny thing about it all is that Professor Case seems to imagine that the fathers and mothers whose sons and daughters are studying at Oxford did not know anything about this until he mounted on the house-top of the world and proclaimed in their ears the awful and terrible facts that young men and young women met each other in Oxford as if they were civilised Christians, instead of being immured apart from each other as if they were still in the Zenana stage of development. He says:—

This state of things is, I imagine, unknown to the public. They fancy women immured in the halls, and admitted only to Examinations by the University. They do not realise the freedom, at the pleasure of lecturers, with which women enter the colleges of men, attend lectures, work in laboratories, and hear and study with men things quite proper for men alone, but unedifying to a mixed class of young people.

The only consolation which he used to have was that the number of woman students might be few, but alas, they are increasing and multiplying, and as the women multiply they become more and more unmanageable. No wonder the poor man falls aghast and piles up the agony in this fashion:—

We may even go further and predict that, as the University becomes more and more mixed, as young men and women are more and more mingled in lecture-rooms, laboratories, and social gatherings, at the arbitrary will of individuals beyond the control of the University, and as the public begins to know more of the real state of things, respectable parents will dread to send their daughters, or even their sons, to this kind of Middlesex Club, into which the University will degenerate as the numbers of men and women become more and more equal. As for the University, it could not prevent the New Woman from coming, nor manage her when she arrived.

Of course, it is only human nature that many young women will come out of curiosity or mere amusement, or with no definite aim or motive, or with the mischief of youth. They will, therefore, be more difficult to manage with young men: not only from their greater quantities, but also from their lesser qualities.

Professor Thomas Case then proceeds to reckon up the young women of the present day, and in fact to deliver judgment concerning the sex in general, in a fashion which is refreshing and entertaining. After summing up their various deficiencies, he says:—

At any rate, that unfortunate product of our times, the modern novel, proves that women possess a facile and fatal flux of words, a feminine delight in all the foolish sentimental affectations of modern literary style, and a childish belief that a novel is the proper place for discussing all the most difficult problems of morals and politics, religion and the universe, mixed up with the latest fashions, and the unimportant affairs of unimportant people.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that as women must be pure vessels, they must not be allowed to enter a university which for twenty-five years has enjoyed the benefit of Professor Thomas Case's inspiring and elevating presence. He says:—

Morally, a Women's University is still more necessary. As God has not found "some other way to generate mankind," it is vital that a woman should be a pure vessel. On this point it would be immoral to mince matters. A wife is much more the mother of a child, both before and after its birth, than the husband is the father. The law of divorce, in condemning her more easily, is only following the inexorable law of nature, which absolutely demands her purity. Her life, her character, her thoughts, her mind, follow as so many consequences. Here lies the fallacy of Plato, when he argued that men and women ought to have the same education, because they only differ in sex. They only differ in sex, but this difference involves so many necessary consequences as to make all the difference, and to require differences in education, intellectual and moral. Of intellectual differences I have spoken. Two differences follow in moral education. First, a man may hear and read many things which a woman should not. Secondly, it is disgusting that they should hear and study obscenities together. It is a lamentable fact that girls now read books which make their mothers blush. But that they should in lecture-rooms study Aristophanes and Juvenal, in laboratories anatomy and physiology, with young men, is disgraceful and unnecessary. In a Woman's University I feel sure that its government would have to decide what studies are fitted for female morality, and would find that many books proper for men were improper for women, and many subjects were proper for women to study with women which would be improper for women to study with men.

Here, indeed, is size old crusted port.

CROMWELL'S WOMEN FOLKS.

MISS SHEILA E. BRAINE writes an interesting article, illustrated with many portraits, on the "Women of the Cromwell Family" in *Good Words*. She says:—

It would be interesting to trace how far the women of his family influenced Oliver Cromwell. One asks what the mother was like who trained his early youth. Six of his sisters attained maturity; he had a wife he respected, daughters whom he tenderly loved. What share had they in those wild and deep ambitions which shook an entire realm to its foundations? The ladies of the Cromwell family possessed a dignity and strength of character, joined, in some cases, to great sweetness of disposition, which speaks well for the feminine portion of our race at that period. Nor were they by any means lacking in spirit. A granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell, highly indignant at the way a fellow-traveller had been abusing her famous relative, demanded a private interview as soon as the coach stopped, and challenged him to fight. The irate dame observed that, although she could not manage a sword, yet she could use a pistol as well as any man living, and so clearly meant business, that an ample apology

was tendered without delay. Another spirited lady, a descendant of the Protector, filled the post of waiting-woman to the Princess Amelia, daughter of George II. The story runs that, while engaged in the performance of her duties one 30th of January, the Prince of Wales came into the room, and sportively remarked: "For shame, Miss Russell; why have you not been at church, humbling yourself with weepings and wallings for the sins on this day committed by your ancestor?" To this Miss Russell answered with composure: "Sir, for a descendant of the great Oliver Cromwell it is humiliation sufficient to be employed as I am, in pinning up the tail of your sister!"

The courageous lady who wished to fight a duel with her fellow-traveller was so remarkable and eccentric a character that she deserves more than a passing mention. Some forty or fifty years before the occurrence of this episode, Cromwell sat discussing important affairs of State, and holding a little girl between his knees. Some of the members of the Privy Council objecting to her presence, he said curtly: "There is not a secret I would trust to any of you that I would not trust to this child." Upon this "highly commended" granddaughter Oliver's unique personality seemed to have stamped itself with peculiar force. Little Bridget Ireton was extraordinarily like her famous relative; and although he died before she was ten, she never forgot his teaching.

Such a sturdy little mortal was bound to develop into a strong-minded woman; and Bridget's maturity did not belie the promise of her spring. She married Mr. Thomas Bendysh of Gray's Inn, and Southtown, Yarmouth; but we are not told much about her until after she became a widow. One of her three biographers, Hewling Luson, thus describes the eccentric dame: "She was certainly, both without and within, in her person and in her spirit, exactly like her grandfather the Protector. Her features, the turn of her face, and the expression of her countenance, all agree very exactly with the excellent pictures I have seen of the Protector in the Cromwell family.... She had strong and masculine sense, a free and spirited elocution, much knowledge of the world, great dignity in her manner, and a most engaging address. The place of her residence was called the Salt-Pans (near Yarmouth). In this place, which is quite open to the road, I have often seen her in the morning stumping about with an old straw hat on her head, her hair about her ears, without stays, and when it was cold an old blanket about her shoulders, and a staff in her hand; in a word, exactly accoutred to mount the stage as a witch in Macbeth. Yet if at such a time she were accosted by any person of rank or breeding, the dignity of her manner and politeness of style, which nothing could efface, would instantly break through the veil of debasement which concealed her native grandeur; and a stranger to her customs might become astonished to find himself by a princess, while he was looking at a mumper." This hardy lady worked among her men at the Salt-Pans like one of themselves. At the close of the day she ate a hearty meal, took a nap, then dressed herself in civilised raiment, and set off to pay visits. Her best dress was a thick grey silk, with a black silk hood or scarf; when hoops came into fashion, nothing would induce her to wear one. With a fine disregard for the petty restrictions of society, Mrs. Bendysh started to make her calls at nine, ten, or eleven at night; with the result that she frequently arrived at her friends' houses as they were going to bed. So far from retiring discreetly, she usually stopped till one. It says much for the affection and esteem with which the worthy lady was regarded, that no one thought of remonstrating. She was in truth a most entertaining person; nothing could be more racy and interesting than her conversation, particularly when she got on the subject of her grandfather. She would then, no matter how late the hour, insist upon the family singing a psalm, after which she mounted her old mare and departed homewards. As they both became advanced in years the mare was persuaded, though with difficulty, to draw a chaise, which the old lady drove herself.

Absolutely fearless, and mindful neither of bad weather nor lonely roads, the venerable dame jogged placidly home, loudly singing a psalm or one of Dr. Watts' hymns.

QUAINT LEGENDS FROM THE CAUCASUS.

OF CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

VICTOR DINGELSTEDT contributes to the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for June, a somewhat encyclopædic account of Svanetia, in the Caucasian Highlands. From the folklore of the Svanetians, he draws the following strangely blended story of Creation and Redemption:—

"There was a time," says the legend, "when there was nothing but water, out of the midst of which rose a high rock, wherein God was confined. Disliking to remain buried in solitude, God burst the rock, rending it for a length of eight miles, and came out. The mingled water and earth round the base of the rock God divided into two parts, forming the heavens from the one and the habitable world from the other. But as yet there was no living being. Then God wept from weariness, and lo! the tear from the right eye became the angel Michael, and that, from the left Gabriel. Many ages passed away, and then, at the command of God, animals and men were created, and God and His angels walked upon the earth.

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

God and His angels travelled much over the world on their wonderful horses, and wherever they went dry land appeared. One day they perceived a big stone in the distance, white as snow, and God wished to go up to it, but His three companions led Him astray. He turned back and tried again to approach the stone, but the angels led Him astray a second time. Then said God to His angels, "Ye have played me some trick, or we should certainly have found this white stone." "Well," said the angels, "we will lead Thee to the stone, but we believe that evil and loss will befall us." Then they rode up to the stone, and God smote it with His whip, and the stone was broken asunder, and Satan (*Samael*) came forth. Satan forthwith seized God's horse, and God cried for help. Then the angels surrounded Satan, and asked him who he was and what were his powers. Satan said to God, "Thou and I have both been in the heart of the stone; we are both of the same origin; I am of the core of the stone as Thou art, wherefore let me have part of the world." God bid His angels consider the request of Satan. And then they divided everything into three parts, living men forming one part, the souls of the dead another, and animals and birds the third. God took the men and brutes, and Satan men's souls, but under certain conditions. The angels said to Satan, "Be not overmuch puffed up. Thou shalt keep men's souls only till the time when a son shall be born to God, who will deliver them from thy dominion." And Satan answered, "All is well. It will be long ere God has a son, and in the meantime I shall have gathered in souls enough." Then Satan built Hell.

THE APPLE OF REDEMPTION.

"Ages rolled by, and at length the time arrived when a son should be born to God. . . . Then God took an apple and blew His soul into it and gave it to the angels. And they took the apple and went to the house of Mary. . . . The angel Gabriel threw the apple towards her, without showing himself, and Mary took the apple and, having bitten it thrice, laid it in her bosom. Then Gabriel appeared unto her and declared that by the apple she should conceive and bear a son, and that she should be careful not to offend God in anywise. And his saying was accomplished, and Christ grew up quickly. . . . Then Christ said, 'Follow Me.' All followed Him, and He brought them to Hell, and He destroyed it, letting out all the dead into Paradise, which God had made meanwhile. Thus Christ vanquished Satan and destroyed his kingdom."

THE *Woman at Home* announces that in its August number it will begin a new illustrated biography of Her Majesty the Queen; the illustrations are to be fresh and abundant, and each article is to be complete in itself. This, the editor relates complacently, is the first attempt made in England to emulate the great biographical enterprise of the American magazines.

A PARSON'S PUBLIC-HOUSE.

MR. A. SHADWELL, in the *National Review*, describes the experiment which has been tried for nineteen years by a parson in Warwickshire. He says:—

I do not know exactly how many model public-houses have been started in this country, as they are carried on in quiet places without advertisement. Among others there is the Meynell-Ingram Arms, at Hoar Cross, in Staffordshire, run by the Hon. F. L. Wood; one at Lindfield, in Sussex, by F. Willett, Esq.; and another near Upton-on-Severn, started by the late Sir Edmund Lechmere. I believe there are several others, but by far the oldest, and the original of all the rest, is the Boar's Head, at Hampton Lucy, conducted for nearly twenty years by the Rev. Osbert Mordaunt, Rector of the parish.

Nearly twenty years ago in the village of Hampton Lucy, midway between Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon, there was a public-house left by the late rector to the parish under the sole trusteeship of the incumbent for the time being. The rent was to go to pay the village organist's salary, but no other stipulations were made. The present rector, finding that the house was conducted in a very unsatisfactory fashion by the landlady, turned her out, and then considered whether he would carry on the house on different lines or shut it up. Mr. Shadwell says:—

Sir Wilfrid Lawson would, of course, have no hesitation in such a case; he would close the accursed thing amid bonfires and other signs of public rejoicing, and then have the satisfaction of seeing another establishment, over which he would have no control, opened over the way in the course of a month or two. Failing that, the cobbler's shop or some such place would be turned into an illicit tap-room to the obvious advantage of public law and order. Knowing this perfectly well, Mr. Mordaunt boldly resolved, on the suggestion of a friend, to run the place himself. The squire of the parish fell in with his views, and promised not to allow a rival establishment to be started. A trustworthy manager was found in one of Mr. Mordaunt's own servants, who gladly undertook to discharge the duties with the help of his wife.

The house continues to be kept like most other public-houses, but there is a salaried manager in the place of the publican. Spirits have been withdrawn from the bar, and beer of good quality has been regularly supplied. The organist's salary is paid from the rent, £25 a year, and £30 is distributed in charity. Two years' profits were once devoted to the improvement of the water supply by sinking wells and making pumps. There is about a pound's worth of beer drunk every day. Mr. Shadwell points out the causes which make the village pothouses so often a centre of demoralisation, and strongly advocates the establishment of more parsons' public-houses in other places.

The Cost of Living in New York and London.

MISS ELIZABETH BANKS has an interesting article in *Cassell's Family Magazine* on this subject. She maintains that it is quite as easy to live in New York as cheaply as one can in London, but a family will spend more in New York than in London because an American will not do without things which a Londoner does not yet regard as necessities of life:—

An English family making their home in New York would find no difficulty in living according to their accustomed style on the same amount of money that they expended in London. While they would be obliged to spend a larger amount for clothing, the smaller outlays in other directions would quite make up for this difference, and in the end they could prove to their own satisfaction that money goes quite as far in New York as in London.

CAN ENGLISHWOMEN LIVE IN INDIA?

Mrs. TOOLEY, who is interviewing notable Englishwomen in Edinburgh for the *Woman at Home*, put a question something like this to Lady Muir, the wife of Sir William Muir. Lady Muir not only maintained that Englishwomen could live quite well in India, but she asserted that for her own part she did not even find the climate trying:—

"I lived for thirty-eight years in India, and had very good health. My husband did not get the long furloughs which are the fashion now, and we just took one month's holiday to the hills; that was all. Nowadays, I am told, the ladies go up to the hills as early as March, and remain throughout the hot season."

"But you must surely have found it very trying, Lady Muir, to stay down during the hot weather?"

"I should have found it much more trying to go to the hills and leave my husband to frizzle and stew on the plains by himself with no one to attend to his comforts," quickly replied Lady Muir, and I gave up the argument, for her ladyship is an old campaigner, and has a supreme contempt for modern self-indulgence. When she was in India she adopted the habits of the country, rising at five o'clock in the morning and retiring not later than ten at night. All her household concerns were over by the *déjeuner* at half-past ten, and she could spend the rest of the day in reading and resting. "It is a great mistake," she said, "for ladies to take their European habits to India. When I hear of ladies who do not rise until nine o'clock in the morning, and remain up until long past midnight, I do not wonder that they cannot endure the climate of India, and are obliged to leave their husbands and run off to the hills on the first warm day in spring. I was in India for twenty years, and never went up to the hills except with my husband when he had his yearly leave."

In reply to my question as to whether she had not had some curious experiences during her long residence in India, Lady Muir told me that for nearly two years at one time she was the only lady at the station where Sir William was Collector, adding, "I was never so happy in my life, just attending to my home and my children. The only change I had was an occasional visit to my parents at Futtypore, fifty miles away. Yes," continued her ladyship, "there was a great fascination about living in India, and I think that children who have been born out there always want to go back. When Lord Salisbury's telegram came, recalling Sir William to London to take a position upon the Council for India, it was a grief to me. You cannot think what it was to me to give up everything at once. We liked the people, you know, and spoke their language, and tried to sympathise with their native customs. We never had English servants about us."

THE COVENANTER NOVELIST.

AND HOW HE ROSE TO FAME.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD CROCKETT is the subject of a very interesting interview-sketch by Mr. Sherard in the *Idler*. The novelist is introduced to us as "a splendid athlete, a broad-shouldered giant of six-foot four, with blood tingling in his cheeks, and a mercurial activity and exuberance in every fibre of him." As yet he is only thirty-four years of age. Born at Little Duchrae, in Galloway, his earliest recollections are of the frequent struggles of his people with the River Dee, when its suddenly rising waters used to sweep off the new-mown hay from the fields. His first literary diet was meagre:—

There were not many books about the farm. Our people were strict Cameronians, Covenanters, and I was brought up in the faith. Most books are forbidden to the Cameronians—novels, the poets—even Shakespeare... Such books as there were, were books about the Covenant.

He used to hanker after romance. The first novel he was "The Young Marooners," in which a boat was won and dragged away by a devil fish:—

I remember that I used to go and lie in a boat on the loch near our house, and pray God that a devil-fish might come and drag my boat away, so that I also might have the adventures of a young—a very young—marooner.

There was no English spoken at the farm. They all spoke Scotch, using exactly the words of Burns. But young Crockett made rapid progress at school. He says:—

I think back with pleasure on our Scotch Sabbaths. A great deal of nonsense is spoken in England about the Scotch Sabbath. I enjoyed my Sabbaths immensely.

A cousin of his, the original of the "Stickit Minister," introduced him to the poets. He lent him Shakespeare and Milton, which the boy smuggled into his bedroom under his clothes. A bursary of £20 a year, and subsequent journalistic work, kept him while at Edinburgh University. He was a frequent contributor to *Lloyd's* and the *Daily Chronicle*. When he was nineteen, the late Dr. Jowett secured him a travelling tutorship, which took him all over Europe and through Siberia. From twenty-three to twenty-five he studied theology, supported himself by journalism, and worked in the slums in Edinburgh. Shortly afterwards he settled as Free Church minister at Penicuik, where he married and has remained ever since. His house is full of books, many thousands of volumes in fact, including several rare and most valuable works. From the first he spent his money freely on books. He considers that "the bang-went-saxpence Scotchman of the Englishman's imagination is a very rare type indeed. As a rule the Scotch are inclined rather to extravagance."

The sketch is illuminated with engravings of the novelist's portrait, residence, and children, as well as of scenes described in his novels.

THE QUEEN'S WEDDING DRESS.

DAYRELL TRELAWNEY writes in the *Minster* on "Some Royal English Wedding Dresses." His description of the dress worn by Her Majesty on the occasion of her marriage is the chief passage of interest:—

This beautiful gown was almost completely veiled with priceless Honiton lace—not, however, made at Honiton, but in the secluded little Devonshire village of Beer. The lace flounce which draped the skirt was four yards in length, and nearly a yard in depth. Over two hundred lace workers were employed upon it for eight months, while the bridal veil (also of Honiton) took more than six weeks to complete, although only a yard and a half square, the greater portion being composed of lace net... The bodice—which was cut low on the shoulder, in what, I believe, was called Victorian shape, because it was introduced by the young Queen—was of extreme simplicity, merely finished above the arms by large rosettes and ends of white ribbon, with the same rosettes repeated on the elbow sleeves, which were draped with Honiton lace. A close coronet of white flowers rested on the hair, to which the veil was attached behind, leaving the face free. A magnificent *rivière* of diamonds circled the neck, and completed a wedding-dress suited in its rich simplicity at once to a reigning sovereign and a youthful bride. The satin for this dress was made at Spitalfields. The beautiful lace, which cost £1000, will always be regarded as an heirloom; for the design on the completion of the work was immediately destroyed.

The making of the lace kept employed during the winter 200 lace-workers who would otherwise have been destitute.

MESSRS. GEORGE PHILIP AND SONS have just published for the London Missionary Society a sheet map for the wall of the Religions of the World, showing the stations of the Society. It is mounted on linen, furnished with rollers, and costs 1s. 6d.

IDEALS OF SANITARY REFORM:

WHAT SIR BENJAMIN RICHARDSON WANTS.

A VALUABLE article is contributed to *Longman's* by Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson on "Past and Ideal Sanitation." It opens with a rapid survey of the extraordinary advance of sanitary science and its application during the lifetime of the writer. Emboldened by these successes, he outlines a series of improvements in the appliances for the prevention and cure of disease, which will keep reformers busy for a generation or two.

A NATIONAL SYSTEM OF SEWAGE.

Sir Benjamin is sadly dissatisfied with the present unconnected local arrangements for the disposal of our sewage. He insists on the need of a plan of "national main drainage," and to this end would utilise our railways!

We have nothing to do but to construct along the sides of all our lines of railways a series of tunnels in iron tubing or brick-work as may locally be most appropriate or convenient; to let this main conduit or sewer start near to the commencement of every place where there are houses that require to be drained, and lie by the side of the line; and to let the sewage from the houses be pumped into the main course and carried off, so as to be collected at distant points or conveyed by side conduits to spots selected for its utilisation, that the land all over the country may receive the benefit of it for fertilisation, away altogether from the residences of men, and in a manner perfectly harmless to the health of communities. For such ready transit the levels are all laid, and there is such ample open and unused space for the main, it would be no more difficult to lay them down than it has been to lay out our telegraph lines.

Another plan would immediately follow,—that, namely, of utilising the railway levels for supplies of water at any distance from towns, so that our great lakes could be used as sources of water supply to towns all along a line. . . . Thus there would be a kind of arterial and venous system in every place.

Rubbish should be disposed of by burning everything that fire can consume.

"HOTEL HOSPITALS"—A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

An inviting picture is given of coming arrangements for nursing the sick. For the sick in every class the hospital is to be preferred to the home. But the hospital need not, as at present, consist of huge barracks:—

My ideal is that in all communities there should be, according to the numbers statistically required, hotel hospitals, comfortably, and for the richer class, even elegantly furnished and fitted with everything that is necessary for the sick in any form of disease. These hotel hospitals should be conveniently planted for the service of every one, so that if a person is ill he shall be able to find a room in one of them where he can be looked after by his own medical adviser and friends.

No private house would then become a centre of infection or scene of death; and the reform could be carried out at less than the cost of the present inferior management of the sick in their own homes. For contagious diseases the writer has modelled a special system of hospital, which he hopes shortly to see realised:—

Instead of taking such cases into the upper rooms of private houses, I would have light, elegant, small hospitals, placed at proper distances on the tops of special houses, with proper lifts for taking the sick into them; with every facility for free ventilation through them; and, besides, gas fire shafts for drawing up and purifying the air from the sick-rooms.

HOW TO VENTILATE OUR TOWNS.

To plan the streets so as to let the wind get along them, and to line them as far as may be with vegetation are the two secrets of urban ventilation. The usual course of the winds must be considered in laying out new streets:—

In England the current is, I believe, for a great part of the year in one direction—namely, from the south-west to the north-east—so when we look at our trees, borne down by the winds, we see them bent north-easterly, that is to say, opposite to the most common current; or, if we observe the vane on a church held in a fixed position from rust, we see that it usually points south-westerly.

In places which are situated low, and in valleys, it would always be of advantage to bring in the air from neighbouring heights, and now that we have the admirable mechanical principle of pumping in air from any height, and of compressing it in reservoirs, there ought not to be a town or village which, however unfortunately situated, should not be thoroughly ventilated by mechanism in addition to natural pressure. . . . The air might come to you and into your parlours from cloud-land.

The Eiffel tower might, according to Sir Edwin Chadwick, be thus utilised. Ventilating towers might be built quite as easily as tall chimneys.

THE "UPPER LONDON" THAT IS TO BE.

"Upper London" is no celestial counterpart of the terrestrial metropolis: it is a vision of urban ventilation artistically secured:—

This would consist in doing away with the chimneys of existing houses, and in making beautiful terraces which should run along the tops of the houses and be united across the streets by arches, from which could be suspended electric lights, intersecting all parts of the city or town. These terraces would form pathways for foot passengers; for men engaged in the distribution of letters; for men engaged in the extinction of fires, should they break out; and for bearing the erection of furnaces, at proper distances, into which all the smoke emanating from the houses could pass for complete combustion and clearance of the air. Along such terraces I should suggest that flowering plants should be placed so that the upper part of the town should, in fact, be a garden of beauty, with all that is requisite to render life more cheerful and open both above and below. That this great reform will come I have no kind of doubt.

COOK AND BUTCHER REPLACED BY CHEMIST.

Diet, too, will be transformed. For drink, nothing is needed but pure water. As to food:—

The conclusion I have been brought to is practically that men can live most healthily on a very light animal diet in combination with fresh fruits and green vegetables, and can learn to look on the cereals—grains and pulses—in the same way as if they were animal substances.

Repugnance to animal flesh as food "increases with every step of civilisation." And why use the laboratory of the living animal to prepare vegetable food for us when we have chemical laboratories?

There will, in time, be found no difficulty in so modifying food taken from its prime source as to make it applicable to every necessity, without, I repeat, the assistance of any intermediate animal. In the presence of such a development, foods of the best kind will become the cheapest of all products.

Sir Benjamin, in conclusion, notes with satisfaction the changed attitude of the clergy. If they will only remember that sanitation is part of the religion of the Old Testament, and "if they become as teachers bold representatives of natural sanitation, they will soon rank among the first sanitarians of the world," and prepare in home and school for the general adoption of true sanitary ideals.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF RECREATION.

A PLEA FOR HEALTHY GAMES.

MR. CHARLES ROBERTS writing on the "Physiology of Recreation" in the *Contemporary Review*, gives some interesting information and makes some valuable suggestions as to the amusements of our people from the point of view of the physiologist. He thinks that women can play at most of the games that men amuse themselves with, but their inferior strength renders it impossible for them to compete with men on even terms after they are ten years of age. He says:—

The average differences between fully-grown men and women of the age of 25 years are: women are about 5 inches shorter of stature, 24 lbs. lighter in weight, and 36 lbs. weaker in strength. The average drawing-power of men being 84 lbs. and that of women 46 lbs., the ratio of the strength of women to men is as 1 to 1·82—or, in other words, an average man of 25 years has very nearly double the strength of arms of a woman of the same age. It is obvious, therefore, whether for labour or for recreative games requiring strength, that women are physically inferior to men. Moreover, there are anatomical changes at puberty which place women at a disadvantage. Women cannot walk or run as fast as men, and their lower limbs being attached at a wider angle to the trunk are more liable, if subjected to much strain, to deformities in the shape of flat-foot, knock-knee, bow-leg, and spinal curvatures.

The following table of different forms of recreation will be scrutinised by many of our readers, who will dissent widely from Mr. Roberts's judgment:—

Classification of physical recreations according to their physiological value:—

OUTDOOR.	INDOOR.
Running, athletics, games, skating, s'kipping, etc.	Fencing and other military exercises with arms.
Riding.	Boxing, wrestling.
Rowing.	Dancing.
Swimming.	Billiards.
Walking.	Dumb-bells.
Cycling.	Machine gymnastics.
Marching.	Trapeze and high gymnastics.
	Singing, reading aloud.
	Playing musical instruments.
Natural History.	Reading.
Gardening, farming.	Chess, draughts, cards.
Carpentry and other technical work.	Music.

Mr. Roberts, it will be seen, puts cycling very low down on the list, apparently from a mistaken idea that cyclists necessarily cultivate the hump. If Mr. Roberts cycled himself he would put cycling a great deal higher up on the list. He laments that children don't know how to play unless they are taught, and he suggests that the Education Department should require teachers of both sexes to pass an examination, theoretical and practical, in children's games as an essential qualification for their duties. Unfortunately, we have almost forgotten our old English games, and I know of no book which sufficiently describes them for the use of teachers and children. A recent French commission on physical education has, among other things, collected and described a considerable number of children's games, many of which I recognise as English games with French variations. We have need of a similar commission in this country, but failing this, a committee of men and women interested in the subject might investigate and report on games suitable for school use, and bring pressure to bear on the Education Department to introduce them into training colleges and schools.

Another suggestion which Mr. Roberts makes is that churches should be more utilised for recreation than they

are at present. As I have been metaphorically stoned in the market-place for suggesting that empty Churches might be utilised as indoor playgrounds, I have great pleasure in quoting the following passage:—

Of the outdoor exercises which are within almost every boy's and man's reach are rowing, swimming, and walking; while of the indoor exercises dancing, billiards, dumb-bells, and singing are within most people's means. It is most unfortunate that the admirable game of billiards should have become associated with the public-house, but this is a proof of its attractiveness. A divine is credited with the saying, when he adopted a brighter and more cheerful set of tunes for his hymns, that it was no use letting the devil have all the best tunes, and I would say likewise, there is no use letting the devil have all the best games. Directly or indirectly nearly the whole of our best games are associated with the public-house, and it is time they should be retrieved and placed on an independent footing. The Church might well do for games what it has done for music and singing.

FRENCH SURGERY.

In the *Revue de Paris* last month Dr. Pierre Delbet contributes a remarkable paper on hospital surgery, in which he pleads hard for the methods pursued by surgeons of the present day.

He declares that the surgical ward has by no means the infernal aspect which the outside public imagine it to possess; and adds that, however unlikely such a statement may sound, suffering is the exception rather than the rule, most of the patients who have undergone operations being cured in a few days without pain and without increase of temperature. He asserts that chloroform and the new antiseptic treatment have almost put an end, not only to the mortality formerly attendant on many operations, but that they have caused fever and pain to disappear.

Some hopeless and very painful maladies yet afflict humanity, but they are not those which can be cured by surgery. Most patients are resigned to the decisions of the doctors; tears and cries are rare.

Domestic servants, says M. Delbet, are much more afraid of hospital treatment than the average Parisian. The latter really like a time of rest in a hospital ward. Indeed, those afflicted with varicose veins try not to be too rapidly cured; but a hospital is, before everything, a place where cures ought to be achieved, and at the present time a patient who enters the surgical ward has as much chance of being looked after as a millionaire who is nursed at home.

The author—whose paper is evidently a reply to criticisms—denies that useless operations are ever undertaken. He admits having heard people say that their friends had been cured at home without an operation of exactly the same ailments as were treated in a hospital by aid of the knife. But, he asks, how is the outsider to know that the cases were exactly similar? Moreover, surgery itself has learnt many lessons. It now not unfrequently happens that surgeons refuse to perform operations which they do not think necessary.

The treatment of the goitre, for instance, has undergone a radical change. It was at one time customary to remove these excrescences, and under modern antiseptic treatment no ill effects were at first discernible; but thirteen years ago a Genevan doctor made the curious observation that patients so treated gradually failed from some defect of nutrition, and now goitres are no longer cut.

Some readers may perhaps be repelled by Dr. Pierre Delbet's evident inclination to abuse anti-vivisectionists, but his article is powerful and interesting.

THE ORIGIN OF A NAPOLEONIC IDEA.

HOW AN AMERICAN REBUILT PARIS.

It is usually accepted that Napoleon the Third was the author of the idea which led to the Hausmannising of Paris. The reconstruction of the capital of France, which was one of the greatest achievements of the Second Empire, is now discovered to have been due not to Napoleon in the first instance, but to a young and unknown American with whom he foregathered during his sojourn in the United States. This statement is made on the authority of Napoleon himself by Albert D. Vandam in the extremely interesting papers on "The Personal History of the Second Empire" which he is contributing to the *North American Review*. Mr. Vandam's uncle had asked Napoleon on one occasion for a post for one of his friends. Napoleon, after talking of some other things, suddenly returned to this subject and said:—

"You asked me just now for a Government situation for one of your *protégés* who is possessed of considerable talent; but if he has talent, why does he not use it properly, instead of wasting it in a Government office at the rate of 1,200 francs a year?" For a moment or so my uncle was at a loss for an answer, for he had asked himself the same question many a time in connection with the various candidates he had recommended to his Majesty.

"I suppose, sire," he said, at last, "that in spite of his talents, he is not clever." "Put it that way if you like," remarked the Emperor; "I should say because he has got no imagination; for cleverness and imagination may in this instance be synonymous. From your description of the young fellow, I fancy he must be like a young fellow I met when I was in the United States—alike in every respect save in the possession of a strong imagination. Your young friend knows geometry, mathematics, surveying, and the rest; he has an inkling of architecture; and all that knowledge, which argues a considerable application on his part during his college days, he wishes to place at the disposal of the Government in exchange for a stool and a salary of 1,200 francs at the *Ministère des Travaux Publics* (Board of Works). Well, the young American to whom I refer, and to whom I owe the idea of the wholesale transformation I am attempting, knew all these, though probably not so well as your young friend. But he did not apply to the United States Public Survey Office to help him to get a crust of bread on a stipend which would have provoked the scorn of nine-tenths of the working men in America." He wanted to live, not to vegetate. He was bent on making a fortune; and a twelve-month after my first meeting with him he was worth a couple of millions of dollars. He was poor and looked poor, so poor as to be frequently behind-hand with the weekly payment at the boarding-house in New York where we both stayed. But he never lost heart. One day he came in, an hour late for dinner, but with a big roll of paper under his arm. 'I am very sorry to be late, but I have got hold of my fortune to-day,' he said in the way of apology, pointing to the papers, which turned out to be the complete plans of a city for 40,000 inhabitants, with its churches, its public squares, its monuments, etc., etc., including even an exchange. It looked like a fairy city, but the plans were nevertheless carefully worked out; it was the city of the future, such as I intend to have in France, if I live long enough. The young fellow had, however, done more than merely to draw an attractive city on paper; he had bought the site of it—of course conditionally—entered into contracts with builders, sanitary engineers, marble masons and landscape gardeners, and, provided with those documents, applied to a couple of big bankers with a keen eye for possibilities. They were going to form a syndicate, and the works were to be begun at once. That same evening I had a long conversation with the young fellow: 'So your town will rise like Thebes at the sound of Amphion's lyre?' I asked smilingly, for all this was very new to me. 'Mythology may be reduced to practice sometime,' he answered, 'but I do not suppose we

shall be as magical as all that. One thing, however, is very certain. The whole of my plans will be started on the same day, and if possible will be completed within a few weeks of one another. We are not going to follow the example of Europe and build a street or half-a-street of houses at a time.'" Then the Emperor sat still for a moment or two. "You are considerably older than I am," he said at last to my uncle: "yet you may outlive me. When in days to come people tell you that Napoleon III. transformed Paris, you in your turn may tell them that he owed the idea to an American of whom Europe has probably never heard; for on the evening to which I refer, I made up my mind to do what I am doing, if ever I got the chance."

OUR YELLOW RIVALS.

No. 3 of *Svensk Tidskrift*, always one of the best of the Scandinavian magazines, opens with an interesting paper on "The Coming Struggle between the White Race and the Yellow," the gist of which is the unpalatable theory that one evil day, perhaps not far distant, the man of the Almond Eyes will be pitting his strength against that of Whiteskin, and, unless Whiteskin look to himself and beware in time, will ultimately wrest the sceptre from him and be ruler, or, what is almost as bad, co-ruler with him of the world. As yet, Whiteskin is lord. But the growing power of Japan is a serious question already with the Russians and the Englishmen in Asia, and the threatening attitude of China will be but slightly affected by her recent disastrous quarrel with the sister country. We may even expect, according to the writer of the article, that the blow John Chinaman has sustained will put new life and fire into him, and rouse him from stagnation, even as France under the Third Empire, when on the very brink of ruin, was roused by the whipping she received from Germany into making of her defeat a stepping-stone to the higher things which she is now once more, under the dangerous indolence of her twenty years of peace, permitting herself to lose hold of, while new defects in her national character develop undisturbed and unheeded. The lugubrious prophecy is substantially backed up by the observations made by Emil Metzger, who, resident in Java, has had opportunities of studying the yellow man at home, and has come to the conclusion that, when once our civilisation has broken through China's traditions—when once the Chinese have learnt the value of being in touch with the sister nations—have learnt from us the much they have yet to learn—their dogged perseverance and tough strength will do the rest, and Whiteskin will be no longer lord.

In the same number, Harald Hjärne has an excellent article, impartial and sensible, on the Norwegian-Swedish Union Crisis, which he concludes thus: "It is the mission of sound Conservatism to avoid pompous supererogations and to prudently permit the difficult questions to ripen, while Radicalism in palace or hut, in the interests of progress or of reaction, has a predilection for abrupt overthrows, and is inclined to indiscreetly take the very nature of things by surprise. The outcome of the Union Crisis will show whether old Sweden has really degraded itself into *le pays de la médiocrité*, according to the epigram of a foreign looker-on, or is still able to endure with honour a severe political trial. At all events may we, Swedes and Norsemen, spare ourselves the real humiliation of, after so many sharp experiences, taking example from the Danes and Schleswig-Holsteimers, who disputed so long over their antiquated treaties that at last one, wiser and stronger than they, came along and relieved them both of the bone of contention."

POLITICS IN THE PULPIT.

BY CARDINAL GIBBONS.

"In the *North American Review* for May, Cardinal Gibbons discourses very sensibly upon "The Preacher and his Province." As might be expected from the common sense of the writer, he makes the province of the preacher exceeding broad. The Cardinal has no sympathy whatever with those who would banish politics from the pulpit. The following extract from his weighty essay may be commended to those who labour under the delusion that the Christian minister should confine his attention to matters of speculative theology:—

As the minister of Christ is pre-eminently the friend and father of the people, he cannot be indifferent to any of the social, political, and economic questions affecting the interests and happiness of the nation. The relations of Church and State, the duties and prerogatives of the citizen, the evils of political corruption and usurpation, the purification of the ballot-box, the relative privileges and obligations of labour and capital, the ethics of trade and commerce, the public desecration of the Lord's day, popular amusements, temperance, the problem of the coloured and Indian races, female suffrage, divorce, socialism, and anarchy—such are vital, and often burning, questions, on which hinge the peace and security of the Commonwealth.

Politics has a moral as well as a civil aspect. The clergyman is a social as well as a religious reformer, a patriot as well as a preacher, and he knows that the permanence of our civic institutions rests on the intelligence and the virtue of the people. He has at heart the temporal as well as the spiritual prosperity of those committed to his care. They naturally look up to him as to a guide and teacher. His education, experience, and sacred character give weight to his words and example.

There is scarcely a social or economic movement of reform on foot, no matter how extravagant or Utopian, that has not some element of justice to recommend it to popular favour. If the scheme is abandoned to the control of fanatics, demagogues, or extremists, it will deceive the masses and involve them in greater misery. Such living topics need discriminating judges to separate the wheat from the chaff.

And who is more fitted to handle these questions than God's ambassador, whose conservative spirit frowns upon all intemperate innovations, and whose Christian sympathies prompt him to advocate for his suffering brethren just measures for the redress of grievances and the mitigation of needless misery?

The timely interposition of the minister of peace might have helped to check many a disastrous popular inundation by watching its course, and diverting it into a safe channel before it overspread the country.

Nor can it be affirmed that the temperate and seasonable discussion of these problems, or at least of those phases of them that present a moral or religious aspect, involves any departure from evangelical and apostolic precedent. There is hardly a subject of public interest that has not been alluded to, if not discussed, by Christ or his Apostles.

EUCALYPTUS OIL AND FEVER.

Two or three years ago I quoted an article from the *Medical Magazine*, the author of which claimed that excellent results in the treatment of scarlet fever were obtained by what he called Eucalyptus inunction. In the May number the writer, Dr. Gurgenfien, replies to various criticisms made upon his paper by Dr. Priestley, and quotes additional evidence from a medical officer of health at Wimbledon:—

Complications or no complications, that is not the question, as they will always occur in the large wards of the fever hospitals, whether the cases are treated by eucalyptus inunction or not.

The questions to be solved are these:—

(1) Does eucalyptus inunction prevent the spread of infection?

(2) Does it lessen the percentage of deaths?

(3) Does it shorten the fever and the period of desquamation?

(4) Does it prevent albuminuria or other sequelæ when commenced before the third day of the fever?

To these four important questions I say emphatically that it does.

Dr. Priestley's statistics prove also that it does, for he says there was "(1) a lower death rate," 1·6 per cent. to 4·3 per cent. of cases treated by the usual method; "(2) a shorter stay in hospital," 31·4 days as against 42·7 days, a difference of a little over 8 days; "(3) slightly fewer complications of a serious nature." He had 2 cases of albuminuria in 120 eucalyptus cases, against 14 in the 161 treated in the usual way, of whom 3 had uræmic convulsions. On this point I have said, "neither I nor my son observed any albuminuria in the cases that we treated, and several medical men from whom I have received reports speak of observing only a slight amount in a few cases."

The other complications were about equal; Dr. Priestley says there were "(4) fewer 'return' cases, whilst the process of desquamation was certainly hastened." This again answers my 1st and 3rd questions, that the spread of infection is prevented and the period of desquamation shortened.

Dr. Edward Little, Medical Officer of Health of Wimbledon, was present when Dr. Priestley read his paper, and in the discussion he stated in substance what he has since written to me. He says, "During the year 1894, we admitted 63 cases of scarlet fever into the Isolation Hospital, and 59 of these were discharged during the year. The average stay in hospital per child was 38·8 days. All were treated by eucalyptus inunction from the first, and in none of the cases had we any serious complications. A few had some slight albuminuria, but this was of a very fleeting nature, passing off in the course of a day or two. We had no deaths, and in no instance had we any 'return' cases. It was always my practice before a child was discharged, that, after bathing, it should have a final rubbing all over with the oil.

"As in all hospitals, we had some cases sent in, in error, as fever cases. Of these I had three children, ages three to seven or eight, and as one cannot always be certain of such cases at once, I placed them in the ward with other children, where they slept, played and had their meals together, and they were in every way treated as the other fever cases; yet after a period of twelve days, finding no desquamation, I discharged them without any ill-effects, or their developing scarlet fever after discharge. These children were of course treated with eucalyptus as the others from date of admission.

"Up to the present, this year we have had hardly any cases of scarlet fever, and I hope we may continue free."

The Naval Lessons of the Chino-Japanese War.

THE Secretary of the United States Navy writes in the *North American Review* an article upon this question which is not very remarkable. He says, however, one or two things which are worth noting:—

One expert, who himself made a careful survey of the Chinese ships after the battle, and who had received full reports of the condition of the Japanese ships, insists that the prime cause of the Chinese defeat was that they had supplied their battle-ships with armour piercing shells, and had only three (others say about fifteen) common shells per gun for use against unarmoured vessels. The armour-piercing shells, where they struck, passed through the Japanese ships without exploding. Common shells explode on striking. One of these common shells struck the *Matsumoto*, the Japanese flagship, and that one shot is said to have caused twice as much loss of life on that vessel as was suffered on board the *Chenyuen* and the *Tingyuen* during the whole fight. It is the consensus of opinion of experts throughout the world that this action emphasised, in the most striking way, the superiority of the battleship over the cruiser. The action off Yalu pronounced the doom of all unnecessary woodwork on naval vessels, and all navies are now dispensing with wood as far as possible.

WHY NOT ENDOW CATHOLICISM?

A PLEA FOR A NEW STATE CHURCH.

"An Englishman" in the *National Review* for June writes an article entitled "A Chance of Redeeming a Promise," the gist of which is that the time is now opportune for endowing, not establishing, the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. The worst of the paper is that the reasons for endowment are amply sufficient to justify Irish patriots for rejecting it. That which is of more moment than the argument in favour of endowing a new State Church across the Channel is the support which he gives to the Irish contention that they are scandalously plundered in their relations with the Imperial exchequer:—

If the Legislature should decide that Ireland should contribute to Imperial purposes (including the cost of Irish government) only in proportion to her wealth, and that so much of the revenue raised in Ireland as exceeds that proportion should be handed back for strictly local application, it is fair to assume, taking the present wealth and revenue of Ireland as the basis of the calculation, that a sum of about three millions a year out of Irish revenue might be set free for disposal.

Three millions a year is a large sum, and "An Englishman" admits that a great deal more could be done with this to greater advantage than by subsidising the Irish priesthood. He says:—

In imagination I see a truly representative Council of Irishmen applying the greater part of this annual sum of three millions towards the advancement of the material prosperity of Ireland: organising manufactures, assisting the transfer of lands from bankrupt landlords to a well-arranged peasant ownership, rebuilding the dwellings of the poor, planting forests, draining bogs, introducing better breeds of cattle and horses, establishing model farms and schools of agriculture, and doing for the whole of Ireland that, and far more than that, which the Congested District Board, with the inadequate sum at its disposal, is now able to do for certain districts. Part of it might also well be employed in making new and acquiring existing railways, and perhaps in constructing, or assisting to construct, if this be possible, a tunnel beneath St. George's Channel, to stimulate Ireland's commercial life, and place her on the high-road to America.

That, however, is not his thesis. What he is bent upon proving—to his own satisfaction, at least—is that out of these three millions, if they are available, and if not, by some other means, it would be well to make State provision for the Irish priests:—

It is, however, the main object of the present article to suggest that some portion of any money applied to Irish purposes out of Irish revenue should be devoted to the maintenance and support of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, the Church of by far the larger and poorer part of the Irish nation. In the first place, such a step would be the redemption of a long unfulfilled promise; in the second place, it would be a most sensible relief to the poor peasants of Ireland, and would, to a modest extent, counteract the tendency which makes money flow to the great centres of population; in the third place, it would be a measure of high policy, whether or not some form of Home Rule is eventually conceded.

Even if there were no general rearrangement of the financial relations of Great Britain and Ireland, a grant to this extent for the support of the Irish clergy could be made without expense to the British taxpayer out of desirable economies in the Irish legal, police, and prison establishments. But even if this were not so, I should still contend that such a grant was well worth making, both on general principles and for the sake of the peace of the United Kingdom.

DRINK AND LABOUR.

MR. CARROLL D. WRIGHT, of the Department of Labour at Washington, has contributed to *Our Day* an account of the investigation which has been intrusted to his Department in connection with the drink question. Mr. Wright says that Congress has refused to appropriate any money for this special service, but in a few months he expects to be able to begin his investigations, which seem to be likely to be productive of good results. It is certainly the most exhaustive practical inquiry that has been made into the question for some time:—

The language of the Act providing for the liquor investigation is as follows:—"The Commissioner of Labour is hereby authorised to make an investigation relating to the economic aspects of the liquor problem, and to report the results thereof to Congress, provided, however, that such investigation shall be carried out under the regular appropriations made for the Department of Labour." The lines along which a practical investigation can be conducted are something like the following:—

1. The relations of the liquor problem to the securing of employment; how far do, or may, employers exercise an influence by refusing work to persons who are known to be addicted to the use of intoxicants? The practice of government officials, large corporations, especially railroads, etc., should be learned.

2. Its relations to different occupations; how far is the use of liquors increased by nightwork, overwork, exposure to severe weather, etc.?

3. Its relations to irregularity of employment, such as may be caused by employment in trades which work by the season; the interruption of occupation by strikes, commercial crises, etc.

4. Its relations to machinery; how far does the liquor habit prevent the efficient use of fine and highly specialised machinery, and, on the other hand, how far does the nervous strain involved in work with machinery induce the liquor habit?

5. Its relations to the mode and time of paying wages; is the consumption of intoxicants affected by the frequency of payments, by the time of the week at which they are paid, and by the persons to whom they are paid?

6. Its relations to working-men's budgets in the different occupations and different countries, or the ratio between the cost of liquor and the cost of living.

7. Its relations to comforts, luxuries, and pleasure; how far is the liquor habit counteracted by home comforts, good cooking, coffee-houses, music-halls, theatres, out-of-doors sports, etc.?

8. Its relations to sanitary conditions; how far is it affected by the plentifulness of food, by the ventilation of dwellings and workshops, by good drainage, etc.?

THE *International Journal of Ethics* for July scarcely attains its usual high standard. Mr. Hyslop, of Columbia College, rightly insists on the roots of labour troubles and of their remedies being moral more than economic. But his American bias appears when he proclaims "the universality of the desire to obtain one's living without work, especially of the humbler kind;" and when he roundly asserts that "no practical man can see his way to recommend compulsory arbitration as a solution of the problem without endorsing Socialism in its worst forms." To him, "the only safe resource for Society is the principle of economic prudence with all the competition that it involves." Prudence, thrift, co-operation, are his mottoes. Mr. D. G. Ritchie discourses of Free will and Responsibility from the standpoint of Determinism, while Mr. J. G. Hibden takes an opposite view in his attack on Automatism in Morality. Mr. B. Bosanquet contents himself by stating in his own words what he takes to be the gist of Professor E. Caird's "Evolution of Religion." Countess Resse describes some of the uses of national music, and Fr. Jodl discusses George's "Science of Ethics." The discussion is valuable as ever.

THE ETHICAL MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

A TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR VON GIZYCKI.

Among the visitors who attended the recent Women's Temperance Convention in London there was none among all the multitude more interesting than one of the representatives from Berlin. Madame von Gizycki,



MADAME VON GIZYCKI.

the editor of *Frauenbewegung*, and of the *Ethische Kultur*, is notable from three points of view. First, on account of her own striking and charming personality; secondly, because of the distinguished influential position which she occupies in the progressive movement in Germany; and, thirdly, as the widow and literary executor and heir of Professor Gizycki, whose death recently deprived the German ethical movement of its most

trusted leader. Of Madame von Gizycki, our readers will hear, I hope, a good deal more hereafter; for the present I will confine myself to note her appearance, for the first time, in our midst in London, and express the extreme satisfaction and confidence with which we regard a movement which has at its head so brilliant and devoted a representative of cultured womanhood. I will now pass on to quote from the *International Journal of Ethics* a tribute paid to Professor Gizycki, which will better enable the English-speaking world to understand the importance of the position which he occupied, and, consequently, the value of the results which we may expect from Madame von Gizycki, who dedicates the rest of her life to it, and who is in the bloom of her youth. The editor of the *International Journal of Ethics* says:—

Our own acquaintance with Professor Gizycki, which was mainly through correspondence, dates back to the winter of 1881-82. Though he was then quite young, we were impressed with his vigour of thought and moral earnestness, and his frank and genial nature attracted us to him personally. This was emphasised all the more by the fact that he was a cripple for life, and had to be wheeled in a chair each day to the University, and carried bodily by his attendant to the lecture-room. There was a striking contrast between his unfortunate physical condition and his hopeful rationalistic philosophy of life. His lectures were not largely attended at that time ('81-'82), but he had already gained some distinction as a writer on ethics. His work on Shaftesbury we heard highly praised by Professor Zeller in a lecture on modern ethics before several hundred students.

Besides publishing several ethical works and giving regularly his University lectures, Professor Gizycki had been editing for two or three years a weekly paper, *Ethische Kultur*, devoted to the interests of the recently-organized Ethical Movement in Germany, of which he was one of the foremost promoters and leaders. His untimely death at the age of forty-four is to be lamented, and the *International Journal of Ethics*, to which he gave much faithful service, offers a grateful tribute to his memory.

After this editorial tribute to Professor von Gizycki, the journal publishes an essay by Professor Judl, of the

University of Prague, in which he sets forth the distinctive features of Professor von Gizycki's teaching:—

The value of the theory advocated by Gizycki lies in the fact, that on the one hand it asserts the principle of universal happiness with the greatest emphasis as the criterion for the worth of human actions, and on the other strictly insists that ethical judgment always relates not merely to the consequences of actions, but to their sources in the individual, to his character,—in other words, in its uniting the Social or Utility-principle with the Conscience-principle. This fundamentally important distinction Gizycki did not discover, but he, so to speak, re-discovered it, and was the first to fully appreciate it in its great theoretic significance. The insight throws a clear light on many dark and difficult problems of ethics, as the essay, "Ueber moralische Beurtheilung," in particular, plainly shows.

Gizycki's other great service is, that he zealously strove to spread the view that there was no discrepancy between founding ethics on a social basis and the ideality of ethical rules; that the noblest imperatives of to-day are the result of a process of development, and become intelligible when taken as the conditions of life for a social community; that the natural course of progress in the civilised world has as its consequence a steady clarification and elevation of the moral conceptions. This certainly became the sheet-anchor of his ethical convictions in the measure that the last traces of the theological view of the world vanished from his mind, and he saw humanity, in the midst of a nature without God and ruled by immanent laws, thrown back upon itself.

To us it is interesting to find in the mind of a deeply religious nature, such as this of Professor Gizycki's, the ethical conception asserting itself after the intellect has to its own satisfaction demonstrated the non-existence of God, Free Will, and the immortality of the soul. Professor Judl says:—

The needs of the emotional nature, which religious faith seeks to satisfy, remain by no means wholly unsatisfied on the basis of a purely naturalistic and ethical (*rein diesseitigen, nur von ethischen Idealen beseelten*) view of the world; and, on the other hand, that a changed way of thinking must necessarily lead to changes in our mode of feeling. In this exposition, which endeavours to put into popular language grave thoughts, full of the spirit of renunciation, Gizycki—to whom brilliancy of style and the pathos of the orator were quite denied—says many a homely but penetrating word, the like of which has seldom been heard in German speech.

Gizycki was led to derive, from his fundamental ethical principle of the greatest possible increase of happiness for the greatest number, a socialistic order as a demand of social-ethical righteousness. Along with the thoughts of Marxism, which regards the socialistic order as a product of the decomposition of Capitalism and Competition coming about by natural necessity, the ideas of Bellamy and the Nationalists exercised the greatest influence upon him.

The seductive power which this social utopia exercised upon him is explained not only by his qualities as a man, his extraordinary goodness, friendliness, and unselfishness—in a sense it follows logically from a certain on-sidedness or exaggeration in his fundamental views. I may indicate what I mean by saying that Gizycki wished to have the Greatest-Happiness principle regarded not only as the supreme criterion of all moral judgment and valuation, but also as the only true and proper motive of moral volition and conduct.

There was a certain weakness of the scientific superstructure with Gizycki on account of the strength of his humanitarian enthusiasm. The original evolutionary foundations of his thinking were more and more given up in favour of a purely rationalistic way of looking at things. Benthamism at last won the victory with him over Darwinism. But, happily, there are not wanting in the ethical science of our time the needful counter-balancing elements.

WHAT PSYCHICAL RESEARCH HAS PROVED.

In the *Humanitarian* for July Mr. J. G. Raupert has a paper entitled "Some Results of Modern Psychical Research," which may be commended to those amongst us who persist in regarding the investigation of the phenomena of borderland as unworthy the serious attention of a serious man. Mr. Raupert rightly says that the supreme question which a human mind can never cease asking relates to a problem which can surely be investigated with profit.

Does man survive physical death? Can his continued individual existence be clearly demonstrated? Has natural religion a sound, rational, and scientific basis?

After referring to the prejudice with which the average Englishman approaches all subjects so called supernatural, excepting when they happen to be in the Bible, Mr. Raupert says he

acknowledges his belief in the veracity of a book which is one long record of the objective character of supernatural phenomena, confesses once every week that he believes in the "Communion of Saints" and the "Life Everlasting," but he shrinks with contemptuous disdain from the examination of any kind of evidence which may go to confirm his passive belief, and demonstrate the existence and action of unseen intelligences in an unseen world.

The average Englishman fully admits that proof positive of a life beyond the grave, involving as it does the full recognition of a constant moral responsibility, would be a most precious and over-to-be coveted possession, and that such a knowledge could not fail to transfigure life, filling it with infinite sweetness, and enabling the very weakest among us to bear the apparently unbearable. But he resolutely makes up his mind that such proof is unattainable, he persistently rejects every form of evidence that can be adduced in its favour, and by his unreasoning and unreasonable prejudice, not only retards the progress of truth, but effectually hinders its promulgation amongst men.

But it is clearly owing to this invincible and deep-seated prejudice, to the religious apathy so characteristic of this age, that the momentous importance of this great subject is so widely disregarded, and that so few persons have any intelligent knowledge of the marvellous results which recent psychical research has achieved. The most important of all human questions, and one which touches our highest and most abiding interests, is being solved by the overwhelming force of objective proof, brought within immediate reach of scientific apprehension. But few amongst us are even aware that the inquiry is going on, and that a very world of life and of undreamt-of energies and faculties is disclosing itself to our wondering sight.

Mr. Raupert thus summarises the results of modern psychical research. First, it must be regarded as proved beyond all reasonable doubt that man survives physical death. Secondly, it is proved beyond reasonable doubt that the individual continues unimpaired after physical death. Thirdly, it is further clearly proved that the condition and environments of the individual in the after life are largely determined by those of the earth life. Is it any wonder then that Mr. Raupert should conclude his article as follows:—

What we have found is nothing less than a pearl of very great price, compared with which all our scientific achievements and moral attainments pale and sink into insignificance. It is a sovereign remedy for one of the world's most chronic diseases, and is eminently calculated to heal the wounds and to still the longings of suffering mankind. The human heart is once again, in a thousand different ways, asking its eager and anxious question. Let us answer that question firmly and

finally by the setting forth of those facts and truths which the patient research of modern days has brought to light.

Yet after reading all this and admitting that it is true, probably nine out of every ten of my readers will continue to go on wondering why on earth I should persist in editing *Borderland*. So inveterate is prejudice!

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

A CURIOUS LIST OF ANCIENT NOVELTIES.

PROFESSOR LOMBROSO, writing in the *Contemporary Review* on "Atavism and Evolution," says:—

It is curious to examine the many inventions which we deem novelties, but which are in reality very old. The ancients knew of the lightning-conductor, or, at all events, the method of attracting the lightning. The Celtic soldiers in a storm used to lie down on the ground, first lighting a torch and planting their naked swords in the ground by their side with the points upwards. The lightning often struck the point of the sword and passed away into the water without injuring the warrior.

The Romans, also, seem to have known the lightning-rod, though they let their knowledge slip again into oblivion. On the top of the highest tower of the Castle of Duino, on the Adriatic, there was set, from time immemorial, a long rod of iron. In the stormy weather of summer it served to predict the approach of the tempest. A soldier was always stationed by it when the sea showed any threatening of a storm. From time to time he put the point of his long javelin close to the rod. Whenever a spark passed between the two pieces of iron he rang a bell to warn the fishermen. Gerbert (Hugh Capet), in the tenth century, invented a plan for diverting lightning from the fields by planting in it long sticks tipped with very sharp lance heads.

In 1662 France was already in possession of omnibuses. The Romans sank Artesian wells even in the Sahara. The plains of the Lebanon and of Palmyra were artificially irrigated; traces of the wells and canals are still to be found. In 1685 Papin published in the *Journal des Savants* an account of an experiment made by one of his friends, named Wilde, who caused flowers to grow instantaneously. The secret lay in the preparation of the ground, but it was not revealed.

Massage is a very ancient practice, and was known to the Romans. Paracelsus, in his "Opera Medica," speaks of Homœopathy, and says that like is cured by like, and not contrary by contrary. "Nature herself," he says, "shows this, and like things seek and desire each other." Polybius also speaks of healing by similarity: and Avicenna of the use of infinitesimal doses of poison, of arsenic, for example, "in omnibus quæ sunt necessaria de incarnatione et resolutione sanguinis et prohibitione nocuenti." Mireppus also used arsenic in infinitesimal doses as a remedy for intermittent fever. In China *Cannabis Indica* was used as a sedative, 220 years before our era. The Arabs used aloe and camphor as we do. The speculum, the probe, the forceps, were known in the year 500; indeed, specimens of them have been found in the ruins of Pompeii, and are preserved in the National Museum at Naples. Galande, in 1665, gives a theory of psychic centres, pointing out the anterior portion of the brain as the seat of imagination, the centre of reason, and the back of memory. Aristotle noticed that sea-water could be made drinkable by boiling it and collecting the steam.

The Greeks had a *pilema*, a woollen or linen cuirass, so closely woven as to be impenetrable by the sharpest of darts. We have not found out the secret of it. The Romans had better mills than ours for pounding olives. The Chinese had invented iron houses as early as 1200. Glass houses were found among the Picts in Scotland, and the Celts in Gaul, and many centuries earlier in Siam. The systems of irrigation which made Lombardy and England so fertile were in existence in the time of Virgil. Grass cloth was used many centuries ago by the Chinese. All this is explained by the fact that man naturally detests what is new, and tries his best to escape it, yielding only to absolute necessity and overpowering proof, or to an acquired usage.

THE MODERN GERMAN NOVEL.

HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT.

OF all the forms of literature the novel is surely the most representative of the present day in Germany as in this country and all other parts of the civilised world. Yet it is the one form of literature not boycotted by the German reviews, for they devote plenty of space to fiction, but the topic of all others which is least discussed in their pages. In the June number of the *Deutsche Revue*, however, Berthold Litzmann has an interesting article on the development of the modern German novel.

BEGINNINGS.

The beginnings of the German novel, he says, date back scarcely beyond the sixteenth century, and the modern types not beyond the eighteenth century. It was Gellert who in 1747 first made the novel a form of self-expression in Germany in his "Life of the Swedish Countess of G.," but it was left to Goethe to introduce fiction as an art into German literature. No other form of composition has undergone so many changes in so short a period, and in no other is the impression so strong that innumerable germs still lie hidden and only await creative genius to develop them.

THE NOVELIST'S STANDPOINT.

To write a Technique of the drama is a comparatively easy task; to attempt anything of the kind with the novel of to-day is practically an impossibility. The novelist has such perfect liberty to choose his standpoint. He may be an impartial observer of the events he depicts, or he may identify himself with the hero of his story and write it in the first person. Goethe's "Elective Affinities" and Zola's novels are good examples of the first; Goethe's "Werther," Keller's "Der Grüne Heinrich," Dickens's "David Copperfield," are conspicuous instances of the autobiographical novel.

But there are many standpoints between these two. In the letter-form the novelist may describe several heroes all in the first person. This was the favourite form of the eighteenth century. Again, he may introduce a sort of subjective intermezzo in the shape of letters or journals, e.g., Otilie's diary in "Elective Affinities." Sometimes he will view the characters and the situations as though he were among them and acting with them; and another time in the same story he will depict the same persons and their actions as they appear to him looking on through the window. What striking and unique effects may thus be produced are evident in Sudermann's "Es war." And lastly he may play a middle part between the objective report which keeps to a silhouette representation of persons and events, and actual identification with the hero. In this way he will sometimes be found acting as friend and confidant to the heroes, and will let his personal and human interest in what he is depicting appear in the manner of his description, and the things which he makes his figures say. This style is very peculiar to Dickens, Freytag in "Soll und Haben," etc.

WHY THE NOVEL FASCINATES.

All these and numerous other variations are at the disposal of the writer of fiction, and it is probably in this wealth of form, this inexhaustible variety of technical aids, this elasticity of artistic articulation, that we may explain the fascination which the novel has over all other forms of modern composition. It is, it is true, the form selected by those writers whose only aim is to amuse, but

it is also the form of literary art which, side by side with the development of modern life, exercises the deepest and widest influence on taste.

THE REALISM OF TO-DAY.

Concerning realism, Herr Litzmann observes that in the eighteenth century there was a loud cry for a return to nature, but it was a philosophical age, and the realism or naturalism took a philosophical phase. At the end of the nineteenth century the realistic cry is scientific, in accordance with the scientific spirit of the age. The results of scientific research leave the literary creators no rest. We have, in fact, the experimental novel. It is unnecessary to endow such heroes as Zola's with qualities which would make them interesting for themselves. The parts which Zola's characters play resemble those of animals on which experiments have been performed. We are to be interested in observing how certain charms, influences, or attacks react on the persons before us. A drunkard, or any other creature with little else than animal instincts, makes a suitable hero for the experimental novel.

When Zola began his work, the effect of his appearance resembled the explosion of a bomb. On the one side there arose a cry of horror; on the other it was mute astonishment. People who professed no literary tastes thought the result repulsive; those who called themselves literary greeted his work as uncommon, and rejoiced. Since then much talent and energy have no doubt been wasted on pedantic trifling with realism, which has exposed the movement to unmerited ridicule; but the strong individual personalities, ripe and thoughtful enough to examine, and yet young enough to receive and work out new impressions without sacrificing themselves, have found and developed their best powers in the realistic movement. Such names as Fontane, Sudermann, Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, Ilse Frapan, at once rise before the mind as typical examples, and what would their works be without the leaven of realism? It would be well if the young German novelists would make their technical studies under Fontane and not under Zola.

HERMANN SUDERMANN.

From Sudermann much may be expected. In his dramas and novels he has fallen between two fires. For the young ones he does not go far enough; for the old he goes too far. He possesses great technical skill—a quality comparatively rare for a German writer, and for him, at any rate, fraught with danger. He who can get on so smoothly with externals is expected to achieve something. This power is seen in his dramas. He has been reproached with always using the same motives, and in a certain sense this must betray limits to his talent; but he seems to be the writer who will open up the way for the German novel of the future.

WANTED, A COMPANION PUPIL!—An English lady whose daughter, aged 15, is educated at home by a thoroughly competent governess, would be glad to hear of a French young lady of the same age as her daughter whose parents desire her to learn English in England. She would board with the governess, but the two girls would be educated together as companion pupils. Terms £75 per annum, including board, education, etc. The object with which this is sought is to obtain reciprocal advantage in the way of learning the languages, and to give a solitary pupil the stimulus of a fellow student. Address,—“Mother,” REVIEW OF REVIEWS Office, Temple, London.

WHERE SHALL WE GO FOR HOLIDAYS?

TRY CHINA.

THOSE who are discussing where to spend the next long holiday will read with interest Mr. Julian Ralph's paper in *Harper's Magazine* for June on "Houseboating in China." According to Mr. Ralph, China is one of the most charming places in the world to spend summer in; i.e., if you have a friend who owns a houseboat which he will place at your disposal. That was Mr. Ralph's position, and he enjoyed himself extremely. His picture of life in China is very interesting, and somewhat novel from the pleasantness of his description of the land and its people. He went there recently, travelled about two of its eighteen provinces, and thus reports his experiences:—

By choosing the best part of the empire, by carrying a large stock of that good nature which works the greatest magic with the Chinese, and by being properly counselled, I enjoyed the most delightful of all my journeys—one so completely delightful that I do not hesitate to recommend it to the great army of globe-trotters, even to the most fastidious ladies and the tenderest children among them.

This tour had also the advantage of cheapness:—

I made my longest journey in the *Sicallow* houseboat, with every European comfort, eating as if I were a very rich man in London or in Paris, waited on by eleven servants, at an average daily cost of about five dollars each for two of us, enjoying as rich, as fertile, and as beautiful a country as the sun is able to visit in his rounds, and being amused and informed by a constant succession of the liveliest, the funniest, the strangest, and the most interesting experiences that I am able to imagine with my Occidental intellect.

Most English travellers come back from China giving such miserable accounts of the filth of the people and the cities, that it is a welcome change to read Mr. Ralph; that it is a charming sight of Nature at her happiest that met his eyes when he had his first view of the interior of China. Japan, he says, is Tiny-land—a veritable land of Lilliput, full of whimsical pretty-pretties; whereas China is logical and proper. As for the people, he says, they will live in his mind for ever, here and in heaven, as the jolliest, kindest, most sympathetic, generous souls he ever found in such profusion anywhere in his own roving.

Mr. Ralph's conception of the Chinese men is very different from that which I have ever seen elsewhere. So far from the Chinese being preternaturally a grave people, he found them full of fun and good humour. He says the men were for ever playing tricks, making fun, exchanging wit, chasing one another, and shoving and pushing and wrestling like schoolboys at home. Almost the only characteristic of the Chinaman which Mr. Ralph mentions that others have discovered is his determination to cheat if he can, and of this Mr. Ralph gives very many curious instances. If you over-pay a Chinaman as much as one red cent, he considers it as a challenge to extract more. If you would pay him exactly what you promised him, he is contented. You pay him a penny more: you are such a fool you may as well be made to pay a shilling, and he absolutely pursues you with abuse for not paying him as much as he chooses to think you should, although if you dock him of the extra sum he would be quite content.

Mr. Ralph gives a very vivid picture also of the innumerable craft of all kinds which fill the waterway. He says:—

Since there are neither waggon roads nor any wheeled vehicles except hand-burrows, all travel and traffic are by water. And since the waterways are led to the doors of all

the people, except the millions whose homes are floating craft, the number of boats in China is beyond anything that the world knows or that the world sees elsewhere. In all my life rolled together I had never seen so many water-craft as I saw at Shanghai, and yet I saw more when I travelled inland. At Shanghai they anchor in such myriads that the beholder realises for the first time what a farce it is to speak of the "forests of masts" at New York or Liverpool. They lie together in all but solid masses for miles and miles on each side of the harbour, and the channel between the lines is no more clear of them than Broadway or Charing Cross is free of vehicles at noonday.

Altogether it is a very bright little paper, and all those who have time to spare might do worse than spend their holidays in China.

In the July *Harper's*, Mr. Ralph continues his pleasant description of "Real Life in China." He says:—

My China has its gentry, its merchants, its working-men, and its farmers—not to speak of beggars, actors, priests, conjurers, and sailors. We found its merchant class polite, patient, extremely shrewd, well-dressed, pattern shopkeepers. We found its gentlemen graceful, polished, generous, and amiable. But the peasantry constantly reminded us of the country folk of continental Europe outside of Russia. Theirs was the same simplicity of costume, intelligence, and manners. They lived in very much the same little villages of thatched cottages. Theirs was the same awkwardness, shyness, cunning in trade, the same distrust of strangers and of strange things. The sharpest feature of the comparison was seen in the Chinese farms: for, where we were, every handful of earth was almost literally passed through the hands of its cultivators, every leaf was inspected, every inch was watered, manured, watched, and cared for as a retired Englishman looks after his back garden. The result was a fertility beyond compare, a glory of vegetation, a universality of cultivation that permitted no waste places. It was a system that always included the preparation of a second growth to be transplanted into the place of the main growth when the first reached its harvest. As compared with Japan, one feature of every view was strikingly in favour of the larger country. The dress and behaviour of the Chinese will not offend Europeans. The women of Central China are most modest. I look back on China as if it were a vast imperial Wall Street or Charing Cross; for there is almost no spot along its highways, or time of any day, when the beholder does not rest his eyes upon crowds of people. The cities, towns, and villages are thronged; the highways are all alive; the fields are peopled—and if the eye rests upon a place deserted by men, it is almost certain to be crowded with the dead, still on the earth's surface, still breaking the line of the horizon as when they travelled their brief span. Oh, but it was a beautiful country that confronted us on that first morning out. The land led for ever away in great reaches of brilliant verdure, raised neck-high above the criss-crossed waterways. The tasselled, whispering rice stood knee-high and brilliant in uncountable fields, only broken by other multitudinous fields of cotton, dark green and brown, already plucked and wilting, but specked with white tatters of the garnered cotton-bolls. "It's all Holland magnified"—so they say who know Holland—the long low vistas of luxuriant green, the ever-lengthening, unbroken, flat view, the silvery water routes, and the great sails in every distance, seeming to glide over the land.

In the *Cornhill Magazine*, Mr. Crockett begins a new story—"Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City; His Progress and Adventures." Cleg Kelly is an old acquaintance, for he was first introduced by Mr. Crockett to the attention of the public in a Scotch paper, and some of these chapters have appeared before in his last published collection of stories. Mrs. Humphry Ward finishes her story of "Bessie Costrell," but "The Sowers" still go on its weary way along.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

WHAT THE AMERICANS ARE MAKING OF OUR LANGUAGE.

A WRITER in the *Forum* has a very interesting article upon the way in which the American people, both men and women, are mutilating the English language by their method of pronunciation. He says:—

The following report of a conversation in a street-car between two prominent, well-educated business men does them no injustice:—

"Wyeh." [How are you?]

"Whahbeh." [How are you?]

"Ine deh." [Fine day.].

"a, uh call ut s." [Yes, I call it so.]

"Wah thins genl?" [How are things in general?]

"Weh, weh don alil, tmuch thuh; sar kee thiz tirn these tic." [Well, we're doing a little—not much, though; it's hard to keep things stirring these times.]

"Suh. Bout rye. Fine suh." [That's so. You're about right. I find it so.]

The utterance of both men is clouded and clogged by most of the defects that I have named as masculine, and, in particular, is forced through mouth-apertures diminished to a minimum by jaw rigidity. The American man is typically "nervous," and in nerve-strain I find the cause of much that is unpleasant in his voice. Nerve-strain tends to the prevalence of the high vocal pitch and to the American fault—the "throat-clutch." It tends, too, to develop enunciatory rigidity precisely as it tends to develop rigidity of limb and body.

The voices of American men are quite as generally defective as the voices of our women. The concern of too many of them is to make money—voice or no voice.

The chief part of the paper is devoted to setting forth what is disagreeable in the speech of American women. He says:—

The speech of the middle-class American woman or girl is hardly more stridulous, or husky, or funereal, or flaccid, or silly, or constricted, or defective in any way indeed, than is the average speech in our women's colleges or in American "society." Unfortunately an indictment must be drawn against the vocal qualities of girls and women of all social grades. First, the majority of our women's voices are weak. Again, our women's voices are, on the whole, ungente; that is to say, they are pitched unpleasantly high and hardened by throat contractions into an habitual "quacky" or metallic quality. This ungentelessness is the one attribute of our women's voices that seems to have attracted most attention abroad. It is the most striking American defect. Nasality has held that place in popular estimation, but true nasality is not very common to-day in America; it seems to be dying out. "Quackiness" and shrillness prevail less in the southern States than in the northern and western, but even southern women are not free from it. Again, there is in our feminine manner of utterance in its more active moods a prevailing flippancy or silliness. Over-emphasis through the misused intonational "twist," technically noted as the circumflex inflection is the immediate physiologic source of this distemper.

There is also another evil habit which American women indulge in, which is to speak in a tone of despondency which is often without any justification whatever in the nature of their remarks. He says:—

I fear that most of us have become so used to this tone of despair among the girls and women of our households that we do not, as a rule, recognise an ordinarily despondent intonation when we hear it. That scarcely one American girl or woman in a hundred breathes wholesomely.

Discussing the cause of the lamentable effects of the American voice, he says:—

Climate, undoubtedly, is one of the causes of these defects, but not, I think, the chief cause. Those elements, too, in American life which have hitherto kept our general culture

shallow have worked, of course, favourably to these defects of utterance. One may fittingly say, indeed, that the American voice characteristically expresses American superficiality.

HOW TO WRITE ENGLISH AND ENJOY IT.

"WRITE as you speak," which he takes to be now the generally admitted first principle of rhetoric, is the text of a very sensible and practical article by Mr. L. A. Sherman in the *Educational Review* for June. He starts with the conviction that, speaking being the model of writing, the teacher must begin with the speaking. "The first school-work in English should be oral." Assign the pupils a topic on which they can tell the teacher something. Let each rise in his place and say his say. Correct his grammar as need occurs. After sufficient practice in speaking, let him write out as nearly as he can what he has said, improving it where he can. Set him to consult the classic English writers on points in style where he requires guidance.

Mr. Sherman tells of a student whom he knew "drop half his sentence weight in two months."

A graduate of a certain college some five years back, writing English neither better nor worse than average bachelors of arts, but ambitious to acquire more readiness and facility of expression, applied to the writer of this article for suggestions to that end. He declared he would gladly give five years of the hardest work, if in the end he might write clearly, strongly and rapidly. He was advised simply to investigate the decline in the average of verbs per sentence, and in sentence weight, since Chaucer. By the time the investigation had been carried down to modern authors, the investigator's style had altered conformably to the improvement whose evolution he had traced, all by the operation of unconscious impulses. He soon remarked about it after this fashion: "What has come over me? I can write now. But I haven't been practising at all!"

On the need of cultivating the sensibility as well as the intellect in the study of English, Mr. Sherman gives some excellent advice. He estimates that out of a hundred boys who read "Ivanhoe" and "Waverley" with delight, not so many as five could be induced to read "The Lady of the Lake" or "Marmion." He commends the *Høj Skoler* (High Schools), started some sixty years ago in Jutland by the poet Grundtvig, for the development of the emotional side of the mind, chiefly by the study of famous men. Pupils must read emotional literature to help them feel what has feeling in it, just as they read thought-literature to help them interpret thought-meanings. Taste is of the feelings, he insists; we have been trying to make it a thing of the intellect, the reason.

Mrs. Humphry Ward Moralises.

In the *Cornhill Magazine*, Mrs. Humphry Ward's short new story of "Bessie Costrell" is finished. Poor Bessie commits suicide as the only way out, and her husband Isaac survives her to suffer from recurrent attacks of melancholia, occasionally deriving much comfort from the aspirations and self-abasement of religion.

No human life would be possible if there were not forces in and round man perpetually tending to repair the wounds and breaches that he himself makes. Misery provokes pity; despair throws itself on a Divine tenderness. And for those who have the "grace" of faith, in the broken and imperfect action of these healing powers upon this various world—in the love of the merciful for the unhappy, in the tremulous yet undying hope that pierces even sin and remorse with the vision of some ultimate salvation from the self that breeds them—in these powers there speaks the only voice which can make us patient under the tragedies of human fate, whether these tragedies be "the falls of princes" or such meaner, narrower pains as brought poor Bessie Costrell to her end.

MARSHAL AND MADAME "SANS-GENE."

IN *Ord och Bild* Paul Meijer Granquist has a very brightly-written, anecdotal paper on the life-history of Marshal Lefebvre and his warm-hearted, ready-tongued spouse, the "incurable Catherine." As a bit of history, as well as a cameo-clear character-sketch, the contribution is as valuable as it is interesting. The miller-son Marshal and the washerwoman-duchess are lovingly dealt with, and together make as fine a picture as the gallery of history can boast. Madame is probably better known to posterity as the perpetrator of the numerous, rather broad *bon-mots* that rightly or wrongly have been put to her account, than as the stout-hearted, devoted wife and mother, whose outspoken affectionate pride in "my Lefebvre" was one of her greatest charms. Outwardly she was the sharp-tongued but frisky and good-humoured washerwoman to the last, and she made not the faintest effort to hide or gloss over her humble origin, yet she was not only respected but liked and admired by the blue-blooded, and was first favourite with the Empress and Emperor. When, for the first time in her full glory as duchess, she arrived at Court, Count Beaumont, then Master of Ceremonies, chanced to forget to give her her new title. "Duchess of Dantzic" corrected Napoleon, going forward with a smile to meet her. "That was one for your nob, my little man!" cried out Madame Sans-Gêne in high glee to the prim and pedantic Beaumont, who nearly took a fit at so terrible a breach of etiquette. Vivacious, original in the highest degree, as with her candour and her lowly origin combined she could hardly help being, and gifted with wit in no ordinary measure, her Royal friends found her a veritable pearl beyond price as a dinner-table guest when the Court was assembled at St. Cloud, and her tongue made thrust and parry with Talleyrand's, by whose side they were careful to place her. The good brave Marshal was every whit as honest, unaffected, and warm-hearted as his Catherine, but his tongue was by no means so ready as hers. He was graver, and of the fine natural dignity becoming to the soldier, but he probably enjoyed to the full his sprightly wife's spirited quips, her mischievous freaks, and the illimitable merciless irony with which she sometimes mimicked the airs and graces of the parvenu. It was the Marshal, however, who being once annoyed by the boasting of a conceited young aristocrat of long pedigree, quietly answered, "Monsieur, since you are so great an admirer of ancestry, look at me. I am an ancestor!"

In the same number of *Ord och Bild*, Ellen Key gives another of her fine papers on "Goethe's World," and Tor Hedberg contributes a good and sympathetic critique on Maurice Maeterlinck. A translation of "An Interior," by Maeterlinck, precedes the article.

In *Dagny* M. Anholm continues her very interesting "Asiatic Interiors," and Hellen Lindgren, under the title "The Ideal Woman from the *Fin-de-siècle* Point of View," writes a critique on Laura Marholm's "Das Buch der Frauen," a collection of charmingly-written biographical sketches, the subjects of which are—Marie Bashkirtseff ("A Young Girl's Tragedy"), Anne Charlotte Edgren-Leffler ("A Champion"), Eleonora Duse ("The Modern Woman on the Stage"), George Egerton ("Nervous Keynotes"), Amalia Skram ("The Naturalist-Authorress"), and Sonja Kovaletsky ("A Victim of the Times").

LOTT'S HOLY LAND.

PAUL BOURGET, the eminent novelist and Academician, gives, in the *Revue de Paris*, a striking and touching account of Pierre Loti's last book, "The Desert and Jerusalem." His article is divided into two sections, the one treating of Loti's literary genius, the second and most remarkable, of the religious bearing of his work. Of the first it suffices to record Bourget's remarks upon the great simplicity of Loti's style and his careful use of common words, which even an uneducated reader can understand, and also the elder writer's appreciation of Loti's complete simplicity of impression, a peculiarity which he shares with Tourgenieff and Flaubert. In these two volumes Loti never makes an allusion to any object out of his direct line of vision. On this head Bourget quotes an anecdote told him by Maupassant, who, when a young man, had sought the advice of the author of "Madame Bovary." Flaubert said to his disciple, "Go out of the house and take a cab; look well at the driver, and come back and describe him to me. Every human creature possesses some trait by which he is absolutely to be distinguished from every other." This advice sounds easy of accomplishment, but is, on the contrary, extremely difficult to rigorously carry out, as everybody can find out by experience. Balzac wrought all his descriptions from composite impressions; Loti's mind is passively receptive of that which he wishes to describe.

Passing from the subject of literature to that of faith, Bourget becomes deeply interesting. He tells us that he also had travelled to Jerusalem hoping to find Christ, but in that city, approached by the tramway and ruled by the Mohammedan, all traces of the divine footsteps are utterly confused and overlaid. He alludes to the concluding words in Loti's book, which left him praying at the Holy Sepulchre between the old peasant woman and the young soldier, and does not accept them as the utterance of settled conviction; but he finely quotes the words attributed by Pascal to the Redeemer, "Thou wouldst not have sought me if thou hadst not already found me;" and Bourget himself gives a splendid analysis of a successful search for Christ.

Beginning with the Desert, he shows it to us as it seemed in Loti's eyes, its Arab population unchanged with the changing centuries. In such a scene and amidst such a people, Moses imagined and promulgated those ten great laws which underlie the whole of our civilisation. Not upon Mount Sinai must we seek for the footsteps of Moses, but in the ramifications of that fruitful legislation under which we dwell to-day, a reflection which actually worked the conversion of a great French philosopher, M. Le Play. Similarly that personality of Jesus Christ which for Loti had ceased to haunt the garden of Gethsemane itself, divinely dwells and ceaselessly influences mankind in Paris, London, and New York. We cannot trace with exactitude the stone steps by which He was led to Pilate, nor measure the path along which He bore the Cross. Bourget and Loti were alike in searching for Him at Jerusalem in vain; but the Christian reader will probably think that no finer defence of the modern base of faith has been written than this from the pen of a French Academician.

A SAUNTER ROUND THE WORLD.—Mr. E. R. Loudin, the enterprising young journalist who is walking round the world, has accepted an engagement as special correspondent of *Galilæan*. He is now at Algiers. He has been ill and is partially crippled, but still he walks on. So far he seems to have fallen among friends wherever he has gone.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

A GREAT ARTIST ON HER ART.

In the *Strand Magazine* for May, there is an article describing an interview with Sarah Bernhardt by an Englishman, to whom she seems to have talked with considerable freedom.

EITHER NUN OR ACTRESS.

Madame Bernhardt in recounting the experience of her youth, recalls the fact that when she was fourteen years old she made up her mind either to be a nun or an actress. For the peace of the convent it is well that she selected the latter alternative. This is how she tells the story:—

You know very well I was born in Paris, and that on my mother's side I am of Dutch-Jewish descent—I was baptized—and that my father occupied a good position in the *Magistrature*. I was educated at the Convent Grand Champ de Versailles, where I had as a fellow-pupil one whom I afterwards met as a fellow-actress at the Théâtre Français—Sophie Croizette, who afterwards became Madame Stern. I was a very nervous child, and had even then a craving for the theatre. When leaving the convent, at the age of fourteen, I remember I said: "I shall be either a nun or an actress," and a year later, on November 29th, 1859, I entered the Conservatoire. Before entering the Conservatoire I had to pass the usual examination, and at this I recited a fable out of La Fontaine with much success. When I was asked to recite something else, I broke down and cried, but they found me so *gentille* that I won their esteem and was admitted, notwithstanding my failure.

HOW SHE STUDIES HER PARTS.

In reply to a question from the interviewer, Madame Bernhardt gave the following account of the way in which she gets up her pieces:—

"First of all I study the intellectual composition of my rôle. I read every analysis and criticism of the character I can get hold of. If the character is historical, I read all the memoirs and biographies—every scrap of anecdote—all the legends of the poets. I saturate myself with the literature—the atmosphere of the epoch—until I feel that I am of it. I have a great gift of assimilation and intuition. If the artiste cannot experience in actuality the sensations of the character she is portraying—be it sorrow, despair, or the pangs of agony or of death—she can give out the effect that the study of any or all these have had on her intelligence and sensibility; and by the degree of her sensibility is determined the greatness of her representation. From me, extends an influence of sensibility which on the fiftieth—the hundredth night of one of my rôles communicates to the spectators *un frisson particulier*. Sometimes the situation may exalt me, or the state of my nerves—or some personal souvenir of remembrance—may cause me to rise to a still greater height, or predispose me to a more intense sincerity. But, you have seen me playing to audiences knowing but little French; yet, wherever I go, the public always understand me. Then, I am always studying character. Everyone I meet is a new study. I am always studying people!"

On more than one occasion the writer has seen Madame Bernhardt, when about to perform in the rôle of Phèdre, sit in her dressing-room for an hour before she was due on the stage, absorbed in the contemplation of the tragedy in which she was about to perform. Sitting ready dressed for her part, by some curious system of introspection and mental concentration on the pathos of her rôle, she had so wrought upon her nerves and emotions that silent tears coursed down her cheeks involuntarily, and it is seldom that she can get through the evening of this most exacting play without fainting more than once.

"I am always nervous," she says, in answer to a question, "because I am always afraid of falling below my previous standard of acting. Yes; I have met with unsympathetic audiences in my time, but I don't know that an unsympathetic audience has much effect on me. I am not sure that I don't

rather enjoy it for a change, for it is then a battle between me and them, and I always win."

THE ARTIST AND HER CLOTHES.

Madame Bernhardt has not yet taken to knickerbockers, but dress reformers may be proud to enrol her in the noble army of the protesters against the tyranny of the corset. She says:—

I have a great horror of shams on the stage—of what will not bear close inspection—of what is not real. I never use spangles, tinsel, and cheap theatrical glitter—it offends my artistic sense. I always employ hand embroideries in bullion and silk, and will have nothing to do with the generally used appliqué embroideries on the stage, and I have found that what is best always has the best effect, whether looked at from a distance or near at hand. My freedom of movement, the lightness of my step, the suppleness and flexibility of my body, I attribute to having definitely abandoned the corset, for an actress should wear nothing that is calculated to hamper and impede her movements. I may tell you that my *couturier* is not alone the author of my costumes, for I myself have much to do with the making of them. I select the design and then give orders as to the form and general arrangements. The modelling and draping I do for myself, and then I take a great pair of scissors and make all the alterations that appear to me requisite. Sometimes I wear a new costume for a number of rehearsals with the material only pinned together, and will not allow a stitch to be put in it until it falls softly and becomes quite moulded to the lines of my figure.

The writer closes his article by declaring that Madame Bernhardt is "unquestionably the greatest actress of the day, and one of the kindest-hearted and most extraordinary women of our time."

How to Regulate Railway Rates.

In the *Annals of the American Academy*, Mr. E. R. Johnson, writing on "The Industrial Services of the Railway," thus sums up his suggestions as to the best methods of dealing with the thorny question of the regulation of railway rates:—

Railway rates are made by antagonists and not by men co-operating to secure the best possible results. Freight classifications and the rates based upon them ought first to be worked out and agreed upon by the transportation companies; the classifications thus agreed upon by the railroads should then be submitted to the Government for approval and amendment by the authority which represents the public as a whole. The charges thus accepted by the Government as proper should be observed by the railroads. The experience of the last quarter of a century seems to have conclusively demonstrated the fact that rates cannot be maintained without allowing the railroads to enter into traffic agreements enforceable in the courts of law. This means the legalisation of governmentally regulated pooling contracts. When we shall have dealt with the rates question in this manner we shall have put an end to discriminations, and to the injuries which they inflict upon industry. The economic advancement of the country does not demand a general lowering of rates, but greater equality and stability of charges. The ideal which we all wish to attain in the transportation business is a rate high enough to give the railroads a fair profit upon actual investment, so levied that every shipper may know that published schedules are going to be maintained without frequent fluctuations, and so collected that every person may feel certain that for similar services rendered like charges will be made. With the attainment of this ideal the industrial services of the railroads will be at their maximum.

In *Macmillan's* there is an interesting account of the battle of Copenhagen, written by Mr. Millard, who was midshipman on board Her Majesty's ship *Monarch*. It gives a vivid description of a great battle, and is one of the best of its kind.

THE MODEL LAUNDRY,

AND HOW IT WORKS.

MESSRS. LOWRY AND CROWTHER instructively describe in the *Windsor* the latest applications of steam and machinery to the world-old art of washing.

THE WASHING MACHINE.

The machine which does the washing consists, in the first place, of a big cylinder of metal. Boiling water and steam pass in at the top and can be drawn away at the bottom. Inside there is another cylinder, made of metal rods and divided in the middle by a partition. The inner cylinder takes the clothes; into the outer some hot water is admitted. Then the machinery is set in motion, and the inner cylinder revolves. By this means the clothes in the one half fall heavily upon the water, then rise again, while those contained in the other half fall in their turn. The force of the concussion drives the water through the material and cleanses it very thoroughly, so that the "break-down," which used to be effected by a whole night's soaking, is now carried out in ten minutes or thereabouts.

The "break-down" being accomplished, the water is drawn off, the washing compounds are admitted, and the water renewed. The door of the outer cylinder is closed, and, as the safety-valve shows, the pressure of steam soon becomes considerably over the normal. This means that the temperature is higher than that of boiling water, and that, as the clothes revolve, they are being to all intents and purposes disinfected as well as washed.

A HINT FROM A TWIRLING MOP.

The centrifugal drying machine, invented by a German named Seyrig, is wonderfully quick, and involves no exposure to the air. The inventor hit upon the idea through seeing a woman who was twirling a mop round and round to rid it of superfluous water. . . . His machine consists, first of all, of a sort of round tub of metal, having an outlet at the bottom. Inside is another round tub, whose sides are perforated. The clothes are packed away in this, and by means of machinery it is made to revolve, the pace increasing until the inner cylinder is moving at the rate of perhaps 1,200 revolutions to the minute.

At the end of fifteen minutes, perhaps, the clothes have been so effectually dried that in some cases they only need to be ironed.

THE IRONING ROOM.

The irons consist of smooth metal troughs with huge metallic cylinders revolving in them. . . . A number of girls stand on each side of the machine. One takes the article which is to be ironed—a jack-towel, say—and touching a treadle causes a rim at the edge of the trough to spring back. She adjusts the towel, releases the spring, and then the thing is carried under, reappearing on the other side. There a girl awaits it. It comes out steaming; she shakes it once or twice, and then throws it back over the cylinder to the first girl, who sends it through again. Both convex trough and revolving cylinder are heated by steam, and the cylinder is covered with thick flannel. This takes the moisture from the heated articles on which it presses as they pass through. It is presently exposed to the air in the course of its revolution, and then it gives up the moisture it has absorbed in the form of steam. . . . The effectiveness of the steam-iron is such that table-cloths, towels, sheets, and so on, are finished and done with when they have passed through it once or twice. Shirts must needs be done up more carefully, while collars are placed on an ironing-board, over which a hollow metal roller, heated by gas, moves to and fro. They are thus ironed to the desired degree of shininess.

Our insular pride may be flattered by the fact that London contains the leading laundries of the world, even Parisian exquisites sending their linen to be washed here.

CO-OPERATION IN FRANCE:

AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURES COMBINING.

THE story of the French agricultural syndicates is interestingly recounted by Professor C. Gide in the *Economic Journal* for June. They were, it seems, rendered possible by an Act of 1884 facilitating the formation of trades unions. They are now said to number 1,500, and to include about a million members, chiefly proprietors. Grotesquely enough they owe their existence to chemical manures! Fertilisers of that kind were so readily adulterated that to protect themselves from robbery the proprietors united in a common purchase of manures at well-known houses, and had them analysed. As a consequence the quantity of these manures consumed has been trebled, and their price reduced one-quarter. Gradually the syndicates have advanced to the purchase of all commodities needed in agriculture. They perform also an important educational function. Their office becomes an intelligence department and consulting-room, where agriculturists crowd to inquire after the manures and seed and implements best suited to their land. They are moving on towards co-operative production and elimination of the middleman. But there are difficulties. In the wine industry the consumer's taste was found to be so accustomed to doctored "wines" as to doubt the genuine article that came by direct supply. Co-operative butter and cheese factories are spreading, and will need to be followed by co-operative wine factories. Already there are collective mills and bakeries and societies of mutual credit.

These agricultural syndicates have recently formed a union with the principal co-operative societies. The latter are principally drawn from the urban and industrial population. They number over a thousand stores and 300,000 members. This union will strengthen the hands of the promoters of the Co-operation Bill now before the Assembly, will tend to check the growing nuisance of multiplied middlemen, and will serve as a defensive army against Socialistic attacks. One difficulty is that the syndicates are Protectionists, the societies Free-traders. But the difference is kept in the background.

The Series Method.

CONSIDERABLE steps have been taken in the application of the (Gouin) series method to classics and other subjects. With regard to Greek, a correspondence has been carried on in the *Times*—March 26 and June 5—by H. Swan and Ch. Bougatsos, on the true Greek pronunciation—vowels, accents, and metre. An article by Prof. Alfred Lodge on the use of the system by the Surrey County Council, appeared in the *Technical World*, March 30. A teachers' training course will be given at the Central School, Howard House, Arundel Street, Temple: July 30 to August 10, also an advanced course on teaching literature and its inner art is arranged by M. Bétis. A course will also be held September 9 to 21. An important move is the establishment of a new school at Bedford Park, Chiswick, W., under Miss Pryde, LL.D. (late classical mistress, Edinburgh), where the method will be applied to modern and classic languages and also to English grammar, history, geography, and even other subjects: for day pupils—boys to 12, and girls—and boarders. A department will be carried on for student teachers in training on the new methods. Further extension of the movement, both at home and abroad, has been projected if the necessary persons and aid are forthcoming.

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

MR. SWINBURNE contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* some spirited verses on Cromwell's statue. The grant for the statue was refused on June 17th, and three days later Mr. Swinburne indited this poem of eight verses. The following two verses will enable, my readers to understand the note of the poem:—

There needs no witness graven on stone or steel
For one whose work bids fame bow down and kneel;
Our man of men, whose time-commanding name
Speaks England, and proclaims her Commonweal.

The enthroned Republic from her kinglier throne
Spake, and her speech was Cromwell's. Earth has known,
No lordlier presence. How should Cromwell stand
By kinglets and by queenlings hewn in stone?

IN the *Cosmopolitan* is the following poem on "Unanswered Prayer," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:—

Like some school-master, kind in being stern,
Who hears the children crying o'er their slates
And calling "Help me, master," yet helps not,
Since in his silence and refusal lies
Their self-development, so God abides
Unheeding many prayers. He is not deaf
To any cry sent up from earnest hearts;
He hears, and strengthens, when He must deny.

He sees us weeping over life's hard sums;
But should He dry our tears, and give the key,
What would it profit us when school were done
And not one lesson mastered!

What a world
Were this if all our prayers were granted! Not
In famed Pandora's box were such vast ills
As lie in human hearts. Should our desires,
Voiced one by one, in prayer, ascend to God
And came back as events, shaped to our wish,
What chaos would result!

In my fierce youth
I sighed out breath enough to move a fleet,
Voicing wild prayers to heaven for fancied boons
Which were denied; and that denial bends
My knee to prayers of gratitude each day.
Of my maturer life. Yet from those prayers
I rose alway re-girded for the strife
And conscious of new strength. Pray on, sad heart!
That which thou pleadest for may not be given.
But in the lofty altitude where souls
Who supplicate God's grace are lifted, there
Thou shalt find help to bear thy future lot
Which is not elsewhere found.

IN the *Leisure Hour* there are four pleasant little verses by Elsa D'Esterro Keeling, which are an agreeable contrast to most of the verses written now-a-days:—

Spring came to me, in childhood, long ago,
And said, "Pick violets; they're at thy feet."
And I fill'd all my pinafore, and O,
They smelt most sweet!

Next, Summer came, in girlhood, long ago,
And said, "Pick roses, they are everywhere."
And I made garlands out of them, and O,
They were most fair!

Then Autumn came, in womanhood, you know,
And said, "The apples garner; it is late."
And I fill'd waggons with their load, and O,
My store was great!

Last, Winter comes; for Eld has brought its snow,
And says, "Sit quiet, shelter'd from the storm."
And I sit in my easy chair, and O,
The hearth how warm!

MR. J. J. BEBESFORD, M.A., contributes to *Temple Bar* a poem in memoriam of Mr. Bentley, its editor, who died on May 29:—

The years have passed since first we met,
And talked of Homer's "violet sea."
Now thou art gone, alas! And yet
I would not have thee less than free.
Good-night, dear Friend! Sleep sound, sleep well,
And gracious dreams be thine till dawn;
And when thou wak'st, not far withdrawn
May I be found. God work this spell!

THE *Arena* publishes the following extract from a little poem entitled "Invalided," from Julia Anna Wolcott's "Song Blossoms":—

Thy pity, Lord, for those who lie
With folded hands and weary eye
And watch their years go fruitless by,
Yet know not why!
Who long, with spirit valiant still,
To work with earnest hand and will,—
Whose souls for action strive and thrill,
Yet must be still!
Who smell in dreams the clover sweet,
And crush the wild fern 'neath their feet,
And seek each well-loved haunt and seat,—
Each old retreat;
And mark again the birds' quick flight,
The river glaucing in the light,
The blue hills melting from the sight,
The starry night,
The fields aglow with sun and bloom,
The cloudless sky, the leafy gloom;
Then wake to low and darkened room,
Their world, a tomb!
Dear Lord, forgive! if, as they lie
And sadly watch their lives drift by,
Pain-torn, in anguish sore, they cry
"I would know why!"

THE Bank of Scotland being founded on July 17th, 1695, its bi-centenary falls this month, and its story is told in *Chambers'*. The same journal has interesting papers on the Russian volunteer fleet, the old days of the press-gang in Orkney, and the preparation of newspaper obituaries.

THE anonymous writer of an article upon Lady Granby in the *Woman at Home*, exhausts language and literature in the effort to exalt the subject of the sketch to the summit of all created things:—

Her very appearance strikes you as altogether distinctive. She reminds you of an embodied poem of Tennyson's; of a mystic being who has stepped out of some wondrous picture by Watts or Burne-Jones; of a sea-king's daughter from over the sea; of a princess in a fairy tale; of your ideal of Ophelia; of Dante's Beatrice. You look at her again, and you see in her all the Saxon grace and dignity of Walter Scott's Rowena. There is something strange about her beauty, you cannot deny; and Byron it was, I think, who said that no beauty could ever be great unless there was a suggestion of strangeness in it—a distancing of the commonplace, so to speak. Lady Granby is just above medium height; her figure is exquisitely slim and graceful, the turn of her head queenly. In repose her face has a sadness which vanishes as soon as she speaks. Then the pale, deep set eyes kindle, and her lips part with a smile—a smile which changes the whole character of her features, like sunlight glancing upon a quiet lake. With all her natural dignity she has an artless, almost a childlike manner, and notwithstanding her highly-strung artistic temperament, is noted among her intimate friends for her practicability and good sense. So that her nature, like her face, is capable of certain charming inconsistencies.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

I NOTICE elsewhere Mr. Swinburne's poem on Cromwell's statue and Sir John Gorst's programme of social reform. The other articles are less interesting.

THE PAID MEMBER BLIGHT.

Major-General Tulloch has a very envenomed attack upon Australian institutions and Australian methods of Government under the title of *An Object Lesson in the Payment of Members*. He selects Victoria specially for treatment, but he says all the rest of Australasia with the exception of Western Australia is suffering from the paid member blight, and until the system is abolished it is impossible for the colonies to establish themselves on a firm financial basis, or for Australia to become a great nation. It is a very curious story which he tells, but one which should be read side by side with a reply to it by some competent advocate of the existing system. He says that the annual loss on Victorian railways is half a million a year. The tariff has gone up from 25 per cent. *ad valorem* in 1887 to 35 per cent. in 1889 and to 59 per cent. in 1892. As duties went up wages came down, and, according to a leading labour leader, Victoria has become a hell upon earth for working men.

HOME RULE FOR WALES.

The Bishop of St. Asaph trots out again all the well-worn arguments which are urged in defence of the Established Church in Wales, and incidentally he makes an observation on the Home Rule movement in Wales, which is well worth quoting:—

"Home Rule for Wales," and "Wales for the Welsh," represent no doubt the sentiment and the aspiration of a certain section of the Gladstonian party in Wales; but if Home Rule for Wales were to be settled by the polling booths in Wales and Monmouthshire, not 47 per cent. but 80 per cent. of the registered householders would vote against such a proposal. Wales for the Welsh means England for the English, and the great majority of the Welsh people are shrewd enough to see that such a compact would not suit Wales. Between England and Wales there is no natural or scientific frontier, but only a ragged and capricious edge. Some parishes are torn out of the diocese of Hereford and thrust into Wales, others are torn out of Wales and thrust into Hereford or Lichfield. In both cases an absolute disregard has been shown for local sentiment. Geographically there is no common centre in Wales for Wales. I can reach Paris more quickly than I can reach St. David's from St. Asaph. London is some hours nearer than Swansea.

THE NAVAL VALUE OF THE KIEL CANAL.

Mr. W. Laird Clowes, writing upon "Some Lessons from Kiel," says that the result of the completion of the canal is that Germany's naval strength is doubled, and her defensive power increased by the equivalent of an army corps. Within sixty hours of the receipt in Berlin of the news of a decisive French defeat at sea, troops could be despatched from the Elbe and Weser, and France would find herself invaded from the seaward. So much is he impressed with this, that he urges France to reflect whether the time has not come for her to abandon her wish for revenge, and to reconcile herself to accomplished facts.

A SUGGESTED ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE.

Mr. Spottiswoode puts forward what he calls proposals for peace on the subject of religious teaching in elementary schools. He compares his own scheme with that of

Archbishop's committee, and with that of the Roman Catholics. He says:—

When North and South Wales meet in conference, Chester and Shrewsbury are the only accessible centres. A nation that cannot find a capital within its own boundaries cannot urge geographical unity in favour of its nationality. We are told that there is an Ulster in Ireland; in Wales there is an Ulster in every bilingual parish, if language is to be the test of nationality. The consideration of the large amount of common material contained in all the three schemes reviewed above will, I trust, stimulate public thought in the direction of common action. If they all wish substantially the same thing, why cannot the leaders of the Anglican and Roman Churches, and of such Protestant dissenters as care for religious education, meet at a "Round Table," or in whatever way they think they may best consult together, agree upon a common platform, show a united front, and at the first reasonable opportunity present a common Bill for the settlement of this long-standing grievance—a Bill which such a united force as is here suggested could carry triumphantly through Parliament?

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Henry Jephson writes on the Irish fiasco a dreary retrospect which was hardly worth while printing. Sir Herbert Maxwell's paper on "Intellectual Detachment" is breezy and gossipy, although it has not any particular point; Mr. Reginald Wilberforce defends his father from Dr. Pusey's strictures; Prince Krapotkin writes on recent science; Mr. William Schooling on "Colour Music"; Mr. J. F. Rowbotham prints his suggestions as to the best way of obtaining an English school of opera. The other articles are Sir Courtenay Ilbert's exposition of the "Society of Comparative Legislation," and the Moulvie's paper setting forth "A Moslem View of Abdul Hamid and the Powers."

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary* is a good number. Two of the best articles are noticed elsewhere, viz., Mr. Henniker Heaton's Postal Reform Bill, and Mr. Charles Roberts's "The Physiology of Recreation." I also quote Professor Lombroso's catalogue of new things that are not here.

ENGLISH INFLUENCE IN RUSSIA.

Mr. P. Boborykine has a short article in which he contrasts the quiet, progressive growth of English influence in Russia, to the more or less fitful and spasmodic popularity of France and Germany.

Great Britain, its political and social condition; its customs of private and public life; its philosophy, science, literature, economical welfare, have always been, and are at the present moment, the object of most serious interest among the cultivated classes of Russia. Within the last ten years these intellectual and moral ties have been strengthened by the rapid rise in England of a general solicitude or interest for the working class; of the sincere desire of highly educated classes to advance the culture of the mass of the people. The Irish question, in which a great part of the nation has manifested such generous aspirations, has also contributed in no small measure to create a good feeling among liberal-minded Russians.

THE BEST ROUTE TO UGANDA.

Mr. G. F. Scott Elliot argues that the best way to go to Uganda is by the equatorial lakes, although this may seem a longer way about, he argues that it would be cheaper and much more important from a political point of view:—

The whole capital cost of the lakes route is £1,700,000 as contrasted with £2,240,000 by the Mombasa route. There is a

thriving prosperous colony to develop by the one and a population of under forty Europeans by the other. If this lakes route is opened, we will see in perhaps twenty years the whole of Africa south of the Zambesi and east of 30° longitude in the hands of England, Italy, Egypt, and Germany, with whom we are on friendly terms. We can afford to leave the unhealthy coast district to Portugal, and the Congo to Belgium, if a continuity from Cairo to Cape Town *via* the Nile, Tanganyika and Nyassa, is kept clearly before our eyes.

TWO PAPERS ON RELIGION.

Canon Cheyne, writing on the "Archæological State of Old Testament Criticism," implores our Biblical critics to pay more attention to archæology. He concludes his paper by expressing his earnest hope—that Assyriology, which throws a flood of light on so much Eastern mythology, may more and more become the honoured assistant of Biblical criticism and exegesis.

It is difficult to express an opinion upon, and impossible to summarise, Signor Fogazzaro's sermon preached before the Queen of Italy on "The Origin of Man and the Religious Sentiment." The preacher believes in evolution, and states his reason for doing so, as follows:—

An art which thus draws inspiration from the hypothesis of evolution, both in the moral and physical order of things, is clearly religious in character. The conception of human evolution thus applied harmonises with the purest religious and moral feeling. This is why I believe, with my whole soul, that the great hypothesis is true.

THE FALLIBILITY OF THE CHURCH.

Dr. George Serrell, writing of the High Church doctrine as to marriage and divorce, subjects the books recently published by Mr. Watkins on Holy Matrimony and Dr. Luckock on the history of marriage to a close examination into which we need not follow him. The following passage, however, puts the arguments as to the fallibility of the Church very neatly. In the history of the Church, says Dr. Serrell—

We see consanguinity made a bar even so far as the seventh degree from the common ancestor, affinity construed—not unnaturally, if the principle of "one flesh" were sound—as barring the relations of the husband from marrying the relations of the wife, and finally, by analogy to the Roman-law theory of relationship through adoption, marriage prohibited between god-parent and god-child, and even between the descendants of the one and the descendants of the other. And if, in the whole Church, East and West, the voice of the Church was thus suffered to be a false and delusive voice, pronouncing that to be evil which was wholly innocent, what account are we to make of the theory that the voice of the Church is the voice of God? And if we are to discard the theory as a miserable and transparent delusion, to what end are all these references to the Church in History which fill up half or more of Mr. Watkins's learned volume?

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. E. F. Benson, in a pleasantly-written paper on "Undesirable Information," makes his moan for the disillusion which follows too intimate acquaintance with the personality of great writers. Mr. J. G. Fitch reproduces a somewhat woolly paper on "Education and the State," which he addressed to the annual Congress of the Teachers' Guild at Birmingham; Mr. A. W. Hulton writes on a National Opera House, and Herbert Spencer discourses on the evolution of "Dancers and Musicians."

The June number of the *Preussische Jahrbücher* publishes an exhaustive study of Jacob Grimm's German fables in the light of modern research. Professor Carl Voretzsch devotes sixty-eight pages to this topic.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The *Fortnightly Review* is a good number. I quote elsewhere Captain Gambier's paper on the Papacy, Mr. Davey's account of the position of Mohammedan women in Turkey, Mr. Salmon's essay on Australasian Federation, and Professor Thomas Case's diatribe against Oxford degrees for women.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE, SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

An anonymous article, entitled "Liquor, Land, and Labour," signed "X. Y.," is probably written with the malicious intent of making some of our Local Veto men extremely uncomfortable. "X. Y.," writing as an exponent of the views of the Socialists, exults in the refusal of the Temperance men to recognise any property rights in licences. The time limit is held to be a sufficient compensation for the landlord who deals in spirituous liquors. This is good, says "X. Y.," because—landlords who are active supporters of Local Option may be asked to accept a time limit of possession as a preparation to the handing over their estates to the people. Rival political parties, though they may not know it, are a mere conjugation of the verb to nationalise, but no legislative proposal hitherto made is so well calculated to show the democracy how it may achieve its ends as the Veto Bill. A time limit in lieu of compensation is even preferable to graduated taxation as a means of substituting collective for private ownership, and it is probable that we shall hear a good deal of it in the near future.

THE DEFENCE OF CHITRAL.

The first paper in the *Fortnightly Review* gives a spirited account of the defence of Fort Chitral. It is illustrated by a map drawn by Lieut. Harley. The siege began March 3rd, and lasted until April 19th. One or two incidents which the writer mentions are interesting:—

Fires were kept burning at night to show up the enemy's movements. These proved a great success and were kept burning regularly every night throughout the siege. The British officers had managed to make up a Union Jack from odds and ends of materials, and on the evening of March 28th this was hoisted on the north tower in hopes that it would bring a change to their fortune, which at this time, seemed at a desperately low ebb.

This story of the faith of the British officers in the Union Jack is very touching. Another curious fact which he mentions is that slings were found more efficacious than rifles in the attacking of certain positions:—

About this time the enemy began to throw stones into the fort with slings. These came with considerable velocity, and caused great annoyance, although no serious casualties resulted. Many spots which were safe from rifle-fire were frequently reached by stones.

A PLEA FOR ZEBEHR PASHA.

Sir W. T. Marriott takes up the cudgels for our old friend Zebehr, and makes out a very strong case in favour of allowing Gordon's old *protégé* an opportunity of vindicating himself before a tribunal:—

Zebehr Pasha is perfectly willing to have his case tried by Sir John Scott, or by any tribunal that Sir John may appoint, or by any tribunal the British Lord Chancellor may appoint; but what he complains of is, that a promise having been given on the part of Great Britain on January 26th, 1884, that if he had not written a certain letter, he should be compensated for his losses, and that having since then been imprisoned by Great Britain for over two years and a half, without any trial or legal process or even accusation, Great Britain should now prevent him having the means of a fair trial.

THE MYSTERY OF BIRTH.

Mr. Grant Allen has a paper in which he proposes to investigate the biological miracle of heredity, and at the

same time to try a flank movement against Weismann. He maintains that the true miracle is not so much the reproduction of the individual by the ordinary processes of generation, as the reproduction of the individual by the ordinary process of nutrition. He says:—

There is not the shadow of a doubt that the action of the British Government in this matter, and in other matters of a similar character, has done serious damage to the reputation of our country. William Evans makes himself daily out of meal and mutton. There is the mystery. I venture then to suggest that assimilation in this wider sense—the making of the Not-Me into the Me, which takes place every day in the tissues of every plant on earth—lies at the root of the supposed mystery of genesis and heredity. I venture to suggest that when the Not-Me thus becomes the Me, the real miracle is wrought; and that, compared with this vast and deep-reaching miracle, the miracle of reproduction is but a minor detail. The Not-Me which, assimilated, becomes the Me, is actually so capable of rebuilding the body, generic, specific, individual, identical, with all its original and all its acquired peculiarities. Why then invent a continuous germ-plasm to do partially and badly for the offspring what the assimilated protoplasm does better and more fully for the original body?

In short, the question I wish to raise is this—Is there any real and essential difference between the transmission of functionally-acquired modifications to offspring, and their registration or persistence in the individual organism?

OTHER PAPERS.

Mr. E. R. Pennell writes on the pictures of the year in the French salons. Mr. B. Molden writes an article which is translated from the French of the present relations between Hungary and the Vatican; and Mr. H. D. Traill embodies in the shape of a Boswellian fragment entitled, "The Revolution in Grub Street," the questions which have recently been discussed in the press between authors, publishers, and booksellers. Mr. Mallock's story, "The Heart of Life" has ended at last. There is a short study by Esmé Stuart of Leconte de Lisle.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

In the *National Review* there is one paper of note—Mr. Shadwell's account of a model public-house at Hampton Lucy which belongs to a clergyman. I give some account of this paper elsewhere. Capt. Lugard discusses the rival pretensions of France and England in the Nile Valley, in a paper which is excellently illustrated by a map. Lord Houghton, for this occasion only, unites the functions of Lord Lieutenant and Cook, the tourist, and in his paper "Ireland Unvisited," he sets forth the great attractions which the island offers to tourists and sportsmen. In the chronicle, Admiral Maxse, discussing the proposals of the Archbishops that the denominational teachers should be quartered on the taxes, makes the following cynical observation:—

It may be irritating to point out that if good Churchmen devoted a tithe of what they spend on horse-racing (which is probably quite as injurious to the nation as religious training is elevating) to the support of their schools, the situation would be saved—but it is none the less true.

We have another paper by the irrepressible Bishop of St. Asaph's on the Welsh Church. Hon. N. G. Lyttelton writes on "Former Eton and Harrow Matches;" Mr. Spielmann describes the Rivals of *Punch*; and an ex-Private Secretary explains the duties of an Australian governor. Mr. W. Chance replies to Mr. Hunter defending the principle of indoor as against outdoor relief. His paper is valuable, and very statistical. He is a strong advocate of indoor relief. Earl Percy sets forth some considerations for small holders, and Mr. Austin Dobson writes upon George Colman's "Polly Honeycombe."

THE NEW REVIEW.

THE *New Review* contains only one article of much importance, and that is Mr. Arnold Forster's paper on "The Navy and the Colonies." Mr. Forster is much perturbed in spirit over the fact that the colonies, while profiting by our naval and military expenditure, refuse to contribute any sum worth speaking of towards the expense of policing the seas. He says:—

The commerce of the Empire protected by the Royal Navy amounts to no less than £970,000,000; and of this total the commerce of the self-governing colonies alone represents no less than £143,000,000, or one-seventh of the whole. For the protection of this commerce, a sum of £20,000,000 sterling is to be spent this year. Towards this the self-governing colonies contribute £268,000, or one one-seventy-fifth part of the whole! The balance, of seventy-four seventy-fifths, is paid by the taxpayers of the United Kingdom! The revenue of the United Kingdom amounts to £91,000,000 contributed by a population of 38,000,000; the self governing colonies, with a population of 11,000,000, raise an annual revenue of £11,000,000.

Mr. E. E. Williams, in a paper entitled "Nationalisation by Inches," declares that the State is gradually taking over the railways by a process of perpetually interfering in the rates, management, etc. Mr. Eugene Bevan describes the origin of Romeo and Juliet, and an anonymous writer, signing himself "Diplomaticus," endeavours to set forth the reasons which lead him to think that the present Orleanist Pretender to the throne of France is a fraud. Mr. Reuben Butler discusses the chances of the Scotch Church at the coming elections under the title of "The Kirk's Alarm;" Vernon Blackburn praises Eleonora Duse to the skies; Mr. Justin McCarthy writes an essay on Barras; there is a literary article upon the Picaresque Novel, and we have of course the usual quantity of fiction.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

WHENCE comes the religiosity of the Scotch? is the question argued by James Leatham in the *Westminster Review*. "Their contact with the sublime and beautiful in Nature will explain why the Scotch should be religious;" but, he goes on to show, it does not explain why they should be more religious than the Welsh, Swiss, Norwegians, and German, Italian, or Greek mountaineers. The difference can, he thinks, only be accounted for by the excellent parish schools Scotland has so long possessed. He observes, by the way, that the Scotch can keep money better than the English, but are not nearly so anxious to make it. An unfamiliar fact is pushed into notice by H. A. Hinkson, "an Irish Protestant," writing on the education problem of Ireland. Contrary to the sedulously-circulated impression of Protestant intellectual superiority, this Protestant declares and adduces statistics to show that "whenever Catholic and Protestant compete on anything like equal terms, the Protestant is almost invariably worsted by the Catholic competitor." He adds, "By Catholic I mean Celtic, for the two races are still almost as distinct as their religions." The results he cites "establish conclusively the superiority of the intellectual training given in Irish Catholic schools." Of the problem of higher education he finds only one solution—"the establishment of a college under the University of Dublin, as Catholic as Trinity College is Protestant, with a Catholic chapel and divinity school, but conceding the right of dissent." Mr. James Copner discusses the sacraments and rites of the Church, with a plea for reform. Mr. J. W. Breslin, writing on "Democracy at Home," denounces unsparingly the present-day working classes. The origins of jury trial in England are investigated in another article.

THE FORUM.

THE *Forum* for June is by no means a first-class number, at least, not for the English reader. About the best paper in the *Forum* is the inset advertisement describing the Adirondacks as a summer resort. The first five papers are all devoted to the discussion of purely American subjects. General F. A. Walker writes on the "Growth of American Nationality," Mr. Harvey states the argument for free silver, and Mr. Warner exposes its fallacies. Dr. J. M. Rice pleads for a "Rational Correlation of School Studies," and President Thwing eulogises colleges as the best method of investing money.

CO-EDUCATION IN UNIVERSITIES.

Mr. E. P. Powell, writing on "An American Educational System in Fact," describes the University of Michigan, and pleads for the adoption of co-education in universities. He says:—

Co-education has never been a question to create discord in our common-school system: but while in our high-schools boys and girls may work together up to any age, in our collegiate system they have been most monastically separated. A completed State system would wipe out the line of distinction between schools that "co-educate" and schools that will not. In other words, we find that we have our common schools by general Aryan inheritance, while our colleges and female seminaries come down by another descent from the monasteries and nunneries of the Middle Ages. The two systems must be harmonised. It is getting high time for mediævalism, in all its phases, to be discarded from our educational institutions. A thoroughly modern college system will fit into our times. It will have the full spirit not only of modern thought, but of modern manhood. In fact, our chief concern at present is to harmonise the lower and upper forms, and the spirit of school life; and to bring into harmony, and a single system, all the schools of the State.

Finally, it will be possible to create a national university in its most perfect sense only as we have our State systems completely graded and unified.

MR. KIPLING'S INDIA.

Mr. W. H. Bishop, writing on "Mr. Kipling's Work, So Far," says:—

Mr. Kipling has not yet introduced India to us as thoroughly as was to be expected. If he be intending more, it must be in future books, for there is less than ever of India in "Many Inventions." He has devoted himself thus far to a somewhat superficial India, to people found in the military garrisons and at the health-resort of Simla, those who were his first audience. He looks from within the European lines, and the belt of fusion he considers is chiefly that where the Europeans employ the natives as their domestics and distribute to them impartial kicks and halfpence. Or, when he departs from this, it is, by preference, for an India of signs and wonders, an Orient still pretty closely allied with that of the Arabian Nights and of Moore's "Lalla Rookh." To mingle some strong unhackneyed melodramatic episode in an environment of horses, dogs, guns, drinks, tobacco, profanity, Chauvinistic devotion to the British Empire, satire of the Indian government, and other such-like "man's man's" diversions, would seem to be his chief ideal. But there is another and essential India inside this external one, and it may be that a good part of the rich field still remains to be worked.

A HINT TO THE BRITISH INVESTOR.

The writer of the article on the "Improving the Condition of Business" sets forth a remark which can be commended to those who are disposed to invest in American railway stock.

Our London friends since 1892 in a panic of fear have been sending back to us large amounts of bonds of whose security and safety there could be no reasonable doubt. It was foolish, but the tide was running that way and nothing could stop it.

Now that British sentiment is changing, these same English friends who would not hold "gilt-edged" bonds are buying millions of shares of American railways, a good part of which, in the slang of Wall Street, are "cats and dogs," shares considered by us as almost worthless intrinsically and selling at nominal prices, whose purchase no responsible American banker has recommended.

THE GREAT ARID WEST.

Mr. E. V. Smalley gives us some account of a great tract of territory which lies in California and the Dakotas. This is a quarter of a continent in which the rainfall is insufficient for farming without irrigation. If irrigation is carried to the uttermost extent, not more than one-twentieth of this land will ever be cultivated:—

The single furrow run across a twenty-acre field represents all the area that can ever, by the largest enterprise and the most liberal expenditure, be reclaimed for cultivation in the arid region, and the remainder of the field represents the area that will always remain in its present condition of pastoral plains, mountains, and deserts. Hence there will always be a wild phase to Far Western life. Our realm of adventure and hardihood,—of the cowboy, with his spurs and sombrero; of the big freight-waggon, with its six or eight mules guided by a single jerk-rein; of hunting expeditions for deer, elk, and mountain-sheep; of the prospector with his led horse, loaded with grub-stake, blankets, pick and pan; of the pack-train winding up the mountain gorge; of camps beneath the stars on lonely plains, or on sage-brush wastes where the dismal howl of the coyote breaks the silence of the night—this realm of romance, of courage, and of a rude physical life, is not going to disappear.

SLUMS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Mr. E. R. L. Gould writes on the "Only Cure for Slums," the point of which is that America would do well to adopt the provisions of the English Housing of the Poor Act of 1890.

Lord Shaftesbury, after sixty years of fruitful philanthropic effort, wrote these significant words: "I am certain that I speak the truth, and a truth which can be confirmed by the testimony of all experienced persons, clergy, medical men, and all who are conversant with the working class, that until their domiciliary conditions are Christianized (I can use no less forcible term) all hope of moral or social improvement is utterly in vain."

The laws of continental countries and of American States permit expropriation for works of public utility, but not for purely sanitary reasons. Yet it is evident to all careful observers that no authority is more urgently needed if cities are to be made healthy, and kept healthy, than the power conferred by the English Act of 1890.

If authority were given to the New York Board of Health to expropriate insanitary buildings and areas upon conditions fairly similar to the English method, what should be done with the land? It seems to me that the very first thing would be to provide breathing spaces and playgrounds in congested districts.

THE LIBRARIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Librarian of the Boston Public Library describes the great libraries of America, and incidentally refers to the district library scheme adopted by the State, which closely resembles the circulating boxes which we are now lending in connection with the REVIEW OF REVIEWS:—

The district libraries which were inaugurated in New York State in 1831, after an expenditure of several millions of dollars and an accumulation of over a million volumes, lost power because the collection of books in each became stagnant. The device of the Regents is a series of travelling libraries. These bring freshly to each community in turn a fresh set of books, and therefore a new set of influences.

THE ARENA.

THE *Arena* for June begins a new volume. It is a magazine which no person can afford to ignore if they would keep track of the struggle of the progressive party in America, and the current number contains two articles which might be quoted with advantage in the English press. One is the story of the Brooklyn trolley strike, which is written by Emile Richter, and is entitled "Monopoly, Militia, and Man." It is a very interesting story of the way in which labour disputes are managed in America. The other article is by Prof. F. Parsons, and is entitled "The People's Lamps." It gives a mass of information as to the introduction of electric light into cities, and dwells upon the advantage of placing the supply of electricity in the hands of the municipality.

WOMEN IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

The other branch of the subject which the *Arena* has made its own, contains this month Mr. Flower's paper upon the abuse of marriage, which is noticed elsewhere, and a brief paper upon the laws governing the age of consent in Canada, which describes the Criminal Law Amendment Act passed in that country as one of the corollaries of the agitation of 1885 in England. After saying how enormously superior the Canadian law is in many respects to that which is in force in the United States, the writer says:—

I could give further and more lengthy examples of protection afforded women by the Canadian laws, but what I have already written should be sufficient to show that in this all-important question the great republic in nearly every respect ranks far below its modest northern neighbour. And not only in the laws is this the case, but unfortunately in that which is of much greater importance—results.

ART STUDENTS IN PARIS.

A paper on a related subject is written by an American girl, entitled "Shall Our Young Men Study in Paris?" She argues very strongly that it is not to the advantage of American morality that American art students should go to Paris. An American girl, it will be seen, does not hesitate to regard the interests of morality as superior to those of art:—

What has come to me without any undue investigation I feel bound, for the welfare of my countrymen, to divulge. I make no insinuations; I say openly that I know the majority of the leading studios for men in Paris to be hotbeds of immorality. That this Old World has much to battle against in overthrowing the effects of climate, of inheritance, and of established custom we must not forget; but do we dare imperil our future by too close an intimacy with this frightful quality of Parisian life?

THE AMERICAN IDOL.

The *Arena* also represents a third department of activity, and that is the protest against the hide-bound traditions which fossilise the American constitution and American parties. Here, for instance, is Solomon Schindler's "First Steps in Nationalism," which amounts to a vigorous plea which many well-constituted Americans will read with a shudder, for the recasting of the constitution:—

We must establish a new system of ascertaining the public will, viz., a new system of voting. This is a first step to nationalism, which, however, is preceded by still another one. We must stop teaching in school and from the platform the infallibility of the constitution. Is it high treason to write that? Our constitution was a glorious and excellent instrument at its time; it has ceased to be that now. Instead of grandiloquently praising the wisdom of the framers of the constitution and presenting it as the *ne plus ultra* of political foresight, as the safeguard of all our economic conditions, we should teach the people, young and old, that a measure may

be wise and good at one age, and cease to be so at another; that they may revere and respect this instrument which, indeed, broke the fetters of mediæval thralldom, but that they must neither idolise nor deify it; that they should look at it as they look upon any other political measure, and be not afraid to change or recast it when new times and new conditions call for new measures.

THE IDOLATRY OF DEAD ISSUES.

An ex-Democrat of Missouri writes almost as sacrilegiously for the need for reconstituting the Democratic Party. The following passages will apply to parties outside the United States:—

There is a Norse saga of a warrior who loved a good and beautiful woman. One day she fell sick. He sat by her side and watched her, but she died. She changed so little in looks, however, that he sat by her still and would not allow any one to move her for burial. Days passed, but her looks changed not. There was the same calm, beautiful face, the same abundant blonde hair; but the bosom did not heave. He grew emaciated, and his friends said, "We must cure his hallucination or he will sit there till he dies." So another man came in and taking the woman's body by the shoulders raised it, and it was nothing but the skin and skeleton of the woman; and all sorts of ugly worms and bugs ran out from it. Then the one who loved the woman was cured of his hallucination. That is the corpse of democracy infested with gold-bugs and local ringsters and railroad hirelings posing as judges. Whether or not there is the miracle of resurrection for a dead woman need not be here discussed. There is not for a dead and maggot-eaten party.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Yet a fourth speciality of the *Arena* is the discussion of psychical questions. In this month's number Margaret B. Peeke discourses upon "The Psychic and the Spiritual." The worst of her paper is that you have to be very psychic and spiritual before it is possible to make either head or tail of it. She makes a very strong statement that whenever we see a genuine psychic, that person is diseased. It would not be possible to find more than ten in a hundred who are sound in body and in mind. The fruits of the psychic therefore are the reverse of admirable. Among the other papers in this number are Mr. Ridpath's review of Helen Gardener's new book, "An Unofficial Patriot." Marcus Wright describes the British House of Commons as he saw it some years ago, and Mr. J. K. Miller defends the Westerners for their revolt against what they believe to be an effort on the part of the leading bankers of the world to force the American people into the European system. The rest of the Review is as usual very full of ideas and aggressively progressive.

The North American Review.

THE June number of the *North American* is one of the best there has been for a long time. I notice elsewhere no fewer than half-a-dozen of the articles. Of the remaining papers there is but little to be said. Count von Mirbach sets forth Germany's attitude towards the Bi-metallic Union, and the Mexican Minister writes on the Silver Standard in Mexico. General Gibbon discusses whether the United States' Military Academy at West Point can be made more useful; and a painter, a musician, and a man of letters, discuss from their own standpoint Nordan's theory of degeneration.

Temple Bar, which appears this month in mourning for its editor, contains a long sketch of Maria Edgeworth. "Fitzgerald's Letters to Fanny Kemble" will be finished next month. There is a gossip paper about "Wills," and one of topographical interest to Londoners entitled "Thackeray's London."

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

We have noticed elsewhere Vicomte d'Avenel's article in the number of June 1st, on the alimentation of Paris.

MEHEMET ALI.

The first number contains an article upon the last years of Mehemet Ali by Comte Benedetti, who at the beginning of his career, so long ago as 1840, was sent to Egypt on a diplomatic mission. The famous Viceroy was born at La Cavalla, on the Gulf of Salonica, of a Turkish family of modest origin, and in his earliest youth had joined an irregular troop raised by the Sultan to oppose Bonaparte's famous expedition to Egypt. It was Mehemet Ali who, in later years, opened up the valley of the Nile to Western ideas, who founded schools and published newspapers in many languages, and who, by his reforms, which were not always mercifully carried out, earned for himself a great historical name. The rough soldier who had survived many a bloody struggle became in mature life something of a dandy. He wore no gloves, these appendages not being considered necessary to a refined Oriental toilette; but his delicate hands showed no trace of the labours of his early life. Dressed in a large caftan lined with light fur, with a turban bound round his head, he recalled the image of an early Caliph. To do him justice, he resembled Haroun-Al-Raschid in more ways than one. He was a great ruler. He gave the cotton culture to Egypt, he broke down the barriers between that country and the Western world, and Comte Benedetti says that his memory acquires daily fresh veneration, although he died in silence and retreat.

In his fifth paper upon Spain, M. René Bazin draws a lamentable picture of the cigar manufactory at Seville, which employs a multitude of women, sometimes, at moments of pressure, increasing the number to four thousand hands.

M. Albert Sorel writes of Bonaparte in Italy, and of the treaty known as that of Campo-Formio. When this treaty was presented to the French Directoire, Talleyrand made a panegyric of Bonaparte, and Larevallièrre, who was the President, so far forgot his official dignity as to enfold the envoys in an embrace. "Happy France," said he, "enjoy the fruit of thy conquest; nevertheless, before reposing finally upon your laurels, look towards England."

The extermination of England was considered a necessary condition of peace. Bonaparte knew this so well that in 1797 he wrote to Talleyrand these words, which summed up his future destiny: "That which you desire that I should do is to accomplish miracles, and I do not know how to perform them."

An article on the Salons of 1895 is followed by one on the finances of Italy. M. Adrien Dubief fiddles on the old string when he winds up by saying that military expenses are a continuous source of danger. Italy can borrow for five or six more years, and pay the interest by increased taxation; but this will only, in the long run, increase the difficulties of the Treasury.

The first article in the second June number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is on naval matters. The anonymous author says that cruisers are coming into favour after having long been sacrificed to ironclads. He discusses elaborately the best methods of harassing the British commercial fleet, not so much in the Channel as upon the high seas, and he discusses the question with a vivid appreciation of the necessity of starving out England in case of a war.

A paper upon the contemporary English drama by M. Augustin Filon starts retrospectively from the year

1820 till 1865, and appears to be written with a full knowledge of London dramatic men and things. It is amusing to see Macready and Bulwer Lytton discussed from a French point of view. Helen Faucit is said to have preserved the pure classic diction of John and Charles Kemble. Keeley is described as a fat man full of finesse; probably his wife, who is still alive, will be amused at seeing herself spoken of as having been incisive, penetrating, serious, and with a touch of bitterness. Robson, whom many consider the greatest genius that in the middle of the century adorned the English stage, is aptly described in very few words. Dion Boucicault is noted as having for the first time presented Ireland upon the stage in a noble and pathetic light.

The theories of heat are treated by M. P. Duham; and his travels in Central Asia are recorded by M. Edouard Blanc.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

THE two June numbers of Madame Adam's review, though not lacking in interesting matter, contain no article calling for very special notice. Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian Shakespeare, as he has been sometimes styled, contributes three strange essays, dealing severally with the Soul, Mystic Morality, and Womanhood. The writer is evidently a believer in "L'Eternel Féminin." "Be she good, be she evil, be she tender, be she cruel, be she loving, be she unfaithful, woman is always the same." He is evidently a fatalist, and at the same time a believer in the power of true love. "Let us approach with respect the smallest, and the haughtiest, those who are thoughtless and those who think, those who laugh and those who weep, for they are familiar with much we know not—they belong to the Inevitable."

M. Hamelle sums up, under the title of "A Tory Democrat," the life and career of Lord Randolph Churchill, and he recalls the significant fact that his hero was the great-nephew of carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh.

Those who care for modern French art will value M. Le Comte's short account of Corot, the great landscape painter, whose centenary has just been celebrated by an exhibition of his works in Paris. In the same order of thought is Saint-Saëns' analysis of the life and work of Anton Rubinstein. The French composer knew his German comrade intimately, and describes him as having been "a fine athletic-looking man, with a stature as colossal as his talent."

Victor Hugo's grandson continues his "Recollections of a Sailor." He writes with ease and eloquence, and it will be interesting to see if he gives to the world what were his impressions of England during his short visit to M. Daudet when the latter was in London.

Sir Henry Parkes's "Fifty Years of Australian History" is reviewed at some length. The colonial expansion of Great Britain has always possessed a strange fascination for our lively neighbours. Sir Henry's critic, M. Quesnel, declares that the true wealth of Australasia is to be found in the soil, both below and above ground.

As is natural, Madame Adam is among the first to welcome Paul Bourget's election to the French Academy. He published some of his most remarkable novels and studies in psychology in the *Nouvelle Revue*, as did, it will be remembered, another of Madame Adam's literary children, Pierre Loti. The article dealing with the new Academician is analytical rather than personal, but we are told in it that Bourget's favourite among French works of fiction is the little known "Dominique," written by Fromentin.

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

THE youngest of French reviews is doing its best to keep up a superiority to its older established contemporaries. The June 1st number begins with an instalment of Charles Gounod's memoirs, where the great composer starts by paying an eloquent tribute to his mother. "If I have achieved anything good during my life, I owe it to my mother, and it is to her I desire to render homage. She it is who nursed me, who brought me up, and who formed me, not, alas, in her own image, for to this I could not aspire; what was lacking in me is not her fault but mine. . . . The following pages are my tribute of veneration and love to the creature who loved me most, my mother."

Charles Gounod seems to have inherited his musical genius from the woman to whom he pays so noble a tribute. She belonged to a well known Norman family, and was born in the year 1780, becoming a pupil of Hullmandel, the contemporary and friend of Beethoven. She married, at the age of twenty-six, a distinguished painter many years older than herself, and became a widow some sixteen years later, when her younger son Charles was only five years old. It was then that Mme. Gounod *mère*, as they in France so touchingly style dowagers, began teaching both music and drawing with a success that enabled her to educate her two sons, the one as an artist, the other as a musician. Charles Gounod's posthumous memoirs are good reading, and give a high idea of the writer's nobility and single-heartedness, and they further offer, all unconsciously, a charming picture of the love and confidence so often seen existing between a French mother and her sons.

M. Masson is making for himself quite a Napoleonic speciality, and his account of the Empress Josephine's early life will certainly prove of interest to those who care for what may be called the feminine side of history. The story of the lovely Creole's first marriage to Beauharnais is told at great length, and proves, if the historian's assertions be relied upon, how entirely the life led by his heroine fitted her for the great position which she was so soon to occupy. M. Masson deals but briefly with Josephine's incarceration in the Prison des Carmes, where it will be remembered the terrible September massacres took place. But he states clearly that had it not been for an accident, Mme. Beauharnais would have shared the fate of so many and been guillotined. What this accident was nobody seems to know. By some it has been asserted that she was forgotten, by others that her name was crossed out of one of the fatal lists by a Republican friend. Be that as it may, she lived to become the great love of Napoleon the First's life, and one of the causes of his ultimate undoing.

In the same number two ardent French Wagnerians, Catulle Mendès, and Alfred Ernst, contribute their impressions of "Tannhäuser" as performed in Paris and at Bayreuth, and their few pages will be found to be of great value to those interested in the German composer's works and method.

The present mania for the posthumous publication of diaries, memoirs and so on, has its drawbacks; and it is to be doubted if Taine's friends have done wisely in publishing extracts from a diary kept by him during a journey in Belgium and Holland. The worthy citizens of Brussels will not be pleased with the unflattering portrait the famous historian has left of them. "As a whole they are sensual," he notes lightly, "the wealthier merchants each boasts of at least two households, and of course two families . . . the women are sedentary, and make good wives—the husbands spend their evenings at the club,

and the ladies pass their evenings in contented solitude." On the other hand, Taine's art criticisms are worthy of study to those who regard the Continent from a picture-gallery point of view.

A naval authority, who prefers to remain anonymous, discusses with shrewdness and impartiality the strategic import of the Kiel Canal. He evidently considers that Germany's latest achievement will enable her ultimately to compete with other naval powers.

M. Lucien Percy, most admirable of chroniclers and modern historians, adds in the second number of the *Revue* his quota to the revival of French interest in Russia and things Russian, by publishing a selection of the Prince de Ligne's correspondence with Catherine the Great. The originals of these letters, which have not hitherto been published, are to be found in the Russian Imperial archives, and they show that the redoubtable Empress had, when writing even to unknown friends, a pretty wit, and that the Russian Court, even in those far off days, took a keen interest in the Chinese and China.

Many of those familiar with Miss Mary F. Robinson's (Madame James Darmesteter) charming writings, will read with interest the touching pages in which she attempts to give some idea of what her husband was both as historian and as the high-minded, single-hearted man, universally beloved and respected by a multitude of known and unknown friends, who all hailed in him, as did Gabriel Monod, "the soul of an apostle and the heart of a hero."

THE ITALIAN MAGAZINES.

THERE is very little of interest in the Italian magazines this month. The *Civiltà Cattolica* (June 1st), with unquenchable hopefulness professes itself much gratified at the reception granted to the Pope's letter to the English people by the Protestant press. It is particularly elated that the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, "in spite of its prejudices against the Pope and the Church," should have received the papal pronouncement with so much cordiality. At the same time, the Jesuit organ, while admitting that Leo XIII. makes no pronouncement concerning Anglican orders, gives its own opinion very definitely against any formal recognition of the ecclesiastical status of the English clergy, founding its position on a Bull of Pope Paul IV., dated June 20th, 1555, in which the Pope declared invalid all the ordinations performed according to the Ordinal of Edward VI., the same by which Archbishop Parker was himself ordained. The bringing to light of this important document from amongst the secret archives of the Vatican seems to be due to Fr. Aidan Gasquet, the indefatigable historian of the English Reformation.

In the *Nuova Antologia* (June 1st) a lengthy article on "The Science of the Point of Honour" enters with much detail into the true inwardness of duelling, and sketches its developments in the various countries of Europe. It is satisfactory to learn that the disrepute into which duelling has fallen in this country is mainly due to the superior quality of our administrative justice. For any one interested in the private history of the always fascinating Medici family there is an instructive article by E. Saltini on the private amours of Cosimo di Medici, which clears him, however, from some of the grossest accusations that have been brought against him.

The *Rivista per le Signorine*, a little magazine for girls edited by Signora Albini, is doing its best to cultivate a taste for English literature in its young readers, and has a series of excellent articles in progress on Charlotte Brontë, and another on Dickens.

SOME ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE *Pall Mall Magazine*, which next month is to be published at 1s. 6d., contains one coloured plate which had better have been left out. The frontispiece, however, is charming, and the illustrations are up to the usual high standard. Mr. Rider Haggard's story, "Joan Haste," is concluded; Mr. Arthur Warren contributes a sketch of "Lord Kelvin"; Mr. Grant Allen discusses and describes pictures of "The Annunciation"; Mr. O'Connor Morris begins a series of papers upon the "Campaign of Trafalgar," and there is the usual conglomeration of poetry and prose, both fiction and otherwise.

Scribner's Magazine.

IN *Scribner's Magazine* Mr. Spielmann writes concerning "Posters and Poster Designing in England," with reproductions of several of the posters which have flared on our hoardings in recent years. The article on "Athletic Clubs in America" will make the mouths of many English athletes water. The subscription to these various clubs runs from 36 dollars to 65 dollars a year. At the Chicago Athletic Club, besides the annual subscription of 65 dollars, they have to pay an initiation fee of 125 dollars. Mr. George Meredith's story, "An Amazing Marriage," will be finished next month.

New England Magazine.

THIS magazine continues to be copiously illustrated, and to compete in its own way, not unsuccessfully so far as the quality of its illustrations go, with the other magazines of America. The paper which will be read with most interest outside America is the illustrated account which is given of the artistic "Domestic Architecture of the United States." Twenty pages are devoted to an account of the capital of New Hampshire.

The Century.

THE *Century* has a remarkably good portrait of William Cullen Bryant, which illustrates an article on "Bryant and the Berkshire Hills," written by Arthur Lawrence, with pictures by Harry Fenn. The "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" continues to occupy a leading place in the magazine, no fewer than thirty pages being devoted to his Egyptian campaign and the overthrow of the constitution. Mrs. B. Harrison gives a pleasant account of the American rural festivals, and there are some personal reminiscences of Robert Louis Stevenson. One of the most out-of-the-way papers is the translation of a Japanese life of General Grant, which is oddly illustrated. Another interesting paper describes how the portraits of Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn have been taken at the Lick Observatory. Brander Matthews gossips on "Books in Paper Covers," and illustrates the article with eight reproductions of book covers. There are notes and memoranda for a speech against Napoleon by Daniel Webster, a small corrective to the space devoted to Napoleon worship in the American periodicals. In a paper on "The Future of War" we have the following information as to cordite, which is indissolubly connected with the recent ministerial crisis:—

The English "cordite" is a compound of fifty-eight parts of nitro-glycerine and thirty-seven parts of gun-cotton, to which are added five parts of vaseline to restrain the explosive, and prevent the bursting of the gun. Such a charge will give the amount of velocity and pressure of the ordinary

The Windsor Magazine.

THE June number contains several attractive articles. Mr. Lowry's sketch of "London Laundries," and Mr. Sinclair's of the progress of swimming, claim separate notice. Mr. Roland Belfort gives a pleasing account of life and work at the Atlantic cable station at Hazel Hill, Nova Scotia, with instructive reproductions of the cabalistic characters in which cable messages appear. Flora Klickmann's interview with Mr. H. S. Tuke is agreeably diversified with sketches by the painter, and with photographs. Mr. H. J. W. Dam writes a bi-centenary account of the Bank of England. Norman Gale contributes a quaint triplet of stanzas on "Doctor Sunshine." Fiction and pictures abound.

The Cosmopolitan.

THE *Cosmopolitan* continues to retain the distinguished position which its up-to-dateness and its capital illustrations have given it. In this month's number there is a very interesting new departure, the results of which I shall be interested in noting. The Editor reports a brief discussion of Grant Allen's story, "The Woman Who Did," between lawyers, clergymen, editors, doctors, etc. The doctor declared that magazine readers did not as a rule wish to hear anything except what was in accordance with their own convictions. By way of putting this question to the test, the editor of the *Cosmopolitan* prints in bold black type the following question, to which he asks for an answer:—

Will you, reader, send to this Magazine a Postal Card with the word "Yes" or "No" to this question: Do you wish to read all sides of the vital questions agitating men's souls, regardless of your own beliefs; provided always that they are formulated sincerely and unselfishly?

It is to be feared that the invitation will not be widely responded to, for it is as easy to interrogate as it is to call spirits from the vasty deep, but the further question of whether they will come when you call them is as doubtful about readers as it is about ghosts. The *Cosmopolitan* in its July number opens with a very useful article, copiously illustrated, on bathing at the continental seaside resorts, which reminds us of what we lose in this country by the absurd segregation of the sexes, owing to the inability of the English to adopt bathing customs which will render it possible for families to be together in the water as much as on the land. Mr. Boyesen gives an appreciative account of the Chautauquan movement, one of those admirable American institutions which somehow or other it appears to be impossible to acclimatise in this country, although many well meant efforts are being made on a small scale to that end. A paper on the pleasing occupation of tending bees tells us all about honey-making and honey-taking in the United States. Whist players will turn to Mr. Crane's paper on whist, and dramatists to Mr. Brooke's essay on "How Successful Plays are Built."

AN EDUCATIONAL EXCHANGE.—I have received several applications from English teachers who are anxious to obtain holiday or travelling engagements in France or Germany, where they could, in exchange for lessons in English, obtain the advantage of practice in conversational French and German. But unfortunately I have no applications from the other side. This is not surprising, seeing that the circulation of the *REVIEW* does not extend to the French or German speaking world. If, however, any families in France and Germany would like to make such arrangements, may I beg of them to communicate with me.

THE NATIONAL SOCIAL UNION.

THE NATIONAL SOCIAL UNION AND THE GENERAL ELECTION.

THE General Election will be over before the next number of the *Review* comes into the hands of its readers. Whatever is done, therefore, in the way of influencing the members of the new House of Commons must be done at once. Members of the Association of Helpers, branches of the National Social Union, and all those who have not yet arrayed themselves in any organisation, but who are in hearty sympathy with the general principles of social reform which have from time to time been laid down in the columns of this review, will, I hope, use what influence they possess to ascertain from all candidates for Parliament how far they are in accord with the programme of the National Social Union. It is hardly necessary to point out the importance of individual action in every constituency. Questions which affect the chances of success of either political party are always looked after by the respective caucuses. The whole machinery of the party is always used, and often strained, to advance the questions which are believed to have a practical bearing upon party success. Other questions, from which no party capital can be made, are too often left neglected. It is therefore most desirable that those who have a keen interest in social and moral questions, should see to it that in the strife of the election the subjects in which they are interested should be kept well to the front. It is impossible of course to prescribe any definite way in which citizens should bring their convictions before the attention of those who seek to be their representative. If only one earnest elector in every division could be found to press upon the candidate, whether by question at public meeting or by conversation in canvass, the necessity for carrying out the measures upon which every one is agreed, but for which no one particularly cares from a party point of view, a great deal might be done to give a better tone to the new House of Commons. This duty lies especially at the door of those who are in a position of influence, whether in pulpit or in press or otherwise, and it may be well to reprint here some passages from the first report of the National Social Union as to what might be done in this matter, especially by ministers of religion :—

What is an election? An election is the appeal which the Mother-state, whether in her totality or in any of her sections, makes to the individual elector for his advice and counsel as to the conduct of her affairs. Before the ballot-box every elector is a sovereign, but unfortunately many electors are as indifferent to the obligations and responsibilities of the sovereignty as ever was a worthless despot who deserted the throne and council room for the harem and the wine-cup.

On the eve of an election before the selection of the candidates, it is found advantageous that all ministers of religion within the electoral area should meet to consider in what way they can best discharge the duties of their sacred calling, and use the opportunities afforded by the election to educate the electors as to the moral issues involved in the election.

WHAT THE CHURCH MIGHT DO.

If the Church of God were organised as a unit for the furtherance of the cause of righteousness and justice and purity, it would find no difficulty in securing from every pulpit before any candidate was chosen a clear enunciation of the following principles :—

1. That in the coming elections the citizens of all parties should inflexibly refuse to select as their candidate for any position of trust a dishonest, corrupt, or immoral man, it being

contrary to sound policy and to the first precepts of religion to elect a law-breaker to be a law-maker.

2. That in the conduct of the election both parties should be constantly reminded that a party-fight itself need not abrogate the ninth commandment, nor is charity less of a virtue during an election than at any other time. At present, to such a pass have charity, passion, and reason come, that there are many good Christian men who, by their practice, show that they believe the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour," does not hold in times of elections.

3. That in deciding how to vote, conscience should be the supreme arbiter, and all effort to induce citizens to vote on one side or the other—not in deference to argument addressed to the reason, or appeals addressed to the heart, but by intimidation, corruption, or other base motives which appeal to self-interest—should be scouted as unworthy a Christian state and dangerous to a pure democracy.

If these three principles were insisted upon in all the pulpits of any constituency on the eve of this election, it could hardly fail to purify the air, and raise the election to a higher plane than that to which it is at present too often degraded by the wire-pullers and candidates, who often make a Dutch auction of principles, if by any means they can catch votes.

The question as to what can best be done by members of the National Social Union towards promoting the causes which they have at heart, is one which must be decided locally. It is to be feared that in most cases there is not sufficient consciousness of a common bond of union among citizens of both parties to render it possible to realise the ideal in this matter. Party spirit runs too high for what will become, I am convinced, in a few years the rule, namely, the assembly of all the representatives of the moral, social and religious organisations in every constituency, independent of party, before the nominations are made, in order that there may be drawn up and pressed upon all candidates a policy both for electioneering and for legislation which would command the support of the best people in the town, and would therefore inevitably secure the adhesion of the candidates of all parties. Unfortunately the intensity of party strife renders such a simple solution of the most pressing of our difficulties all but impossible. Therefore we must all do the best we can, each in our own constituency, under the circumstances. Meanwhile it may be well to note here the recommendations made by the House of Commons Committee on the non-party but most urgent question of the Unemployed :—

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues have satisfied themselves that a case has been made out in favour of exempting from disfranchisement, whether for Parliamentary or local purposes, recipients of Poor Law relief. In the matter of continuity of employment the committee recommend that orders for indoor repair work and new work should, where feasible, be given out by public bodies in the slack months of January and February so far as is consistent with efficiency of execution. It is also suggested that any metropolitan board of guardians should be empowered (with the sanction of the London County Council) to agree with any sanitary authority within its area that, on the consideration of the said sanitary authority employing such number of persons and for such period as might be agreed upon, the guardians might make a contribution to the sanitary authority of a sum not exceeding one-half of the cost of employment, the sanitary authority to bear a charge upon the Metropolitan Comm. and this the committee are not prepared to recommend; and they

recommend that, "in order that the Legislature may be guided to the adoption of some palliative for the evils to which many of the best and most important of our industries are exposed," the inquiry be renewed in the new Parliament.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR CANDIDATES.

SUGGESTIONS FOR HELPERS.

Last General Election I issued to my Helpers a series of questions which I suggested might be submitted with advantage to the candidates in their respective constituencies. This year I do not wish to make so exhaustive an inquisition; but there are several matters on which I shall be glad if they would ascertain the views of the candidates who appeal for their suffrages.

The questions, which will be sent in printed slip to any reader who will ask for them, are as follows:—

1. **PENNY POSTAGE.**—Will you support penny postage and the cheapening of telegraphic communication between Britain, the United States and the Colonies?

2. **ARBITRATION.**—Will you vote in favour of the establishment of a permanent Tribunal of Arbitration for the settlement of all disputes between the British Empire and the United States?

3. **LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS.**—Will you support a proposal that Her Majesty's Ministers should attempt to secure from the Great Powers a general agreement not to add to the sums now voted annually for armaments?

4. **CHITRAL.**—Will you uphold the decision arrived at by the late Government to respect the solemn pledges given by the Government of India by evacuating Chitral at the earliest possible opportunity?

5. **WOMAN SUFFRAGE.**—Are you in favour of Woman Suffrage, and of making the law quite colour-blind as to sex, so that women may be allowed to take any position they are qualified to fill, whether in Church or State?

6. **HOME RULE FOR LONDON.**—Will you vote in favour of giving the London County Council the powers enjoyed by the Councils of Glasgow, Manchester, and Birmingham?

7. **THE REFERENDUM.**—Will you support the introduction of the Referendum into this country, so that any serious dispute between Lords and Commons may be submitted to the mass vote of the whole of the citizens?

8. **OBSTRUCTION IN PARLIAMENT.**—Will you support the introduction of a time-limit for speeches and a time-table for subjects, so that all clauses may be fairly discussed, and none discussed at undue length?

9. **CRIMINAL SEDUCTION.**—Will you vote for a Bill making seduction under false promise of marriage punishable as a crime?

10. **THE AGE OF CONSENT.**—Will you vote in favour of raising the age of consent from sixteen to eighteen?

11. **THE DISCOURAGEMENT OF GAMBLING.**—Will you vote in favour of a Bill making it a punishable offence to publish any information as to the odds on coming events or other information which might reasonably be held to incite to betting and gambling?

12. **THE UNEMPLOYED.**—Will you support the recommendation of the Unemployed Committee of the House of Commons in favour of repealing the law disfranchising all recipients of relief from the rates in times of distress?

13. **POOR LAW REFORM.**—Will you support whatever legislation is necessary to carry out the recommendations of the Royal Commission on the Condition of the Aged Poor?

14. **PRISON REFORM.**—Will you urge the immediate introduction of those reforms recommended by the recent Departmental Committee on our Prisons?

15. **SIX DAYS' WEEK.**—Will you vote in favour of a Six-Day Working Week Bill, to secure to all workers, especially those in the service of the State, railways and public companies holding monopolies or concessions from the State, the right to one day's rest in seven?

16. **ARBITRATION IN LABOUR DISPUTES.**—Will you support a Bill establishing Arbitration and Conciliation Boards with power to investigate with a view to the settling by mediation and publicity all strikes and lock-outs?

THE CRUSADE AGAINST BETTING AND GAMBLING.

The Newcastle Social Union on the eve of the Newcastle races issued the following appeal to the ministers of the Churches and the superintendents of Sunday-schools, Newcastle-upon-Tyne:—

The members of the Newcastle Social Union beg to direct your attention to the grave evils connected with the practice of betting and gambling in this district during the week locally known as "Race Week." The members respectfully suggest the desirableness of your drawing the attention of your congregation or Sunday-school to those evils, on Sunday, 23rd inst. They do not forget that you have already been desired to refer to the evils of intemperance on that Sunday; but they believe that, as gambling and drunkenness are kindred evils, you would find it convenient to connect them in any remarks you thought it right to make.

Another movement in the same direction is reported from Liverpool, where Mr. S. G. Rudler got up the following memorial:—

To the Owners, Proprietors, Editors, and Managers of the Liverpool Papers—Morning, Evening, and Weekly—and to all others whom it may concern:—The Memorial of the undersigned clergy, ministers of religion, and justices of the peace for Liverpool, in the county of Lancaster:—Your memorialists view with much concern the great increase in the practices of betting and gambling among all classes, and especially latterly among youths and women in the humbler classes, and deplore the facilities afforded by the publication in the daily and evening papers of betting odds, predictions, advertisements, and other intelligence facilitating the practice of betting, and trust you will take into your favourable consideration their earnest desire that you will prohibit in future the insertion of such information.

The foregoing memorial has been signed by the Lord Bishop of Liverpool, Bishop Royston, Principal Kendall, University of Liverpool and Fellow of Trinity, Principal Dyson of Liverpool College, Canons Armour, Burbidge, Diggle, Honeyburne, and Rycroft, and by 47 vicars, 50 curates, 18 Wesleyan and 14 Congregationalist, 18 Presbyterian, 1 Jewish Rabbi, 1 Scandinavian, 1 Unitarian, 3 Roman Catholic, 10 Baptist, and 11 other ministers of religion, and 11 justices of the peace, all of Liverpool and Birkenhead districts; and it has been forwarded to the above papers. A letter, enclosing a copy of the memorial and with statistics of signatures, has been sent to the ten local members of Parliament, requesting them to ask by question in the House of Commons what steps the Government intend to pursue towards framing and passing an Act of Parliament declaring the publication of such intelligence an act of misdemeanour.

HOMES FOR THE DYING.

A correspondent writes me as follows:—"For some years past a Catholic lady and her daughter have devoted their whole time and very slender means to tending the dying. It is often a hard struggle for them to make ends meet, but they struggle on and do all they can to help the numerous wretched cases who apply to them for help. Their address is, Mrs. Matthews, "Dying Hospital," 3, Sydney Street, Chelsea. Mrs. Matthews is obliged to charge a little for the patients, as there is no endowment; and occasional donations are all Mrs. Matthews has besides her own means, which are not sufficient to enable her to extend her work as she would like."

"THE BLACKEST SPOT IN THE KINGDOM."

Mr. Percy G. Thomas, hon. sec. of the Cardiff Social Reform Council, sends me the following observations upon the condition of crime that, according to the Home Office Report, disgraces the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth:—

The Home Office report relating to crime in England and Wales, together with your digest in the June number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, has caused considerable feeling down here. I enclose you the *South Wales Daily News* leading article on Saturday, which I should like you to read, as it will help to guide your judgment in regard to matters down here and show you some of our difficulties. In addition, I am endeavouring to bring about a large and influential conference of men and women, to be held at Merthyr or Pontypridd, to consult upon the situation and formulate united action. In this I may or may not be successful; I shall do my best. Owing to the General Election our action will have to be postponed. The indolent Welsh Churches are much busier discussing Disestablishment than the crime at their doors. One mistake appears to have been in the Report. The three seaports of Cardiff, Newport, and Swansea are *not* any more responsible for the crime returned than are the populous mining valleys, where family life is not all that can be desired. In those villages very often young people early become depraved, and deacons of chapels are themselves drunken and immoral, and the pulpit is silent on the subject.

The following is an extract from the article in the *South Wales Daily News*, to which our Helper calls our attention:—

There is the indictment; an indictment carrying conviction. Notwithstanding all the religious and philanthropic agencies, Glamorgan and Monmouth, the most progressive parts of Wales, form the most criminal part of the kingdom. There is no getting away from the fact. Explanations are possible and ought in fairness to be taken into account, the chief explanation being that the enormously rapid development of the mining industry has brought into the two counties a disproportionately large number of the lower class of wage-earners, of men who, freed from the ties and restrictions of the localities where they formerly lived and were known, find themselves practically without any restraint in circumstances which permit of considerable latitude. The criminality that the record shows is not, therefore, of home growth. By our mines and our shipping we draw the wasters of the whole realm; and some of the counties which appear so light upon the maps would be of much darker tint if due allotment were made of the crimes with which South Wales is discredited.

So much by way of explanation; and much more might be added were we not faced with the insuperable fact that whatever its origination, the crime is now in Glamorgan and Monmouth. However they came, the criminals are amongst us, and so it comes about that "the county of Glamorgan is the worst of all the counties in the land." There are several reasons for this. First and foremost is the highly discreditable fact that the greater part of Cardiff's chief citizens, the successful men of business and leading professional men, systematically shirk their responsibility in regard to public affairs; and that even of those who take office to serve their fellows, so many give but perfunctory attention to the duties. They do not stand aloof in ignorance; local conditions and shortcomings are a by-word. The Corporation blunders along in ways that would disgrace a parish meeting; witness the disrepute it brought upon the borough by failure to prosecute bogus clubs, by its Harbour Trust and gas purchase fiascos, by its electric light errors, its neglect of town rights to foreshore, its general vacillation and ineffectiveness. The School Board, well aware of the hundreds of children running the streets unchecked, does not meet the demand for school places, will not establish a day industrial school, but leaves the street wanderers to develop, as they naturally must do, into a perennial crop of young criminals. The borough Bench, until its legal dictum was shown (by appeal to the High Court) to be bad, permitted

drink dens to flourish, the frequenters being allowed to escape scot free, and the keepers being let off with farcical fines. This journal has had the gratification of stirring the Watch Committee to successful appeal and of awakening the magisterial mind to consciousness that highly-profitable law breaking cannot be extinguished by 40s. and £5 fines; but the shebeen frequenters, though the shilling fine has gone up to half-a-crown, can still be sure of running no greater risk than thirty pence. It is common knowledge that the town is cursed with a low class of seamen's so-called lodging-houses; places of the worst character, dens of robbery and all infamy. It is equally well-known that Barry has cleared out these places by its system of lodging-house registration, and that other seaports have similarly succeeded in improving the character of their dock purlieus. But Cardiff Council, though the respectable boarding-house keepers favour registration, though a fully representative deputation from all classes of religious and philanthropic workers waited on them seeking imposition of registration, talked over the subject for an hour last year and then quietly put the whole business on the shelf! These are some of the reasons why Cardiff and Glamorgan earn the unsavoury title at the head of this article. We are what we are by deliberate neglect of public duty on the part of gentlemen qualified to perform it, by corresponding neglect on the part of those who profess to undertake it, and by the incompetence of not a few of those who seek office for the honour and status it will give them. The capable workers are far too few even to overcome the inertness of their colleagues, let alone do all the work that is required.

A serious indictment indeed. Cardiff would seem to be a pocket edition of Chicago. After the General Election let us hope these things will be seen to. But what does Lord Bute say to all this?

SOCIAL SERVICE IN LIVERPOOL.

In Liverpool, one of our Helpers reports gratifying progress on the main lines of practical philanthropy, frequently indicated in these pages. She writes:—

People here are realising that charity without personal service makes for little benefit, and hence, here and there, are springing up schemes for the amelioration of the masses, which have their foundation in a desire to inculcate self-help and independence.

COUNTRY CAMPS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

From May to September, summer camps for city children dot the sand dunes of Lancashire and Cheshire, and contingents of street waifs are sent from Liverpool for a fortnight's holiday in the midst of bracing air and kindly surroundings. These camps, until recently, were the special privilege of boys; but in May last, a summer camp for girls, endowed in perpetuity by Mrs. Samuelson, of Liverpool, was opened at Wallasey, a quiet village bordering on the shore, and some miles distant from the city. There twenty-two little girls at a time are accommodated and taken care of by a committee of voluntary women-workers.

FEEDING THE HUNGRY.

The Liverpool Food Supply Association, organised by Mr. Lee Jones, is another active agency for good. During the past winter, nearly three thousand halfpenny meals were supplied daily to poor schoolchildren. The meals being served from a common centre are produced at a lower cost than could be possible if a soup kitchen and attendants were established in every district, and are varied and of the best quality. There is a choice of four kinds of soup, a slice of currant roll or bread and jam, or rice and milk and raisins. These meals are supplied at the Association's depot in Lime Kiln Lane, one of the poorest quarters in Liverpool, and are sent out by horse and cart to schools at the dinner hour. So determined are the Association on their policy of "No Hunger," that they have arranged with the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to proceed against parents who neglect to feed their children, or to provide them with the means of getting food.

COOKERY FOR INVALIDS.

A remarkable branch of the work, one of which comparatively little has hitherto been heard of in England, is cookery for the invalid poor—a new departure in city life which is now being instituted on the Liverpool lines in other large towns. The food is prepared at the *dépôt* by an efficient cook according to medical instructions, and taken to the homes of the poor by a staff of voluntary lady attendants, who wear a special uniform on their rounds. Over fifty invalids were catered for daily during winter. The menu for invalids comprises beef-tea, mutton broth, strong beef essence, fish, milk pudding of various kinds, gruel and refreshing temperance beverages, all at the very lowest price compatible with production. This form of relieving the sick poor is greatly patronised by charitable and medical institutions, and by the clergy. The “invalid food carrier” is an ingenious construction shaped like a pitcher, with four compartments, containing two courses each for four people. A “cosy” of dark felt covers the carrier, serving the double purpose of keeping the food hot and of neatness. Plans are already in preparation to extend this form of helping the poor by means of a great diet dispensary, to be opened next winter.

CLOTHING THE NAKED.

The Police-Aided Clothing Association, recently founded by Lord Mayor Watts, is likely to remove from Liverpool the stigma of having on its streets a larger number of ill-clothed and bare-footed children than most British cities have. This is another of the associations of the kind founded as the result of the initiative of the Chief Constable of Edinburgh, which you described some three years ago in the *REVIEW*.

PILGRIMAGES.

One of our pastors of poor parishes is a follower of Dr. Lunn in the matter of pilgrimages and continental picnics. Parson Adams, the democratic parson of a poor and populous parish, has yearly excursions for his parishioners and others who care to join, at a trifling cost—something over £4. This season he conducted a party to Paris, composed of artisans and the like, who but for such co-operation in all probability would never travel beyond their own country. Norway is to be the scene of the next pilgrimage, for which a special steamer will be chartered, the individual cost being about £5.

FREE SWIMMING BATHS FOR CHILDREN.

The Corporation, recognising the importance of bathing and swimming for children, are arranging that all children attending school in Liverpool shall be granted free admission to the public baths—which are among the largest and best equipped in the kingdom—under the charge of responsible persons. For some time the School Board have afforded opportunities for scholars to attend the baths with halfpenny tickets, but on all sides the projected change has given much satisfaction, popular opinion leaning to the idea that the practice of swimming should be included in the compulsory subjects of education in a seaport town.

COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FOR CHILDREN.

The hot weather of last month reminds us again of the necessity for sending the children of the slums into the country. This it may be remembered was one of the first needs of society to which the attention of our *Helpers* was called in the early numbers of the *REVIEW*, and I am glad to believe through their efforts considerable impetus has been given to this useful and very necessary work.

In the *Leisure Hour* for July Mr. W. J. Gordon contributes a very useful paper, characterised by all his mastery of detail and presentation of facts, from which it appears that every year there are 28,000 children sent into the country for a holiday. The following particulars may be useful for those who want to multiply the number of these children by five. Mr. Gordon says:—

The four chief organisations dealing with it in London are the Holiday Homes Fund of the Ragged School Union, of

which Mr. John Kirk is the secretary, to whom subscriptions should be sent at 37, Norfolk Street, Strand; the Children's Country Holidays Fund, whose offices are at 10, Buckingham Street, Strand; the Children's Fresh-Air Mission, with its headquarters at St. Peter's Schools, Onslow Street, Saffron Hill; and the Country Homes Committee of the Sunday School Union. The Holiday Homes Fund concerns itself with the very poor; the Country Holidays Fund deals with the children of all the Board and Voluntary Schools except those within the district covered by the Fresh-Air Mission; and, of course, the Sunday School Union confines its operations to the Sunday Schools. There are many other funds, most of them local and in a small way, some of them mere overlappers and defying classification under any other heading. If these were amalgamated with the larger organisations more might be done.

The 28,000 children sent away by the Country Holidays Fund cost under 13s. a head, all expenses of transit and organisation included; and the villages to which they go exceed 830 in number; the list being quite a directory of pleasant places. It maps London out into fifty districts, each district averaging twelve schools, Hackney being the largest with twenty, and West St. Pancras being the smallest with five. Last year the thirteen schools of Barnsbury sent away 870 children; the eighteen schools of Battersea, 804; the nineteen schools of Bermondsey, 836; the seventeen schools of Camberwell, 840; the eighteen schools of Paddington, 849; the seventeen schools of Southwark, 821; the nineteen schools of Whitechapel, 1,132. These are the largest, but in almost every district the local report speaks of more children being chosen than could be accommodated, owing to the want of funds. In all cases the child's friends have to contribute towards the expense of the holiday, but the amounts vary very much in the different districts, Camden Town subscribing as much as 6s. 5d. per head, while Deptford only subscribed 2s. 9d.; the average per head over the whole of London being 4s. 6d. for the fortnight; the fund being thus called upon for the 8s. 6d. per head, which is the balance of what the holiday costs. Some effort is required on the part of the local committees in getting in these contributions, but as a rule they are paid willingly enough, mostly in weekly instalments.

Besides this there are many other minor funds for cottages and homes, which bring up to about a hundred thousand the number of London children sent last year for a fortnight into the country. We say nothing of mere day treats, which run into enormous numbers. There is Mr. Pearson, for instance, of *Pearson's Weekly*, who this year is going to send away 40,000 London children and 40,000 children from the leading provincial cities, under a scheme organised by Mr. John Kirk, which reduces the cost per child to ninepence—a praiseworthy work on American lines; for in America the big towns have each their Press Fund for which all the newspapers appeal, and in which they all help, which has the sole control of all these school children's holiday excursions.

With few exceptions the limit of age in all these funds is fourteen. For boys between that age and seventeen there is a special organisation, the Seaside Camp for London Working Boys, under the auspices of the London Diocesan Council for the Welfare of Young Men, the secretary of which is Mr. F. A. Bloxam, whose offices are at Northumberland Chambers in Northumberland Avenue.

The boys pay each ten shillings for the fortnight, which includes all the expenses to them, including their return railway fare; and in order that the camp may be kept to the poor, they are not eligible if their earnings exceed seven shillings a week, although boys earning ten shillings a week are occasionally taken on condition that they pay a shilling a day. The railway fare is really five shillings, so that the subscription list bears the bulk of the cost.

This camping notion has proved so attractive that quite another class has adopted it. For the last four years now the Universities' Camps for Public School boys have been in existence. In 1892 the movement began with about 70, in 1893 the number reached 203, in 1894 there were 309, occupying four camps—one at Cresswell for the northerners, one at Rye in Sussex, and two at Highcliffe, between Hurst and Christ-

church. These boys camp out for ten days in August, and pay two guineas each, a sum which covers all expenses except railway fares. They have to do everything for themselves, the only servants being the soldier-cook and his assistant, whom they assist in detachments. Each tent holds half-a-dozen boys, presided over by an undergraduate from Oxford or Cambridge, and each camp of about a dozen tents is in charge of a military officer who has had experience of real camp life, the superintendence of the whole brigade being in the hands of Major Seton-Churchill, of White Hall, Lichfield.

HOW TO SAVE THE STREET ARAB:

TRY "PINAFORE."

Of all the methods of reclaiming the waifs and strays of our streets, one of the oddest is that which is described in *Harper's* for July. The writer explains with some detail the excellent work that has been done by the Evening Home in Philadelphia, an institution which is somewhat on the lines of those that Dr. Paton is endeavouring to establish in our Board schools at evening time. The remarkable feature, however, of this story is the novel means which were found to be efficacious in civilising the Philadelphia street arab. That music has charms to soothe the savage breast is not a discovery which has been reserved for Philadelphia philanthropists to make, but their experience confirmed it. At first the main room was filled with idle boys who would do nothing but romp, scramble, and make an uproar. At last they got a piano and started singing, a mode of amusement which after a time succeeded in stilling the babel of noise, and suggested to the conductors the possibility of making a bold and original venture. The writer says:—

It was this characteristic of theirs that brought "Pinafore." Music could keep them attentive; they should be set to learning music, and words that went with it.

The first trial, "Pinafore," was something at which the mere contemplation staggers. They would not learn the lines. They assured their leader that they could not possibly remember all that stuff. To give them books would have disbanded them on the spot. Teaching began orally word by word. They listened for two minutes, marched out of the door, and roamed the town for several days. They were made to know that plenty were ready to fill their places, and this brought them casually back to see what was going on. They saw the indomitable leader standing at the piano, striking the keys with one hand, waving the other, and shouting melody to the chorus, who shouted, "We sail the ocean blue," in response. Then the recalcitrant sat down once more and succeeded in committing some lines to memory. This was the only argument used to them: "You said you could not learn anything by heart. You have learned that, and therefore can learn some more." Again some of them went away, but returned, to find the leader eternally shouting by the piano, and the chorus replying, "Sir Joseph's barge is seen." By this time the music, and possibly the drama, began to interest them, and they caught at the sentiment of "Fair moon, to thee I sing." "Pinafore" was now creeping from chaos, when a sudden twist in the boy nature cropped out and threatened to tangle the whole enterprise. The big boys of seventeen would not sing with the small ones of twelve. They could not submit their dignity to this affront. So they sat in a corner together and looked on cynically. It was explained to them all that little boys are necessary, because only they can sing treble, but this technicality had no weight with them. And then Josephine and Little Buttercup struck on the issue of petticoats. Still the leader stood by the piano, week in and week out; and at length, in the spring, "Pinafore" was actually given. To say it was astonishing is pale comment. The audience of polite "grown-ups" that came to hear it went home entirely amazed. But the best of "Pinafore" was that it established two fundamental precedents. They knew now that they could learn and remember

out of a book, and the chorus who finally sang made their first step in independence. When the "Pirates of Penzance" came there were Jims ready to sing, whether the Jacks refused or not. Moreover, the printed book was now dared. How much of Mr. Gilbert's polished idiom reached their comprehension I cannot say. "Iolanthe" was a still greater undertaking, but the company acquitted itself admirably, and now we are looking for more. The dread of the printed book is now healed.

These comic operas have served a good end, for they have worked in with the chief aims of the Home, greatly helping to teach the boys attention and independence.

Salvation by means of comic opera is certainly the latest idea that has been ventilated by social reformers.

THE "PUB" OR THE PAVEMENT?

THE RIGHT SUBSTITUTE.

In the *Sunday Magazine* for July Mr. James Milne describes an interview which he had with Canon Shuttleworth on the subject of providing for young men of great cities some alternative to the public-house or the pavement. Canon Shuttleworth describes once more the famous club he has started for that purpose. He insists upon the barrack life that young men who dwell in the City have to live, and who have none of the advantages of society which they need to occupy them and to attract them. "The 'public' or the pavement, that is all that he has," said Canon Shuttleworth, "whether he wants amusement or whether he wants female society." In casting about for an alternative he decided that two ends must be kept in view: healthy recreation must be provided, and at the same time opportunities for meeting marriageable girls. By way of meeting the first, St. Paul's Cathedral Club was founded by the Dean and Chapter. This club had no religious tests; members could smoke and play at billiards and any other healthy game, but there was no opportunity for meeting girls, therefore the club after a time went to smash. Canon Shuttleworth then took over the premises and founded the St. Nicholas Club. It is called St. Nicholas because the Canon in 1884 became rector of St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, a church without a congregation. This is Canon Shuttleworth's account of his club:—

"The club was started in 1889 in two floors which we managed to furnish comfortably over a warehouse in Queen Victoria Street. From the first we worked on the most liberal lines, desiring not to appeal to particular people, but to everybody—women as well as men, of course. We have dances in the winter, and very good dances too. We sell liquors, wines, and beer, but we find that our trade in good food at reasonable rates, in tea and coffee, is ever so much greater. If we did not sell liquor and beer, we should very probably lose—to some extent anyhow—that dear good fellow Esau. The serious young man, Jacob, mostly has enough parsons to look after him. But Esau, the well-meaning chap, the not-a-bad-sort-at-all Esau, he has not so many. Hates parsons, does Esau, but somehow he doesn't hate me; I don't know why, only it is so. He likes his glass of beer and his game of cards, or his billiards, does Esau. But to get at a man you must get at him where he is, not where you think he ought to be."

"And if you had barred the glass of beer, the billiards, and the rest, Esau would not have come to you?"

"Precisely: 'or, as I say, he would only have come to us spasmodically, and gone across the road for his beer. We preferred to have him altogether, and, believe me, Esau never takes more than is good for him."

Several other clubs of a similar kind have been started in Manchester, Liverpool, and Plymouth, as well as in other towns. The Ideal Club, in Tottenham Court Road, is on the same lines. The subscription is a guinea

a year for men, and fifteen shillings for women. The question of allowing games on Sundays was settled by a compromise; one part of the club is set apart for those who wish for games, while no games are allowed in the other part. Canon Shuttleworth is most emphatic on the benefits of having a mixed membership. He says it may be taken as an axiom that a mixed membership is the best from every standpoint. As a club they are ever so much more attractive and much better behaved than if all women were shut out. Drink is sold, but no member has ever been known to have taken too much. The Canon has other ideas in his head which he will carry out when he gets £10,000. This is the way in which he explains he would use it:—

If somebody would give me £2,000 I could clear the debt off the new club buildings and dedicate it to the use of the young people of London. £3,000 more would buy the freehold. And after that! Ah, after that I should try and found a great sleeping home for the young men of the City, and another for young women—dormitory buildings which would make life in the City far sweeter than the "barracks" system can ever do. Every young man and young woman would have, for a very moderate sum, his or her own little room, if it were only a cubicle. The homes—or whatever you like to call them—would have libraries, reading-rooms, and what not, and branches away in the country, to which members needing rest and change might go. But I couldn't take all that in hand without something like £10,000.

SCHOOLS OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

It is slowly coming to be realised that a school for domestic economy should exist in every well-regulated community equally with Sunday schools and day schools. In the *Woman at Home*, Mrs. Tooley gives some account of Miss Louisa Stevenson and the good work she has done in connection with the Edinburgh School of Domestic Economy, of which she is treasurer and chairman. Mrs. Tooley says:—

"It was organised," she told me, "by Miss Guthrie Wright, of whose splendid work one cannot say too much. Its object is to train ladies in cooking, laundry work, scientific dressmaking, and housekeeping. Those who pass the examinations receive the housewife's diploma, which is of a very high standard."

During my stay in Edinburgh, Miss Louisa Stevenson took me over the School, which I think might be described as her pet institution. It is situated in a fashionable part of the city at 3, Atholl Crescent. Women of all classes can receive training at the daily demonstrations, and ladies are received as boarding-students for about twenty-three shillings weekly. The drawing-room, dining-room, bed-rooms, and range of bath-rooms are excellent, and the spacious kitchen and various class-rooms, where the students are engaged in cooking, laundry-work, and dressmaking, are most interesting to visit. Many ladies train there as lecturers on domestic economy, and others simply to fit themselves as housekeepers in their own homes. Lessons are also given to the male medical students on sick-room cookery, and are much appreciated.

"Our teachers," said Miss Louisa, "have taught all over the country in England and Scotland, and in the far North we have had labourers living together in hordes, coming to learn how to boil potatoes and make their porridge. It is so important to train women domestically when we consider that the working power of the world is enormously diminished by dyspepsia, for which bad cooking is largely responsible."

WOMEN AS DESTROYERS OF BIRDS.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

Woman, the loveliest of created things, and the most merciful, is often in sheer thoughtlessness the most merciless destroyer of the most beautiful creatures in the world—after herself. To the bird of paradise, for

instance, loveliest of the feathered tribe, women are as fiends from the nether regions, waging exterminating war against a hapless race, "cursed with the fatal gift of beauty." For the sake of a nodding feather-tip in her hat these female savages of civilisation will speedily destroy the bird of paradise, and do it, alas, in mere selfish thoughtlessness. For of all beings permitted to disgrace this planet, one of the most callously indifferent to the consequences of her acts is the vain and selfish woman who would desolate Eden without a scruple if she could thereby outshine a rival or get a new trimming for her hat. Of morality, in its relation to the feathered creation, these women have about as much notion as naked cannibals.

The campaign against murderous millinery now directed by the Society for the Protection of Birds stands urgently in need of support and encouragement. Those of our readers who feel disposed to lend a hand in the preservation of our feathered friends from destruction will do well to put themselves in communication with Mrs. F. E. Lemon, Hillcrest, Redhill, Surrey, who will send them all particulars. The following is a brief statement of its rules and objects:—

The object of the society is generally to endeavour to stay, or at least to diminish, the wanton slaughter and waste of the exquisite and varied bird-life, designed, we humbly believe, by the Creator, for the help and solace of man.

The co-operation of both sexes and of all classes and ages is asked by the society. Women are entreated to protest, by precept and example, against "murderous millinery," to abstain from the use of any feathers obtained from birds not killed for food, the ostrich only excepted; and further, to combine with men in striving to procure the enactment and enforcement of laws, orders and bye-laws for the protection of birds as public property; and to unite in showing an intelligent and loving interest in the subject, which shall lead children, our future men and women, to cherish the freedom of our feathered songsters, and guard, instead of destroying, their eggs and nests.

WAYS OF HELPING THE SOCIETY.—By joining it either as a member or as an associate; by inducing others to do the same; by forming local branches of the society. By inducing land-owners to take measures to prevent bird-catching and nest-robbing on their property. By promoting the study of the use and beauty of free living birds, and quickening the interest felt for their protection in all classes of society and in all countries, as innocent, useful, and beautiful creatures of God. By circulating books, pamphlets and leaflets, or arranging for lectures on the basis of John Ruskin's teaching as applicable to birds, not to kill or hurt them needlessly, but to study how best "to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth."

RULES.—(1) That members shall discourage the wanton destruction of birds, and interest themselves generally in their protection. (2) That members shall refrain from wearing the feathers of any bird not killed for the purposes of food, the ostrich only excepted.

MEMBERS.—Any person may become a member of the society on paying the sum of 2d. as registration fee, and agreeing to the objects of the society as stated in the rules, which are printed on every card of membership.

ASSOCIATES.—Members may become associates of the society on agreeing to pay not less than 1s. annually, or life associates by a donation of £1 ls. Associates are entitled to receive annual reports and notice of all general meetings.

Mrs. Lemon sends me a special appeal for the bird of paradise:—

Civilised women throughout the world are earnestly entreated not to countenance the sacrifice of this bird by encouraging the demand for its precious feathers. Let them resolve to do what they can to prevent the extermination of this "wonder of nature" by stoutly refusing to purchase anything purporting to have once belonged to a bird of paradise.

THE RECORD OF THE ROSEBERY ADMINISTRATION.

I.—THE LIBERAL PLEVNA.

THE record of the Rosebery Administration, and of the Gladstonian Administration which preceded it, is best understood by a reference to recent history. When the Russians crossed the Danube to liberate Bulgaria they under-estimated the force which the Turks could oppose to their advance. At first it seemed as if they were carrying all before them. General Gourko marched across the Balkans, occupying the Shipka Pass, and making repeated raids towards Adrianople. But a very short time elapsed before the brilliant promise of the opening campaign vanished. The natural strength of the Turkish defence was unveiled, and the Russian army reeled back shattered and broken from the improvised earthworks of Plevna. The Tzar changed his general without any practical result. Again the Russian army of liberation dashed itself to pieces against the Turkish forces. Not all the prodigies of valour performed by General Skobeleff's soldiers, nor the heroic readiness to die of the Russian troops, could avail against the strength of the Ottoman position, defended as it was by the army of Osman Pasha. It was not until the Imperial Guard was hurried up from St. Petersburg, and the Roumanian army brought into line, that the Russians were enabled to put sufficient troops into the field to capture Plevna, and carry the Russian standard in triumph to the walls of Constantinople. There we have in brief a foreshadowing of the history of the last three years, and the prophecy of that which is still to come. The rejection of the Home Rule Bill and the retirement of Mr. Gladstone corresponds to the first assault on Plevna; the defeat and resignation of Lord Rosebery corresponds to the second abortive attempt of the Russians to capture that famous stronghold. The forces of resistance have outnumbered and defeated the forces massed for attack. The Liberal leaders, like the Tzar's generals, are powerless until reinforced. All that leaders could do with the forces at their disposal they have done, but the Unionist Plevna was too strong.

The whole failure of the Gladstone-Rosebery Administrations is attributable to the same cause that brought about the Russian defeat at Plevna. They attempted to carry out their task with inadequate forces. As one of the late Ministers remarked to me the other day, "It is of no use attempting heroic legislation unless you have a heroic majority. To carry Home Rule, or to carry out all the other items of the Newcastle Programme, demands much heavier battalions than the feeble forces at our command." That explains all, excuses all. The criticisms which have been hurled against Liberal chiefs assume that a party can do with a majority falling from forty to twenty what other Administrations have been able to do with a majority of one hundred and twenty. Had Mr. Gladstone or Lord Rosebery possessed a three-figure majority they would, indeed, have been open to scathing criticism if they had no better results to show than those which they have now to present the country. But such criticism is manifestly absurd. In estimating the achievements of a general, the first thing to do is to estimate the forces at his disposal. An army that has not a siege-train, and whose numbers barely exceed those of the garrison of a formidable fortress, is foredoomed to certain failure if it delivers an assault. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery were in the position of

generals who were compelled to make an assault, although no practical breach had been made in the walls, and although the forces which they could lead into action were barely sufficient to overpower the defenders of the Union if they met in open field. Unfortunately for the Liberals, the Unionists fought from behind earthworks, and as a result they were beaten back, crushed and discouraged, but undismayed. Like the Russians, they must wait for reinforcements from the North, and like them also they must wait until they can depend more completely upon the support of their allies.

II.—WHERE THE LIBERALS FAILED, AND WHY.

The Newcastle Programme consists of twenty-four items, and to carry it into effect Mr. Gladstone had a majority of forty, or little more than one and a half per item. Now the Newcastle Programme, with its many demands for more or less organic changes in the British Constitution, was not a holiday task to be undertaken by an octogenarian with an unreliable majority of forty. Indeed, when the Parnellites voted with the Opposition, as it has been their habit lately to do, they reduced the Ministerial majority to twenty-four. The Liberals therefore had a majority of twenty-four to carry the twenty-four articles of the Newcastle Programme, or one member per item. No wonder, then, that they failed. Mr. Gladstone undertook the attack with the dashing valour of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, but although magnificent, it was not war. He had no option but to attack; the Irish wing of his army would else have mutinied in the trenches; but, nevertheless, there was not a man in the House who did not know that the Liberal legions were marching foredoomed to defeat. It is no condemnation of the strategy of the Liberal leaders that they were defeated; it is sometimes necessary for an army to beat its head against a stone wall as a preliminary to the commencement of regular siege operations. We have performed that part of the work to our heart's content, and now regular siege operations must be begun. If we go back to 1892 and discuss who is most responsible for the failure of the country to respond to Mr. Gladstone's appeal, there is not much difficulty in locating the mischief. Home Rule was lost owing to two causes.

THE TAINT OF ENGLISH DESPAIR.

First, that it was presented to the acceptance of the British public as the outcome of a faint-hearted weariness. England, overburdened with the too vast orb of her fate, wished to throw off the responsibility of governing the island close to her own shores. Now Home Rule will never be carried by counsels of despair. Home Rule when it comes, as come it some day will and must, will be due to the recognition of the British public that Home Rule, instead of being the flinging away of a burden too troublesome to be borne, is really the recognition of the fact that in the interests of the expansion and the unity of the Empire it is necessary to restore to the one country which is always discontented the wholesome régime of responsible local self-government which has worked such marvels in every other English-speaking land. Home Rule has been tainted by Little Englanders, whereas Home Rule properly understood, as Mr. Cecil Rhodes was one of the first to perceive, is the only

alternative to the disruption of the Empire. Federate or perish, said Sir Hercules Robinson long ago; those are the alternatives we have to face. The failure to approach the question in this spirit was the first and fundamental obstacle in the way of Mr. Gladstone's success.

THE CURSE OF IRISH DISUNION.

The second difficulty lay in Ireland. England will never concede Home Rule to a disunited Ireland. So long as the Nationalist party, the Independents, the McCarthyites, the Healyites, and various other Irish factions are more diligent in pursuing their own internecine feuds than in working for Ireland, so long is it vain to dream of securing in the three kingdoms an adequate majority in favour of Home Rule. The disastrous influence of the Irish split dried up American subscriptions, and still continues to deprive the Irish national exchequer of revenue from its most fruitful gathering ground. "Not a dollar until you have united," is the word which the American-Irish have again and again sent from New York and Chicago to Cork and Dublin, and they have been as good as their word. That, however, was a small thing. Much more serious was the indirect effect of the furious wrangling which went on in Ireland during the election of 1892. All this might have been averted if the statesmanlike counsels of the Archbishop of Dublin and of Mr. John Dillon had been accepted. Mr. Dillon proposed that the Independents or Parnellites should have the undisputed possession of twelve or fourteen seats where they were strongest, on the condition that they would abstain from opposing the Nationalist candidates in other constituencies. Had this been carried out, Ireland would have presented to the English public the spectacle of a united nation, demanding without a dissentient voice, save in the extreme north-east corner of Ulster, the concession of Home Rule. This would have been the first gain, but it would not have been the only one. The conclusion of this concordat between the two parties would have liberated for electoral action in England the whole of the fighting force of the Irish Home Rule members. Many elections in England were decided by a small majority, and had Liberals been in a position to count upon the active assistance on the platform of the eloquent Irishmen pleading for the rights of their country, no one can say how much better the results might not have been for Mr. Gladstone and his cause. Unfortunately the well-meant overtures of Mr. Dillon were wrecked by Mr. Healy, who has indeed been anything but a force which makes for peace in all these sad disputes. But for Mr. Healy, and the rancour with which he pursues his aims, the split might now have been on a fair way to being healed. But Mr. Healy has been irreconcilably opposed to every effort which is made to unite the Nationalist Party. Experience is never worth aught until it has been dearly bought, and it seems likely that in the long period of Unionist domination under which Ireland is once more thrust the Irish factions may learn that the first condition of the Repeal of the Union is union among themselves.

The Liberal Party will still put Home Rule on the forefront of its programme, but with this understanding: that no Home Rule Bill will be introduced into the House of Commons by a Liberal Ministry until the Irish have healed their dissensions, and so enabled the Liberal leaders to present to the English and Scotch constituencies the spectacle of a united nation demanding the privileges and the responsibilities of local self-government.

III.—WHERE THEY SUCCEEDED, AND HOW.

It is well to face these facts frankly and recognise them without flinching, for they constitute the key to the failure which has attended the well-meant efforts of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery. They also reconcile us in advance to the coming ascendancy of the Unionist Party. Talking to one of the foremost Irish leaders after the fatal Friday, I was delighted to find that he took the philosophic and practical view that Home Rule was practically laid on the shelf until Home Rulers agreed at home. Prospect of agreement, however, he admitted frankly, there was none until they had tasted adversity and had learned the bitter lesson of the consequences which follow indulgence in the costly luxury of internecine feuds. When I was in Ireland the other day Archbishop Croke told me a story which reads like a parable. "When I was a boy," said this excellent prelate, "there was always a great deal of faction fighting going on at fairs and at markets. The two-year-olds and the three-year-olds would come together, the blackthorns would be going, and every one be intent upon breaking his neighbour's head. But the moment the police appeared the two factions forgot their quarrels and joined as brothers to attack the police." What the police did for the factions may be accomplished by the rule of the Coercionists. In the opinion of those best qualified to judge, both lay and ecclesiastical, in Ireland at the present moment, there is no chance of Mr. Healy consenting to any arrangement with Mr. Redmond. But as long as they keep on fighting there will be no American money to handle and no English party ready to do their bidding. I am making no complaint of the great body of the Irish members. They have behaved with a loyalty that leaves nothing to be desired, and with a discipline which commands our admiration and even excites our envy. Yet it is monstrous to allow a mere handful of eight or nine members to paralyse a nation. The Parnellites are few in number, but they are like the Liberal Unionists, and represent a force which is certain to be recognised far in excess of its numerical strength when the Irish Cabinet is formed. The recent election in Cork, indeed, would seem to indicate that even from the point of view of numbers the Independents are by no means as insignificant as Mr. Healy and his friends persist in asserting.

LORD ROSEBERY'S TASK.

With these fundamental facts firmly fixed in our minds it is possible to arrive at a more just judgment of the qualities displayed by Lord Rosebery in his brief Administration than would otherwise be possible. Lord Rosebery had two things to do. He had to remove from the mind of the English electorate the suspicion that they were being coerced into conceding Home Rule as a confession of weakness, instead of being inspired by a desire to make their empire greater and stronger yet by conceding Home Rule to their Irish brothers. The first and most necessary part of this operation was to efface the Little Englanders, and to clear the character of the Liberal Party once for all of the damning taint which had clung to it ever since the days of Cobden. This, it must be admitted even by his worst enemies, he has accomplished with a success far transcending our utmost hopes. He has committed the whole of the Liberal Party to a policy of Imperialism in its widest and most rational sense. He has taught the country that the Liberals are no longer oppressed by that craven fear of being great which so long distinguished a section of the Liberal Party, and he has made

it abundantly clear that he advocates Home Rule, not in order to make a great empire a little one, but in order to enable that empire the more adequately to utilise the opportunities of expansion, which are only possible to the united peoples of a contented empire.

THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

His effacement of the Little Englanders was much more successful than his effort to reconcile Great Britain to Irish Home Rule, which he essayed, somewhat precipitately, at a very early period in his Administration. His famous utterance concerning the conversion of the predominant partner contained not only an unmistakable truth, which, however indiscreetly it might have been launched at that moment, was directly intended to remove the invincible repugnance with which an Englishman regards any attempt to coerce or jockey him into any policy, even one of which, on its merits, he might not disapprove. There have been many interpretations of the phrase "predominant partner," but now every one is of the same opinion. The predominant partner will have to be converted to a much greater extent than he has been already before Home Rule can be considered to have come within the pale of practical politics. This is not a fact of Lord Rosebery's invention; it arises from the nature of the British Constitution. The House of Lords is master of the situation as long as there is not an adequate majority in the House of Commons. A three-figured majority in the House of Commons was necessary to disestablish the Irish Church and to carry the Irish Land Bill, and it will need at least as heavy a majority to carry Home Rule. What we have to do is to win that majority, and until we have won it we had better cease trying to grasp what is manifestly beyond our reach.

SEED SOWN IN DUE SEASON.

Much criticism has been levelled against Lord Rosebery because he did not insist upon rubbing the doctrine of the predominant partner into his junior partners even at the risk of hastening the immediate break up of his Government. When those who condemn him for rendering it possible for his party to keep together after the announcement of the predominant partner doctrine, probably would have denounced him even more if he had shattered his party within a week of his accession to the Premiership. What Lord Rosebery had to do at any cost, almost without counting the cost, was to sow the seed, and at the same time to secure time for it to grow up and germinate. This he did. The phrase about the predominant partner was a seed sown in due season, and all his subsequent explanations were as unpleasant to himself as they could be to any one else, but were necessary in order to gain time in which both the party and the nation could learn to face the facts of the situation.

WHY HE DID NOT DISSOLVE SOONER.

It will be said by some that the true policy was not to have gained time, but to have appealed to the country against the rejection of the Home Rule Bill. The answer to that is simply that if there had been an appeal to the country against the rejection of the Home Rule Bill it should have been undertaken, not by Lord Rosebery, but by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone was the champion of Home Rule, he was the greatest statesman of our time, and the most eloquent demagogue of our day; it was his Bill that had been rejected, his policy which had been rendered abortive by the action of the Peers. If, therefore, there had to be an immediate appeal

to the country, it was Mr. Gladstone who should have headed it, and Mr. Gladstone who should have dissolved Parliament. But Mr. Gladstone did no such thing, and that for a very good reason. No one knew better than he that if he had dissolved and appealed to the country on Home Rule and against the Lords the response would have been so overwhelming against Home Rule that no more would have been heard of it in this century. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, being a practical man, saw that it was necessary to gain time. He handed over the reins of government to Lord Rosebery, and left him to carry on as best he could, with an attenuated majority and an accumulated mass of legislation to be attended to before the dissolution.

MR. GLADSTONE'S POST-OBITS.

Lord Rosebery found himself, on entering office, in a position of extraordinary difficulty. He was like the heir of a heavily-encumbered estate, who had succeeded to his inheritance to find himself confronted with the demands to meet the post-obits of his predecessor, and with hardly a shot in the locker with which to carry on from day to day. Those who are continually saying that Lord Rosebery has failed because he did not do this, that, or the other thing, which all were impossible to mortal man without a solid and stable majority at his back, are as unreasonable as those who would blame a general for refusing to cross a sea without ships, or bombard a fortress without cannon. Now, with a majority of one hundred at his back, Lord Rosebery could have done many great and heroic things. As Becky Sharpe said, "It is easy for any one to be virtuous on £1000 a year," so it is easy for a Parliamentary leader with a three figure majority to carry out a heroic policy. But Lord Rosebery had no such majority; he had a party demoralised by defeat, and dismayed by the loss of its idolised leader. He confronted a triumphant and united enemy with an ill-compacted huddle of heterogeneous groups. That under these circumstances he should have kept his troops together so long as he did, and should have survived so long, is in itself an achievement of no mean order. The situation was not one which called for adamant resolve and the unswerving rigour of the oak. These qualities Lord Rosebery may display when the occasion offers, but it would have been madness to have attempted anything of the kind when the very condition of existence from day to day depended upon the keeping together of the motley groups of discontented men who marched beneath his banner.

LORD ROSEBERY'S POSITION IN 1894.

So much at least is visible to the most cursory observer who examines the Parliamentary history of the last two years with an eye to the condition in which Lord Rosebery found himself placed. It is an open secret that, great as were the difficulties which confronted him from without, they were comparatively trivial compared with those which harassed him from within. A Cabinet accustomed to bow before the authority of Mr. Gladstone, found itself suddenly emancipated from the Gladstonian yoke with no other master than a young and comparatively untried peer, who had never sat in the House of Commons, and who from the nature of things could not exercise that authority over the captains who commanded the majority in the House of Commons. The story goes that during the whole of the Rosebery Administration there was only one occasion when the Cabinet was absolutely unanimous, and that was the decision taken in the last month of its existence

to evacuate Chitral. On more than one occasion, if rumour be not false, the Cabinet almost went to pieces, and it was only by the exercise of untiring skill and great tact and the cultivation of the talent of give and take that the differences were patched up and enabled the Ministry to survive until the fatal Friday, when an adverse majority of seven sealed its doom.

WHY HE STAYED IN OFFICE.

It will be said, and has been said, that this special merit which is claimed for Lord Rosebery, namely, that of the perpetuation of the existence of his Administration, was not a merit at all, but only a somewhat ignoble clinging to office at any cost and at any sacrifice of principle. Such a charge cannot be made by any one who considers the permanent conditions of government by party. Certainly nothing could be further from the truth than to complain that Lord Rosebery clung to office for the sake of office. Personally he would have been heartily glad to have been released months before he was permitted to retire, but in the interests of the country, as well as in the interests of the party, and even for the true interests of the Opposition itself, Lord Rosebery did well to keep his party together, showing a brave front to the enemy until he was absolutely beaten out of his position. No one who knows anything of the inner track of political life has any doubt as to what were the views of the leaders of the Opposition on the question. Mr. Balfour has made no secret of the fact that he deemed it most undesirable that the Unionists should be recalled to office before their leaders had enjoyed a reasonable period of rest, and before the union between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists had sufficiently ripened for the formation of a Coalition Government. The Unionists did not wish to follow their innings too soon. Administration nowadays takes it out of the administrators very severely, and although retiring Ministers are compelled to fight as if they wished to win, none of them would regard with other than dismay the prospect of having to follow their innings.

THE JUSTIFICATION OF HIS POLICY.

From the point of view of the country it is not less necessary that John Bull should have ocular demonstration that he had an alternative team of administrators at his command. Now you can only train administrators by giving them time to administer, and it would have been little short of a national disaster if just as the Liberals were finding their feet and warming to their work they should have been turned out to make room for men who had already graduated in the work of government. From the Liberal point of view Lord Rosebery's policy was still more obviously the right one to follow. Every day that he stayed in office, the more definitely did he commit the whole party to the rational and imperial policy which he has persistently pursued. Every day that he remained in office afforded an additional opportunity for familiarising the raw levies of his composite forces with the necessity for remembering that a part is not greater than the whole, and that if one member suffers the whole body suffers with it. It is not likely that in the next Parliament we shall have much trouble from the MacGregors, the Lloyd Georges and the Keir Hardies. That way madness lies; and the Liberal Party as a whole has now had plenty of opportunity to learn the consequences of indulging such tomfoolery in its ranks. But over and above everything else it was necessary for the Liberal Party to have a full and fair opportunity of

proving that it was a party of men of business, and that when it was left to itself in a domain free from the constant check and harass of the Pears' veto, it could do good work in first class style.

A CREDITABLE RECORD.

No one denies that in this respect Lord Rosebery's policy has been crowned with signal success. Amid the murmurs of denunciation which the party *claque* of the Opposition is raising against the late Cabinet, there is hardly to be heard a whisper against the administrative work of Lord Rosebery and his colleagues. It does not matter which department we take, it will be found that the Liberal Ministers have attended to the affairs entrusted to them as wise and diligent stewards, discharging the responsible duties of Her Majesty's Ministers with zeal, sagacity and prudence, nor will the most vigilant eye discover a single scandal out of which party capital can be manufactured, a single job which brings discredit upon its perpetrator, or a single department in which the presence of the Liberal chief has not been, in the opinion of the permanent staff, a distinct improvement upon all who had gone before. That is a great thing to say, and a creditable record on which to go to the country. Ministers have failed where they undertook tasks manifestly beyond their strength—where they were tied hand and foot by the majority in the House of Lords—but they have succeeded, and succeeded brilliantly, in the field of administration where their hands were unshackled, and where they were free to serve their country and their Queen unmolested. We will now pass in rapid review the work done by Ministers in their various departments.

IV.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

It is difficult to condense into the compass of a page an appreciation of the work done by the Foreign Office in the last Government. Lord Rosebery as Foreign Minister under Gladstone, and as Prime Minister for the last eighteen months, has some reason to regard this department as peculiarly his own.

(1) CONTINUITY.

Its first characteristic is that Lord Rosebery succeeded in re-establishing the governing principle of English foreign policy; that is continuity. It is due to Lord Rosebery that foreign questions are now practically outside the range of party politics. He has repaired the breach made by Lord Beaconsfield in the foreign policy of this country, and now we have the consolation of knowing that whether Whigs or Tories are in power the foreign policy in England will be directed on the same general principles towards the same unchanging ends,—namely, the maintenance of peace, that greatest of all British interests, by the cultivation of friendly relations with all the Powers, and the promotion of everything that tends to open up free communication and free trade.

(2) THE RUSSIAN ENTENTE.

The second characteristic of Lord Rosebery's foreign policy was one which came to most of us as a welcome surprise. Lord Rosebery, although the author of the famous Batoum despatch, which many years ago created no small irritation at St. Petersburg, deserves honourable mention in history as the first Prime Minister who succeeded in bringing a *rapprochement* between England and Russia within sight. No Prime Minister, not even Mr. Gladstone, came so near establishing that hearty good understanding with Russia which is the fundamental basis of any sound foreign policy for England. To replace suspicion by trust and to substitute friendly confidence for malignant distrust was a great

thing to have done if even it lasted only some few months. Under Lord Rosebery a final and satisfactory settlement was arrived at with Russia on the much disputed question of the Pamirs, which finally disposed of the last outstanding difference of opinion between the two empires in Central Asia. Since then, events in the further East have somewhat over-clouded the bright promise of the Anglo-Russian *entente*, but that, let us hope, may be but a passing cloud, which will disappear as soon as the new Tzar rouses himself sufficiently to take the affairs of his empire into his own hands.

(3) ARMENIAN REFORM.

Thirdly: while Lord Rosebery has faithfully adhered to the traditional policy of the Empire of avoiding all entangling alliances, he has not hesitated to enter into arrangements with such of the Powers as are willing to co-operate with him in the discharge of well-defined responsibilities. Of this a notable instance is afforded by the conduct of his Government in the Armenian question. The Armenian provinces of Turkey, lying, as they do, close to the Russian frontier, cannot be dealt with, excepting in concert with Russia. The ignoring of this fact was the fundamental mistake of the Anglo-Turkish convention. Hence, in attempting to improve the condition of the unfortunate Armenians, Lord Rosebery acted with Russia instead of attempting to take any independent action based upon the exceptional and irregular position assumed by Lord Beaconsfield in the Cyprus Convention. As France was anxious to keep step with Russia whatever she did in Turkey or elsewhere, her co-operation was welcome, and the three Powers have acted in friendly concert in an attempt to render residence in Armenia tolerable or even possible to the Armenians.

(4) CHINA AND JAPAN.

The policy of Lord Rosebery in relation to the Japanese war commands general approval even among his opponents. The moment the Japanese had achieved victories sufficiently decisive to secure Korean independence, Lord Rosebery attempted to bring about an intervention by the four Powers, Russia, France, Germany and England, by which further bloodshed might have been prevented and a settlement acceptable and impartial to both Powers could have been obtained. The well-meant effort failed. The war went on. The Chinese were beaten to their knees, and then at the eleventh hour France and Russia and Germany intervened to compel the Japanese to accept terms of peace which differed little from those China might have been induced to agree to, had Lord Rosebery's earlier proposal been accepted by the allies. He proposed to intervene when such an intervention might have ended the war. He refused to intervene when that intervention might easily have brought about a renewal of the struggle. Throughout the whole of the difficult negotiations preceding and following the concluding of the peace, the policy of the Government has been dignified and vigilant. Although for a time it seemed as if Russia had gained a position of undue predominance at Peking, signs are not wanting that this first impression was, to put it mildly, very much in advance of the facts. Face to face as we are with vast and vague possibilities of disturbances in China, confronted by the sudden apparition of a militant and triumphant Japan, all that the Foreign Office can do is to watch the game closely, to avoid all entangling complications, and never to lose the chance of promoting peace and the gradual transformation of China into a modern, civilised, and progressive Power.

(5) UGANDA.

In Africa Lord Rosebery's great achievement was accomplished before he became Prime Minister. Perhaps, on the whole, there is no incident in Lord Rosebery's career quite so creditable to him or fraught with such important consequences to the Empire as the stand which he took on the question of Uganda. Mr. Gladstone's Ministry had just been founded. Almost the entire Cabinet, with Mr. Gladstone at its head, was in favour of the policy of scuttling. In the country there was little or no expression of feeling one way or the other. But Lord Rosebery never hesitated.

He took his stand upon Uganda with calm resolution, and told his colleagues simply, but frankly, that they could go out of Uganda if they pleased, but if they went out of Uganda he would go out of the Cabinet. To keep him in the Cabinet and to spare the Administration the shock of losing one of its most popular and influential members, Mr. Gladstone consented, with many a wry face, to allow Uganda to remain British. That decision, acquiesced in by most of his colleagues, was secured by Lord Rosebery when he was in a minority of one. It was a good piece of work, quietly, but resolutely performed.

(6) THE CONGO AGREEMENT.

The only slip made by the Rosebery Administration in foreign affairs was one which was fortunately not followed by any serious consequences. In the moment of confusion that followed the transfer of the seals, accompanied as it was by the further transfer of the permanent head of the department to Constantinople, an arrangement was entered into about the Congo Free State which was incompatible with the previous understanding with Germany, and which was held in France to constitute an infraction of the *status quo*. The blunder, for blunder it was, however it may be explained, was not recognised as such by the German Embassy here or by the German Foreign Office until their attention was drawn to it by the agitation among the German Jingoists. Then the understanding was referred to and the convention modified accordingly. The trouble with France was also composed, and Europe heard little of a misunderstanding that at one time might have been very serious. It may be said that there are two gifts necessary to a Foreign Minister, and it is difficult to say which is the more important. One is that of not getting into a bungle, and the second is, when you have got into it, of getting out of it without fuss or complications. If the Congo trouble had not taken place, Lord Rosebery could only have shown that he possessed the former gift. As it is, he has now had the opportunity of proving his possession of the latter.

SUMMING-UP.

Our relations with foreign powers have been kept on good footing. France, of course, has been the chief source of trouble, but on the whole we have rubbed along as well as could be expected. The only matter of regret that calls for notice was that nothing was done during the late Administration to bring the tedious and trivial dispute with Venezuela to a settlement by arbitration or otherwise. The trouble with Nicaragua was settled promptly and firmly. Lord Rosebery may fairly claim that he hands over the foreign relations of this country to his successor in a state which, if not absolutely halcyon, is as near thereto as is possible for the British Empire in the last decade in the nineteenth century. He has never trailed the flag, abandoned an ally, or betrayed a friend. He has maintained intact the possessions of his country in the

four quarters of the world without giving even his most malevolent critic the opportunity of saying that he disregarded the rights of others, or ignored our obligations to the defenceless or the weak. The last three years afforded but scant opportunity for the display of the heroic virtues in the conduct of foreign affairs, but Lord Rosebery can, with a clear conscience, say that what there was to do was done quietly, quickly, and well, and that under his Administration the power and reputation of Great Britain have nowhere been impaired.

V.—COLONIAL ADMINISTRATION.

Lord Ripon has been singularly fortunate during his administration of the Colonial Office. During the three years that have elapsed since he took over the responsibility of the guidance, if not the governance, of the New Englands beyond the sea, he has kept things going without a hitch, and he hands over to his successor, Mr. Chamberlain, the British Colonies in a condition of prosperity and content. The Colonial Office must share with the Foreign Office the responsibility, small or great, of not hurrying the Venezuelan question to a decision. But with that exception nothing can be said against the administration of Colonial affairs.

THE MATABELE WAR.

The chief feature in our Colonial history under Lord Ripon's term of office was the brilliantly-successful campaign in Matabeleland. In the annals of Colonial warfare no other campaign was ever fought so successfully, so swiftly, and, on the whole, so mercifully as that which broke the power of Lobengula. Mr. Rhodes smashed the Impis and he made Matabeleland as quiet as Yorkshire. The campaign, as brief as it was decisive, practically cost this country nothing. When the fighting was over and the future of the country had to be decided, another question came before the Colonial Office. Should Matabeleland be made a Crown province, or should it be handed over to its conquerors, the Chartered Company, and they be held responsible for its good government? For a very brief period Lord Ripon hesitated. Then he decided, and decided rightly, to permit Mr. Rhodes to undertake the administration of the country under such new conditions as the Colonial Office deemed necessary for the protection of the natives and the safeguarding of the interests of the Empire. Hence it is that Lord Ripon's Administration can boast of an almost unique record in the shape of a costless war and the annexation of a fertile country, which opened up a great territory to British enterprise without increasing in any way the burdens borne by the British taxpayers.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The only other question in South Africa which occupied much of the time and attention of the Colonial Office was the Swaziland Settlement. This was a small but troublesome question, inasmuch as it excited a great deal of feeling among the Boers on one side, and among those patriots who follow the lead of Sir Ashmead Bartlett on the other. The settlement may not have been ideal, but it has not been seriously challenged. In South Africa Lord Ripon has had the good sense to recognise that we have had a proper man at the helm, and that the best thing to be done was to give him a free hand. This he did, even going to the length of appointing Mr. Rhodes's nominee as High Commissioner.

THE INTERCOLONIAL CONFERENCE.

In Australia and New Zealand the Colonial Office has little to do. The prosperity of those great self-governing

Colonies depends a great deal more upon the City of London than upon Downing Street. The one great intercolonial event which has distinguished the reign of Lord Ripon was the Conference held at Ottawa, and attended by representatives of all the Colonies, at which the Home Government was represented by Lord Jersey. Lord Ripon, a sworn Free Trader of the old school, naturally looked askance at the proposals for intercolonial reciprocity which find favour with Mr. Rhodes and his men. Notwithstanding this, Lord Ripon succeeded in managing affairs so that he did not chill the enthusiasm of the Colonial delegates, and on the whole has managed to get on very well with all our dependencies.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

The one great difficulty which he has left to his successor as yet unsolved is that of Newfoundland. The oldest of British Colonies has gone bankrupt, and at present no way of extricating her from her difficulties has been discovered. Lord Ripon favoured the admission of Newfoundland into the Dominion, but a hitch which proved insuperable prevented this arrangement from being carried out. The difference between the Government of the Dominion and the authorities of Newfoundland was a financial one, some two millions sterling being involved. It is to be hoped that Mr. Chamberlain will be able to arrange matters to the satisfaction of the colonists and to the interests of the empire.

VI.—AT THE INDIAN OFFICE.

Sir Henry Fowler is the one member of the Administration who has achieved a double success. Most people were prepared to find that he would make a very good President of the Local Government Board. The work lay along lines with which he was tolerably familiar, and although his success in engineering the Parish Councils through Parliament exceeded even the anticipation of his friends, it was nothing more than might have been predicted by those who knew the energy and painstaking with which Mr. Fowler has always done his business.

A METHODIST GRAND MOGUL.

When he went into the office many shook their heads. To make a Methodist solicitor the Grand Mogul seemed a risky experiment. The Indian Secretaryship is a post which calls for the display of moral courage, an indomitable will and a capacity to set at defiance both the official hierarchy in India and a clamorous ill-instructed public opinion at home. There are very few who are sufficient for such things, and it is not too much to say that many even among his own colleagues felt Mr. Fowler would not be one of them. But to the astonishment and delight of all who care more for the prosperity of the Empire than for personal satisfaction, Sir Henry Fowler has proved one of the most successful Indian Secretaries of recent times. He has been a strong administrator, who, without a particle of fuss, has nevertheless shown that he had the true imperial temper, and meant to be obeyed. The traditions of the most masterful of Indian administrators seemed to have descended upon him, and arrayed him in a panoply of official authority and conscious rectitude. He was there to see justice done and to see to it that the Empire took no hurt. The House of Commons might brawl and the Anglo-Indian officials might curse, but he would pursue the even tenor of his way, none being able to make him afraid or to deflect him one hair's breadth from his appointed course.

THE BABOOS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

He began well by calmly setting at naught a resolution of the House of Commons on the subject of simultaneous examinations for the Indian Civil Service in Calcutta and London. If that resolution had been accepted as the last word on the subject Mr. Fowler believed that before long we should have lost our empire. The Bengalee Baboo, whose intellectual outfit enables him to pass examinations with ease which would have floored the ablest officials who ever served the Queen in India, would before long have monopolised all the posts of the Civil Service, with the result that the races which obey an Englishman without reference to the number of marks he had gained in competitive examinations, would have revolted against the Baboo, whose skill in passing examinations bears no sort of relation to his capacity for government. So Sir Henry Fowler considering that the maintenance of the Indian Empire was a thing for which it was worth while to take some risk, even the risk of ignoring a resolution of the House of Commons, acted accordingly, and had the satisfaction of finding his conduct approved by the very Assembly whose decision he had ignored. That was very good for a beginning, but it was only one of many other things of the same sort.

THE INDIAN COTTON DUTIES.

The Indian Cotton Duties put him to a crucial test. He is a Free Trader, and is as reluctant as anybody can be to add to the barriers that impede the free distribution of the products of British looms throughout the various countries of the East. But after considering the whole situation, he deemed it just and wise to allow import duties to be levied upon Lancashire goods imported into India, making due provision against the conversion of this fiscal necessity into a protective tariff. The Indian manufacturer was not very well pleased. Lancashire foamed at the mouth. For some time it seemed as if the coalition between the Lancashire members and the Opposition would bring the Ministry down with a run. Nothing daunted, Sir Henry stood to his guns, faced a set attack of Lancashire with its Conservative allies, and had the pleasure of gaining a brilliant and decisive victory.

His speech in defence of the Cotton Duties and the collapse of his assailants will be recollected as one of the most striking incidents in the Parliamentary history of the late Administration. His successor, Lord George Hamilton, unfortunately will have some difficulty in extricating himself from the coil in which he involved himself on that occasion.

THE CANTONMENTS ACT.

On two other occasions Mr. Fowler showed equal strength of will and determined purpose. The House of Commons, representing the mature convictions of the British public, had pronounced decidedly, with Sir Henry Fowler's full concurrence, against the policy by which the Indian military authorities had included a contingent of women of ill-fame as part of the necessary impedimenta of every regiment in India. Orders had been given by the home Government, which Indian officials, both civil and military, entered into a conspiracy to evade, and at the same time this evasion was concealed by protestations of ignorance, which were only less disgraceful if true, than if they had been deliberate falsehoods. Sir H. Fowler, upon taking office, put his foot down quietly but firmly, with the result

that Anglo-Indiadom sullenly obeyed. The question has been settled, it is hoped, never to be revived.

THE OPIUM QUESTION.

The opium question compelled him to show front in another direction. The cultivation of opium under Government authority, its distribution to the people of India, and its export to the people of China, have long been regarded as national crimes which lay heavy upon the conscience of our people. A Royal Commission was appointed under Lord Brassey to investigate the whole subject, Mr. Arthur Pease and Mr. Wilson being placed upon the Commission as special representatives of the non-opium party. The Commission went to India, examined hundreds of witnesses, and reported in favour of the existing system. The evidence embodied in the Report was overwhelming, and the recommendation of the Commission in favour of allowing the existing system to continue was signed by all the Commissioners, including Mr. Pease, with the exception of Mr. Wilson. The Report was assailed in the House of Commons by Mr. Pease's own brother, while Mr. H. J. Wilson brought forward what he considered evidence as to the unsatisfactory manner in which witnesses had been first chosen and then coached. In reply, Mr. Fowler made another of the memorable speeches of the late Parliament, defending the Commission and its conclusions. He proved to the great majority of the House that the interdict which prohibitionists wished to impose upon India was impossible even if it had been desirable, and that the evidence was overwhelming that it was no more desirable than it was possible. Opium is grown in the native states, and their right to grow what they pleased could not be interfered with excepting under threat and possibly by the actual levying of war. Even if this could be avoided, a new frontier line, 5,000 miles in length, would have to be constantly patrolled to prevent the smuggling of a drug which is so small in bulk that it can be concealed about the person in a way that would baffle the energies of the most vigilant of custom house services. The loss of revenue would amount to about £600,000,000 a year; 10,000 men would at once have to be added to the Indian Army. These enormous sacrifices would have to be made in order to prevent the consumption of opium by our Asiatic fellow subjects, on whom it produces hardly any of the disastrous consequences which admittedly flow from the unrestricted sale of alcohol in this country. All this was set forth with great air of authority and with a consciousness of supreme rectitude which carried the whole House away with it. After Sir Henry's speech, the agitation for the prohibition of the production of opium in India evaporated into thin air.

CHITRAL.

The last case in which Sir H. Fowler was called upon to take a stand in opposition to a very strong drift of official opinion was in the case of Chitral. The attack upon our Resident in that remote capital of the mountainous wilderness of Pathanistan, compelled the dispatch of a relieving force, which started with the most positive assurances of a resolution to retire as soon as the Residency was relieved. The work given it to do was brilliantly accomplished, at an expenditure of well-nigh three millions sterling. Then the Government of India, going back upon its public and solemn pledges, insisted upon being allowed to make a road to Chitral, to garrison the fort, and, in short, to bring all the weltering wilderness of hills within the Indian frontier. Lord Roberts,

the late Commander-in-Chief in India, strongly supported this policy of annexation—all pledges to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Curzon declared it was indispensable. The *Times* made every one believe it was practically decided upon. There was no public protest against it at home. Only in Russia a low ominous growl could be heard, with dark suggestions as to the worse than Punic faith of the Indian Government.

All this while Sir H. Fowler was carefully studying the question, interviewing experts, and forming his own conclusion. That conclusion was clear and unmistakable. At any cost, almost without counting of costs, he would keep the pledges of the Indian Government, and clear out of Chitral. The whole of the Indian Council, with the solitary exception of Lord Roberts, supported him in this resolve. The whole of the Cabinet, without even a single exception, endorsed his decision. On the Monday following the fatal Friday of the cordite division, Ministers had arranged to make public declaration of the policy of evacuation in both Houses. Before then the bolt fell and the Government ceased to exist, so the execution of the evacuation has been left over for their successors.

In many other matters, notably in the stimulus which he has given to the construction of railways in India on a rupee basis, Sir Henry Fowler has done what could be done to promote the welfare and prosperity of the millions of India, who have never had at Downing Street any English statesman who watched more sedulously over their interests.

VII.—IRELAND.

Whatever may be said concerning the policy of Mr. Morley, it has undoubtedly had one notable result, Ireland, by the concurrent testimony of judges, journalists, Unionists, and policemen, has never in all its history been more profoundly tranquil than it has been under Mr. Morley. The Isle of Saints has almost begun to resume its saintly character. Excepting for those ebullitions of temper that follow too liberal potations, Ireland would be a crimeless land. No turbulent agitation, agrarian or otherwise, has disturbed the quiet industry of her peasants. Without coercion of any kind, by simply applying to the Irish nation the principles of sympathetic administration based upon representative government, peace reigns in Ireland as it has never reigned for the last twenty years.

THE FRUITS OF CONFIDENCE.

The result has been due to the confidence with which Mr. Morley and his colleagues have been able to inspire the Irish, that they needed no stimulus of agitation or of outrage to induce them to do their level best to secure justice for Ireland and justice for the Irish tenant. And Mr. Morley has justified this confidence. The whole of the first session was given up to Home Rule. The Bill passed the House of Commons, where eighty-two days were consumed in its discussion; it was contemptuously flung out by the House of Lords, after a brief debate of four days. The Evicted Tenants Bill, prepared with much care, was forced through all its stages in the House of Commons only to be strangled in the House of Lords. The Irish Land Bill, which was the last legislative attempt to deal with the perennial agrarian question, was hailed in Ireland as offering the prospect of a final solution of these difficulties. It was choked out of existence when the Opposition defeated the Government on the question of cordite. The Municipal Franchise Bill was strangled by the Lords at the last moment. Yet notwithstanding the fact that Ireland

has got nothing in the shape of legislation, Ireland is tranquil, not because Ireland is content, but because Irishmen have had confidence that Mr. Morley and his colleagues would do all that can be done by men to do them justice, and secure them the right of self-government.

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Mr. Morley has had great difficulties to surmount, some of which indeed have proved insuperable. The stolid and impassable barrier which the House of Lords offered to all his remedial legislation was only one of the obstacles in his path. From an administrative point of view, a difficulty almost as great was the perpetuation of the old boycott which the Home Rulers kept up against the Home Rule Government. Mr. Morley might be a Home Ruler, but he was not an Irishman. Therefore, he was to be treated at the Secretary's Lodge as if he had been a land grabber on an evicted farm. He was to be left severely alone. No self-respecting Nationalist with any regard for a reputation for patriotism would be seen rubbing shoulders with Hon. John in his official capacity. Because some of his predecessors had given them the hospitality of the gaol, they scorned to accept the hospitality of the Lodge. The fatal split between the Parnellites and the Nationalists accentuated the difficulty. No Nationalist dare move a step or wag a finger without squinting over his shoulder to see if a Parnellite was watching with intent to misrepresent him. Hence Mr. Morley had for some time to try to carry on a popular Administration without any of the assistance which, in any other country and under any other circumstances, would have been afforded him by the representatives of the people.

Under Mr. Morley all questions of Irish administration were dealt with from the point of a sympathiser and a friend, who was endeavouring, so far as was possible to him, to carry out in office what a popularly elected Irish National Administration would do if it had been called into existence. It will be some time before the Irish see his like again.

As this article deals with administration, not with legislation, I say nothing about Sir W. Harcourt's great Budget, with its reform of the Death Duties and rearrangement of the Income-tax. That and the Parish Councils Act are the two great legislative achievements of the Ministry.

VIII.—THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, who was censured by the snap vote of the House of Commons on the question of the supply of cordite, was one of the most popular ministers both with the Service and in the House of Commons. But for the reluctance of his colleagues to spare him, he would have been elected Speaker by a unanimous vote of the House; and at the War Office, from the royal duke down to the latest recruit, there was no one who did not regard him as their friend. A sturdy, manly, genial Scot, Sir Campbell-Bannerman devoted himself to the welfare of the soldier. He attempted no heroic reforms.

THE WAR OFFICE, 1892-5.

The army, in his opinion, was in a very healthy condition. The troops were never better fed, clothed, and housed. They were never more sober and more contented. The officers were devoted to their duties; for since the abolition of purchase soldiering has become a profession of absorbing interest. What was wanted, therefore,

was to give the Service space to grow and time to breathe. What was wanted was weeding and watering, not transplanting, so the late War Secretary kept a vigilant and sympathetic eye upon all that could minister to the efficiency of the Service, and satisfied himself that the army was ready to go anywhere and do anything. To improve the organisation at headquarters, he succeeded in arranging for the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge, the announcement of that fact being his last official act before his fall. It was a delicate and painful operation, which was accomplished with a kindly tact that nothing could excel.

THE ADMIRALTY AND ITS DOCKS.

Lord Spencer, as First Lord of the Admiralty, charged with the maintenance of the efficiency of the first line of our defence, has brought the navy up to the highest pitch of efficiency it has ever reached. His predecessors had built many ships, but they had omitted to man them. They had multiplied the number of our vessels, but they had done nothing to provide them with docks and shelter. The equipage also had not been kept up, and, in short, Lord Spencer found he had to spend, and spend freely, in order to keep the navy up to the mark. He added over 6000 men to the roll-call to begin with. He surmounted the difficulty about stokers, so that the British navy will no longer be in danger of not being able to go into action for lack of men to get the steam up in the stoke-hole. Then he set to work to increase the number of quick-firing guns, and to arm our blue-jackets and marines with the magazine rifle. But the great achievement of his reign at the Admiralty were the commencement of a series of great harbour works for the purpose of providing the fleet with safe retreat at Dover, Portland, and Gibraltar. No Board of the Admiralty could be got to face this duty heretofore, and it is to Lord Spencer's credit that he has not waited for the steed to be stolen before fitting a lock to the stable door.

NEW SHIPS.

The second great work was his programme of naval construction. This programme provides the following vessels.

Began in 1893-94.—Two 1st class battleships, three 2nd class cruisers, fourteen torpedo-boat destroyers, two sloops.

Began in 1894-1895.—Seven 1st class battleships, two 1st class cruisers, six 2nd class cruisers, twenty-eight torpedo-boat destroyers, two sloops.

Began in 1895-96.—Four 1st class cruisers, two 3rd class cruisers.

There are now under construction at the dockyards and our private yards, ten first-class battle-ships, six cruisers of the first-class, thirteen of second-class, and two of third-class, forty to fifty torpedo-boat destroyers, and four sloops. Side by side with this new construction, older vessels have been reconstructed and repaired; and what is, perhaps, one of the most important changes, the new ships are being fitted with water-tube boilers, which are a great improvement on all that has gone before. The naval estimates for 1895-6 amount to £18,701,000, an increase of £4,460,900 more than the vote for 1893-94. As the result of this expenditure, our fleet is in a position to cope successfully with that of any two rivals. We can build a first-class battleship in two years, whereas it takes other nations four or five years to construct a similar vessel. The French have some half-dozen of their ironclads laid up for reconstruction. On the whole, therefore, we have every reason to feel confidence in the ability of our Navy to guard our shores and to police the seas.

IX.—THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

I have left the Home Departments to the last, not because they are the least important, but because so much has been said about them elsewhere, in the publications of the rival parties, and in previous articles in the *Review*, that there is less need to dwell upon them here. Of the Post Office, indeed, there is nothing to say, excepting that it is probable the Duke of Norfolk may show a keener sense of the right of the public to concern itself with the Department and its policy than the ex-Liberal whip who for the last three years has been Postmaster-General.

THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

Mr. Acland at the Education Office has distinguished his tenure of office by accomplishing in the Administrative way, many improvements for which his successors in office, in common with the nation at large, owe him gratitude. For the first year or eighteen months of his tenure of office, he was assailed by fierce outcries on the part of irate clerics, who declared that he was bent upon ruining the voluntary schools. The only pretext for this was that Mr. Acland had issued a circular in which he called attention to the need of adequate provision for the health of the scholars in our public schools. There was nothing in this circular to which the Archbishop of Canterbury or Cardinal Vaughan could have objected; it applied equally to board and voluntary schools, and insisted upon the redress of evils and defects which prejudiced the health of the rising generation. This circular had very important results: it acted as a most useful stimulus to sanitary improvements in all the schools of the country, and it contributed greatly to bring up the worst schools to a tolerable standard of decency. The heads of the Church party have publicly declared that the charges brought against Mr. Acland of persecuting the Church schools, were baseless. As a matter of fact, nothing could have been more considerate and more patient than Mr. Acland's conduct in dealing with these schools where there were difficulties in the way of immediately carrying the necessary improvements.

The Education Department being one of our more recent creations, is able to do many things, by issuing orders or amending codes, which other Departments can only effect by means of legislation. Mr. Acland has availed himself of his opportunity in order to raise the standard of our education, and make it more practical and more interesting. He has issued a code for evening continuation schools, with the object of enabling those who have left school and begun to work, to improve their evenings by study. One special feature of the code, which is quite a novelty in this country, is the admirable syllabus for studying the life and duties of the citizen. This syllabus is the special work of Mr. Acland himself, and contains a synopsis of the whole duty of man in the modern state.

One very important new departure which has been taken during Mr. Acland's tenure of office has been the special grant made to voluntary schools in the country for cottage gardening. In this we have the germ of a model farm, which, when the land question is taken in hand seriously, will be attached to every country school. For that, however, the time is not quite ripe, but Mr. Acland has made a beginning, and, after all, it is the first step that costs. Another piece of good administrative work was the action which Mr. Acland took in cutting down the costs of School Board elections by one half. This is both a saving to the rates and a saving to the citizens who give their

time and labour to School Board work. The important question of secondary education has been dealt with by a Commission which is almost ready to report. Its recommendations will be ready to the hand of Sir John Gorst, and will supply the foundation upon which those schools, in which we are the most dismally lacking, must shortly be established. Mr. Acland has also bestowed much attention upon the technical education of the country, and revolutionised the system of inspection under which the science and art grants are distributed at South Kensington.

Time was not permitted him to do all that he would have done in the shape of vivifying the somewhat fossilised system at South Kensington. But what he has done has been well done. He has made several good appointments at the Museum, and succeeded in infusing into all branches of the service somewhat more of *esprit de corps*, and of pride in their work, than has hitherto been attained. Another grievance which afflicted the educational service from old time has been the extent to which the teachers were ignored by the department. Mr. Acland set himself to remedy this, and as an earnest of what he intended to do, appointed five certificated teachers to inspectorships. He had only eight appointments to make, and five of these fell to men who had worked in elementary schools. Of still more importance to the bulk of the profession was the Teachers' Superannuation Bill which he had in preparation, and which would have been introduced by now had the Government still been in existence. In the way of legislation Mr. Acland attempted little, but what he did was good. He secured the foundation and endowment of a Welsh University, which is working well and giving great satisfaction to the Principality. He succeeded in carrying a much needed Act for the education of children physically defective, so that one great blot on our educational system, the lack of provision for the blind and the deaf and dumb, has at last been filled up. At the same time, by the Elementary Schools Attendance Act, he has raised the age during which children may be partially or wholly exempted from attendance from ten to eleven.

Everywhere and always, Mr. Acland cared for the welfare of the children, the interests of the teachers, and the well-being of our national education. He is one of the few Ministers of Education who have succeeded in making a general impression upon the teaching profession that they had at Whitehall a chief, thoroughly sympathetic, who could be relied upon to see that the interests of education were not neglected in the Cabinet.

THE BOARD OF TRADE.

Space fails me to describe the good work of Mr. Asquith at the Home Office, to which, however, I recently devoted some attention in his Character Sketch. The Board of Trade has done many things well, and would have done more had not untimely Dissolution nipped in the bud some of its most useful legislative proposals. In great distinction has been the conversion of the Board of Trade into a Court of peace-making. Three of the most embittered trade disputes, the coal strike, the cab strike, and the lock-out in the boot and shoe trade, were brought to a peaceful issue by its good offices. The following is a brief summary of the work of the Department in 1892-5 in matters affecting labour:—

(a) LEGISLATIVE.

(1) The Railway Regulation Act, 1893. This empowers the Board of Trade, on complaint being made to them, to compel railway companies to bring the hours of their servants

within reasonable limits. (NOTE.—In the year following the enactment of this law, the powers so conferred on the Board of Trade were exercised in seventy-two cases affecting a very large number of workmen.)

(2) The North Sea Fisheries Act, 1893. This was designed to suppress floating groghops on the fishing grounds of the North Sea.

(3) The Notice of Accidents Act, 1894. This requires employers in the more important industries to furnish the Board of Trade with prompt returns of fatal or serious accidents, and empowers the department to institute inquiry into the circumstances attending such accidents where desirable. (NOTE.—The returns of accidents are summarized monthly in the *Labour Gazette*. The Conciliation (Trade Disputes) Bill was pressed forward as rapidly as public business would allow, and this Session the Second Reading was secured, and the Bill committed to the Standing Committee on Trade.)

(b) ADMINISTRATIVE.

(1) Enlargement of the Labour Department and appointment of working men throughout the country to supply information as to "labour" conditions in their several districts. Establishment of the *Labour Gazette*, giving each month very full information as to changes in wages, hours of labour, etc., and other matters of interest in the labour world.

(2) Appointment of practical railway men as sub-inspectors of railways, specially charged with the duty of inquiring into conditions of railway working affecting the safety of railway servants.

(3) Provision has been made at one foreign port—with the intention of subsequently extending it to other ports—by which British sailors paid off there can have the wages due to them remitted to their homes in England—thus saving them from the temptations put in their way by crimps, etc. (These facilities have been largely taken advantage of by sailors discharged abroad.)

(4) Representatives of seamen have been appointed on Local Marine Boards.

(5) An inquiry has been set on foot as to the alleged undermanning of ships.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

At the Local Government Board Mr. Shaw Lefevre has had imposed upon him the arduous duty of superintending the first introduction of representative government into our villages. The Department was worked all hours, but it got through the work with remarkable success. Mr. Shaw Lefevre also took an honourable part in pressing upon the Boards of Guardians the duty of humanising the administration of the workhouses before the publication of the Report of the Royal Commission on the Treatment of the Aged Poor. The circulars and instructions issued by the Board during his term of office have all been directed to the same end, the improvement of the administration of the poor law, and the protection of the rights and privileges of the poor. His last act was to introduce a Bill removing the restrictions placed upon the use of mechanical traction which at present cripple the inventive genius and enterprise of our manufacturers. It was lost in the general overturn. The Bill for the Unification of London remains in the pigeon-holes of the Board. It is not likely to be of any service to Mr. Chaplin.

A volume might be written of the work of the Government during these three years if all the departments were to be set out in full. As it is, sufficient has been said to indicate the general nature and scope of the Rosebery Administration. As it did not spring from the classes, it laboured for the masses. It kept the peace, promoted conciliation, and endeavoured in every way to further the common interests of the common people.

A POETS' CORNER FOR THE PENNY POETS.

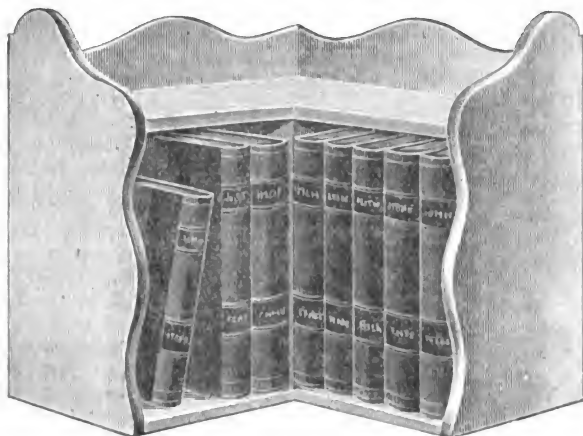
I AM glad to be able to report that the sale of "The Penny Poets" continues to justify the expectations with which the enterprise was started. It is of course impossible to say how many have been sold of

inasmuch as every copy which was printed was sold at a loss, do I intend to reprint it at a penny. The two parts



No. 1. 6d.

Size: 9 in. by 5½ in.



No. 3. 2s. 6d.

Size: 15 in. by 10½ in.

each number, but the following are the numbers of copies printed up to date:—

Macaulay.—"Lays of Ancient Rome," 150,000.

Scott.—"Marmion," 125,000.

Byron.—"Childe Harold," etc., 125,000.

Lowell.—Selections, 100,000.

Burns.—Poems and Songs, 100,000.

Shakespeare.—"Romeo and Juliet," 100,000.

Lougfellow.—"Evangeline," etc., 100,000.

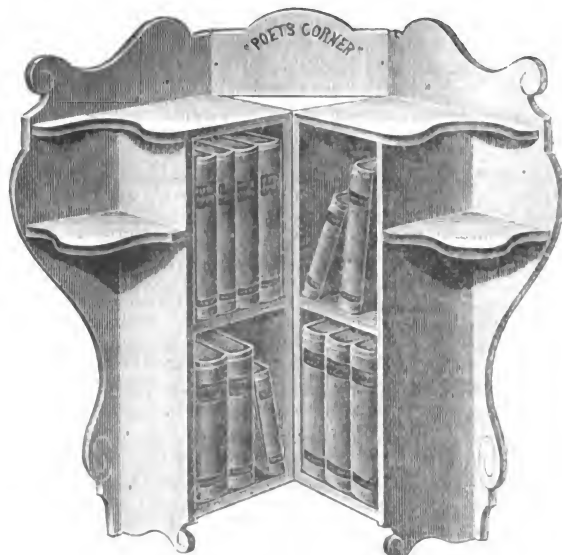
So far as can be seen at present there has been the greatest run on Macaulay, but that is due to the fact that it was the first, and still more because the first number contained thirty-two pages of portraits and autographs,

are, however, each reprinted, and can be had separately at a penny each. Portraits and autographs contain the facsimiles of the letters and the latest portraits of half a dozen of the most distinguished men in the country, from Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury downwards. "The Lays of Ancient Rome" by themselves are also published at a penny. We stock sufficient quantities of the poets in order to be able to fill orders for the series from the first. Byron so far has been the least popular of the numbers issued up to date. This was, however, to be



No. 2. 5s.

Size: 13 in. by 15 in.



No. 4. 7s. 6d. and 10s.

Size: 21 in. by 25 in.

which of course only appeared in that number. I am continually being asked for No. 1 with the portraits and autographs. I have to state that it is out of print, nor,

expected. "Childe Harold" has nothing like the popular charm that is possessed by "Marmion" or the "Lays of Ancient Rome." I am sending copies of Lowell

to all the secretaries of the P.S.A. Associations in the country—some 800 or 900 in all—in the hope that they may see in "The Penny Poets" a means of meeting one of their great requirements, namely, the constant supply of good literature cheap.

I continue to receive letters from readers in all parts of the world expressing their approval of "The Penny Poets" and their satisfaction at the way in which the edition is being printed. Among others I have received communications from Lady Aberdeen, Ben Tillett, who was particularly grateful for Byron, Sir John Bennett, and many others whose letters are not less welcome to me because they are unknown beyond the confines of their own village.

The first number of "The Poets' Corner Album" was issued on the 1st inst. Of the way in which it has been received by the public, I cannot of course speak at present. Four toned portraits of Macaulay, Scott, Byron and Lowell have never before been issued for a shilling; as a rule toned portraits are issued at 6d. each. The album, however, is by no means all that the purchaser secures for his shilling. There is given away with each number of the album a volume, bound in cloth, of four hundred pages, containing the masterpieces of the poets whose portraits appear in the folio. Still the experiment of issuing portraits is so novel that even although there is a premium upon each number in the shape of a presentation volume, the like of which could not be procured for twice the money paid for the album, I would not like to predict too confidently that it will succeed. If there is not a considerable demand for the album, I shall stop publishing it, as it would not be worth while continuing it unless the demand is large and steady. Readers, therefore, who wish to secure the album and its literary supplement will do well to order it at once.

One of the things which I foresaw in publishing the poets was the need for a cheap box or shelving in which to keep the weekly parts. "The Penny Poets" are not like a weekly miscellany, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the fire. They constitute what, I hope, will be a permanent addition to the library of the subscriber. If so, it is absolutely necessary to provide a place in which to keep them. Forty-eight penny parts littering about the house are apt to become a nuisance, whereas if they could be put into a neat box such as those in which sets of volumes are sold, or if they have a neat little bookshelf all to themselves, or,

better still, if they could have a bracket in the corner of a room where they could have, as it were, a poets' corner all to themselves, what would otherwise be a nuisance, will thus become a useful addition to the furnishing of the room. With this end in view, I have prepared a series of boxes and shelves which, I hope, will meet the end which has been indicated. The boxes, made of cardboard and covered with leatherette, can be supplied at 6d. each (No. 1). This box will either stand on any ordinary shelf, or on the drawing-room table. In addition to this there is a plain simple wooden box at 1s. This box, whether made in pasteboard or in wood, will contain the whole of the forty-eight numbers. In addition to this I can supply an ornamental stand in japanned lacquer at 5s. by parcel post to any part of the kingdom (No. 2). I have had specially made for "The Penny Poets" two corner brackets—one plain (No. 3. 2s. 6d.), which can be supplied at half-a-crown, and the other—a very ingenious device, which has been duly registered (No. 4. 7s. 6d. or 10s.), can be used either flat against the wall or in any corner, and is supplied at 7s. 6d. and 10s., with gilt and ornamental facings. As these boxes cannot be stocked or sent out to the trade, all orders must be sent to me direct, addressed Bookshelf Department, enclosing remittance. As none of these boxes are kept in stock, but are in process of manufacture, orders will be booked, and the parcels dispatched in turn, as soon as the boxes and shelves can be manufactured.

It is necessary to explain that the woodcuts of these boxes have been made as if they were holding bound volumes—which is absurd. The essence of the book-box, or Poets' Corner shelf, is that it is suited for holding "The Penny Poets" which are not bound, and which make a dreadful litter if they are left about the house without a place of their own.

In publishing "Marmion" in "The Penny Poets," I naturally quoted the footnote which Sir Walter Scott appended to his account of the immuring of Constance, whereupon I brought down on my innocent head a storm of indignation on the part of Catholics, who have sent me pamphlets and letters protesting against the assumption embodied in Sir Walter Scott's statement. The Benedictines have never bricked up nuns alive, no matter how guilty they may have been. Those who wish for information upon this subject had better apply to the Catholic Truth Society, of 22, Paternoster Row, E.C., for pamphlets by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, of the Society of Jesus.

OUR CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

REPORT OF PROGRESS FOR JUNE.

THE demand for the boxes of our Circulating Library continues. Since last month I have received additional orders for twenty boxes, which brings the number in circulation up to seventy. The following are the places which have applied for boxes since our last issue:—

CORNWALL—Hayle.
DEVON—Cullompton.
DERBY—New Bolsover and Norton, Pleasley Parish Council (two boxes).
GLOUCESTER—Shipston-on-Stour.
MIDDLESEX—East Ham.
NORFOLK—Harleston.
NORTHUMBERLAND—Hexham.
NOTTINGHAM—Nottingham.

SUFFOLK—Eye.
SUSSEX—Hayward's Heath and Lewes.
YORKS—Brightlington.
WALES—Builth Wells and Merthyr Tydfil.
SCOTLAND—Buckhaven and Lanark.
FOREIGN—Rotterdam.

FOR ENGLISH COLONIES ABROAD.

It will be noticed that in this list one of the boxes has gone to Rotterdam. The box was ordered by the pastor of the Presbyterian church in that city for the benefit of the members of his church. He hopes to be able to arrange for the circulation of other boxes of books among the Presbyterian churches in Holland, so that the circulation of a set of boxes may be confined to that country, instead of having to send them back to London,

as would be the case if there were only one such box in the country. I should be very glad if I could make an arrangement by which some steamship in a regular route would convey boxes of books from one port of call to another, wherever local centres might be established. There are few seaports of any importance in the Mediterranean where there is not an English colony which is generally very imperfectly supplied with English literature. I shall also be glad to make arrangements with steamship companies which do passenger business for the supply of boxes of books as a floating library. The great Atlantic liners have their own libraries, of course, but there are other lines of passenger steamers where at present a library is not considered to be a necessary part of the equipment. Then, again, there are the large merchant vessels, both sailing and steamship, who have crews varying from eleven to thirty men. There is often very little literature provided in the fore-castle, although on every voyage there is plenty of time for reading. I should be glad to hear from captains or owners of ships or from sailors who think that something might be done in the way of providing reading for those who go down to the sea in ships.

BOXES FOR LIGHTSHIPS.

Our books might find appreciative readers although few, if only the brothers of the Trinity House could see their way to sending every quarter one of our boxes to the lightships which are anchored off our shores. There are about half-a-dozen men on each lightship who are cut off from all the world, and although they are at the present moment supplied to some extent with reading matter, a reinforcement in the shape of a box of books every quarter would be welcome. Even if the elder brothers of the Trinity House do not see their way to incurring this expenditure, I throw out the suggestion in the hope that some benevolently disposed persons who have either local or personal interest in any lightship, might subscribe for a box of books for that ship. Those who wake when others sleep in order that the mariners of England may navigate our seas in safety, are well deserving this attention at the hands of those who live at home in ease.

PARISH COUNCILS IN MOTION.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the new orders is the fact that three of the boxes ordered last month have been ordered by parish councils, one taking two boxes and the other one. The parish councils which have thus distinguished themselves as being the first in all England to avail themselves of the Libraries Act, which they must do in order to introduce our books, are Pleasley and Barrington. The parish council which takes one box, takes it for the winter months only. This arrangement I am glad to make in order to meet the necessities of the population which is employed in the fields during the summer months. As there are over 4,000 parish councils in the country, and certainly not 1,000 free libraries, including all the large towns, it is evident that there is room for a very wide development for popular free libraries. I should not be surprised now that two parish councils have begun, and the ice is broken, if many others follow suit. Indeed, it would not be strange if the most useful and lasting result of the Parish Councils Act were to be the establishment of centres where the villagers could obtain the free reading of the best books in the world.

BOXES FOR INDIA AND ELSEWHERE.

We have had inquiries from Australia, from India, from Florida, and from Morocco. The difficulty of freight is the great obstacle to including these distant

centres in the range of our circulating library. Take for instance the order which we have received for the supply of a box to an educational establishment in Poona. The cost of sending a box of books from London to Bombay is 30s., and how much it is from Bombay to Poona I do not know. If some more centres in the neighbourhood of Poona could subscribe we could send out several boxes, which could circulate in the Poona district without entailing any more cost of transit than if they were in England, after the first initial cost of sending them out has been met. I think we shall have to make a rule that when orders come from a great distance from London they can only be attended to when they come at least in sets of six. Each box could then remain six months in one place, and the six boxes would make the round in three years.

MAY WE CHOOSE OUR OWN BOOKS?

Several correspondents have written to ask whether they may not be allowed to choose their own books. It is obvious that the essence of the scheme is the circulation of boxes as units instead of books as units. I am, however, always glad to receive suggestions from any one who wishes to subscribe to the scheme, both as to what books should be or what books should not be included; but it would be obviously impossible for any one centre to choose books without any regard for the other centres. If, however, a circuit of twelve or six centres could be formed in any part of this country which will agree to subscribe to the scheme for three years, they might fill their boxes as they pleased, so long as they did not exceed the initial cost of the face value of £10 of the published price of the books in each box. This suggestion I throw out because it is possible that ministers and clergymen, for instance, might wish to have special boxes of theological or critical works, and it ought not to be impossible through the county associations to arrange for such groups of six or twelve centres. The Free Church Councils which are being formed in various parts of the country might find this a useful department of their activities. A special Free Church box dealing with politics, sociology and theology might be made up which would be very useful, and such a library would be an additional nexus and bond of union between the members of the Free Church Council.

W. H. SMITH AND SONS.

In *Good Words* for July a writer gives the following account of the way in which W. H. Smith and Son started their circulating library:—

In June, 1860, the following announcement appeared in the *Athenæum*:—"Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, taking advantage of the convenience afforded by their railway bookstalls, are about to open a subscription library on a large scale, something like that of Mr. Mudie. The bookstalls will, in fact, become local libraries, small but select, with the immense advantage of hourly communication by train, with a vast central library in London." The enterprise was undertaken in response to the demand made by people living in remote rural districts for a supply of books on loan. As it called for a very heavy capital expenditure, and did not promise a very remunerative return, Mr. Smith had considerable misgivings as to the venture, but, acting on his invariable principle, that it was his business to supply what the public demanded, he went boldly forward.

It was soon evident that Mr. Smith had not misinterpreted the demand. Subscribers were rapidly enrolled, and the library grew to large proportions. Its catalogue to-day—a goodly octavo of about sixty pages—comprises the titles of more than 12,000 separate works, and there are some 300,000 volumes in circulation. . . . We are told that the aggregate weight of the books so conveyed along the various lines amounts to nearly five hundred tons a year.

A BABY EXCHANGE.

I AM glad to be able to announce that the notice in our last number as to the probability of a successful establishment of a Baby Exchange is most likely to be justified by events. In the first place, the couple who wanted the brunette girl baby, although not yet suited, have had many offers of supernumerary children. That, however, is only a small thing. If the Baby Exchange is to be any good, it must begin with small things and gradually progress to greater ones. I have received several letters from people in various parts of the country, from people who want babies and from persons who have babies to dispose of. I will quote, suppressing all names and addresses—for these communications are strictly confidential—some sample letters from our baby correspondence.

BABIES WANTED.

For instance, here are some letters from those who want babies:—

"I beg to inform you that a young married couple, friends of mine, who have no children of their own, also wish one to adopt and bring up as their own, on the same conditions as stated in your Review, with the exception that it may be either a boy or girl. It would have a comfortable home (although they are not wealthy people), and would be cared for as their own. Should you have more applications than required in answer to the article in your Review for the parties who wish the child to adopt, I shall be glad if you will kindly let me know, on behalf of my friends, if you can do anything in compliance with their wishes. They will take it from birth or a few weeks old."

Another correspondent writes:—

"We have no children and are never likely to have, and we are bitterly disappointed; but we have made up our minds to adopt one. I have got everything ready and am now anxious as soon as ever I can to get a baby. We want a little baby girl about four to six months old, or even younger, if we could be sure it was healthy. I should like a fair child if possible. I am sure I could make a little one so happy. My husband wishes it to be an orphan or illegitimate, so that we take it *entirely*. We can give you plenty of references and shall be pleased to answer any questions you like to ask us. All I want is a little baby that I can bring up and love as my own. Will you help us? I shall anxiously await your reply."

This lady was put into communication with a friend who was wishful to arrange for the disposal of an infant protégé of hers. But the applicant had in the meantime got her want otherwise supplied, as appears from her second letter:—

I am sorry I cannot help her [the lady mentioned above] by taking her little waif, but I heard of a baby to-day through a friend, and if all inquiries are successful, I have promised to take it. Should this one of my friend's prove unsuccessful I will write again if you will kindly help me then; but it seems, so far, in every way just what we wanted, and of course I am very happy about it. I shall always take an interest in any articles about babies being adopted that I see in your paper.

BABIES TO DISPOSE OF.

The following are extracts from some of the letters I have received from those who have babies to dispose of:—

A friend of mine writes me that he is trying to find a home for a little baby boy. "Age about six weeks. I would most willingly take the baby and adopt it myself, but I have already adopted two boys and a girl—fatherless and motherless children. If you have not already decided, or could assist me in finding a good home, I should esteem it a favour." I am given to understand that the baby is of good healthy parentage.

"I have lately had staying with me a little girl who, I think, might suit. The Rev. Mr. — has had pity on her. We have already made application to Dr. Barnardo to take her in, but I think it would be much better for her to be adopted if possible. Her mother is dead, and her father has signed a paper relinquishing all claim over her. She is a healthy child, rather under than over two years I should think. Her hair is a nice brown, not very dark, but would get darker. She is not a very taking child at first, but very winning after a day or two. I have no claim over the child whatever, but were she to be accepted I should be sorry to think I should never be allowed to see her again."

"Having seen in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS that there is a little girl wanted, I have one. She is only six months old, inclined to be dark, and healthy. I have certificate of birth. It would be a great favour if any kind person did take my little one, as I am unable to keep it as I should like to. I am anxious to get my little girl a home."

"I have a little girl which was three years old last Nov. 18th, if she would be suitable for you. But unfortunately she is fair, and bright blue eyes, and is rather pretty and very healthy as myself. Always lived in country until recently. I have been anxious to place my child into a good home for ever since her birth, as her father died before her birth, and it is very hard on myself, which I have had to take a housekeeper's situation, which is very hard for me to keep both of us. I have been obliged to place my child out to nurse since her birth, so that I am anxious to hear of something, for I could get my doctor to examine her and he could send you certificate of her health, which I have no doubt will be satisfactory. I shall be heartily pleased to hear from you."

CONDITIONS OF TRANSFER.

Before undertaking to bring those who want babies and those who have them to spare into communication, certain conditions must be complied with. First, those who wish to adopt a child must send a letter formally undertaking to adopt a child as their own and engaging to bring it up in all respects as if it had been their child. If the Baby Exchange is to obtain any dimensions this document will have to be very carefully drawn up from a legal point of view, signed, sealed and attested. In the second place, references to two householders of good standing should be given, who will certify that the would-be adopters are in a position to maintain the child and of a character which would justify the expectation that they would rear it lovingly and well. Then those who have a child must furnish me with a document, duly signed and certified, setting forth what child they have to dispose of, and that they make it over absolutely to those who wish to adopt it, disclaiming all desire and intention of exercising any right or authority which they may have over the child in law. Secondly, a reference to one householder, by preference a minister or magistrate, who would certify to the character for trustworthiness held by those who wished to part with the child.

There is another question which is not important at present, but which will certainly come to the front if this business develops—that is, the cost of managing such a Baby Exchange. The mere correspondence between the various parties, the arranging of personal interviews, and opportunities of inspecting the babies on either side, will entail an amount of trouble and time that ought to be recognised in some way by those who invoke the intervention of this agency. At present everything is tentative; and I am perfectly willing to arrange the preliminaries in the case of the first few babies to be adopted. But the moment the work begins to develop so as to necessitate the creation of a department of it,

own, with a staff, I should be compelled to charge some registration fee to cover the unavoidable expense. That, however, need not be discussed at present.

FRENCH OPINION ON THE IDEA.

The suggested Baby Exchange has, curiously enough, excited much more attention in Paris than it appears to have done in London. Two French papers of the first class, *Le Temps* and *Le Dixneuvième Siècle*, have deemed the subject of sufficient importance to be discussed at length in leading articles. The subject has also been referred to by the *Français Quotidien*. I give the translations of these articles, which may be of interest to my readers.

T. de Wyzewa, in the *Temps*, wrote as follows:—

Mr. Stead, the editor of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, has just had an inspiration, or rather he has had quite a series of inspirations, which he describes in the last number of his *REVIEW*. Since he left the *Pall Mall Gazette* at the end of the campaign about the London scandals, but more especially since he failed to found a new paper, a project which was one of his most extraordinary inventions, and which was to be directed in great part by the readers themselves, Mr. Stead has resigned himself to pouring into the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* the fantastic torrent of his imagination. Every month, after having very conscientiously given his readers a *résumé* of political events, an account of new books, and an analysis of the principal articles in the various reviews, he offers them as a kind of appendix his ideas for the month.

Mr. Stead's ideas deal with the most varied subjects, from the highest problems in metaphysics to the choice of a cook. At one time he has a plan for a new crusade or a new pilgrimage, always with detailed information as to the preparations to be made, the expenses to be met, and the train to catch, etc. The new crusade, for example, consists in a war against alcohol, and the new pilgrimage in a tour to places where great men have lived. Or at another time he invites his readers to send him, in order that he may reproduce them in the *REVIEW*, the photograph and the description of evil-doers of whom they may have had reason to complain; or he collects all information relating to miracles, compiling thus a sort of monthly journal of the supernatural. Or yet again he treats his readers to a projected circulating library, the idea of which has occurred to him, or to a series, which he has just commenced, of small volumes, giving for one penny almost the complete works of each of the great English poets. One cannot imagine what ingenious details are attached to these memorable inventions of Mr. Stead. Take, for instance, this collection of "Penny Poets": not only has Mr. Stead taken all the pains in the world in order to find it, to bring it out and also to secure the written approbation of all the contemporary celebrities, but he has instituted competitions with all sorts of prizes for the scholars of English Elementary Schools, who having first bought the "Penny Poets," will then prove that they understand them. Each county, each district, will have separate competitions and its share of prizes.

But to-day I wish to indicate one of Mr. Stead's latest inventions. This extraordinary man is going to make a new use of his *REVIEW*; he is going to make it a central agency for the exchange of babies.

M. de Wyzewa quotes a summary of the scheme from the *REVIEW*, and continues:—Mr. Stead then relates how, through the intermediaries of his *REVIEW*, he has already been able to assure the happiness of two families, one for which he has procured a child to adopt, and the other which he has relieved of the necessity of supporting a child. It has occurred to him to generalise a process which has succeeded so perfectly on a small scale. He commences by asking for a little girl of two years and a half, as dark as possible, for a working man's family in London, who wish to give a sister to a little boy of the same age. The parents—the first parents—of this child have only to agree to renounce her for ever, and never to try to communicate with her. In return, they are completely discharged from the trouble of her education.

One might think that under these conditions it would be still more advantageous to the parents to disembarass themselves of the child in a more radical fashion, say, by hanging or drowning it. But those are customs of which the English law does not approve any more than our own, while the method proposed by Mr. Stead is at once convenient, and without danger. I have no doubt but that for the one little girl asked for, hundreds, all aged two and a half, and equally dark, will arrive at the offices of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*. Mr. Stead will then only need to publish their photographs in the next number of the *REVIEW*, and the Baby Exchange will be founded indeed.

But to speak seriously, I believe that this institution will have a much greater success in England than in our country. I would not say that English parents love their children less; but they love them more coldly. The children are reared in the nursery, scarcely seeing their parents a few moments in the day. Very early in life they are accustomed to believe themselves to be independent, and to rely upon no one but themselves. And as, besides, in England the fecundity is very great, and misery very severe, I believe that many parents, although having a proper affection for their children, will learn with joy that possibly owing to the generous initiative of Mr. Stead, they will be able to place their children with persons who will take great care of them. That will be, of course, on the condition that they do not further concern themselves about the children; but it is in the traditions of their race to trouble themselves as little as possible with children.

M. Paul Ginisty, taking M. de Wyzewa's article as his text, writes of the scheme as follows in the *Dixneuvième Siècle*:—

M. de Wyzewa, who is very well informed about affairs on the other side of the Channel, gives a somewhat satirical account of a proposition, strange enough in truth, made by Mr. Stead, the editor of an English *Review*. Mr. Stead is, it seems, a man of ideas, and he seems to have more of them than Emile de Girardin, who had one every day, which amounted to three hundred and sixty-five at the end of the year. Mr. Stead's head boils, they tell us, with ideas which crowd one another so that he is forced to give expression to them.

Mr. Stead's latest idea is this. He has noticed, like many others who have made the same inquiries, but who have confined themselves to this, that families exist where there are many children, and others where, in spite of the willingness of their parents, there are none or too few for their capacity for affection.

This being established, is there not a means of equalising matters? Happiness, a wise man has said, consists in equilibrium. Mr. Stead has discovered a way which is quite simple, only one must understand it. He has imagined the creation of something like a "baby exchange." He explains the scheme in the columns of his *Review*. Is there a family with too numerous a progeny? It applies to Mr. Stead to rid it of the trouble of bringing up some of its children. On the other hand, a couple remain without children; they procure from Mr. Stead a "ready-made" child, which their co-operation has not been able to manufacture. Mr. Stead publishes the requests for and the offers of children. Matters are then arranged according to the table which contains the list of the babies exchangeable and that which sets forth the wishes of people who are willing to serve as parents to a child.

At the present moment, for instance, a family wants a little girl two and a half years old, who is to be as dark as possible. It is, however, necessary that the abandonment of the child should be complete, and that the parents agree never to inquire even as to the fate of the little girl "ceded" by them.

This condition is harder than that which is imposed by *L'Assistance Publique*, which, after all, is not very tender to the girl-mothers who have confided to it the children which they could not rear. We think this is barbarous! *L'Assistance Publique* curtly refuses to give them any details as to the little being, either about the place where it is living, or about the

people who are caring for it; but it at least tells her, once a month, if it is living—and this, in parenthesis, is the most afflicting “administrative” sight one can imagine.

Good Mr. Stead, we are assured, is delighted with his idea, and predicts a great future for it. He did not hesitate one moment because of the objection that it might be very painful to the parents, although embarrassed with heirs to whom they have nothing to leave, to sacrifice their children, in somewhat the same fashion as the parents of Petit Poucet, in Perrault's story, wished to rid themselves of his brothers and sisters. He assumes that their interest will prove stronger than their affection.

The proposal may be very ingenious, but it is repugnant to our feelings. This idea, although Mr. Stead puts it forth as being of universal application, is a little too English for us. Poor people in our country love their children even when they do not know how to find them food.

But is there not something which might be taken from this proposition, joined with conditions which we regard as rather paradoxical, and could we not transform it? Instead of a kind of market, is there not the material by which we might bind the classes more closely together?

Would it not be a good work to commence? But above all things let it proceed with discretion and with all the refinements of charity. It is undeniable that there is something cruel in the excessive burdens which weigh upon certain families having too many children. But between that and the bringing-up of those children there is an abyss. There are also empty houses, whose inhabitants do not find those opportunities for that expenditure of affection of which they are capable.

It is only a question of interesting well-to-do families, by a kind of *parrainage*, deprived of children, in those in which they are too numerous. It would not be necessary to tear the poor little ones from their homes. It would be charming if those more favoured by fate would agree to assist by a purely disinterested adoption some of those little ones which have come after many others without being wanted, and which for the poor aggravate the difficult problem of existence. It would be charming, and it would also be a good social precaution, if every family which had something to spare had its “godchild” among the disinherited; if it would choose a child without monopolising it, and support it throughout life. Many persons who find themselves very lonely may possibly have this desire without knowing how to realise it; but in order to guide them it is not necessary to have a brutal “agency” like that of expeditious Mr. Stead. What is wanted is a private association, encouraged and well advised, like those which already exist for other charitable objects.

Is it then utopian to hope that this may be done some day—this union of the rich and poor by means of the child of those who have not enough becoming the ward of those who have too much? Why should it not come to that? Why, with the help of time, should not this voluntary institution become a part of our habits? What a pleasing method it would be to diminish the struggle between the classes, the old bitter, and alas, almost legitimate hatred of the miserable against those who possess!

Thus understood, thus stripped of its brutality, only making an appeal to generous sentiments, the project of Mr. Stead, at which one must smile for its extreme simplicity, will be a good and a beautiful thing. It imposes the law of ransom for happiness and fortune. It belongs to one of the moral ideas of these times, destined to make the greatest progress under whatever form it may take. Will not this direct protection accorded to infancy be one of its most touching forms?

A writer in the *Français Quotidien* remarks that the scheme will give quite a singular appearance to the office of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, where the editorial tables which usually furnish the offices of newspapers will be replaced by files of large nurses. The late Emile de Girardin, who boasted that he had an idea a day, never had so extraordinary an imagination as that which has germinated in Mr. Stead's head. Next year, if the baby exchange succeeds, one might annex to it a matrimonial agency, and perhaps also a conjugal exchange agency. . . .

Certainly the doctrinaire and solemn journalists of 1830 would have been astonished if they had been able to foresee that their profession would come to render such services to the public! But we should very much like Mr. Stead to explain to us if the children which he furnishes are guaranteed for a number of years, like Geneva watches.

In any case those who exchange babies will do well to inquire about the character of the child which is made over to them, and to study the genealogical table of the family in order to ascertain whether there have not been any madmen, drunkards, or galley-slaves among its ancestors.

Meanwhile, I have no wish to run where I am not wanted, or to undertake the duty of distributing the surplus babies among families which are childless. There is a distinct need for the work, and if any philanthropist would undertake to run the Baby Exchange, I would very gladly make over to him the idea, and the benefit of such publicity as I have already given it. Certainly, I can suggest few methods of doing good that would be so original and so interesting to a philanthropist as this proposal.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

(Edited by W. T. STEAD)

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OUR MONTHLY PARCEL OF BOOKS.

DEAR MR. SMURTHWAYT:—In spite of this being, so to speak, an "off month" with publishers—though July is worse—I have a fair number of interesting books to send you; and I have not forgotten your hint, to include, for holiday reading, plenty of novels, a class of literature with which I have certainly been rather chary recently. But before I say anything about what you will find in the box, I must give you the usual list of books which, during the month just passed, have been selling most steadily. Here it is:—

Trilby. By George du Maurier. 6s.
The Ameer Abdur Rahman. By Stephen Wheeler, F.R.G.S. 3s. 6d.

The Alps from End to End. By Sir William Martin Conway. 21s. net.

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Deuteronomy. By the Rev. S. R. Driver. 12s.

The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2s.
Peter Steele, the Cricketer. By Horace G. Hutchinson. 3s. 6d.

Sister-Songs: an Offering to Two Sisters. By Francis Thompson. 5s. net.

It is interesting to see that Mr. du Maurier's "*Trilby*" (Osgood, 6s.) stands at the head. A number of people must have postponed its purchase until they could get it with all the illustrations which made its serial publication so pleasant, but which were omitted from the three-volume edition, expensive though it was. No doubt it is the visit of Nasrullah Khan, combined with the reawakening of the debate on the "forward" policy on our North-West Indian frontier, which has sold Mr. Wheeler's excellent "*Life of the Ameer*" (Bliss, 3s. 6d.) so well. Mr. Jeyes was lucky to lead off his Public Men of To-day Series so opportunely. Sir William Martin Conway's "*The Alps from End to End*" (Constable, 21s.), besides receiving a filip from the fact that its author has been knighted, of course appeals to every climber, Alpine or otherwise, and to every ordinary reader who has felt the charm of Switzerland. Mr. McCormick's illustrations, too, add peculiarly to the interest of the book, one of the very finest and most valuable of its kind I have seen, even in a day devoted to the chronicling of climbing feats and scenes. The next book, the Rev. S. R. Driver's "*A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Deuteronomy*" (T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh, 12s.), is of a somewhat different sort and value; and the appearance on the list of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "*The Story of Bessie Costrell*" (Smith and Elder, 2s.) one is of course prepared for. Some people are thanking their stars that it is not so lengthy as "*David Grieve*" or "*Marcella*"; others are lamenting its brevity, for it is only the length of a novelette. But anyhow, it has not, as yet, made very much stir. Tremendous sums are said to have been paid for it to Mrs. Ward by the publishers, but one is generally safe in disbelieving such stories. Of one thing, however, one is certain: that as Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. must follow the fashion and have a Novel Series, they could not have commenced better than with a story by the authoress of "*Robert Elsmere*." Mr. Hutchinson's "*Peter Steele, the Cricketer*" (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.), I sent you, with warm commendation, last month. I hope you liked it, and your boys. With every one talking cricket, it is natural it should have a run, for there are some

capital descriptions of matches in the course of the story. Mr. Francis Thompson's new volume of verse, "*Sister-Songs: an Offering to Two Sisters*" (Lane, 5s. net), must have a paragraph to itself. And yet it is not selling, I am told, as did its predecessor, "*Poems*." But that had an enormous success of its kind; and the truth is, as the friend who supplies me with my list of what has been selling best says, the "boom" in verse is just about played out. But still poetry of the kind that Mr. William Watson, Mr. John Davidson, and Mr. Francis Thompson, among the younger men, are able to give their readers is always sure of a welcome. "*Sister-Songs*," however, is, to be frank, "a tangle of sweet rhymes," which is hardly likely to advance Mr. Thompson's popularity, at least with the general reader. Written about four years ago, at the same time as "*The Hound of Heaven*," and dedicated to two sisters, children, young goddesses whom the poet always keeps before him as he writes, the verse has all the qualities of obscurity and tumbled imagery which gave one of its chief distinctions to, even while it was one of the great drawbacks to the complete enjoyment of, "*Poems*." Mr. Thompson describes this book with admirable fitness:—

"... this treasure galleon of my verse,
 Fraught with its golden passion, oared with cadent rhyme,
 Set with a towering press of fantasies."

"A towering press of fantasies" pictures the two poems as whole pages of criticism could not. Times are when the fantasies are exquisitely successful, lightning flashes of inspiration: less seldom they fail altogether: more often they are good in themselves, but giving with the similar qualified context, bespangled with strange, unknown words, an impression of mingled metaphor, of entangled thought. Yet "*Sister-Songs*" is individual and robust, a book you must not miss reading, and reading carefully, if you wish to appreciate the best work of our younger poets. Not that Mr. Thompson is of a school. He stands rather by himself—almost a Jacobean poet, a contemporary of Crashaw. Still, though he owes much to many of his predecessors, he is not unduly derivative; and his new books holds many beautiful passages in which the child stands out incarnate.

Of history and of historical biography, I send you quite a number of books. By far the most important is Judge Prowse's portly, serious-looking "*History of Newfoundland from the English, Colonial, and Foreign Records*" (Macmillan, 21s. net), an ambitious, admirably executed work which appears just in the nick of time. It describes how "England's first colony, Newfoundland, was founded and developed"; and shows the influence of its discovery on the making of England. As far as possible, contemporary documents are cited, and contemporary prints and pictures are reproduced. Indeed, in its illustrations and maps and the general style of its "get up," I don't remember to have seen a more successful specimen of what a publisher can do. But one hardly sees the necessity for an introduction by Mr. Edward Gosse. Then you must look at the new volume of the *Story of the Nations Series*, Madame Ragozin's "*Vedic India as Embodied in the Rig-Veda*" (Unwin, 5s.), a book quite fascinating from the curious, unusual nature of its contents. The illustrations, too, are particularly liberal, and come to a study of the

text. A second volume in the same series, and from the same hand, will deal with Brahmanic India. The most ambitious historical biography is the work of an American—Miss Ruth Putnam's "William the Silent, Prince of Orange: the Moderate Man of the Sixteenth Century" (Putnam, 15s.), an elaborate, illustrated work, in two volumes, giving the story of the Prince's life as told in his own letters, in those of his friends and enemies, and from the official documents. Then for the Heroes of the Nations Series Mr. Arthur Hassall has written a volume, "Louis XIV. and the Zenith of the French Monarchy" (Putnam, 5s.), which, like its predecessors, is of course profusely illustrated; and to the excellent English Men of Action Series has been added a biography of "Wolfe," by Mr. A. G. Bradley (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.).

So much for the history of the rather remote past. To come nearer to our own times, you will be interested in reading "Lord John Russell" (Low, 3s. 6d.), a biography which Mr. Stuart J. Reid has written for his own series, the Queen's Prime Ministers; and Dr. Thornton's "Colonel Sir Robert Sandeman: His Life and Work on our Indian Frontier: a Memoir, with Selections from his Correspondence and Official Writings" (Murray, 18s.), is a work which you will at once cut open if you are at all interested in the, at present, very warm questions of Indian frontier defence. And writing of this reminds me that I inclose a little book, almost a pamphlet, in which Colonel Hanna, the author of "Can Russia Attack India?" delivers his soul of a bitter attack upon Lord Roberts. Its title is, "Lord Roberts in War: a Study for the Day" (Simpkin, 1s. net.), and its object is so to discredit its subject in the eyes of the English public as to render less likely the general adoption of his views as to the future of Chitral in particular, and the "so-called 'forward' policy in Indian colonial affairs" in general. Another little book I send—history of a sort, and so to be mentioned here—is Mr. J. N. Pentelov's "England v. Australia: the Story of the Test Matches" (Arrowsmith, Bristol, 1s.), a good and elaborate record of what will form an important chapter in the cricket history of the future.

Of biography of a personal rather than of an historical kind, the late Anna Carlotta Leffler, Duchess of Cajanello's "Sonya Kovalevsky: a Biography" (Unwin, 6s.), is by far the most interesting. The duchess was an intimate personal friend of Sonya's, and she has done her work exceedingly well. The book is another human document of a kind that should make you place it side by side with Marie Bashkirtseff's diary; and its interest is enhanced by the inclusion of the "Sisters Rajeovsky," the story of her own life and of her sister's, under assumed names, which Sonya wrote some time before her death. The translation of both parts of the volume is excellent. There is another version in the market, but this is the authorised, and the best. Then another book of interest to you who know and care for Russia and its life is Canon Browne's "Memorials of a Short Life: a Biographical Sketch of W. F. A. Gausсен; with Essays on Russian Life and Literature" (Unwin, 6s.). I remember well Gausсен's excellent translation of Potapenko's "A Russian Priest," one of the best volumes in the whole of the Pseudonym Library; and it was not the only work of the kind he did, and did well. His was a life ill to spare, and deserving of memorial. Mr. Armstrong's "Henry William Crosskey, LL.D., F.G.S.: His life and Work" (Cornish Bros., Birmingham, 7s. 6d.) and the Rev. Harry Jones's "Fifty Years; or, Dead Leaves and Living Seeds," are volumes

of biography and reminiscence respectively. Mr. Jones's book is almost entirely clerical in its interest, but it is good of its sort.

I send you two books of a political interest. The first is a translation, with several important modifications and emendations by the author, of Professor Ugo Rabbeno's "The American Commercial Policy: Three Historical Essays" (Macmillan, 12s. net), a work far larger and more ambitious in its scope than its title would lead you to expect. Dr. Rabbeno is Professor of Political Economy at the University of Modena. The second, a very much smaller volume, is one of the series of Economic Classics, "Parallel Chapters from the First and Second Editions of 'An Essay on the Principle of Population,' by T. R. Malthus, 1798-1803" (Macmillan, 3s. net).

All the scientific literature of the month that I care to send you is comprised in two very popular little volumes, both belonging to the Library of Useful Stories—yet another enterprise owing its being to the energy of Mr. Newnes. But although popular in the extreme, both in intention and in fact, each book is the work of an authority. Mr. Grant Allen's "Story of the Plants" (1s.) gives what is really a very clear and succinct account of the principal phenomena of plant life, and the subject has the advantage of being treated philosophically, and as a means to further knowledge in other fields. Mr. Allen specially states that he has made "the study of plants a first introduction to the great modern principles of heredity, variation, natural selection, and adaptation to the environment." It is a far cry from "The Woman Who Did" to such a subject! Mr. Edward Clodd is responsible for the other volume, "The Story of 'Primitive' Man" (1s.). Both are well illustrated.

Mr. F. G. Jackson's "The Great Frozen Land (Bolshaia Zemelskija Tundra): Narrative of a Winter Journey across the Tundras, and a Sojourn among the Samoyads" (Macmillan, 15s. net) is a volume of Arctic geography and travel whose value and interest is seldom equalled. Its author is the leader of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition, and the journey he describes here was undertaken to test the equipment, clothing and food for that expedition under the most rigorous conditions possible—through a winter in the region which actually reveals the lowest temperature yet recorded in the whole of the Arctic basin. Mr. Jackson is now on the way, one hopes, to the North Pole, but his book was more or less arranged from his MS., and seen through the press, by Mr. Arthur Montefiore. Its illustrations are not its least interesting feature. Miss J. A. Downer's "Down the Danube in an Open Boat" (J. Blackwood, 2s. 6d.) has good illustrations, and although unambitious in its scope, may serve to suggest to one or other of your friends what seems to be an enjoyable and novel method of spending a holiday. Mr. Lionel W. Lyde's "Man on the Earth: a Course in Geography" (Blackie, 2s.) I send because it seems to me to put very happily for young readers the salient facts of the science; and because its illustrations are good. Then I must mention Mr. E. S. Machell Smith's "Our Rambles in Old London" (Low, 2s. 6d.), a well illustrated and useful little book, of pocket size, descriptive of some six walks among the older churches and other buildings of the London of the past. Each walk has its special map.

I send four volumes of religious interest, and of these perhaps the one you will most care for is "Lectures on Preaching delivered before the Divinity School of Yale College in January and February, 1877," by the late Right Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D. (Allenson, 5s.). "The

Christian's Road Book: Part I.—Devotions" (Longmans, 1s.), by Mr. Aubrey Bathe and Mr. F. H. Buckham, is an attempt to provide "a plain book of prayers" "for simple country people . . . who cannot always get to church." The authors hope that it will take something of the kind of place that "The Whole Duty of Man" held for so many generations; and, if successful, it will be followed by a similar volume containing a collection of suitable readings. The other two books are theosophical, and both proceed from the pen of Mrs. Besant herself. One, "The Self and its Sheaths" (Theosophical Publishing Society, 1s. 6d. net), is made up of four lectures delivered at the end of last year on the occasion of the nineteenth anniversary of the Theosophical Society, at Adyar, Madras; the other is a translation of "The Bhagavad Gītā; or, The Lord's Song" (Theosophical Publishing Society, 1s. 6d. net), and is dedicated "to all aspirants in East or West." Mrs. Besant's little preface is interesting. She says that "among the priceless teachings that may be found in the great Hindu poem of the 'Mahābhārata,' there is none so rare and precious as this, 'The Lord's Song' . . . It is meant to lift the aspirant from the lower levels of renunciation, where objects are renounced, to the loftier heights, where desires are dead."

Beyond Mr. Francis Thompson's "Sister-Songs" I have very little poetry to send you this month. A Mr. James Medborough claims to have discovered some new poems by Wordsworth during his peregrinations in the Lake country, and has issued them under the title of "Some Wordsworth Finds (?)" (Unicorn Press). The book is somewhat of a curiosity, so I send it you, but I hope Wordsworth didn't write the verses it contains, as they are sorry stuff. The only other book of verse is an anthology made by Mr. George Eyre-Todd for the Abbotsford Series of the Scottish Poets of the "Scottish Poetry of the Seventeenth Century" (Hodge, Glasgow; 5s.), the work of Sir Robert Aytoun, Sir David Murray, William Drummond, and others. It is a book well edited and well having.

To turn now to a rather miscellaneous batch. The somewhat iconoclastic author of "The Golden Bough," Mr. J. G. Frazer, has published "Passages from the Bible, Chosen for their Literary Beauty and Interest" (Black, 6s.). He has selected "those on which the fame of the Book as a classic chiefly rests," has disengaged them from their setting, and has presented them in a continuous series, giving such notes as are necessary "to clear up the few difficulties which might perplex educated and intelligent readers." Messrs. Constable have printed the book in a mannered but pleasant way. Another prose anthology, printed in the same manner by the same firm, is Mr. H. S. H. Waylen's "Thoughts from the Writings of Richard Jefferies" (Longmans, 3s. 6d.). "Fragments—gems taken from a mine," Mr. Waylen calls the short passages he has collected. The work was worth doing I think you will agree. An important book in its way is Mr. Heathcote Statham, the editor of the *Builder's* "Architecture for General Readers: a Short Treatise on the Principles and Motives of Architectural Design; with a Short Historical Sketch" (Chapman, 12s.). Its object is to supply, "in a condensed form, such an outline of the principles, the practice, and the historical development of the art of Architecture as may be acceptable to those who, taking an intelligent interest in the subject have not time or inclination to study more technical and detailed treatises." The very numerous and excellent illustrations are Mr. Statham's own work. Then you will be glad to see the excellent reproductions

of the most important pictures in "The Paris Salons of 1895," a folio-sized book to be issued in four parts, of which I send you the first (Unwin, 1s.). Two volumes for whichever member of your family looks after your garden are Mr. C. N. White's "Pleasurable Bee-Keeping" (Arnold, 2s. 6d.), and Mr. De Salis's "Gardening à la Mode: Vegetables" (Longmans, 1s. 6d.). The first of the two is well illustrated. Then you will find Miss Willard's "A Wheel Within a Wheel: How I Learned to Ride the Bicycle; with Some Reflections by the Way" (Hutchinson, 2s.), published under the auspices of the Mowbray House Cycling Association, and with some amusing illustrations; Mr. H. C. Burdett's "Hospital and Charities Annual, 1895" (Scientific Press, 5s.); "The English Catalogue of Books for 1894" (Low, 5s.), a complete list of all books, with their sizes and prices, published in the United Kingdom last year, and of the principal books published in the United States; and "Our Locomotives" (Headley Bros., 1s. net), pictures and descriptions of the chief express engines of the great railway companies.

To my mind, by far the most interesting of the novels I send you, because it is the most original, is Mr. H. G. Wells's "The Time Machine: an Invention" (Heinemann, 1s. 6d.). You are likely to have read it as it appeared in the *New Review*; but it more than bears re-reading—it welcomes it. To conceive time as the fourth dimension, and to make convincing a machine upon which it is possible to travel to and fro through the centuries, are qualities so novel and ingenious that Mr. Wells's book is sure to make a sensation. His time-traveller elects to explore the future, but not the future of "Looking Backward" and its kind. Thousands of years hence he finds the golden, decadent age of the world, an age in which humanity is divided into two great classes, two widely different species—the Eloi, who neither toil nor spin, who spend their time laughing, eating, and making love, and the Morlocks, the descendants of our present poor, who inhabit galleries under the surface of the earth, do all the work, and shun the light, only sallying forth at night to prey upon the Eloi, whom they carry to their warrens and eat. But Mr. Wells's story is not so much sociological in interest, as a tale of incident. As such it is unusually exciting. When the time-traveller escapes from this nightmare civilisation, he goes forward millions of years, to the death of the world. The whole thing is admirably done, in a manner worthy of Poe, and marks Mr. Wells as a writer who will have to be reckoned with. Two other books of fiction I send are Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "The Princess Aline" (Macmillan, 1s. 6d.), exceedingly readable, light and refreshing, like everything this author writes, tempting in its pretty cover, and with Mr. C. D. Gibson's illustrations; and Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson's "At the First Corner and Other Stories" (Lane, 3s. 6d. net), a volume of the Keynotes Series dealing very largely with the sort of subject which is, rightly or wrongly, looked upon as the special matter of this series. But if Mr. Watson's themes are sometimes unduly bold, one cannot deny that they are treated carefully and artistically, and the book stands out as far better than most of its type, and better worth reading. That the matter is sometimes unworthy of the manner is Mr. Watson's misfortune. And you must read a new volume in the pretty little Acme Library, Mr. F. C. Philips's "A Question of Colour" (Constable, 1s.), the story of a white woman who marries a millionaire black man, and the result.

INDEX TO THE PERIODICALS OF 1894.*

PREFACE TO VOLUME V.

IN issuing to the world the fifth volume of the "Index to Periodicals," I acknowledge with gratitude the kind reception which the previous volumes have received, and venture to hope that this issue may not be less fortunate than its predecessors.

This "Index to Periodicals" is an annual index which differs completely from any index of periodicals published elsewhere, or even in my own office. The "Monthly Index," which is issued as nearly as possible on the 3rd or 4th of each month, is quite a distinct work, built up on entirely different lines. It is merely a handy finger-post to the leading contents of the periodicals of the month, both English and foreign. All that rapidity of production makes possible in the penny supplement of the *Review of Reviews*, is a rough-and-ready classification, first as to periodicals, then as to main subjects. The "Annual Index" is drawn up with a different object. Though confined within exclusively English limits, it is designed to be a permanent guide for the use of the student, the journalist, the statesman, and others, to the more important articles in the periodical literature of each year.

There is, of course, no pretence at the quasi-scientific completeness which would be secured if the contents of every magazine were included. The Index is based upon the principle of selection and rejection, consequently it is not a mere auctioneer's catalogue of the miscellaneous *omnium gatherum* of valuables and rubbish found under the capacious roof-tree of magazinedom. No doubt even with this principle of selection rigorously applied, many articles must be indexed which are hardly worth a permanent memorial in this record of such an important department of the literary activity of English-speaking man.

The object of Miss Hetherington and her staff in compiling the "Annual Index" has been to facilitate the task of the reader who is interested in any particular subject by presenting him with an approach to a bibliography—that is, so far as the periodical literature of the year is concerned—on the topic in question. This forms the real and permanent utility of this Index. All over the world men and women whose attention has been roused by some word or deed of their fellows to some particular phase of our social, religious, or political development, are constantly casting about for the latest information on the subject. They ransack their libraries only to find, in most cases, nothing up to date. Their histories break off five, ten, twenty, or fifty years ago. The discussion of the sociological problems of the day naturally finds no place in the volumes, most of which were written in the first half of the century. Even in public libraries the same difficulty is felt to a greater or less extent. A provincial editor, who is anxious to construct at short notice an article which will enlighten his readers as to the present condition of the internal politics of Timbuctoo, the extent to which travellers have penetrated the interior of New Guinea, the latest views of scholars upon the authenticity of Holy Writ, or the contemporary opinions of diplomatists and statesmen upon the changes wrought in the world by the Japanese conquest of China, will look in vain for what he wants in bound books. He

can only get what he requires in the abysmal depths of the journalistic rubbish-heap or the wide wilderness of periodical literature.

With regard to the indexing of newspapers, that task is at present the monopoly of Mr. Palmer, who confines himself sedulously to the *Times*. Other newspapers, some of which yield enormous incomes to their proprietors, are not ashamed to appear unindexed year after year, only because indexing does not pay. That in a sense is true. Neither does the building of St. Paul's Cathedral pay, or the foundation of a new religion. Most of the best things in the world are produced at a dead loss—a loss often by no means confined to pence alone. But leaving the indexing of newspapers to journalists, at whose door it properly lies, I stick to the indexing of magazines and reviews. And as I personally have no part in the arduous and responsible work of compiling the "Annual Index to Periodicals" which it is my privilege to publish, I may be permitted to say how much I appreciate the invaluable assistance which its densely packed columns are capable of affording the student of the marvellously multifarious life of our present day.

Mr. John Morley said on one occasion that whenever he had to make a speech without knowing exactly what he ought to say, he never failed to find inspiration in turning over the leaves of a dictionary. Following up the same idea, no editor at a loss for straw with which to make up his daily tale of journalistic bricks could fail to find helpful hints and suggestive guidance if he were to turn over the pages of the "Annual Index." For it is no mere alphabetical arrangement of titles or of catch-words in titles; it is a series of carefully classified bibliographical monographs on all the more important subjects of human interest that have cropped up in the course of the twelvemonth. It is no wonder that it has fit audience found, though few, and that there are few public libraries of importance in the English-speaking world where this Index has not come to be regarded as indispensable.

Carrying out my original conception, the Index is still strictly confined to the articles appearing in monthly and quarterly publications. But this year, in accordance with many requests, two geological and one or two other scientific periodicals which ought not in strictness to come within the scope of an Index to general periodical literature have been added. The indexing of the Proceedings of Societies, learned and otherwise, is a branch of the work which might possibly be undertaken with advantage, but as it lies apart, it has not yet been undertaken as a part of the "Annual Index."

A good many authors have been indexed—that is to say, a good many writers will find their articles tabulated under their names. The dates of deceased persons, when readily obtainable, have been added to the entries concerning them. For the rest there are innumerable cross-references, so that the consulter need have no difficulty in discovering the heading under which he will find the particular item he is seeking. The only other point which remains to be referred to is the typographical improvement, whereby the subject-headings are now rendered more conspicuous by being printed in a slightly heavier type. A specimen page is given herewith.

* "Index to the Periodicals of 1894." *Review of Reviews* Office. 5s. By Post, 5s. 6d.

Klickmann, Martin Arthur, Autobiographical (Recollections of a Chorister) (*ill.*), *S J*, II. Apr. 273, May, 327.

Klostermann and the Pentateuch, by Prof. W. H. Green, *P R R*, V. Apr. 201.

Knight's (Prof W.) Book "Aspects of Theism", Prof. A. B. Bruce on, *Crit R*, IV. July, 237.

Knighthood: An Order of American Knighthood, by W. H. Smith, *A J P*, IV. Apr. 337 (IX. May, 492).

Knightlow (Warwickshire) Wroth Silver, G. Laurence Gomme on, *Ant*, XXIX. Jan. 7.

Knights of St. John, see *Hospitaliers*.

Knockmoy Abbey, Galway; an Irish Abbey of the Olden Time, Ly, VII. Jan. 84.

Knolly's (Col. Henry) "Life of General Sir Hope Grant", see *Grant (General Sir Hope)*.

Knollys, Sir Francis, Portraits of, *Str*, VIII. Nov. 482.

"Know-Nothings" and the Catholic Church in America, see under *Catholic Church*.

Knox, Eleazar, 1558—1591: Notable Scots Clergy in East Anglia, by Rev. J. F. Leishman, *Scots*, XV. Dec. 10.

Knox, John, 1505—1572: Knox and St. Giles's, Edinburgh, by Rev. Isidore Harris (*ill.*), *Sun M*, XXIII. June, 405.

Koltsoff, Alexei, Russian Poet, 1808—1842, Charles Johnston on, *Cal R*, XCVIII. Apr. 236.

Konisphere and Atmospheric Dust, by Dr. J. G. McPherson, *K*, XVII. Nov. 258.

Kootenay; the Eldorado of British Columbia, by E. M. Spragge (*ill.*), *Can M*, II. Feb. 328.

Koranev, Madame Hanna K., Fannie C. W. Barbour on (*ill.*), *Chaut*, XIX. Aug. 614.

Korea (see also Articles under *Orient*):

The War between China and Japan in Korea, 1894:

The Question of Korea, by Henry Norman, *C R*, LXVI. Sept. 305 (X. Sept. 248).

The War in the Orient, by S. Kurluo, *N A R*, CLIX. Nov. 529.

The Causes which led to the War, by Dr. Kuma Oishi, *A*, X. Nov. 721.

Significance of the Japan-China War, by Michitaro Hisa (*map*), *F*, XVIII. Oct. 216 (X. Nov. 457).

The China-Japanese War and the Eastern Problems, by J. T. Yokoi, *A J P*, V. Dec. 561.

Commercial Aspects of the Japan-China War, by T. M. Uyeno, *Eng M*, VII. Sept. 771.

Li Hung Chang and the Korean War, see *Li Hung Chang*.

Korea, China and Japan, by R. S. Gundry, *F R*, LVI. Nov. 618 (X. Nov. 456, 476).

China and Japan at War in Korea, Dr. W. E. Griffiths on, *Chaut*, XX. Oct. 70.

China and Japan in Korea, by—

Heard, Augustine, *N A R*, CLIX. Sept. 300 (X. Oct. 377).

Martin, Howard, *N A R*, CLIX. Sept. 316 (X. Oct. 377).

Stevens, D. W., *N A R*, CLIX. Sept. 308 (X. Oct. 377).

China and Japan, by—

Arnold, Sir Edwin, *New R*, XI. Sept. 221 (X. Sept. 248).

Osaki, Simon, *Naut M*, LXIII. Sept. 801.

The Case of Japan, by T. Okamura, *U S M*, CXXXI. Dec. 211.

The Position of Japan, *Black*, CLVI. Dec. 878.

The Korean Crisis: a Word for China, by Demetrius C. Boulger, *N C*, XXXVI. Nov. 781 (X. Nov. 477).

China and Japan at Sea, by "Nauticus," *New R*, XI. Sept. 236 (X. Sept. 248).

The Naval War in the East, *E R*, CLXXX. Oct. 497.

The Yalu Action:

The Battle off the Yalu River, *Naut M*, LXIII. Oct. 913.

The Fight off the Yalu River, Hilary A. Herbert on, *N A R*, CLIX. Nov. 513 (X. Dec. 579).

The Yalu Action, Sir G. Phipps Hornby on, *U S M*, CXXXI. Nov. 137 (X. Nov. 476).

The Attack on the *Kowung*: War Realities and Peace Dreams, *U S M*, CXXX. Sept. 439; CXXXI. Oct. 1; and Reply to, by J. Westlake, *U S M*, CXXXI. Nov. 148.

Summary of Events, by Col. Maurice (*maps*), *U S M*, CXXX. Sept. 640; CXXXI. Oct. 94, Nov. 200; Dec. 307; and Reply to, by Vice-Admiral P. H. Colomb, *U S M*, CXXXI. Dec. 220.

Illustrations of the Seat of War, *S J*, III. Nov. 8.

The China-Japanese Conflict—*and After*: a Conversation with Sir Thomas Wade, *C R*, LXVI. Nov. 609 (X. Nov. 455).

The Eastern War, and After, by Col. T. A. Dodge, *F*, XVIII. Nov. 314 (X. Dec. 585).

Political and Miscellaneous:

Existing Material regarding Korea, *A Q*, VIII. Oct. 249.

The Korean Question, by Ernest Oppert, *A Q*, VIII. Oct. 274.

Hon. George Curzon's Book "Problems of the Far East," Capt. F. Ivor Maxse on, *Nat R*, XXIV. Oct. 263.

An International Guarantee of Korean Independence, by Dr. J. P. Val d'Eremo, *A Q*, VIII. Oct. 278.

China, Japan and Korea, by Baron F. von Richthofen, *G J*, IV. Dec. 556.

Korea, *Scot R*, XXIV. Oct. 387.

Korean Affairs; a Japanese View, by Consul G. Hayashi, *A Q*, VIII. Oct. 258.

A Chinese View of the Korean Question, *A Q*, VIII. Oct. 265.

The Japanese Invasion of Korea in 1592, Dr. William W. Ireland on, *Mac*, LXXI. Nov. 24.

The Foreign Trade of Korea, *B T J*, XVII. Aug. 157.

Missions, see *Korea under Missions*.

Korea—continued.

Political and Miscellaneous—continued.

A Visit to Korea, by A. H. Savage-Landor, *F R*, LVI. Aug. 184 (X. Aug. 134).

A Glance at Korea, by Alice Salmann (*ill.*), *K O*, VI. Nov. 13.

Notes on a Recent Journey through Korea, *B T J*, XVII. Aug. 154.

Two Months in Korea, by Capt. A. E. J. Cavendish (*map*), *Scot G M*, X. Nov. 561.

Kossuth, Louis, 1802—1894:

Character Sketch of (*ill.*), *R R*, IX. Apr. 345; same article, *R R A*, IX. May, 551.

Other Character Sketches, by—

Adam, Madame Juliette, (*ill.*), *Cos*, XVII. July, 329 (X. Aug. 154).

Nichol, Professor, *Mac*, LXX. June, 153 (IX. June, 586).

Kossuth and Hungarian Nationality, *Chaut*, XX. Oct. 24.

On a Mission for Kossuth, by W. J. Stillman (*ill.*), *C M*, XLVIII. June, 270.

Kossuth's Predictions, F. L. Oswald on, *N A R*, CLVIII. May, 635.

Kossuth and the War of Liberation, 1848, by Sidney J. Low, *Nat R*, XXIII. May, 350 (IX. May, 496).

Revelations of the Hungarian Revolution of 1848, *M P*, VIII. Sept. 327.

Kossuth in New England, by G. S. Boutwell (*ill.*), *N E M*, X. July, 525 (X. Aug. 154).

Kovalevsky, Madame Sonja, Mathematician and Novelist, 1853—1891:

Biographical, *C J*, XI. Mar. 154; *J Ed*, XVI. Jan. 62.

The Cost of Glory, by A. Barine, *Chaut*, XIX. Aug. 571.

Kowsing, Chinese Ship, see under *Korean War*.

Krapotkin, Prince Peter,

Our Most Distinguished Refugee, by Miss Edith Sellers, *C R*, LXVI. Oct. 537 (X. Oct. 374).

Krapotkin's Book, "Conquête du Pain," *T B*, CIII. Dec. 521 (X. Dec. 571).

On Recent Science, *N C*, XXXV. Jan. 141, Apr. 673, Dec. 987.

On Mutual Aid in the Mediæval City, *N C*, XXXVI. Aug. 183 (X. Aug. 176), Sept. 397.

On the Pampas, *G J*, III. Apr. 318.

Krnka-Hebler, Bullet, Capt. F. L. Nathan on (*diagrams*), *J R U S I*, XXXVIII. Feb. 172.

Krüdener, Baroness von, Russian Mystic, 1766—1824, S. M. S. Pereira on, *G W*, XXXV. June, 410.

Kuch Behar, Maharajah Sir Nripendra Narayau Bhup Bhabadur of, Portrait and Biography of, *C P G*, Part LVIII. 78.

Külpe's (O.) "Grundriss der Psychologie", see under *Psychology*.

Kundt, A. A. E. E., German Physicist, 1839—1894 (*ill.*), *Phys R*, II. July, 68.

Kurdistan, Capt. F. R. Maunsell on, *G J*, III. Feb. 81.

Kyagwe, Uganda, see under *Missions*.

Kyrias, Gerasimos D., Missionary to the Albanians, Rev. A. Thompson on (*ill.*), *Sun H*, Aug. 667.

L

Labiates: Dispersal of the Nutlets in certain Labiates, Miss D. F. M. Pertz on (*ill.*), *N Sc*, V. Oct. 254.

Labouchere, Henry,

Character Sketch of (*ill.*), *R R*, IX. Apr. 356.

Pen and Pencil of the Press, by Joseph Hatton (*ill.*), *Lud M*, VI. Feb. 373.

Labour Problems, (see also Articles under Condition of the People, East-End of London, Emigration, Housing of the Working Classes, Co-operative Movement, Political Economy, Socialism, Fabian Society, Women, etc., etc.):

The Eight Hours Day:

The Aim behind an Eight Hours Bill, by Warneford Moffatt, *Black*, CLV. May, 693.

The Eight Hours Day and Foreign Competition, by John Rae, *C R*, LXV. Feb. 189 (IX. Feb. 153).

The Eight Hours Bill for Miners:

D. A. Thomas on, *F R*, LV. May, 593 (IX. May, 495).

The Miners' Eight-Hours Question, by W. T. Thomson, *W R*, CXLI. June, 693.

Economic Effect of the Bill, by E. Bainbridge, *C R*, LXVI. Oct. 457 (X. Oct. 353).

The Eight-Hours Day at the Salford Iron Works, E. Cannan on, *Econ R*, IV. July, 402.

Wages Questions and Cost of Living, etc. (see also Articles under Condition of the People):

A Living Wage, *Econ J*, IV. June, 315.

The Living Wage:

Bell, Hugh, on, *Nat R*, XXII. Feb. 783 (IX. Feb. 178).

Cunningham, Prof. W., on, *C R*, LXV. Jan. 16 (IX. Jan. 29).

The Living Wage; a Criticism of Method, by R. S. Moffat, *Free R*, I. Feb. 443.

The Plea for a Living Wage, by Rev. L. R. Phelps, *Econ R*, IV. Oct. 499.

The Minimum Wage, *P M Q*, XVI. Oct. 732.

The Minimum of Human Living, by W. H. Mallock (*ill.*), *P M M*, II. Jan. 471 (IX. Jan. 29); and Reply to, by R. S. Moffat, *Free R*, II. Apr. 17.

The Coal Strike (1893) and a "Minimum" Wage, by F. D. Longe, *Econ J*, IV. Mar. 25.

The South Wales Sliding Scale, H. Read on, *Econ J*, IV. June, 332.

Work and Wages, by W. H. Mallock (*ill.*), *P M M*, II. Apr. 1031.

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["Labour" is continued for four columns more.]

INDEX.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index, which is limited to the following periodicals.

A. C. Q.	American Catholic Quarterly Review.	F.	Forum.	N. Sc.	Natural Science.
A. M. C.	American Magazine of Civics.	Fr. L.	Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.	Naut. M.	Nautical Magazine.
A. A. P. S.	Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.	Free R.	Free Review.	N. E. M.	New England Magazine.
Ant.	Antiquary.	G. M.	Gentleman's Magazine.	N. I. R.	New Ireland Review.
Arch. R.	Architectural Record.	G. J.	Geographical Journal.	New R.	New Review.
A.	Arena.	G. O. P.	Girl's Own Paper.	New W.	New World.
Arg.	Argosy.	G. W.	Good Words.	N. C.	Nineteenth Century.
As.	Asclepiad.	G. T.	Great Thoughts.	N. A. R.	North American Review.
A. Q.	Asiatic Quarterly.	Harp.	Harper's Magazine.	O. D.	Our Day.
Ata.	Atalanta.	Hom. R.	Homiletic Review.	O.	Outing.
A. M.	Atlantic Monthly.	H.	Humanitarian.	P. E. F.	Palestine Exploration Fund.
Bank.	Bankers' Magazine.	I.	Idler.	P. M. M.	Pall Mall Magazine.
B. S.	Bibliotheca Sacra.	I. L.	Index Library.	Phil. R.	Philosophical Review.
Black.	Blackwood's Magazine.	I. J. E.	International Journal of Ethics.	P. L.	Poet-Lore.
B. T. J.	Board of Trade Journal.	I. R.	Investors' Review.	P. R. R.	Presbyterian and Reformed Review.
Bkman.	Bookman.	Ir. E. R.	Irish Ecclesiastical Record.	P. M. Q.	Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review.
B.	Borderland.	Ir. M.	Irish Monthly.	Pay. R.	Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research.
Cal. R.	Calcutta Review.	Jew. Q.	Jewish Quarterly.	Psychol. R.	Psychological Review.
Can. M.	Canadian Magazine.	J. Ed.	Journal of Education.	Q. J. Econ.	Quarterly Journal of Economics.
C. F. M.	Cassell's Family Magazine.	J. Micro.	Journal of Microscopy.	Q. R.	Quarterly Review.
C. S. J.	Cassell's Saturday Journal.	J. P. Econ.	Journal of Political Economy.	Q.	Quiver.
Cas. M.	Cassell's Magazine.	J. R. A. S.	Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.	R. R. R.	Religions Review of Reviews.
C. W.	Catholic World.	J. R. C. I.	Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.	Rel.	Reliquary.
C. M.	Century Magazine.	J. R. U.	Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.	R. C.	Review of the Churches.
C. J.	Chambers's Journal.	Jnr. R.	Juridical Review.	R. R. A.	Review of Reviews (America).
Char. R.	Charities Review.	K. O.	King's Own.	R. R. Ana.	Review of Reviews (Australasia).
Chaut.	Chautauquan.	K.	Knowledge.	St. N.	St. Nicholas.
Ch. Mis. I.	Church Missionary Intelligencer.	L. H.	Leisure Hour.	Sc. G.	Science Gossip.
Ch. Q.	Church Quarterly.	Libr.	Library.	Sc. P.	Science Progress.
C. R.	Contemporary Review.	Lipp.	Lippincott's Monthly.	Scots.	Scots Magazine.
C.	Cornhill.	L. Q.	London Quarterly.	Scot. G. M.	Scottish Geographical Magazine.
Cos.	Cosmopolitan.	Long.	Longman's Magazine.	Scot. R.	Scottish Review.
Crit. R.	Critical Review.	Luc.	Lucifer.	Scrib.	Scribner's Magazine.
D. R.	Dublin Review.	Lud. M.	Ludgate Illustrated Magazine.	Str.	Strand Magazine.
Econ. J.	Economic Journal.	McCl.	McClure's Magazine.	Sun. H.	Sunday at Home.
Econ. R.	Economic Review.	Mac.	Macmillan's Magazine.	Sun. M.	Sunday Magazine.
E. R.	Edinburgh Review.	Man. Q.	Manchester Quarterly.	T. B.	Temple Bar.
Ed. R. A.	Educational Review, America.	Med. M.	Medical Magazine.	Th.	Theatre.
Ed. R. L.	Educational Review, London.	M. W. D.	Men and Women of the Day.	Th.	Thinker.
Eng. M.	Engineering Magazine.	Mind.	Mind.	U. S. M.	United Service Magazine.
E. H.	English Historical Review.	Min.	Minster.	W. R.	Westminster Review.
E. I.	English Illustrated Magazine.	Mis. R.	Missionary Review of the World.	W. M.	Windsor Magazine.
Ex.	Expositor.	Mon.	Monist.	W. H.	Woman at Home.
Ex. T.	Expository Times.	M.	Month.	Y. R.	Yale Review.
F. L.	Folk-Lore.	M. P.	Monthly Packet.	Y. M.	Young Man.
F. R.	Fortnightly Review.	Nat. R.	National Review.	Y. W.	Young Woman.

Accidents, James Scott on, **Str.** June.
 Advertising: Posters and Poster-Designing in England, M. H. Spielmann on, **Scrib.** July.
 Afghanistan: Our Last War with the Mahsuds, by S. S. Thorburn, **Black.** July.
 Africa:
 England and France in the Nile Valley, by Capt. F. D. Lagard, **Nat. R.** July.
 The Best Route to Uganda, G. F. Scott Elliott on, **C. R.** July.
 African Exhibition: Somaliland at the Crystal Palace, **Lud. M.** July.
 Agriculture, see Contents of the *Journal of the Board of Agriculture*.
 Allen's (Grant) "Woman Who Did," and Mrs. Fawcett on the Woman Question, by W. F. Dutton, **Free R.** July.
 American People: Americans in Paris, R. Harding Davis on, **Harp.** July.
 Archeology, see Contents of *American Journal of Archeology, Antiquary, Scots Lore*.
 Architecture: Artistic Domestic Architecture in America, B. Ferree on, **N. E. M.** June.
 Arctic Exploration: The Franklin Commemoration, **G. J.** July.
 Armies, (see also Peace and Disarmament, and Contents of *United Service Magazines*):
 The Future of War, by F. Lee, **C. M.** July.
 The Soldier of the Sixteenth Century, **Mac.** July.
 Public Schools and Army Competitive Examinations, Col. Henry Knollys on, **Black.** July.
 Can West Point be made More Useful? by Gen. John Gibbon, **N. A. R.** June.
 Astronomy:
 The Canals of Mars, P. Lowell on, **A. M.** July.
 Picturing the Planets, by J. E. Keeler, **C. M.** July.
 Athletics: Life at the Athletic Clubs, by Duncan Edwards, **Scrib.** July.
 Australia:
 An Australian Governorship, **Nat. R.** July.
 Australian Federation: Its Progress and Its Prospects, by Edward Salmon, **F. R.** July.
 Balfour's (A. J.) "Foundations of Belief," **Black.** July.
 Mr. Balfour and His Critics, by Rev. T. A. Finlay, **N. I. R.** July.
 Baltic and North Sea Canal:
 Some Lessons from Kiel, by W. Laird Clowes, **N. C.** July.
 Unsigned Article on, **Scot. G. M.** June.
 Justin H. McCarthy on, **New R.** July.

Bathing at the Continental Sea-Shore Resorts, by J. Howe Adams, **Cos.** June.
 Beachy Head, Battle of, 1690, **Mac.** July.
 Bear-Chasing in the Rocky Mountains, by F. Remington, **Harp.** July.
 Beecher, Henry Ward, Rev. J. Westby Earnshaw on, **Hom. R.** June.
 Bees: Tending Bees, by W. Z. Hutchinson, **Cos.** June.
 Belfries, Rev. S. Baring-Gould on, **Sun. M.** July.
 Bentley, George, Maarten Maartens on, **Bkman.** July.
 Bernard of Clairvaux, St., A. L. Humphries on, **P. M. Q.** July.
 Bible and Biblical Criticism, (see also Contents of *Clergyman's Magazine, Expositor, Expository Times, Homiletic Review, New World, Our Day, Primitive Methodist Quarterly, Religious Review of Reviews*):
 Christianity and the Higher Criticism, by Andrew Little, **Free R.** July.
 The Archeological Stage of Old Testament Criticism, Canon Cheyne on, **C. R.** July.
 Bible in Schools:
 Religion in Elementary Schools, by G. A. Spottiswoode, **N. C.** July.
 The Manitoba School Question, H. H. L. Bellot on, **W. R.** July.
 Bismarck, Prince,
 Maurice Todhunter on, **W. R.** July.
 Sketch of, **E. I.** July.
 Blackie, Prof. J. S., J. Ritson on, **P. M. Q.** July.
 Books in Paper Covers, Brander Matthews on, **C. M.** July.
 Boswell, James,—the Revolution in Grub Street; a Boswellian Fragment, by H. D. Traill, **F. R.** July.
 Bryant (Wm. Cullen) and the Berkshire Hills, by A. Lawrence, **C. M.** July.
 Butler, Bishop J., J. H. Bell on, **P. M. Q.** July.
 Cable, see Telegraphs.
 Campbell, James Dykes, A. T. Innes on, **Bkman.** July.
 Canada, (see also under Education; and Contents of *Canadian Magazine*):
 Some Thoughts on Canada, by Marquis of Lorne, **N. A. R.** June.
 Cape Cod, S. H. Ferris on, **Fr. L.** July.
 Catholic Church (see also Contents of *Catholic World, Irish Ecclesiastical Record*):
 The Papacy, Capt. J. W. Gambler and B. Molden on, **F. R.** July.
 Caucasian Highlands, V. Dingelstedt on, **Scot. G. M.** June.
 Celebrities: Glimpses of Some Vanished Celebrities, by F. M. F. Skene, **Black.** July.
 Challenger Expedition and Its Results, **N. Sc.** July.
 Chamberlain, Joseph, Justin McCarthy on, **F. June.**

- Chautauqua Movement, H. H. Boyesen on, **Cos**, June.
- China :
 China and Japan in Korea, see Korea.
 In the Garden of China, by J. Ralph, **Harp**, July.
 Growth of the Bible in China, by Dr. Wm. Wright, **Sun H**, July.
 Chitral : The Defence of Fort Chitral, **F R**, July.
- Church and Christianity, see Contents of *New World, Primitive [Methodist Quarterly]*, etc.
- Church of England : A Rational View of the Sacraments and Rites of the Church, by James Copner, **W R**, July.
- Churches of Scotland : Scotch Disestablishment, R. Butler on, **New R**, July.
- Civic Duty : Decennial of the American Institute of Civics, H. Randall-Waite on, **A M C**, June.
- Classics, see Contents of *Classical Review*.
- Cobbe, Frances Power, J. W. Chadwick on, **New W**, June.
- Colman's (George) Play "Polly Honeycombe," Austin Dobson on, **Nat R**, July.
- Colonies, see Contents of *Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute*.
- Combe Florey, Somerset, and Sydney Smith, by J. Le Warden Page, **P M M**, July.
- Comparative Legislation, Society of, Sir Courtenay Ilbert on, **N C**, July.
- Constantinople, J. Pullan on, **Y M**, July.
- Coronets and Crowns, Mary Howarth on, **Ata**, July.
- Country Holiday Movement, W. J. Gordon on, **L H**, July.
- Coxwell, Henry, T. Hanson Lewis on, **E I**, July.
- Cricket : Former Eton and Harrow Matches, Col. Hon. N. G. Lyttelton on, **Nat R**, July.
- Crockett, S. R., R. H. Sherard on, **I**, July.
- Cromwell Family : The Women of the Cromwell Family, Sheila E. Braune on, **G W**, July.
- Culture, Religion of, Rev. M. Kaufmann on, **Sun H**, July.
- Dana, Charles A., F. Morris on, **Chaut**, June.
- Dangers of Modern England, by Lady Jenne and Rev. S. E. Keeble, **G T**, July.
- Daudet, Alphonse, on Social Problems ; Interview by R. H. Sherard, **H**, July.
- Democracy :
 Democracy at Home, by J. W. Breslin, **W R**, July.
 Democracy and Religion, by J. H. Crocker, **New W**, June.
- Dickens, Charles, Glimpses of, by Chas. Dickens, Jun., **N A R**, June.
- Disestablishment, see under Wales, Churches of Scotland.
- "Douglas Book" of Sir Wm. Fraser, **G M**, July.
- Dress :
 Some Royal English Wedding-Dresses, D. Trelawney on, **Min**, July.
 Some Curious Fancy Dresses, Framley Steelcroft on, **Str**, June.
- Duddon, Valley of, **C**, July.
- Duse, Eleonora, Vernon Blackburn on, **New R**, July.
- Edgeworth, Maria,
 George Saintsbury on, **Mac**, July.
 Sketch of, **T B**, July.
- Education (see also under Bible in Schools, Chautauqua Movement, Universities, Ireland ; and Contents of *Educational Review*, *Educational Times*, *Hand and Eye*, *Journal of Education*, *Kindergarten Magazine*):
 Education and the State, J. G. Fitch on, **C R**, July.
 An American Educational System in Fact, by E. P. Powell, **F**, June.
 A Rational Correlation of School Studies, by Dr. J. M. Rice, **F**, June.
 The Roxbury Latin School, J. de Normandie on, **N E M**, June.
- Egbert, a Saxon Archbishop of the Eighth Century, by A. L. Salmon, **R R R**, June.
- Egyptology : The Book of the Dead, Sara Y. Stevenson on, **New W**, June.
- Electric Light : The People's Lamps, by Prof. Frank Parsons, **A**, June.
- Electricity for Marine Propulsion, by Prof. W. F. Durand, **Cas M**, June.
- Engineering, see Articles under Electricity, etc., and Contents of *Cassier's Magazine*, *Engineering Magazine*.
- English History (see also Beachy Head, Stamford Bridge, Trafalgar) (Battles of, &c.):
 The Elizabethan Sea Kings, by John Fiske, **A M**, July.
- Erasmus, Book on, by J. A. Froude, **P M Q**, July.
- Ethics, see Contents of *International Journal of Ethics*.
- Evolution (see also Heredity):
 Atavism and Evolution, by Prof. Lombroso, **C R**, July.
 The Origin of Man and the Religious Sentiment, by A. Fogazzaro, **C R**, July.
- Fawcett, Mrs., on the Marriage Question, by W. F. Duntun, **Free R**, July.
- Fiction :
 The Place of Realism in Fiction ; Symposium, **H**, July.
 Byways of Fiction in London, by G. B. Stuart, **M P**, July.
 The Picaresque Novel, J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly on, **New R**, July.
 Fact in Fiction, by F. M. Bird, **Lipp**, July.
- Finance (see also under United States ; and Contents of *Bankers' Magazine*, *Board of Trade, Journal, Investors' Review*):
 The Silver Question, by Count von Mirbach and M. Romero, **N A R**, June.
 The Free-Silver Argument, W. H. Harvey on, **F**, June.
 The Grotesque Fallacies of Free Silver, by J. de Witt Warner, **F**, June.
 Malignant Effects of the Free-Silver Delusion, by E. Atkinson, **Eng M**, June.
- The Bank of England, H. J. W. Dam on, **W M**, June.
- Bi-Centenary of the Bank of Scotland, **C J**, July.
- Fisheries and Fishing :
 The Territorial Waters and Sea Fisheries, **Black**, July.
 My Native Salmon River, by A. Forbes, **N C**, July.
- Fitzgerald's (Edward) Letters to Fanny Kemble, **T B**, July.
- Florida : Winter Days in Florida, by R. O. Flower, **A**, June.
- France :
 Personal History of the Second Empire, by Albert D. Vandam, **N A R**, June.
- France—continued.
 Agricultural Syndicates and Co-operative Societies in France, Prof. C. Gide on, **Econ J**, June.
 How the Poor Live in Paris, by T. B. Preston, **Chaut**, June.
 Marseilles, W. H. Pollock on, **E I**, July.
 The Tarn, Miss Betham-Edwards on, **Y W**, July.
 A Drive from Paris to Nice, by E. Johnson, **G M**, July.
 Freeman, Professor, on Christianity, **Free R**, July.
 Froude's (Prof. J. A.) Erasmus, **P M Q**, July.
- Games : How Games are Made, by W. G. Fitzgerald, **Str**, June.
- Gardener's (Mrs. Helen) Book "An Unofficial Patriot," J. C. Ridpath on, **A**, June.
- Gas :
 Gas-Making, N. Tait on, **G W**, July.
 Gas-Motor Street Cars, F. H. Mason on, **Cas M**, June.
- Geography, see Contents of *Geographical Journal*.
- Geology, see also Contents of *Geological Magazine*, *Science Progress*.
- Germany :
 The German Struggle for Liberty, 1806, Poulteney Bigelow on, **Harp**, July.
 The Home of the Hohenzollerns, by J. Baker, **P M M**, July.
 Germany, Empress of, Miss Hulda Friederichs on, **Y W**, July.
 Gladstone, W. E.,
 Maurice Todhunter on, **W R**, July.
 The Gladstonian Revolt in Scotland, **Black**, July.
 Granby, Marchioness of, **W H**, July.
 Grant, General, Japanese Life of, **C M**, July.
 Gutzkow's "Uriel Acosta," translated by R. Hovey and F. S. Jones, **P L**, June.
- Heredity (see also Evolution):
 The Mystery of Birth, by Grant Allen, **F R**, July.
- Hohenzollern, Home of, by J. Baker, **P M M**, July.
- Holland : England in Holland, by Dr. P. H. Davis, **Lud M**, July.
- Horace :
 William Everett on, **A M**, July.
 Gladstone's Odes of Horace, E. A. Meredith on, **Can M**, June.
- Huxley, Professor, on Hume and Berkeley, by G. G. Greenwood, **W R**, July.
- India (see also Contents of *India, Indian Journal of Education, Indian Magazine and Review*):
 The Indian Surveys, 1893-1894, C. E. D. Black on, **G J**, July.
 Individualism, Progressive, J. R. Commons on, **A M C**, June.
 Intellectual Detachment, Sir Herbert Maxwell on, **N C**, July.
- Ireland (see also Contents of *New Ireland Review*):
 The Irish Fiasco, by H. Jephson, **N C**, July.
 Education in Ireland, Catholic and Protestant, H. A. Hinkson on, **W R**, July.
 Irish National Literature, W. B. Yeats on, **Bkman**, July.
 Ireland Unvisited, by Lord Houghton, **Nat R**, July.
- Italy :
 English Church Life in Italy, Rev. A. Robertson on, **Q**, July.
 Old Italian Gardens, "Veron Lee" on, **Long**, July.
 Rome Re-visited, by C. R. W. Biggar, **Can M**, June.
 Lerici, and Shelley, by Marie Walsh, **Fr L**, July.
- Japan :
 China and Japan in Korea, see Korea.
 Rambles in Japan, by Canon Tristram, **L H**, July.
 The Tea Ceremony of Japan, by J. Kumpel Matumoto, **Lipp**, July.
- Jerusalem, see under Palestine.
- Journalism :
 The Rivals of *Punch*, by M. H. Spielmann, **Nat R**, July.
 Chicago Newspapers and Their Makers, by W. J. Abbot, **R R A**, July.
 Newspaper Obituaries, **C J**, July.
- Kelvin, Lord, A. Warren on, **P M M**, July.
- Kipling, Rudyard, Works of, W. H. Bishop on, **F**, June.
- Korea :
 Military Lessons of the Chino-Japanese War, by H. A. Herbert, **N A R**, June.
- Labour :
 The Ideals of Labour, by A. T. Guttery, **P M Q**, July.
 Liquor, Land, and Labour, **F R**, July.
 Labour Troubles, J. H. Hyslop on, **I J E**, July.
 Monopoly, Militia and Man, and the Brooklyn Trolley Strike, by Emil Richter, **A**, June.
- Lake District (see also Duddon (Valley of)):
 Bathymetrical Survey of the English Lakes, by Dr. H. R. Mill, **G J**, July.
- Land :
 Liquor, Land, and Labour, **F R**, July.
 Some Considerations for Small Holders, by Earl Percy, **Nat R**, July.
- Law (see also Crime):
 Trial by Jury in England, **W R**, July.
 Leconte de Lisle, Charles, Esme Stuart on, **F R**, July.
 Liberty, Legitimate, by S. Barker Booth, **Free R**, July.
- Literature : The Great Libraries of the United States, H. Putnam on, **F**, June.
- Locker-Lampson, Frederick, W. Davenport Adams on, **Bkman**, July.
- London :
 London or New York ; the Cheaper City, by I. Merle, **C F M**, July.
 The Romance of London, by Edwin Oliver, **Ata**, July.
- Mahomet and Mahomedanism : The Kiblah of the Mosque, by Rev. Hugh Macmillan, **Sun H**, July.
- Marriage :
 Prostitution within the Marriage Bond, B. O. Flower on, **A**, June.
 The High Church Doctrine as to Marriage and Divorce, Dr. George Serrell on, **C R**, July.
 A Black Forest Wedding, **C**, July.
- Marseilles, see under France.

- Materialism**, B. Bryant on, **P M Q**, July.
Medicine (see also Contents of *Medical Magazine*, *Science Progress*, *Provincial Medical Journal*):
 Physicians of the Olden Days, Mrs. J. E. Sinclair on, **G M**, July.
 Missions, see Contents of *Church Missionary Intelligencer*.
 Mithras, by T. H. B. Graham, **G M**, July.
 Mosaics: Roman Mosaics, Theo Tracy on, **Fr L**, July.
 Mountaineering Memories, by H. Preston-Thomas, **Black**, July.
 Nadand, Martin, J. M. Lullow on, **A M**, July.
 Napoleon I.,
 Life of Napoleon, by W. M. Sloane, **C M**, July.
 Daniel Webster against Napoleon, **C M**, July.
 Nationalism: First Steps in Nationalism, by S. Schindler, **A**, June.
 Natural History (see also Contents of *Journal of Microscopy*, *Knowledge*, *Natural Science*):
 Vignettes from Nature, by Richard Jefferies, **Long**, July.
 Navies (see also Contents of *United Service Magazines*):
 The Navy and the Colonies, by H. O. Arnold-Forster, **New R**, July.
 New England, see Portland; and Contents of *New England Magazine*.
 New York or London; the Cheaper City? by L. Merle, **C F M**, July.
 Nordan's (Max) Book "Degeneration":
 Cox, Kenyon, and Others on, **N A R**, June.
 Dana, Dr. C. L., on, **F**, June.
 Normandy Watering Places, **Min**, July.
 Norwich Palace, Precentor Venables on, **Sun M**, July.
 Onslow, Lord, in New Zealand; Interview, by "Constance Eaglestone," **Str**, June.
 Oratory: College Oratory in the West of America, **R R A**, June.
 Orleansism, **New R**, July.
 Pacific Ocean: The Mystery of the Pacific, by W. H. O. Smeaton, **W R**, July.
 Palestine:
 Underground Jerusalem, Charles Harris on, **Ata**, July.
 The Water Supply of Jerusalem, Rev. W. Preston on, **Q**, July.
 The Poor of Jerusalem, G. Robinson Lees on, **Sun M**, July.
 Paris, see under France.
 Parkhurst, Rev. C. H., Character Sketch of, by W. B. Murray, **O D**, June.
 Parliamentary:
 At Last! The Parliamentary Crisis, **Black**, July.
 From the Lobby of the House of Commons, **Mac**, July.
 The Conservative Programme of Social Reform, Sir J. Gorst on, **N C**, July.
 An Object-Lesson in "Payment of Members" in Australia, by Major-Gen. Tulloch, **N C**, July.
 The British House of Commons, Marcus J. Wright on, **A**, June.
 Pauperism and the Poor Law:
 Indoor v. Outdoor Relief, by W. Chance, **Nat R**, July.
 Peace and Disarmament: War and Peace, and Baroness von Suttner's "Lay Down Your Arms!" by Leopold Katscher, **Free R**, July.
 Pepperrell, Sir William, Victoria Reel on, **N E M**, June.
 Photography, see Contents of *Photogram*, *Wilson's Photographic Magazine*.
 Pipes, J. Cassidy on, **G M**, July.
 Pitman, John, Alice M. Earle on, **N E M**, June.
 Political Economy (see also Contents of *Economic Journal*, *Journal of Political Economy*):
 Sentimentalism and Political Economy, by W. Kirkus, **New W**, June.
 Positivism, see Contents of *Positivist Review*.
 Post Office: Ten Years' Postal Progress, J. Henniker Heaton on, **C R**, July.
 Psychic and the Spiritual, Margaret B. Peeke on, **A**, June.
 Psychological Research: Some Results, by J. Giffrey Raupert, **H**, July.
 Pusey, Dr., and Bishop Wilberforce, R. G. Wilberforce on, **N C**, July.
 Race-Problems: Before and after Emancipation in South Carolina, by E. Porritt, **Sun H**, July.
 Railways:
 The British Railway System, Ernest E. Williams on, **New R**, July.
 The Working of the Great Western Railway, J. Raphael on, **Min**, July.
 The Railroad Invasion of Asia, C. Morris on, **Lipp**, July.
 Recreation, Physiology of, by C. Roberts, **C R**, July.
 Restraint, Philosophy of, by G. Newcomen, **N I R**, July.
 Ritschl, Albrecht, **P M Q**, July.
 Rome, see under Italy.
 Rosebery, Earl of, **W H**, July.
 Rossetti, Christina G., M. Johnson on, **P M Q**, July.
 Ruskin, John.
 Egbert Rydings on, **Y M**, July.
 His Letters to Cheneau, W. G. Kingsland on, **P L**, June.
 Russell, Charles, Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, F. Dolman on, **Y M**, July.
 Russia (see also Caucasus):
 English Influence in Russia, P. Boborykine on, **C R**, July.
 The Russian Volunteer Fleet, **C J**, July.
 Sanitation (see also Contents of Public Health):
 Past and Ideal Sanitation, Sir B. W. Richardson on, **Long**, July.
 Schamyl: A Forgotten Caucasian Hero, **Mac**, July.
 Science (see also Contents of *Science Progress*, etc.):
 Recent Science, by Prince Krapotkin, **N C**, July.
 Scotland:
 Scotch Disestablishment, R. Butler on, **New R**, July.
 The Religiosity of the Scot, by James Leatham, **W R**, July.
 Scott, Sir Walter.—The Waverley Novels—After Sixty Years, D. F. Hannigan on, **W R**, July.
 Sein, He de, and the Druids, **T B**, July.
 Settlements of London, Rev. T. C. Collings on, **L H**, July.
 Shakespeare:
 Is "Hamlet" a Consistent Creation? by J. M. Robertson, **Free R**, July.
 "Romeo and Juliet," E. Benson on, **New R**, July.
 and Molesty, by R. Bruce Boswell, **Free R**, July.
 Shelley, Percy B., and Lerici, Italy, Marie Walsh on, **Fr L**, July.
 Shipping (see also Contents of the *Nautical Magazine*):
 Do Boys Go to Sea? by F. M. Holmes, **C F M**, July.
 The London Shipping Exchange, F. Dolman on, **Lud M**, July.
 Shuttleworth's (Prof. Henry) Work among Young Men, J. Milne on, **Sun M**, July.
 Slums: The Only-Cure for Slums, by E. R. L. Gould, **F**, June.
 Smith, Sydney, and Combe Florey, Somerset, by J. Le Warden Page, **P M M**, July.
 Smith (W. H.) and Son's Bookstalls, Wm. C. Preston on, **G W**, July.
 Social Purity:
 How to Deal with the Social Purity Question, by Rev. W. J. Ward, **H**, July.
 Laws Governing the Age of Consent, in Canada and the United States, E. W. Smith on, **A**, June.
 Socialism:
 Progressive Individualism, J. R. Commons on, **A M C**, June.
 State Socialism in the Court of Reason, Hon. Auberon Herbert on, **H**, July.
 Spain, Romance of, by C. W. Wood, **Arg**, July.
 Sport, see Contents of *Outing*.
 Stamford Bridge, Battle of, 1066, Darcy Lever on, **G M**, July.
 Stevenson, Joseph, Rev. J. A. Robertson on, **Scots**, July.
 Stevenson, Robert L., Personal Memories of, by Edmund Gosse, **C M**, July.
 Suffolk, East, Study of, by G. M. McGrie, **G M**, July.
 Swimming, A. Sinclair on, **W M**, June.
 Telegraphs:
 A Cable Post, J. Henniker Heaton on, **N A R**, June.
 At Hazel Hill, Nova Scotia; an Atlantic Cable Station, by B. Belfort, **W M**, June.
 Temperance and the Liquor Traffic:
 Liquor, Land, and Labour, **Fr**, July.
 The Coffee-House as a Rival of the Saloon, by I. W. Howerth, **A M C**, June.
 A Model Public-House at Hampt-n Lucy, by A. Shailwell, **Nat R**, July.
 Thackeray's (W. M.) London, **T B**, July.
 Theatres and the Drama (see also Contents of *Theatre*):
 Death on the Stage, Rev. S. Baring-Gould on, **G W**, July.
 Strolling Players, **C**, July.
 Theosophy, see Contents of *Lucifer*.
 Thompson, Mrs. Bowen Rev. A. R. Buckland on, **Sun M**, July.
 Trafalgar, Campaign of, Judge O'Connor Morris on, **P M M**, July.
 Tunbridge Wells, Hubert Grayle on, **Lud M**, July.
 Turkey, Sultan Abdul Hamid, and the Powers, by Moulvie Rafiuddin Ahmad, **N C**, July.
 Undesirable Information, E. F. Benson on, **C R**, July.
 United States (see also American People, Labour, Journalism, Education, Libraries, Armies, Social Purity, Race-Problems, Architecture, Oratory; and Cape C.), New York, Portland):
 The Future of the United States, L. B. Stidway on, **I R**, June.
 The Financial Issue in Ninety-Six, A. J. Warner on, **A M C**, June.
 The Growth of American Export Trade, T. A. Eldy and Carl Schurz on, **Eng M**, June.
 Mr. Bland and a New Party, **A**, June.
 Why Municipal Reform is a Failure, by C. E. Burton, **A M C**, June.
 The Future of the Great Arid West of America, E. V. Smalley on, **F**, June.
 The Growth of American Nationality, Gen. F. A. Walker on, **F**, June.
 Are the People of Western America Fanatics? by J. K. Miller, **A**, June.
 American Rural Festivals, Mrs. Burton Harrison on, **C M**, July.
 The Russian Church in America, by Gribayeff, **Fr L**, July.
 A History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States, by E. B. Andrews, **Scrib**, July.
 Universities (see also Education):
 College Finances, C. F. Thwing on, **F**, June.
 A Member of Parliament for the University, by Thomas Hoigins, **Can M**, June.
 Against Oxford Degrees for Women, by Prof. T. Case, **Fr R**, July.
 The University of Cambridge, **G T**, July.
 The University of Pennsylvania, F. N. Thorpe on, **Harp**, July.
 Valparaiso, May Crommelin on, **L H**, July.
 Venezuela Englan!, and the Monroe Doctrine, by Henry C. Lodge, **N A R**, June.
 Voice Culture: Why the American Voice is Bad, by F. Osgood, **F**, June.
 Wales:
 The Church in Wales, Bishop of St. Asaph on, **N C**, July.
 Recent Disestablishment Fictions, by Bishop of St. Asaph, **Nat R**, July.
 Watson's (William) Serious Verse, Laurie Magnus on, **Black**, July.
 Wealth, Future of, by F. W. Hayes, **Free R**, July.
 Webster, Daniel, against Napoleon, **C M**, July.
 Whist in America, F. W. Crane on, **Cos**, June.
 Whittier, John G., Brander Matthews on, **St N**, July.
 Wilberforce, Bishop, and Dr. Pusey, R. G. Wilberforce on, **N C**, July.
 Williams, Dr. Samuel, M. A. Green on, **N E M**, June.
 Willis, T. B., July.
 Wilson, C. H., F. Dolman on, **E I**, July.
 Windsor Castle, by E. M. Jessop, **I**, July.
 Women:
 Woman's Part in Political Sins, by Ella W. Winston, **A M C**, June.
 The Employment of Women, Hon. Dudley Fortescue on, **H**, July.
 Against Oxford Degrees for Women, by Prof. T. Case, **Fr R**, July.
 Women in the Medical Profession, **G T**, July.
 The New Womanhood, H. H. Boyesen on, **Lipp**, July.
 Women of Note, **Lud M**, July.
 Ladies of Edinburgh, Mrs. S. A. Tooley on, **W H**, July.
 American Wives, Mrs. Hawes on, **Y W**, July.
 The Present Condition of Muhammadan Women in Turkey, Richard Davey on, **Fr**, July.
 Zebek Pasha, Sir W. T. Marriott on, **Fr R**, July.
 Zoo: The Monkey-House at the Zoo, by F. Miller, **E I**, July.



THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

Colonial Secretary in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN MARCH, 1903, BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND BONS.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, August 1st, 1895.

The General Election.

The electors having got a chance, have sent the Liberals packing. The General Election, which opened on July 13th, and is now virtually over, converted a Liberal majority of 28 at the Dissolution into a Conservative majority of 152. With the exception of Ireland, where the Home Rulers succeeded in slightly improving their position, every part of the United Kingdom showed that the pendulum was swinging heavily in the direction of Conservatism. The Liberals suffered a net loss of six seats in Wales, 11 in Scotland, and 81 in England. The net Liberal majority in Scotland has been pulled down to six, while in England the Liberals are outnumbered three to one. The predominant partner has put his foot down with emphasis, and, for the duration of this Parliament, he will stand no nonsense in the shape of Home Rule. That the General Election would result in a Liberal overthrow was seen by every one before the polls opened, and by none more clearly than by the Liberals themselves. What no one expected, least of all the Liberals, was that the result of the ballot could leave them in so woful a minority.

The Extent of the Liberal Reverse. Even if the party managers could have accurately foreseen the number of electors who would fill in their ballot papers for the Liberals and Conservatives respectively, that would have afforded them no clue whatever as to the balance of parties in the House of Commons. It would indeed have been the most misleading factor in their calculations. The transfer of 100,000 votes, or a little over 2 per cent. of the total number voting, from the Liberals to the Conservatives, ought on strict principles of pro-

portional representation to have converted what was a Liberal majority of forty in 1892 into a minority of five in 1895. If the Conservatives had been cursed with the burden of a granted prayer, and One Vote One Value had really been conceded, the 2,370,000 who voted Liberal would have returned 333 members, while the 2,407,000 electors who voted Conservative would have been represented by 337 members.*

What has happened, therefore, is that there has been a small but decided swing of the pendulum in the constituencies, which has produced a change in the House of Commons altogether out of proportion to the actual shifting of force in the electorate. The Liberals have to account for a reverse; they certainly have not to account for any cataclysmal catastrophe.

Why it has been exaggerated. The moral effect of the Conservative victories has been strengthened by the series of disasters which befell the leaders of the Liberal army. At no previous General Election have so many officers been picked off. Sir William Harcourt was rejected at Derby, Mr. John

Morley at Newcastle, Mr. Shaw Lefevre at Bradford, and Mr. Arnold Morley at Nottingham. Each of the Cabinet Ministers had a subordinate member of the Administration not of the Cabinet dispatched to keep him company, as the Ashantee kings when they die are provided with an escort into the invisible world by the slaughter of their wives and followers.

* I take these figures from the *Westminster Gazette*. It is extremely difficult to divide the number of electors between the parties fairly, but it would be impossible to adopt a fairer rule than that which Mr. Cook has laid down. Labour votes, except where the Labour candidate was the only Home Ruler in the field, have not been counted. In the case of the uncontested elections those of the last available contest have been substituted, except in a few constituencies which have not been contested at all of late years. In these constituencies two-thirds of 75 per cent. of the electorate have been given to the side in possession, and one-third to the other. According to the statistician of the *Times* the balance of voting strength in Great Britain is as follows:—Unionists, 2,267,000; Home Rulers, 2,012,000; representing a turn over of 110,000 votes from one side to the other in three years.



From the *Westminster Gazette*.]

THE UNION.

"United we Stand, Divided we Fall."

[July 18, 1895.]

From the *Pall Mall Gazette*.]

R.I.P.

[July 28, 1895.]

Of the ex-Cabinet Ministers only two represent English constituencies. Mr. Campbell Bannerman, Mr. Asquith, and Sir George Trevelyan all sit for Scotch seats. The effect of the Ministerial hecatomb was increased by the tremendous defeats which the Liberals suffered in two such vital centres as Lancashire and London. In the capital of the Empire the Liberals had a net loss of fifteen seats. In Lancashire, a county of which it used to be said "what Lancashire thinks to-day England will think to-morrow," the Liberals lost eight seats net, converting a Liberal majority of three into a Conservative majority of thirteen. When the Liberals were reeling under such Thor-hammer blows of adversity, it is not so very surprising that many people should be talking as if the Liberal party had been swept off the slate altogether.

The Open Secret of the Elections. Hence we have had an extraordinary series of explanations to account for the Liberal defeat, which would be sufficient to account, not merely for the transfer of 150,000

votes from one side to the other, but for the death and burial of all the Liberal rank and file. It is a pity that those politicians who have been so busy accounting for the Liberal defeat did not recall the familiar story of the thirty-four reasons which the governor of the city had prepared to excuse the omission of a royal salute on the arrival of his sovereign, but which were abruptly cut off after the first item, which set forth he had no guns. There was no necessity to go through the rest of the thirty-three reasons, and one feels much the same when listening to the current explanations of the Liberal defeat. The first reason is quite sufficient, and there is no need to go further in accounting for the very small change of the party vote than the fact which I stated in these pages some months ago, long before the ballot boxes were opened.

John Bull's Snooze.

Writing on February 1st of this year, I remarked that John Bull was preparing to take an after-dinner nap, and that it would not matter if the archangel

Gabriel were in Lord Rosebery's place, the results of the General Election would not be materially different. John Bull, I said, is going to take it easy for a short time, and he is absolutely impervious to the different accents of those who want to disturb his slumber. The more we fret and fume the more he will settle himself into his armchair and forget all about it. The sluggish and somewhat lethargic John Bull has been surfeited with the heroics of legislation for the last fifteen years, and is now in the state which I called the lethargy of the easy-chair. "It is not Conservatism, or devotion to the Union, or anything that can be dignified by the name of principle. It is simply the natural longing for repose which overtakes nations at irregular intervals after spells of political experiment." We need no other explanation to account for what has happened. It is a change of mood, not a change of principle.

The various secondary questions which have contributed to this change of mood may be arranged thus in their order of importance:—First, disunited Ireland, for while the Irish are quarrelling among themselves you will never convince John Bull of the necessity for Home Rule. Second, the Local Veto Bill. The British electors, not one-third of whom are teetotal, were not 'enthused' by the proposal to give a two-thirds voting majority in any locality power to confiscate the property of the publican, while the publicans naturally fought for their lives. Third, Disestablishment. The attack on the Welsh Establishment attracted no enthusiasm outside Wales, while it galvanised into hostility the latent electioneering force of the English Church. The Liberation Society as a political force has been steadily going downhill since 1871, when the Education Act, as accepted and administered by Nonconformists themselves, knocked the bottom out of the old Nonconformist contention that the State had nothing to do with the teaching of religion. Fourth, the Liberal leaders not having been able to make up their minds as to whether to end, mend, or clip the claws of, the Peers, or how to carry out any of these projects, whichever of them was ultimately

decided upon, could not lead the Liberal forces for a desperate attack upon the citadel of reaction.



From the *Westminster Budget*. [July 19, 1895.]

THE ATTITUDE OF THE INDEPENDENT LABOUR PARTY.

"Can't get in myself, but I can keep a few others out, anyway."

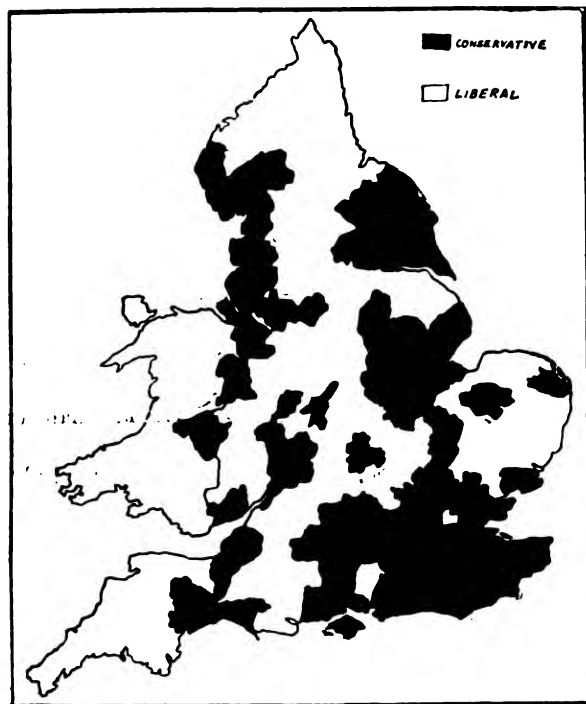
Fifth, the Indian Cotton Duties. These are said to have cost us a dozen seats. One of the two seats which we won in Lancashire was gained from a Unionist who supported the late Government on this question. Lancashire voted according to what it believed to be its commercial interests, the electors thinking much more of keeping their trade with India than of thwarting the Nationalist aspirations of Ireland. Sixth, the Independent Labour Party. Some 30,000 men, a handful representing less than one per cent. of the voters, desiring to force the pace at the time when John Bull wished to snooze, detached itself from the Liberal ranks and occasioned the

loss of several seats. In the absolutely unbroken series of disasters which attended the whole of the Independent Labour Party's candidates, especially in the return for West Ham, the Liberal party had the only consolation which has befallen it at this election. In addition to these causes, some of which are general and other local, there may be added some others which perhaps produced some effect, such as the absence of Mr. Gladstone, the lack of any palpable enthusiasm among the Liberal leaders for each other, the general feeling that as a strong Liberal majority would be out of the question, it would be better to put Lord Salisbury in with a good backing, and so forth, and so forth.

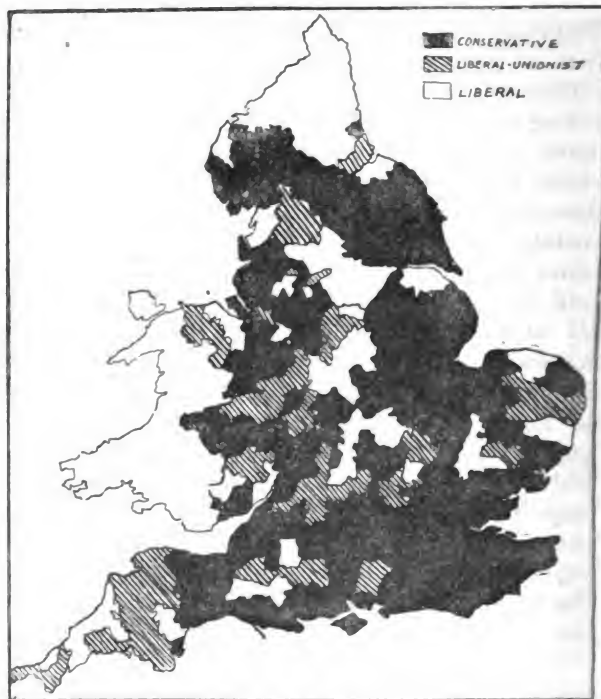
It is a curious thing that although all these causes catalogued above were known to be in existence before Parliament was dissolved, there were many, including some at the headquarters of the Liberal organisation, who absolutely refused to recognise that the election could only end in one way, and in both organisations, with the possible exception of Captain Middleton, nobody expected they would result in a Tory majority of 152. The general calculation was that the Tories would have a majority of from thirty to fifty. Mr. Chamberlain is said to have counted upon a minimum of seventy. Before the polls were opened the only prediction which gave Lord Salisbury over a hundred majority was one obtained by no process of calculation, but by a communication

Results and Forecasts.

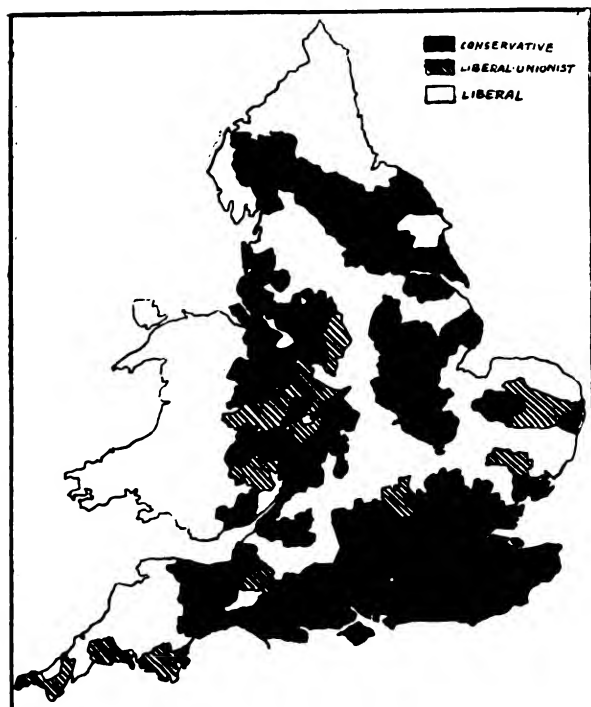
FOUR GENERAL ELECTIONS: THE COUNTIES.



IN 1885.

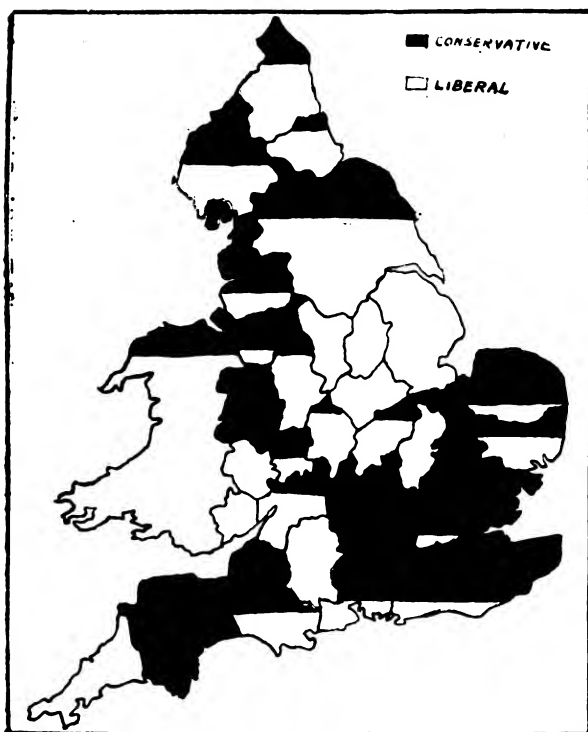


IN 1886.



IN 1892-95.

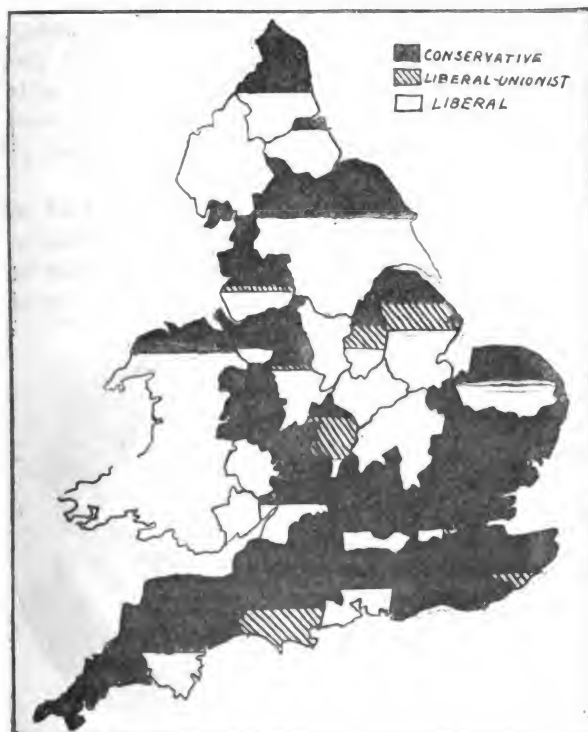
FOUR GENERAL ELECTIONS: THE BOROUGHES.



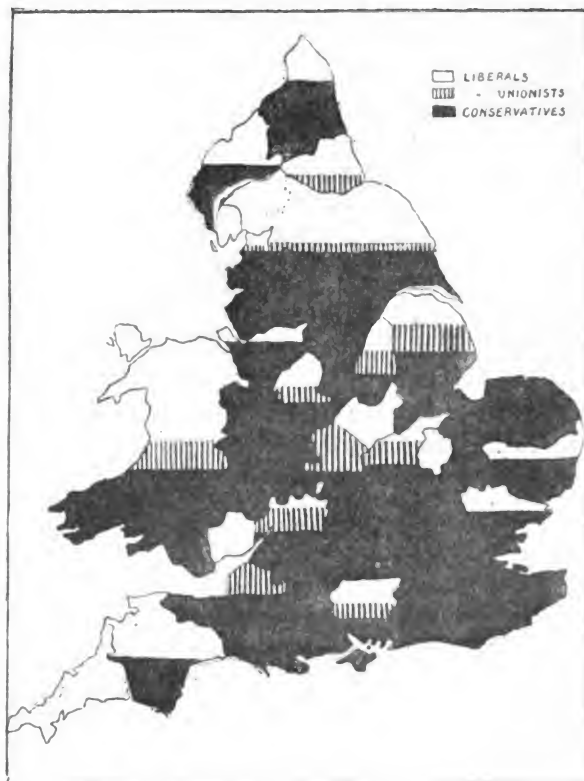
IN 1885.



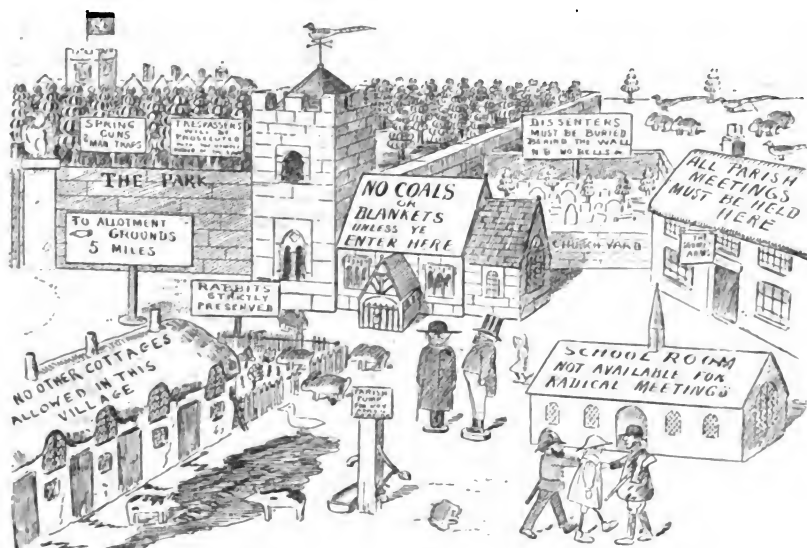
IN 1886.



IN 1892-95.



IN 1895.



From the Westminster Gazette.]

THE MODEL VILLAGE.

[July 19, 1895.]

A toy for little Tories; or, how to build a model village with Tory bricks.

which came by the much decried way of Borderland prophecy. As the prediction, which was printed before the first poll was opened, has attracted a good deal of attention, it may be of some interest to mention exactly how it was received. My hand was writing automatically very shortly after the close of the General Election of 1892. I naturally asked whether anything was known as to what would happen. I say nothing as to the alleged agency which gave the answer, beyond remarking that it did not profess to be either a Mahatma or my own sub-consciousness. The answer was clear and definite. My hand wrote that the Home Rule Bill, which had not then been framed, would be rejected, that Mr. Gladstone would go, that Sir William Harcourt would lead the House for one session, that there would be a Dissolution, that Lord Salisbury would come back with a majority of 133 or 139, I forget which, that he would continue in office for some years, and that after three years he would pass a Local Government Bill for Ireland which would be as near Home Rule as he dared to make it. I claim no authority for this prediction; I simply mention it as a communication which, although written automatically in 1892, was more in accord with the facts as they turned out than any forecast of our astutest politicians.

In the contest in the country, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain were the great twin brethren of the Unionist cause. Mr. Balfour, as his wont, fought with a light hand and

good humour, and his usual detachment from banality and the bitterness of partizanship. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, was the slogger of the election. No two men could be more diverse in their character and in their method of conducting controversy than the respective chiefs of the Conservative and Liberal Unionist groups. Mr. Chamberlain achieved a great personal success, and has come out of the struggle as its foremost figure. He has been the hero of the election. The Liberal Unionists, who in 1886 numbered 78, are now 73 strong. If they went bodily over to the Opposition Lord Salisbury would still have a majority of six.

The situation curiously reproduces that in 1885, when, if the Parnellites had voted with Lord Salisbury, the Liberals would have been in a minority of four. Both in 1885 and 1895 the Ministerial majority was made up by a coalition between two parties, each with distinct organisations, but working in common. In 1895 the objects and aims of the Liberal Unionists are much more in accord with those of the Conservatives than Mr. Parnell's were with the aims and objects of the Gladstonians in 1885.

The election was singularly devoid of dramatic incidents, with the exception of the defeat of Sir William Harcourt at

Derby and Mr. Morley at Newcastle. Probably no single incident waked up the electors to a consciousness of the fact that the Liberals were smashed so much as the unexpected defeat of Sir William Harcourt. The late Leader of the House loomed so large before the country as he swaggered in his temperance buskins, that when he was toppled over in the first day's fighting the whole stage shook. After that nothing seemed impossible. It had some-



MR. GERALD BALFOUR, M.P.,
Secretary for Ireland.

(From a photograph by Russell.)

THE RESULTS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION, 1895.

It may be as well to interpolate here, as a supplement to the preceding maps, the statistical results of the recent General Election :

THE VOTES POLLED.

The following Table giving the number of votes polled for Liberals and Conservatives at the four last elections :—

	Liberals and Nationalists.	Conservatives and Unionists.	Majority in Votes.	Majority in Members.
1885	2,456,736	1,943,316	L. 513,420	L. 168
1886	1,341,629	1,417,854	C. 78,225	C. 118
1892	2,451,874	2,256,049	L. 205,825	L. 40
1895	2,369,917	2,406,898	C. 36,981	C. 182

The next Table gives the number of votes polled for both parties in London, England, Wales, and Scotland at the last election. The figures for Ireland are not yet to hand. Those for 1892 are given :—

	L. and N.	C. and L. U.
London	167,150	250,146
England	1,472,561	1,692,259
Wales	125,353	92,129
Scotland	247,519	233,021
Great Britain	2,012,581	2,267,555
Ireland (1892)	363,617	143,777

THE MEMBERS RETURNED.

The United Kingdom and its component parts are represented after the election of July, 1895, as follows :—

UNITED KINGDOM.			GREAT BRITAIN.		
U.	{ Conservative . . 340 } { Liberal Unionist . 71 }	411	U.	{ Conservatives . 323 } { Liberal Unionists . 67 }	390
H. R.	{ Liberal 177 } { Anti-Parnellite . . 70 } { Parnellite 12 }	259	Lib.	{ Liberal 176 } { Anti-Parnellite . . 1 }	177
Total	670		Total	567	
Unionist Majority	152		Unionist Majority	213	
ENGLAND.			WALES.		
U.	{ Conservatives . . 296 } { Liberal Unionists . 53 }	349	U.	{ Conservatives . . 71 } { Liberal Unionists . 1 }	8
Lib.	{ Liberal 115 } { Anti-Parnellite . . 1 }	116	Total	30	
Total	465		Liberal Majority	14	
Unionist majority	233		IRELAND.		
SCOTLAND.			N.	{ Anti-Parnellite . . 69 } { Parnellite 12 } { Liberal 1 }	82
U.	{ Conservative . . . 20 } { Liberal Unionist . 13 }	33	U.	{ Conservative . . . 14 } { Liberal Unionist . 4 }	21
Total	72		Total	103	
Liberal majority	6		Home Rule Majority	61	

The Table given below shows the state of the parties at the last four elections :—

	1885		1886		1892		1895	
	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.
London	23	36	11	43	23	36	8	51
Boroughs	89	78	50	117	71	96	43	124
Counties	134	100	64	170	103	131	65	169
Total for England	247	218	126	239	197	268	116	349
Wales	27	3	23	7	28	2	22	8
Scotland	62	10	43	29	50	22	39	33
Total for Great Britain	336	231	192	275	275	282	177	390
Ireland	85	18	84	19	80	23	82	21
Total for the United Kingdom	421	249	276	294	355	315	269	411

The Parnellites and Nationalists are included under the Liberal head. They returned to the last four Parliaments :—

	1885	1886	1892	1895
Nationalists	86	85	72	70
Parnellites	—	—	9	12

The Liberal Unionists, who are included under the Conservative heading, had the following members in the last three Parliaments :—

	1886	1892	1895
London	2	1	3
Boroughs	19	12	22
Counties	34	17	27
Wales	3	—	3
Scotland	17	11	14
Ireland	2	4	4
Total	77	45	73

GAINS AND LOSSES.

The following are the numbers of seats gained by the various parties :—

GAINS.	L	N	P	L	U	C
London	—	—	—	1	12	
English Boroughs	9	—	—	12	25	
English Counties	4	—	—	11	30	
Wales	—	—	—	2	4	
Scotland	5	—	—	4	9	
Ireland	1	1	—	—	—	
	19	1	—	30	80	
	20			110		

UNIONIST GAINS.

The following 82 seats were won by the Conservatives. All are singles, except Derby and Oldham, where two seats were gained :—

Argyleshire, Ayr Burghs, Bedford, Bethnal-green, N.E., Boston, Bradford, E., Bradford, W., Bucks, N., Camberwell, N., Cambridgeshire (Chester-ton), Cambridgeshire (Newmarket), Cambridgeshire (Wisbech), Cardiff District, Cheshire, Crewe, Coventry, Cumberland (Egremont), Derby, Derbyshire, S., Dumbartonshire, Elgin and Nairn, Essex (Malden), Finsbury, E., Finsbury, Central, Glamorgan, S., Glasgow, St. Rollox, Glasgow, College, Gloucestershire (Cirencester), Gloucestershire (Stroud), Hackney, S., Halifax, Hull, E., Kensington, N., Kilmarnock Burghs, Lambeth (Kennington), Lancashire (Darwen), Lancashire (Eccles), Lancashire (Gorton), Lancashire (Ince), Lancashire (Lancaster), Lancashire (Middleton), Lancashire (Radcliffe-cum-Farnworth), Manchester, S.W., Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northampton, Northants (Mid), Northants, S., Norwich, Nottingham, E., Oldham, Oxfordshire (Banbury), Oxfordshire (Woodstock), Pembroke District, Radnorshire, Reading, Rochdale, Roxburghshire, Salford, N., Shore-ditch (Haggerston), Somerset (Frome), Somerset, N., Southwark (Bermondsey), Stirlingshire, Stockport, Suffolk (Stowmarket), Suffolk (Woodbridge), Sunderland, Swansea Town, Tower Hamlets (Bow and Bromley), Tower Hamlets (Lincolnhouse), Tower Hamlets (St. George's), Walsall, Warwickshire (Rugby), West Ham, N., West Ham, S., Whitehaven, Wilts (Devizes), Wilts (Westbury), Yarmouth (Great), Yorkshire (Doncaster), Yorkshire (Otley).

The Liberal Unionists won twenty-eight seats :—

Ayrshire, S., Beds, Biggleswade, Bradford, Central, Bristol, N., Carmarthen District, Cornwall (Camborne), Darlington, Devon (Barnstaple), Durham, S.E., Edinburgh, S., Falkirk Burghs, Gloucester, Hartlepool, Inverness Burghs, Lambeth, N., Lancashire (Heywood), Lancashire (N. Lonsdale), Lincoln, Lincolnshire (Spalding), Liverpool Exchange, Manchester, S., Peterborough, Southampton, Stoke-on-Trent, Wilts (Cricklade), Worcestershire, N., Yorkshire (Shipley), Yorkshire, (Skipton).

LIBERAL GAINS.

The Liberals captured twenty seats from the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists. These seats are given below :—

From Conservatives.

Bolton, Falmouth, Forfarshire, Huddersfield, Ipswich, Lanark, N.-W., Lancashire (Prestwich), Lincolnshire (Brigg), Linlithgowshire, Londonderry City, Perth, Plymouth, Scarborough, Stockton, Tyroue, N.

From Liberal Unionists.

Dumfriesshire, Grimsby, Norfolk (Mid), Nottingham, W., Staffordshire, Lichfield.

The Liberal Unionists gave up Berry, Hythe, and North St. Pancras to the Conservatives, who in their turn ceded Wakefield and West Marylebone to their allies.

what the same effect on the Unionist ranks as that produced on the Scotch army when the English champion fell cleft through the skull by the battle-axe of the Bruce at Bannockburn. Nothing that subsequently took place broke the force of that great blow. Sir William Harcourt's subsequent election for West Monmouth, a constituency which curiously enough figures in the Home Office statistics as one of the worst in the United Kingdom for criminality, enabled the doughty leader to creep back into Parliament; but it was not in the power of West Monmouth to restore the prestige lost at Derby. Very different feelings were excited by the rejection of Mr. Morley, who, after representing Newcastle for twelve years, was sacrificed to the vengeance of the Independent Labour Party. Mr. Morley remains the most conspicuous and most regretted victim of this disastrous election. Mr. Asquith in East Fife achieved the one solitary personal success scored by a Liberal leader.

What will Lord Salisbury do? Leaving these questions of the past, the question naturally arises as to what Lord Salisbury will do with the majority which now awaits his orders. Will he rest and be thank-

ful, and let John Bull take his snooze, or will he attempt to carry out any extensive programme of social and political reform? Mr. Chamberlain's programme is unquestionably not one of the arm-chair. Several Unionist candidates have made profession of a desire to legislate in many directions, as may be seen, for instance,

from the programme which was printed on one of the cards of Mr. Whitelaw, Unionist candidate for North-East Lanark, who adopted as his motto, "Union, not Separation" :—



From the *New Budget*.]

[July 18, 1895.

"I shall persevere as long as I am able in the Liberal cause and the maintenance of the principles to which I am attached.—Sir William Harcourt's Telegram, Tuesday, July 16.

POLICY.

1. STRONG AND RESOLUTE FOREIGN POLICY—Without which there can be for Employer, No Trade; for Workman, No Wage.

2. NAVAL SUPREMACY—To protect our Commerce in transit to and from the market.

3. SOCIAL LEGISLATION—(a.) Provision for Old Age—no injury to Friendly Societies. (b.) Improve Workmen's Dwellings. (c.) Compensation for all Accidents. (d.) Conciliation in Trade Disputes. (e.) Increased Vigilance over and Inspection of Dangerous Trades. (f.) Fatal Accidents Inquiry. (g.) Restrict Alien Pauper Immigration.

4. REFORM OF LICENSING SYSTEM.

5. REGISTRATION REFORM.

6. REFUSE TO DISESTABLISH THE CHURCH.

7. REFUSE TO INCREASE TAXATION TO PAY MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

It is probable that in relation to several of these items Lord Salisbury will meet proposals to legislate by Lord Melbourne's old question, "Why cannot you let it alone?"

The Compulsion of Circumstance. In politics, as in everything else, man proposes but God disposes, and Ministers will have to do not as they would, but as they must. The instinct of Lord Salisbury will unquestionably be to do as little as he possibly can, and therein he will undoubtedly be in accord with the majority of his supporters. But however reluctant he may be, he will find himself compelled to deal first with the Irish land; secondly, with the reform of procedure in Parliament; thirdly, with the question of Employers' Liability. These are questions which any Government would have to deal



ALAS, POOR ERINI—UNIONIST MAJORITY, 152.

From the painting by Ch. Landelle, in the Champs Elysées Salon.

with. He will find himself under compulsion of another kind to satisfy his supporters by making provision for subsidising the denominational schools. Lord Salisbury, like other men, must blood his hounds, and over this question a battle will be waged which will be none the less fierce because the Liberals are doomed beforehand to hopeless defeat, for on the question of denominational schools their Irish allies cannot be depended upon. It is not likely that the Government will do much about the Death Duties. So far as they can they will go slow, and will discover that the Death Duties can be so administered as to be freed from all the alarmist consequences on which they dwelt so much when Sir William Harcourt was carrying his Bill through Parliament.

In the Home domain of social legislation, if Ministers are wise they will strictly confine themselves to measures which have been recommended

by Committees and Commissions, and which command the general support of all parties. Lord Salisbury could take a very strong line in this matter, if he chose, by adopting, in fact, the principle which is the basis of the National Social Union. If he would say frankly and strongly that in all social legislation he intended to carry out only those measures upon which all were agreed, and to leave

over for the present all matters upon which there existed a serious difference of opinion, he would secure the maximum of support and the minimum of opposition. The question of the reform of the House of Lords, the redistribution of the seats in the House of

Commons, and the reform of the licensing system will be left alone for the present, and possibly altogether. One Vote One Value was a useful cry against One Man One Vote, but Ministers will probably find that it is best to let sleeping dogs lie. Registration reform is a matter upon which both sides are practically agreed. Something must be done, and the sooner something is done the better; nor is there any need for complicating the electoral law by controversial matters such as One Man One Vote, or One Vote One Value. Irish Local Government is another matter upon which there is a general agreement that something must be done, nor is there any reason why it



OUR FUTURE KING.

(From a photograph taken on his first birthday by W. and D. Downey.)

should be of a contentious nature. They cannot go so far as Liberals would wish, but if Ministers would act in this, as in other matters, on the principle of carrying out what is agreed upon, and leaving over that which is disputed, they might secure the support of the whole House on a measure of long delayed and much needed reform.

The Armenian Horror. It is possible, perhaps even probable, that all these questions may be cast into the shade by the sudden outbreak of war or the changes which would inevitably follow the accession of a new sovereign. The horoscope of Europe points to war. *Inter arma silent leges*,—the thunder of the cannon silences Parliamentary debates on social reform. The situation in Macedonia is menacing; that in Armenia is horrible. Out of these difficulties it is possible for a bold Minister, free from prejudice, to pluck the flower of safety; but it would be too much to hope that Lord Salisbury will dare to affront the senseless prejudices of his party by meeting the Armenian difficulty in the only way in which good can be done. If he were to take the initiative in proposing that Russia should have a European mandate for the occupation and the administration of the Armenian provinces, he would at one stroke deliver Armenia, conciliate Russia, and ward off the danger which threatens British interests in Egypt. Russia is now reconciled with Bulgaria, and it only needs a good Anglo-Russian agreement to settle the Armenian question. In those distant parts, where the Pasha and the Kurd are waging a war of torture and of extermination against the unfortunate Armenians, no milk-and-water proposals are of the slightest use. Let Lord Salisbury grasp the situation, invoke the intervention of Russia by a European mandate, and everything may be done, otherwise nothing will be done, and the massacres and atrocities will go on unchecked until there is an explosion which may bring about a general war.

Probable Foreign Policy. With the exception of the Eastern Question, upon which Lord Salisbury has a bad record, there is a very general feeling of satisfaction, even among Liberals, that the foreign policy of this country is in the hands of a Minister who has at his back a strong and united majority. The situation in the far East is serious, not to say menacing. The evacuation of the Chinese mainland by the Japanese forces lingers. The Russians have succeeded at the eleventh hour in overcoming the reluctance of the Chinese to accept their guaranteed loan, and it is more than ever obvious that Japanese projects of conquest can only be carried out after a war with Russia. Lord Salisbury is almost certain to base his foreign policy upon a good understanding with Germany, and as such understanding can usually be only obtained by *quid pro quo*, every one is wondering what *quid* the Germans will demand. *Do ut des*, Bismarck's maxim, continues to be acted upon

by his successors. In politics the Germans resemble the Dutch, who were said, at the beginning of this century, in commerce to give too little and to take too much; and the Germans, finding Lord Salisbury in a mood to bargain, will squeeze him as to terms. This disposition to bargain with Berlin will not facilitate an arrangement with St. Petersburg, where indications are not lacking of suspicion. France, it is said, will raise the Egyptian question in October, and will be supported by Russia. Should that come to pass, Lord Salisbury will almost inevitably be compelled to make terms with the Triple Alliance, and those terms are not likely to increase a feeling of tranquillity in Europe. The outlook is stormy. At any moment news may come of French action in the Upper Nile Valley that would bring us face to face with the imminent possibility of war. With courage, however, and prudence, Lord Salisbury may be able to use our independent position to avert so terrible a catastrophe.

Mr. Chamberlain and the Colonies. The question of questions is what Mr. Chamberlain will do. He is not a man to be interned in any one department, even although at the Colonial Office he will have free range round the world. There are, however, two or three things he could do with great advantage. By far the most serious problem that confronts us in the near future with regard to the Colonies is their financial indebtedness. We have quite recently had painful experience of the consequences of bankruptcy in the oldest of our Colonies, Newfoundland. In the opinion of some alarmists, Newfoundland is by no means the only Colony whose finances give occasional cause for great anxiety. The smash up in Newfoundland produced no appreciable effect here. It would be very different if any of the Australian Colonies were to be unable to pay their way. The policy of the Argentine brought about a fall of the Barings and precipitated a financial catastrophe from which we were extricated by the skin of our teeth by the action of the Bank of England. But the collapse in the Argentine would be as nothing compared to any serious financial difficulty affecting Australian credit. Why should Mr. Chamberlain not take steps at once to inform himself of the actual facts by sending a special commissioner, such a man for instance as Sir Alfred Milner, who might have been created for such a post, on a confidential mission to all the great colonies? His report would be invaluable, and what we want to see is the actual facts of the financial condition of Greater Britain in a clear white

light that will not be too cold, and that is exactly the kind of light that Sir Alfred Milner turns upon all questions connected with the Empire.

**The Hunt
for New
Markets.**

Another task which Mr. Chamberlain is probably engaged in is the drawing up of a comprehensive report based upon the material, which has been accumulating of late years, concerning all the proposed railways, undeveloped trade routes, and possible markets within and without Greater Britain. Such a blue book, with maps, would afford a foundation for the British Market policy, which he maintains, not without cause, is the best remedy for trade depression. At the same time, it is possible he might look out of the corner of his eye at the question of developing the home market. It would be a pity if he were to afford a new illustration of the old proverb "that a fool's eyes are at the end of the earth." He might also, with advantage, create an influential consultative Commission, representing the Chambers of Commerce and other commercial bodies, with which he could discuss, as in a kind of Trade Parliament, what can be done, and how to do it.

**The Vene-
zuelan
Frontier.**

Another question which Mr. Chamberlain will have to deal with, and which it will be well for him to draw his attention to at once, is the irritating little dispute which exists between British Guiana and the Republic of Venezuela. There is reason to believe that the Colonial Office has hitherto been but imperfectly informed as to the irritation which the dilatory policy of the past has occasioned in the United States. Both Houses of Congress six months since called upon Great Britain to consent to arbitration at once on the Venezuelan frontier question, but the impression seems to have prevailed in Downing Street that the resolution did not amount to much. Now, however, that France has consented to refer to arbitration the question between French Guiana and Brazil, American sentiment is more pronounced than ever as to the necessity for settling the Venezuelan frontier by the same means. On the last Fourth of July, ex-Governor Campbell, of Ohio, delivered a very fierce attack upon England at Tammany Hall. Dr. Shaw, commenting upon Mr. Campbell's speech, says:—

It was in defence of the Monroe Doctrine, and its particular burden was the dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela touching the boundaries of British Guiana. This is no new topic to the readers of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, for this periodical, as it happens, has been foremost in urging the plain duty of the United States with reference to England's continued refusal to arbitrate. Mr. Campbell presented the facts regarding British encroachments, and their bearing upon the

position and policy of the United States, with unusual clearness and force. In doing this Mr. Campbell was not performing a pioneer duty. The Republican leaders are quite as strongly aroused upon this question as any of their opponents. For example, Senator Cushman K. Davis, who is a highly international authority, had recently taken the same grounds in an address delivered to some of his constituents in Minnesota; while Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, has not only made eloquent speeches but has published a somewhat impassioned article in the *North American Review* invoking the Monroe Doctrine as against British aggressions. Furthermore, Governor Campbell, Senator Davis, Senator Lodge, and all the hundreds of other orators of both parties who are taking up Venezuela and the Monroe Doctrine, are merely following out the tone and spirit of the resolution passed by both Houses of Congress before the adjournment of the session four months ago.

The Venezuelan question, in the partition of ministerial duties, belongs to the Secretary of State for the Colonies rather than to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and now that the Marquis of Ripon has been superseded by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain it is possible that such questions may be handled at least with keenness and decisiveness. Meanwhile M. Hanotaux and Mr. Eustis have scored a point, and France will have gained many friends in North and South America. The French claims in Guiana are far more plausible and respectable than the British; and in consenting to arbitration the French Government is making a real concession that deserves praise.

**A Case for
Arbitration.**

Dr. Shaw, undoubtedly, expresses the American view of the question. The English view, about which the Americans appear to be as much in the dark as we have been about the strength of American sentiment on this matter, is that so far from there being any English aggressions on Venezuelan territory, the whole difficulty relates to territory ceded to us by the Dutch many years before the Monroe doctrine was ever heard of. We have from time to time proposed to give up to Venezuela territory which the Dutch claimed as their own, and which we have always regarded as our own by virtue of the treaty ceding to us the Dutch possessions in this region. But putting on one side all the misleading references to the Monroe doctrine which, as formulated by its author, only protested against the extension of influence or territorial possession by European Powers beyond the frontiers which they claimed when the doctrine was formulated, Mr. Chamberlain will do well to get this question settled off-hand. We have never objected to arbitration about territory which can legitimately be regarded the subject of dispute; we only object to refer to arbitration questions as to the ownership of territory which we consider to be as indisputably our own as Florida is the possession of the United States. But that is a question of detail, which a business man like Mr. Chamberlain ought to be able to settle without much difficulty. It is perfectly ridiculous to allow a trumpety question such as this of the Venezuelan frontier to act like a

grain of sand in what ought to be the well-oiled relations between the Empire and the American Republic.

The General Election has naturally obscured all other questions, so far as the British public is concerned. One or two questions have, however, compelled attention, even in the midst of the throes of the General Election. One of these was the assassination of Stambuloff. Stambuloff, formerly Prime Minister and Despot of Bulgaria, was assassinated by a gang of assassins, who had long been watching their opportunity. The assassination was characterised by circumstances of considerable barbarity; both of his hands being so cut about that they had to be amputated immediately afterwards. This, however, could not save his life, as there were fatal wounds inflicted in the head. His burial was the occasion for angry popular demonstrations, and the incident has created considerable excitement throughout the East. There is no reason for exaggerating its importance. Stambuloff, if one-half the stories told about him be true, deserved assassination, if ever man did; and although the wild justice of

revenge must always be deprecated, no one can be surprised that the relations of men whom he had tortured to death in the Bulgarian dungeons should have deemed themselves justified in slaying him when opportunity offered. A good deal of high-handedness may be permitted to a young, vigorous ruler, and Stambuloff was only twenty-nine years of age when he became Dictator of the Principality; but there is a limit to all things, and if a Dictator takes to pulling the finger nails out of political opponents in order to extort confessions, and varies this amusement by gouging out their eyes with his own fingers, ordinary men will refrain from hysterical shrieking when the brothers of his victims cut him down at the peril of their lives in the open

street. The accusations against Stambuloff may be false. They are certainly believed to be true by the men who killed him. The assassination is, however, on other grounds, greatly to be regretted. If Stambuloff had been brought to trial, and convicted of the tortures which are imputed to him, he might have been subjected to a period of imprisonment in which he would have suffered infinitely more than he experienced under the knives of his assassins. Torture as of the Inquisition is an offence against civilisation, and statesmen who practise it ought not to be let off as cheaply as Stambuloff has been. The worst of all such arbitrary methods of redressing wrong is that the crimes of the victim are forgotten in the indignation excited against his self-appointed executioners.



M. STAMBULOFF.

Prince Ferdinand was out of the country at the time when the assassination occurred. There seems to be no doubt that Stambuloff's policy of antagonism to Russia has been generally condemned by the Bulgarian population. The present Government is Russian in its sympathies, and a deputation, both ecclesiastical and political, was last

month received by the Tzar of Russia at St. Petersburg. It is right and proper that Russia should have the influence in Bulgaria which rightfully belongs to an empire that has spent £100,000,000 of money and 100,000 lives in liberating the principality. Nor is there any reason to fear that Russian influence will cease to be potent at Sofia unless the Russians make the mistake of attempting to convert that influence into dominion. Then Bulgaria will kick. At the same time, in the interests of European peace, it might be desirable that Russia's power was greater than less. The trouble at Macedonia, which at the present moment is creating alarm in Europe, would be promptly

suppressed if Prince Lobanoff had the same authority at Sofia that Lord Salisbury, for instance, wielded at Cairo.

Geographers The geographers of the world are, at the moment of writing, sitting in Conference Council in London during the daytime, and amusing themselves at night in attending *conversazioni*, receptions, and all the other junketings which a great capital can offer and geographers accept. It is seldom that so polyglot a gathering has assembled in our city. The Russians mustered in great force, and were fortunate in having a countryman of their own, Dr. Markoff, as Assistant Secretary of the Conference. Dr. Markoff, although still comparatively a young man, is the master of eighteen languages, and by virtue of his many tongues was able to render valuable service to our guests from over sea. General Annenkoff, who is as full of energy as ever; Slatin Pasha, fresh from his captivity at Khartoum; Mr. H. M. Stanley, now become an M.P. as well as an African explorer; Elisée Reclus, geographer and anarchist; Arminius Vambéry, upon whose broad shoulders seems to have fallen the mantle of David Urquhart, were among the more conspicuous of the visitors who assembled at the Imperial Institute—a building whose obvious utility would be enhanced if it were run more as if it were an Imperial Institute and less as a commercial speculation. The arrangements for the Conference were admirably carried out by the Secretaries, Dr. Mill, who has just received the medal of the

Challenger Expedition, and Mr. Scott Keltie, the well-known authority on geographical questions.

The Elections in New South Wales. While the mother country has been returning a heavy Conservative majority, New South Wales, one of the most English of the Colonies, has cast its vote almost as emphatically in the opposite direction. Mr. G. H. Reid appealed to the country against a coalition

headed by Sir Henry Parkes and Sir G. R. Dibbs. Sir Henry Parkes stood as an advocate of Federation first, while Sir George Dibbs stood as an out-and-out Protectionist. Mr. Reid's programme asked the constituents to send him up a majority as a protest against the Second Chamber. Mr. Reid proposed to abolish life membership and to substitute a suspensive for absolute veto on Bills sent up from the Lower House. It was also understood that he favoured some form of Referendum. The result of the appeal to the electors was the return of sixty-two Free Traders and forty Protectionists. The Labour Party elected twenty-three Members. Mr. Reid, therefore, just missed



DR. MARKOFF.

(Photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.)

having a clear majority over both the other sections; but as he will probably be able to make terms with the Labour Party, he will have a working majority of about forty. Sir Henry Parkes, Sir G. R. Dibbs, Mr. B. R. Wyse, and every member of Sir Henry Parkes' Federal Party have been defeated at the polls; in fact, the Protectionist Coalition was as badly hit in its leaders in New South Wales as the Liberal Party was in the English elections.

DIARY FOR JULY.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

- July 1. British East African territories transferred to the administration of Great Britain.
Prussian Diet rejected a Bill for the establishment of stations for Migratory Labourers.
Royal Assent given to the Austro-Hungarian Ecclesiastical Bills.
2. Legislative Council, at Sydney, rejected the Electoral Reform Bill.
Legislative Assembly, at Victoria, passed the first clause in the New Tariff Bill.
Conference of German and French Bimetallists in Berlin.
Lord Salisbury's Cabinet held its first sitting.
Violent Earthquake at Laibach, in Carinthia.
3. Ameer of Afghanistan sent an agent to represent him on the Pamir Commission.
News to hand of a severe defeat of the Hovas by the French troops near Tzarassatra.



THE REV. DR. D. J. WALLER,
President of the Wesleyan Conference.
(Photograph by James Ball.)

4. Mr. Chamberlain received the representatives of the self-governing Colonies.
Professor Huxley buried at Finchley Cemetery.
Legislative Council, at Sydney, refused to receive Mr. Reid's notice of motion for the reform of the Council.
Newfoundland Legislature closed.
Servian Cabinet resigned.
5. Canadian Government decided not to introduce any measure on the Manitoba School Question this session.
Prussian Government refused to comply with the demand of the Clericals re State Supervision of Religious Teaching.
6. Delegates of the International Railway Congress received by the Queen at Windsor.
French Chamber adopted a Bill abolishing taxes on hygienic drinks, and raising the tax on alcohol.
New Servian Ministry formed, with M. Novakovich as Premier.
Cambridge beat Oxford in the Inter-University Cricket Match by 134 runs.
8. Railway from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria opened.
French Chamber passed the new Franco-Swiss Commercial Convention.
Bulgarian Government issued a note justifying its policy in regard to the Macedonian Question.
9. Lord Knutsford and Mr. H. Matthews raised a vote of censure.
Italian Fleet arrived at Portsmouth.

- Close of International Railway Congress.
French and Brazilian Governments accepted arbitration of the French-Guiana Frontier Dispute.
10. Great Forest Fires in Newfoundland.
Prussian Diet closed.
11. Dutch Government agreed to settle by arbitration the Costa Rica Packet Case, and the delimitation of frontier between British and Dutch territories in New Guinea.
Viscount Peel was presented with the Freedom of the City of London.
12. General Election began in the United Kingdom.
Lord Salisbury completed his Cabinet.
Duke of Genoa visited the Queen at Windsor.
Belgian Senate passed the Tariff Bill.
Abyssinian Envoys visited the Tzar, conveying presents from the Emperor Menelik.
13. Prince of Wales visited the Italian Fleet at Spithead.
French Chamber adopted a resolution for the re-organisation of the Council of the Legion of Honour.
15. M. Stamboloff was attacked by assassins at Sofia, his wounds proving fatal a few days later.
Peruvian Government sent 2,000 troops across the Bolivian Frontier.
16. Canadian Government rejected a motion expressing regret that the Manitoba Schools Question had not been dealt with.
The Servian Government protested to the Porte against the creation of more Bulgarian Bishops in Macedonia.
Debate in the Greek Chamber on the Macedonian Agitation.
Chitral Honours were Gazetted.
Sir W. Harcourt, having been defeated at Derby, accepted an invitation to stand for West Moultonshire.
17. New Zealand House of Representatives rejected, by 35 votes to 28, a motion to allow Women to sit in Parliament.
Farewell Banquet to Lord Brassey on his departure to assume the Governorship of Victoria.
18. Italian Fleet left Portsmouth.
The Khedive arrived in Constantinople on a visit to the Sultan.
French Council of the Legion of Honour resigned.
General Martinez Campos succeeded in breaking through the Cuban Insurgents' lines and reached Bayamo.
20. The Shahzadeh bade farewell to the Queen.
Private Hayhurst, of 13th Battalion Canadian Rifles, won the Queen's Prize at Bisley.
Porte requested the Powers to make fresh representations at Sofia for the suppression of the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee.
German Government sent an ultimatum to Morocco, claiming full satisfaction of their rights.
The Porte informed the Powers that Shakh Pasha was appointed to supervise reforms in Armenia.
Spanish squadron arrived at Plymouth.
Collision between Italian vessels in the Gulf of Spezia, 144 lives lost.
Funeral of M. Stamboloff at Sofia.
Servian Skupstina adopted all the Articles of the Government Debt Conversion Scheme.
22. Officers of the Spanish Navy visited Devonport Dockyard.
23. Wesleyan Conference at Plymouth opened. Dr. Waller elected President.
24. Brazilian Government protested against the British occupation of Trinidad.
Amnesty granted to Armenian Political Prisoners, excepting those arraigned for Offences under the Common Law.
H.M.S. *Powerful* launched at Barrow, and christened by the Duchess of Devonshire.
General Election in New South Wales: Mr. Reid's Ministry returned with a decisive majority.
25. Ministerial Statement in the Italian Chamber with regard to Abyssinia.
Queensland Budget Statement submitted.
26. International Geographical Congress opened by the Duke of York.

- Mr. E. Onslow Ford and Mr. W. B. Richmond elected Royal Academicians.
Troops left Sofia for the Macedonian Frontier.
French Council of State declared as illegal meetings of the Clergy protesting against the tax on monastic property.
27. Dr. Farrar installed as Dean of Canterbury.
Brazilian Senate adopted a Declaration asserting its rights over Trinidad.
French Government sent a cruiser to Tangier.
28. Demonstration in Brussels against the Education Bill.
French Departmental Elections — Great Republican Victories.
29. Dr. Thorold buried in Winchester Cathedral.
Ameer formally ratified the Indo-Afghan frontier line between Chamar and Deraon.
30. Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association.
Victorian Budget Statement submitted.



PRIVATE HAYHURST,
13th Battalion of Canadian Rifles, Hamilton, Ontario.
Winner of the Queen's Prize at Bisley.

- New Zealand Budget Statement submitted.
Governor of Cairo apologised for the shooting of British troops by a Native mob during a military funeral.
31. Cape Town Legislative Assembly read the British Bechuanaland Annexation Bill a second time.
Sir Edward Malet resigned his post at the Berlin Embassy.
A Divisional Court dismissed with costs the application of the Anti-Gambling League against the Jockey Club.

NOTABLE UTTERANCES.

- July 1. Captain Lugard, at the Royal Geographical Society, on The Niger.
Sir M. Hicks Beach, at Bristol, on the Parliamentary Crisis.
2. Lord Rosebery, at the Eighty Club, on the Disolution.
3. Major Carter, at Whitehall, on "Mountain Warfare in India."
4. Mr. Morley, at Manchester, and Lord Spencer, atournemouth, on the Record of the late Government.
5. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith, at the Albert Hall, on the issues of the General Election.
Sir W. Harcourt, at Derby, on Liberal Legislation.
6. Mr. Chamberlain, at Lambeth, on the Unionist Policy.



THE RIGHT HON. HERBERT GARDNER, M.P.,
A New Baron.
(Photograph by Russell.)

8. Mr. Balfour, at Manchester, on Unionist Policy.
Mr. E. Naville, at the Royal Society, on Egyptian Antiquities.
Mr. Morley, at Newcastle, on the Irish Question and the Local Option Bill.
Sir W. Harcourt, at Derby, on the Work of the late Government.
Mr. Asquith, at Carlisle, on the New Ministry.
9. Mr. Balfour, at Manchester, on the Temperance Question.
10. Mr. Chamberlain, at Birmingham, on Conservatism and the House of Lords.
Capt. Younghusband and Lord Roberts, at the Royal United Service Institution, on "The Chitral Expedition."
11. The Speaker at Carlisle on the Opposition to his Speakership.
17. Sir W. Harcourt, at Ebbw Vale, on the new Political Situation.
23. Mr. Balfour, at East Lothian, on the Two Parties.
Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, at Dunstable, on the Elections.
25. Mr. Alma Tadema, at South Kensington, on Art Training.
27. At the International Geographical Congress:—
Mr. Clements Markham's Presidential Address.
Professor E. Levasseur on "Geography in Schools and Universities."
Mr. Andrew J. Herbertson on "Geography in Secondary Education, and the Training of Teachers Therein."
29. Herr S. A. Andrée, on his "Plan to Reach the North Pole by Balloon."
30. Mr. Frank Campbell on "The Literature of Geography: How Shall it be Recorded?"
Sir J. Russell Reynolds' Presidential Address to the British Medical Association.

PARLIAMENTARY.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

July 1. Market Gardeners' Compensation Bill read third time.

- Colonial Boundaries Bill, Industrial and Provident Societies Act Amendment Bill, and the Fire (False Alarms) Bill were read second time.
Friendly Societies Bill passed through Committee with some amendments.
2. Colonial Boundaries and the Friendly Societies Bills read third time.
Fire (False Alarms) Bill passed through Committee.
Municipal Franchise (Ireland) Bill read second time.
Industrial and Provident Societies Act (1893) Amendment Bill passed through Committee.
Fisheries (Close Season) (Ireland) Bill read second time.
 4. Fire (False Alarms) Bill, the Industrial and Provident Societies Act (1893) Amendment Bill, and the Fisheries (Close Season) (Ireland) Bill, were read third time.
Factories and Workshops Bill, the Naval Works Bill, and several others read first time.
 5. Lord Herschell's motion for going into Committee on the Municipal Franchise (Ireland) Bill rejected by 77 votes to 15.
Factories and Workshops Bill passed through all its stages.
Fatal Accidents Inquiry (Scotland) Bill, the Naval Works Bill, and the Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Act (1883) Amendment Bill read a third time and passed.
Commons' Amendments to the Sea Fisheries Regulation (Scotland) Bill agreed to.
 6. Appropriation Bill passed.
Royal Assent given to a final batch of Bills.
Parliament was prorogued until the 24th inst., and subsequently dissolved.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

2. Committee of Supply—Civil Service and Army and Navy Estimates; votes on account agreed to.
Naval Works Bill read third time.



SHER AFZUL KHAN,

The Besieger of Chitral

(Drawn from Life by Lieutenant P. E. Ricketts.)



SIR WILLIAM AGNEW, BART.,
A New Baronet.

(Photograph by Russell and Sons.)

- Fatal Accidents Inquiry (Scotland) Bill read third time.
Sea Fisheries' Regulation (Scotland) Bill read second time.
Bill to amend the law respecting Customs Duties in the Isle of Man read a first time.
Lords' Amendments to the Friendly Societies Bill agreed to.
Colonial Boundaries Bill read first time.
3. Appropriation Bill read first time.
Factories and Workshops Bill read third time.
Summary Jurisdiction (Married Women) Bill read third time.
Isle of Man (Customs) Bill and the Colonial Boundaries Bill each read second time.
Appropriation Bill read second time.
Extradition Bill, and the Judicial Committee Amendment Bill, each read second time.
Colonial Boundaries Bill read third time.
Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Act (1883) Amendment Bill read third time.
Lands Valuation (Scotland) Acts Amendment Bill read third time.
Sea Fisheries Regulation (Scotland) Bill read third time.
 5. The Appropriation Bill passed through Committee.
Extradition Bill, the Judicial Committee Amendment Bill, and the Naturalization (Residence Abroad) Bills were each read third time.
 6. Appropriation Bill read third time.
Parliament prorogued with the customary formalities.

OBITUARY.

- July 12. Mr. J. T. Carrodus, 59.
15. Marquis of Exeter, 70.
17. Lady Parkes (Sydney), 87.
18. M. Stamboloff, 40.
21. M. George Patinot, 51.
25. Dr. Thorold, Bishop of Winchester, 70.
27. Earl of Verulam, 87.
29. Sir John Tumes, 80.
30. General Keith Fraser, 62.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

THE new Secretary for the Colonies is at this moment the most interesting political figure in the British Empire. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has been the hero of the Elections. Lord Salisbury is Premier for the third time; but Mr. Chamberlain sits for the first time in a Tory Cabinet, and every one is curious to see how he will manage to hold his own among his colleagues. The Conservatives fear him; the Liberals loathe him. Mr. Chamberlain alone believes in him with a perfect faith—a faith that falters not, and that is capable of meeting any demand that may be made upon it by friend or foe.

In beginning this Character Sketch, I am under some disadvantage. I have been writing about Mr. Chamberlain off and on for nearly twenty years; and during the whole of that time I am sorry to say that I have seldom written in the spirit in which all these Character Sketches are composed, with a determination to portray the man as he seems to himself at his best moments. I have never found it quite easy to take Mr. Chamberlain at his own valuation. If I could have bought him at the appraisement of his critics, and sold him at his own, I should have been a millionaire. As it is, I have humbly endeavoured to hold the balance even, and to do justice—not always tempered with much mercy—to the Lord Paramount of Birmingham.

In this sketch, however, I wish to try the experiment—which for me is somewhat of a novelty—of portraying Mr. Chamberlain as he believes he is himself; and if here and there I venture to suggest a doubt, it is but in order to bring up the general effect of the brightness of the central figure by a judicious introduction of shadow. For this task I have at least one qualification; I know what Mr. Chamberlain thinks of himself, for I have had it from his own lips. It was not an interview to be reported; nor have I ever, save in private, when I have been endeavouring to vindicate him from what seemed to me unjust criticisms by those who did not know these facts, made any reference to what passed on the two occasions on which we met for the purpose of comparing notes as to our respective estimates of Mr. Chamberlain's character.

But I think that Mr. Chamberlain himself would make no objection to such guarded references to a conversation held as it was for the express object of contributing to the removal of false impressions as to the essential character of the present Secretary for the Colonies. It is ten years since that conversation took place; but

Mr. Chamberlain is to-day as Mr. Chamberlain was then, a much honest and a much sincerer man than he gets the credit of being, but by no means the supernaturally clever politician and almost diabolically able schemer that some of his hostile critics imagine him to be.

I.—HENRI QUATRE OF BIRMINGHAM.

What is the keynote of Mr. Chamberlain's character? Ambition, say some; self-sufficiency, say others; while "the capital I" would be a very general verdict. But that is not Mr. Chamberlain's opinion; and upon this subject Mr. Chamberlain should surely be recognised as an authority—the first authority, indeed, since Mr. Chamberlain alone can know the inspiring motive, the dominating passion, the fixed idea which supplies the clue to all his policies and all his programmes. The keynote of Mr. Chamberlain's career is self-forgetfulness—a readiness to efface himself in serving the cause to which he has dedicated his life. And that cause? That cause is not the making of a private fortune, or the

achievement of a political reputation. He cares for none of these things in comparison with the great aim and end of all his work and all his thought. The supreme passion of Mr. Chamberlain's life, the motor which drove him into municipal politics in Birmingham, which compelled him to serve the country as a Radical Cabinet Minister under Mr. Gladstone, and is now compelling him to serve the Empire as Colonial Secretary in a Tory Administration, has always been the same.

THE KEY TO HIS CAREER.

From his boyhood up, Joseph Chamberlain has been consumed by a passionate longing to benefit the lot of the common people. To outward appearance short-sighted people might imagine that in his screw-making



In 1875.

(From a photograph by Draycott, Birmingham.)

business days he was intent upon the interest of the capitalist, and in his late political developments, when he was basking in the smiles of duchesses, and being lionised in the stately palaces of our splendid paupers, that he was somewhat more sympathetic with the classes than with the masses. But to draw such conclusions would



be to do Mr. Chamberlain wrong. Not John Burns, not Keir Hardie, not Louise Michel, is more constantly pre-occupied by the necessity for doing something to make the cottage of the labouring man less of a hovel and more of a home. It is true that his devotion to the disinherited of the world has not seemed to him to demand the sacrifices which were in vain suggested to the young man of many possessions in the Gospel. But Mr. Chamberlain denied himself this showy form of self-abnegation only in order that he might strengthen himself for the purpose of befriending the friendless poor.

THE TRIBUNE-TRUSTEE FOR THE PEOPLE.

"WHEN I WAS AN OLD LIBERAL."

From "Picture Politics."

When unkind controversialists charge Mr. Chamberlain with inconsistency, their accusations only provoke a smile on the lips of that statesman. He has steered by the Pole star of

this fundamental conviction. He has been a steward for the people, and his one thought is always whether he has been faithful in his stewardship. Whether it is his fortune—a considerable one, due chiefly to the success with which his firm crushed out the competition of all smaller firms in the screw business—his municipal influence, or his political position, Mr. Chamberlain recognises that he holds everything in trust for the people. To such a length does he carry this that he can never bring himself to consider that he has any right to more than one half of his own private fortune. The other half is not his, it is theirs—a kind of trust fund of which he is merely the administrator. It is this conception which gives unity to his career, that redeems it from all charge of self-seeking, and vindicates his unswerving consistency

HIS SOLE AIM IN POLITICS.

To promote the welfare of the common man, to make the miserable less wretched, and to make a little more comfort attainable by the disinherited of this world's goods, that has been, in good report and in ill, the supreme object of his life. Others who did not know the secret purpose of his heart misjudged him. But Mr. Chamberlain never misjudged himself. He knew whither he was steering. He might tack to catch what wind he could in his sails. If he deviated from the straight course it was but that he might the more speedily urge his onward way to his destined goal. His career to those who have not that clue

may seem a somewhat tangled mass of inconsistencies. To those who can see the end from the beginning in Mr. Chamberlain's case everything is clear. Nor can there be any mistake as to the one increasing purpose which runs through the busy years.

HIS RELATION TO PARTIES.

Mr. Chamberlain, say his detractors, has been everything by turns. In his salad days a Tory, in his early manhood a Republican, then a Radical and Home Ruler, after that a Radical Unionist, now a member of a Tory Cabinet.* What changes are left for him to accomplish? To which Mr. Chamberlain would reply: "Parties are as means to an end. If I would reach my destination, what matters it whether I go by rail, travel by steamboat, or use the stage coach, so long as I always use the means that will most directly and speedily carry me to my goal? Who would be fool enough to flout a traveller for not consistently sticking to a railway train when the sea had to be crossed, or for taking a carriage from the railway terminus to a country seat? The only consistency that counts is the consistency that is colour blind as to the means so long as they help you to your end."

HAS NOT THE MOUNTAIN COME TO MAHOMET?

There is a good deal in that. But Mr. Chamberlain would say still further, "When you taunt me with changing parties you forget that it is at least possible

* See, for instance, the *Westminster Gazette* of July 11th, 1895. Writing on this favourite theme it says:—"The truth is that Mr. Chamberlain is the supreme special pleader in politics. There never was anyone to equal him in that respect, and as he grows older he seems to surpass himself. He has supplied a complete set of arguments for almost every point of view in politics—for Home Rule and against Home Rule; for ending the House of Lords and for leaving it in possession; for disestablishing churches and for thwarting those who attempt to disestablish them. He has described Toryism from a Radical point of view and Radicalism from a Tory point of view; he has taken every prominent statesman in detail—Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Goschen, and a dozen others—and shown us first their Satanic and then their angelic side, or vice versa. The great measures which were ten years ago to inspire the democracy and lead them into their promised land are now, according to the same authority, the turbulent ravings of diseased minds."



From the *Birmingham Daily*.

[July 12, 1895.]

COUNTING THE SWAG.

RT. HON. POW. WILLIAMS: "How long will this job last, Jesse?"

RT. HON. JESSE: "As long as we are members of the firm, and till it bursts up."



From the *Dart.*

SMASHING THE IDOL.

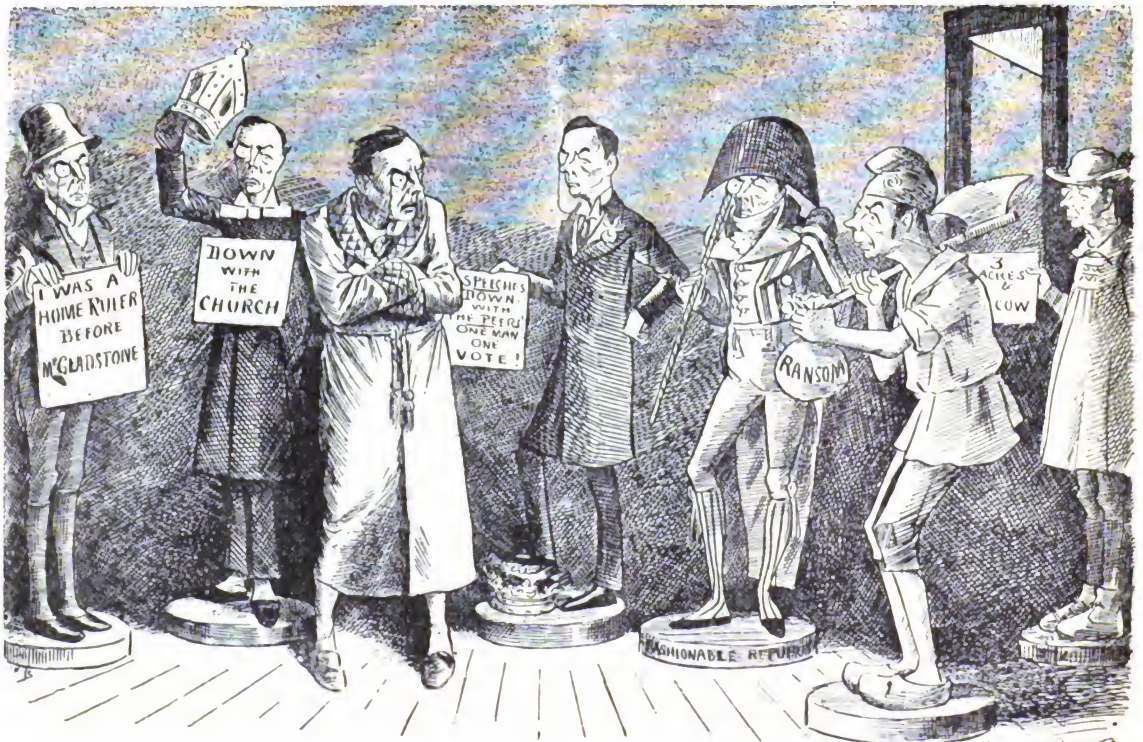
[June 4, 1886.



From the *Dart.*

THE RETURN OF DON QUIXOTE.

[May 6, 1887.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

From "A Chamberlain's Picture-Book."

that the change is in the parties and not in Joseph of Birmingham. The Tories have come to me, I have not gone towards them. And who is there who would be so hide-bound in party pedantry as to refuse the use of a political opponent when that political opponent has come over to your side? Turncoat you call me, and why? Because I have converted the Tories to the principles of Birmingham Radicalism. You doubt it, do you? What, then, do you think of Free Education? How long is it since this was regarded, even by Liberals of the Gladstonian stripe, as a Socialist heresy? But who carried it? The Tory Government. And why did they carry it? Because they had been permeated by the influence of the Birmingham school. As it was with Free Education, so it is with County Councils, with allotments, and all the rest of their social legislation. The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it, and the best way of testing whether the change is in the party or the person is to compare their respective programmes, say, in 1880 and in 1895, and see whether it is the party that has approximated to the person or the person to the party."

PROGRAMME-MAKER IN ORDINARY.

"Programmes, forsooth!" sneers the Gladstonian. "Mr. Chamberlain is always making programmes." "Certainly," replies Mr. Chamberlain; "it is my destiny to mark out the tasks which the political parties have to accomplish. No one authorises my programmes. They are my very, very own, all born from one brain under the fertilising influence of one great thought. But although no one will authorise them, both parties make haste to execute them. And whether it is nobler to be the framer of the plan of campaign, or merely to be one of the rank and file who march and countermarch in obedience to the orders drawn up long before in the tent of the Commander-in-Chief?"

To the law and to the testimony! What are the facts? Mr. Chamberlain drew up before 1880 the Radical programme, with its manifold F's—Free Church, Free Land, Free Labour and Free Schools. In 1885 he published the unauthorised programme of the Liberal party, which converted the defeat begun in the towns into a brilliant victory in the country districts. As Mr. Labouchere put it—"His three acres and a cow romped in." Now again he has launched a programme, this time for the Unionist party. What else is there left him to do? Excepting the Home Rule party, he has fitted all the parties with programmes. And who can deny that they are not good programmes, all stamped with "J. C., his mark"? And in every programme is not the same dominant motive visible?—to improve the common lot of the common people. That is the key to all that is mysterious, the clue to all that is labyrinthine in the working of Mr. Chamberlain's apparently tortuous career.

TO-DAY AS YESTERDAY THE SAME.

"But," objects the scandalised Radical, "what about Home Rule, about the Peers, about the Church?" But

Mr. Chamberlain, placid and unperturbed, smiles benignly upon his questioner. "Home Rule?—yes, of course I was, and am all for Home Rule, properly understood. Why, I am the original patentee of Home Rule. Did I not sit at the Round Table Conference which almost agreed to recommend my scheme? I am for the Union, of course, always was and always will be. My Home Rule is not antagonistic to the Union. And, mark my words, my Home Rule will settle the Irish question yet. No doubt about that. What are its distinctive characteristics? First, it must not be called Home Rule—a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Therefore it must be an Irish Local Government Bill. Secondly, it must be framed and carried by a Conservative Administration, because no other can get Home Rule through the House of Lords. All other details are immaterial."

THE PAUL OF 1895 AND THE SAUL OF 1885.

Then, as to the House of Lords, Mr. Chamberlain has summed up handsomely the shortcomings of the old reactionary Chamber. Liberals hungry for a good phrase and a mouth-filling sentence, quote eagerly his invectives of 1885. Mr. Chamberlain has not a word to alter or erase. The old House of Peers was all that he said it was; but a House of Peers that prostrates itself before the chariot of Social Reconstruction; a House of Peers that is an inviolable bulwark against his Liberal enemies;

a House of Peers that is no longer reactionary, but regenerate; a House of Peers that has found salvation, and a House of Peers that only waits to register the conclusions Mr. Chamberlain may arrive at as to the reform which its own constitution should undergo—how can such a House be confounded with the House against which Mr. Chamberlain hurled his mighty anathemas? Why, you might as well denounce the Apostle Paul for hostility to Christianity, because one Saul held the clothes of those who stoned Stephen! Paul changed his name as well as his nature; unfortunately the Peers, although regenerate, have not found a new name to show that they have a new heart. But Mr. Chamberlain knows, and Mr. Chamberlain is content.

THE NONCONFORMIST SAVIOUR OF STATE CHURCHES.

Finally, there is the question of the Church. Here Mr. Chamberlain is quite frank with himself. No man is less of a Churchman than he; he is secular to the fingertips. His religious connections, such as they are, are Unitarian, that is to say, he is by birth and temperament a member of the most nonconforming of all the Nonconformist bodies. In principle, in creed, in everything, he is an antagonist of the Anglican State Establishment. In his younger days Mr. Chamberlain used to go down to Wales and elsewhere, and make such fervent speeches on Anti-State Church lines as would have done credit to any fervent gospeller among them all. "Why, it is even as if he were altogether such a man as Henry Richard or Samuel Morley," was the amazed remark of an incredulous listener. "But I am altogether such a man as Henry



IN APRIL, 1880.

(From a photograph by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.)

Richard," was Mr. Chamberlain's reply. How then comes it that he is a mainstay and pillar of strength for a Cabinet whose mandate is to rescue the State Churches of Wales and of Scotland from disestablishment and disendowment?

IS THIS PARIS NOT WORTH THIS MASS?

I have not heard Mr. Chamberlain's answer, for when we talked, if I had suggested such an evolution as being in store for him, he would have replied, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" so vehement a Liberationist was he only ten years ago. But it is not difficult to see how he can reconcile his present action with his unchanged and unchanging devotion to Nonconformist Anti-State Church principles. From an abstract point of view, no doubt he agrees with the Welsh Nonconformists in thinking that the Establishment of the Anglican Church, with its miserable minority of adherents, is bad for the Church, unjust to the Nonconformists, and utterly indefensible. But as Henri Quatre said long ago, "Paris is well worth a mass;" so our Henri Quatre of Birmingham, with his mind full of the need for the pullet in every poor man's pot, deliberately decides that social reconstruction is worth a temporary postponement of Welsh Disestablishment. After all, nothing that he could do or say would bring Disestablishment one whit nearer. To parade abstract principles about Establishment to which it is absolutely impossible to give any effect may minister to a harmless vanity; it is not an act worthy of a statesman. And a statesman, nay, rather a schoolmaster of statesmen, is Mr. Chamberlain. To place a pious opinion upon the shelf, that is the price for the immediate effective alliance with a party that in return is willing to put all its other cherished principles on the shelf and to set to work to place on the Statute Book the measures defined in the Birmingham programme. There are times and seasons for all things. Disestablishment can wait. There is no inconsistency in rearranging the order of precedence according to the altered circumstances of an altered time.

OUR ONLY ABDIEL.

So Mr. Chamberlain with gaiety of heart laughs away the vehement invective of his quondam allies. He is wiser than they, wiser and more far-seeing, that is all. He can appreciate the relative value of competing reforms—as indeed it is his nature to. Towards his assailants he can but have one sentiment—profound pity and a constantly renewed wonder. For how comes it

his every action and the fidelity as of an Abdiel with which he has abided by his convictions?

This may not appear quite historical to our readers. I think it is more historical in one respect than much that passes for history. For it is in this fashion and in no other that recent history mirrors itself in the mind of one of those who have done most to make it.

I am afraid that some of my readers will be inclined to think that the foregoing pages have been "wrote sarcastic." Therein they will make a mistake. They represent a well-meant and painstaking effort to indicate in outline how Mr. Chamberlain appears in the eyes of Mr. Chamberlain. If I had the tongues of men and of angels, I might be able to do adequate justice to that theme; but having only one tongue, and that of a man and not of an angel, I feel unequal to the task. But after all, there is more in Mr. Chamberlain's own estimate of himself than most of our Liberal friends were at one time willing to admit.



From "A Chamberlain Picture Book."

II.—HIS ANCESTORS AND PARTNERS.

One of the interesting things of the present political combination is the fact that Mr. Chamberlain, a Unitarian, should be sitting cheek by jowl with Lord Salisbury, the elect of the High Anglicans, to whom Dissenters are an abomination, and Unitarians little better than blank infidels. At this moment there are doubtless many searchings of heart in country rectories when they reflect upon the text "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers," for what fellowship have the true-blue Tories and the high-flying Anglicans with the Nonconformist who is not even a Trinitarian? They will probably take consolation to their souls from the thought that no doubt it is well to have even a Unitarian as a bulwark for a State Church.

A BUTTRESS, NOT A PILLAR.

Lord Eldon used to declare, with frequent profanity, that he was a buttress, not a pillar of the Church, as he supported from the outside a building which he never entered. Mr. Chamberlain, who, although not so profane, is much more heterodox, may be a valuable buttress to the somewhat shaky edifice of the Church establishment. Samson was a very terrible fellow when his hair was long and his strength intact, but none of the wholesale massacres which he had wrought among the sons of Philistia prevented them finding him a very handy man to grind corn when he was their captive. The comparison is, however, not exactly reassuring for the Tories, for Samson when his hair had grown again proved himself capable of pulling down the whole of the Temple about their ears. *Absit omen!*

HIS NONCONFORMIST ANCESTORS.

Allusion has already been made to Mr. Chamberlain's pride in his Nonconformity. On one famous occasion he descended upon Wales clad in all the glories of hereditary Nonconformity, and made a speech which he declared exactly expressed his inmost convictions. The passage in his Denbigh speech has not been trotted out much at the recent election. This is a pity, for it is a very good passage, and brings into clear relief the contrast between



From the *Pall Mall Budget*. [Feb. 25, 1892.]

THE NEW CHAMBERLAIN ORCHID.

that Englishmen can actually be so slow of heart and blind of eye as not to see the transparent integrity of



From "Picture Politics."

[June, 1895.]

HIS OFFENDED MAJESTY.

Dramatis personæ: His offended Majesty, Sir William Hart-Dyke, and Colonel Howard Vincent (each bearing butter in a lordly dish), and the Lady of Shoe Lane.

HIS MAJESTY. "That's all very well; but where are the rest?"
THE LADY OF SHOE LANE (see leading article in the *Standard*): "I haven't got any butter, and I don't care." (*Exit.*)



From "Not for Joe."

[November 5, 1888.]

AT THE ROUND TABLE.



From the *Birmingham Dart*.]

[April 1, 1893.]

HARD AND "FAST" AND SOFT AND "LOOSE,"
 Or a Chamberlain change of attitude.



From "Not for Joe."]

[November 5, 1888.]

THE THREE JOLLY RATSMEN.
 (With apologies to the memory of Randolph Caldecott.)



From "A Chamberlain Picture Book."]

FINISHING TOUCHES.



From the *Dart*.]

[December 12, 1884.]

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain of 1884 and 1895. This is how it was reported in the morning papers:—

I have no spite against the House of Lords; but as a Dissenter—(loud and prolonged cheering)—as a Dissenter—(renewed cheering)—I have an account to settle with them, and I promise you I will not forget the reckoning. (Loud cheers.) I boast a descent of which I am as proud as any baron may be of the title which he owes to the smile of a king or to the favour of a king's mistress, for I can claim descent from one of the 2,000 ejected ministers who, in the time of the Stuarts, left home and work and profit rather than accept the State-made creed which it was sought to force upon them, and for that reason, if no other, I share your hopes and your aspirations, and I resent the insults, the injuries, and the injustice from which you have suffered so long at the hands of a privileged assembly. (Cheers.) But the cup is nearly full. (Renewed cheers.) The career of high-handed wrong is coming to an end. (Prolonged cheers.) The House of Lords have alienated Ireland, they have oppressed the Dissenters, and they now oppose the enfranchisement of the people. We have been too long a peer-ridden nation—(loud cheers)—and I hope you will say to them if they will not bow to the mandate of the people, that they shall lose for ever the authority which they have so long abused. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

THE SAINT OF THE FAMILY.

This allusion to his having been born in the Puritan purple shows how strong the sentiment of family is with Mr. Chamberlain. It extends backwards and forwards, and all round. To be related to Mr. Chamberlain is a great and fearful privilege, and profitable withal, as several members of the Chamberlain *gens* have found out in the recent distribution of Ministerial offices. The ancestor to whom he referred to in his Denbigh speech was the Rev. Richard Sergeant. Mr. Sergeant was a fellow labourer with Richard Baxter at Kidderminster. The author of "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," in his autobiography, pays emphatic tribute to the manifold worth, the remarkable self-devotion, and the singular sanctity of this admirable ancestor who, on his decease, seems to have left all his virtues in direct descent to the present Secretary for the Colonies. Mr. Sergeant began his ministry at Kidderminster two years after the Battle of Naseby, and from 1656 to 1662 he held the living of Stoke, near Kidderminster. But in that black year he was ejected by the Act of Uniformity. He contrived, however, to survive the dynasty which had deprived him of his living, for he did not die until eight years after the glorious revolution of 1688. The Whigs sent the Stuarts packing, but unfortunately they did not repeal the Act of Uniformity, which continues to this day as a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence to all those who wish to see the English Church really national, and not a mere Anglican sect.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S CRITICISMS.

This reference by Mr. Chamberlain to his Puritan ancestor was made use of in a curious way ten years ago by Professor Tyndall, who at that moment was carrying on a furious controversy with Mr. Chamberlain concerning lighthouse illuminants:—

"Mr. Chamberlain," said Professor Tyndall, "has recently indulged in some ancestral references. Permit me to follow his example. It is said that I am distantly connected with one William Tyndale, who was rash enough to boast and make good his boast that he would place an open Bible within the reach of every ploughboy in England. His first reward was exile, and then a subterranean cell in the Castle of Vilvorden. It was a cold cell, and he humbly but vainly prayed for his coat to cover him and for his books to occupy him. In due time he was taken from his cell and set upright against a post. Round neck and post was placed a chain, which being cunningly twisted, the life was squeezed out of him. A bonfire

was made of his body afterwards. Thus, as regards suffering for righteousness' sake, my reputed ancestral relation is at least on a par with Mr. Chamberlain's."

He then went on to point out that William Tyndale's descendant was suffering evil things at the hands of Richard Sergeant's heir: the suggestion being that Mr. Chamberlain, who was then President of the Board of Trade, was treating Professor Tyndall almost as badly as William Tyndale had been treated in the days of old. There is no need to go into the details of that discussion, further than to glean from the newspaper files of the day one delicious sentence in which Professor Tyndall describes Mr. Chamberlain's method of dealing with the truth. After criticising Mr. Chamberlain's statement as flimsy and unveracious, he said, "Between truth and untruth there lies a penumbral zone which belongs equally to both, and I have often admired the adroitness with which Mr. Chamberlain sails within the half shadow, but sometimes I fear crosses the boundary on the wrong side."

HIS PARTNERS IN SCREW MONOPOLY.

A good deal used to be heard twenty years ago of the action by Messrs. Nettlefold, the screw makers with whom Mr. Chamberlain is associated in business, in securing a monopoly of the screw trade in the country. The fact is, I believe, that Messrs. Nettlefold secured the patents of certain screw-making machines which enabled them to command a practical monopoly in the business. They were able to produce screws better and cheaper than any of their competitors, and they are said to have used their advantage with a much greater regard for the iron laws of political economy than for the neighbourly consideration of live and let live. The story went that they did exactly what the American trusts of to-day do, what Armour of Chicago, for instance, is said to habitually practise in Illinois. If any rival presumes to sell any meat which Armour has not killed in a district which he has marked out for his own, he opens a rival shop in the village and sells meat at a loss until he has ruined his competitor. Then when he has the field to himself he goes back to the old prices. By similar means, it has often been asserted, Messrs. Nettlefold succeeded in securing a monopoly of the screw trade in the United Kingdom. While this statement is frequently repeated, it is only fair to Mr. Chamberlain to quote what Rev. R. M. Grier of Rugeley wrote on the subject when Mr. H. R. Grenfell had attacked Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Grier wrote:—

Up to a recent period I believed the story so industriously circulated about the way in which Mr. Chamberlain realised his wealth, and when a friend of his challenged the truth of it I had no doubt that it could easily be verified. I was quickly, and I need hardly say agreeably, undeceived. Having made careful inquiries both of his friends and opponents in Birmingham, I could find no foundation whatever for the attacks which have been made upon him as a man of business. I had been given to understand that copies of a threatening circular to the small screw manufacturers, whom he is supposed to have deliberately ruined, were extant and could be produced. I could not discover one. His firm, I learned, had always stood high among the people, and more especially the working men of Birmingham, for honesty and straightforward dealing, and all that could be truly said against it was that other firms had suffered indirectly through its success. This, I think, can hardly be imputed as blame to Mr. Chamberlain. For him, however, I hold no brief. His method of carrying on political controversy is not always to my taste, and I am the servant of a church to which he is not thought to bear any goodwill. I write in the interests of truth.

The best answer to these accusations is the fact that, in Birmingham and in the districts where Mr. Chamber-

lain's business is carried on, he seems to be most liked and best trusted. As a manufacturer and as an employer of labour his conduct cannot have been open to much reproach, otherwise there would be much more local and personal opposition to him in the Midlands than any one can pretend to discover to-day.

III.—HIS AIM AND OBJECT IN LIFE.

What is Mr. Chamberlain's objective? What is the one dominating principle of his life? Mr. Chamberlain has left us in no doubt on this subject, for he has himself defined it. His one great *credo* was thus stated by him ten years ago:—

I am confident in the capacity of a wise government resting upon the representation of the whole people, to do something to add to the sum of human happiness, to smooth the way for misfortune and poverty. We are told that this country is the paradise of the rich. It should be our duty to see that it does not become the purgatory of the poor. . . . What I say is that the community as a whole co-operating for the benefit of all may do something to add to the sum of human happiness—do something to make the life of all its citizens, especially the poorest of them, somewhat better, somewhat nobler, somewhat greater, and somewhat happier.

HENRY GEORGE'S DICTUM.

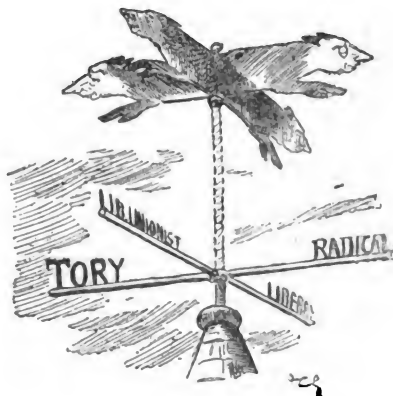
It is little more than ten years ago since Mr. Henry George, the well-known author of "Progress and Poverty," was lecturing at Liverpool. He made an allusion to the name of Mr. Chamberlain, which was loudly cheered; thereupon, interrupting his address, he uttered the following words: "Aye, cheer him and follow him; the man to raise the standard of the natural rights of men—he is the man to follow." Mr. George at that time was an embarrassing admirer of Mr. Chamberlain. It was said that he regarded Citizen Chamberlain as the future President of the British Republic, and was indeed so effusive in his devotion that Mr. Chamberlain got his secretary to write to a correspondent to say—"In reply to your inquiry, Mr. Chamberlain desires me to say that he has no influence with Mr. Henry George, with many of whose opinions he entirely disagrees."

MR. JESSE COLLINGS'S HALF-TRUTH.

Mr. Jesse Collings in 1884 called attention to the attacks made upon Mr. Chamberlain by the Tory party as having a meaning far beyond mere personal hostility. "The policy of the privileged classes is to attack, and, if possible, to crush anybody who makes himself obnoxious to their order." Therein Mr. Jesse Collings states a half-truth as if it were a whole. It is not always the policy of the privileged classes to crush those whose tireless and uncompromising sympathies with the people constitute a danger to the monopolies of their class. It is often much more profitable to nobble than to crush.

A MAN MADE BY HIS ENEMIES.

Henry Ward Beecher used to say that we all had far more reason to thank God for our enemies than for our friends. If ever there was a man who had cause to remember this somewhat paradoxical saying, Joseph Chamberlain is that man. No doubt he has owed a good deal to his faithful bodyguards; no doubt his political allies have given him more than one helping hand. But the people who have made him, the men



From "A Chamberlain Picture Book."

DESIGN FOR A WEATHERCOCK.

who have built the pedestal from which his familiar figure looms high over his fellow-men, are first the Tories, who denounced him as Jack Cade, and secondly the Radicals, who assailed him as Judas. It is upon Judas and Jack Cade, as upon the two pillars of the arch of the pediment of his statue, that Joseph Chamberlain has been raised so near the skies. Abuse is, after all, an inverted compliment. Richard Chamberlain, for instance, has all the family faults, and his political opinions are quite as execrable from the good Radical point of view as those of his brother Joseph. But who is there who thinks Richard worth a single curse, while over Joseph they empty the famous reservoir of malediction contained

in the imprecatory psalms, and still are not satisfied? And when the Tories went black in the face when Mr. Chamberlain's name was mentioned, when Lord Salisbury suggested that his future colleague and dear friend should have his head broken as a corrective of his opinion about the House of Lords, the general public began to believe that there must be something in him. A man must be worth something if he is worth swearing at; and as Mr. Chamberlain has never wanted a goodly company of objurgators, he has found little difficulty in making his way to the top and keeping there.

THE BOGIE MAN OF 1885.

There was no doubt considerable cause for the anathemas rained upon him like hailstones from the Tory press and Tory platforms. Joseph Chamberlain in 1885, with his scornful denunciation of the peers, who toiled not, neither did they spin; his declaration in favour of the natural rights of man; his eloquent pleading for the disinherited poor, and above all, his sturdy demand for ransom, naturally sent a shudder of horror through Torydom. When he made these speeches he was Mr. Gladstone's heir presumptive. Every one expected that he would be the first Radical Prime Minister of England, and affrighted Tories predicted that when that evil day arrived we should see a predatory Socialism established as the guiding principle of the British Constitution, and the end of all things would be at hand. No wonder that they foamed at the mouth and stormed and swore. Mr. Chamberlain was in those days an out-and-out Radical. He was for downing the House of Lords, disestablishing all Churches, and carrying out the Birmingham League's policy of secular education, and death to the denominational schools. As for the landlord and the squire, Mr. Chamberlain was as agrarian in his proclivities as any Land Leaguer of them all. He was a Home Ruler of the Home Rulers, a man who had colluded and conspired with the leading Nationalists. In short, it would be difficult to construct out of all the political and social programmes of ten years a composite so utterly detestable to the average Tory as that which finds expression in "the Radical programme" and in Mr. Chamberlain's speeches.

THE JUDAS OF 1887.

So it came to pass that all the Tories swore at Joe; all or nearly all the Radicals came to swear by him. He was their man. He was pledged to them up to the hilt. He had given hostages to fortune in every direction. Radical

he was, Radical it seemed he must remain. Hence it is easy to understand the feeling of dismay and of anger which filled the Radical ranks when Mr. Chamberlain lifted up his heel against the party which had confidently counted upon his aid to lead it to victory. "Judas," the epithet hurled at him on one memorable occasion in the House by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, was too mild to express the bitterness with which they regarded the great apostate. Mr. Labouchere expressed a very general feeling among the Liberals when commenting on the cry of Judas, he declared that it was most unjust to the Apostle.

Judas, said Mr. Labouchere, was a most respectable character compared with Mr. Chamberlain. (I am not quoting the exact words, as I have mislaid the extract, but there is no doubt about their substance.) When Judas had betrayed his friend, he brought back the money and then went and hanged himself. To justify any comparison between him and Mr. Chamberlain, Judas instead of hanging himself should have gone on a starring tour through Judæa, as the guest and champion of the scribes and Pharisees, declaring that he was the original and only Apostle, and that all the rest of the twelve were Dissentients and Separatists.

Notwithstanding Mr. Labouchere's objections, Judas continued to be the favourite nickname of Mr. Chamberlain with those whose usual method of intimating their disagreement with the views of a statesman is to call him names. This controversial method has its advantages, no doubt, but it hardly tends to the amenity of political discussion.

Even down to this very last election, hatred of Mr. Chamberlain was regarded by many Liberals as one of the most potent factors upon which they could count for success.

THE UTILITY OF ABUSE.

Mr. Chamberlain is not much of a philosopher, and he is apt to wince under attacks at which a wiser man would smile. It is true he is toughness itself compared with Lord Rosebery, who is all eyeball; or Mr. Morley, who is so thin-skinned that he feels a pin-prick more than Mr. Gladstone felt the thrust of a bayonet. But he is touchy and resentful, and like most of us, he lets "his blessings get mouldy, and then calls them curses." So far from resenting the denunciation of his Radical enemies, he owed to them his one chance of success. Nothing but the storm of execration which assailed him whenever his name was mentioned in Radical meetings could have induced the Tories to tolerate him as an ally. To this day there are Tories who distrust their new political associate. But the mass of the Tories accept him chiefly because the Radicals denounce him. A man as comprehensively cursed as the Jackdaw of Rheims by the whole Radical *claque* must after all be a politician with whom the highest of high Tories may rub shoulders. It is true that the other shoulder had in time past rubbed up against Mr. Parnell and the prisoners of Kilmainham. But that is forgotten. Mr. Chamberlain has found salvation, and these new associates accepted the denunciations of his former allies as the best credential of the reality of his conversion.

HIS SOLITARY CHANGE OF OPINION.

As a matter of fact Mr. Chamberlain is sublimely unconscious of any change of opinion. "It is not I who change," he said on one famous occasion, "but circumstances." He has even declared that he has changed in nothing save his views on female suffrage. Speaking in Birmingham two or three years since, he said:—

Mr. McKeown has referred to what he calls my early Radicalism. I hope I shall not alarm him if I say it is my

late Radicalism also, because I am not conscious of having altered in any degree any of the opinions which I have expressed on social and political questions; at all events upon those of permanent importance. I ought to make an exception in order to be strictly accurate; I said something of the sort the other day at a public meeting in Birmingham, whereupon I was reminded by Mr. Osler that I had changed my opinions on the subject of women's franchise. I plead guilty to that accusation; I can only say that I have admitted it before in public, and that I am perfectly ready to admit it whenever I am challenged. But having made that full and frank confession, I do not think there is any other question of public policy upon which I have changed my opinions. I do not put that forward as being to my credit necessarily, because it is quite possible that new lights may come, and men may see reason to change opinions they have formed in their youth; but if ever I do I will frankly admit it and give the reasons which have led to that alteration.

As Mr. Chamberlain has never admitted any change in his views since then, we may take it that he is still of the same opinion as he was in the heyday of his hot youth.

THE NEED FOR DATING HIS OPINIONS.

A critic who has studied Mr. Chamberlain closely would be justly scornful at the looseness of my reference to the date when the above speech was delivered. Mr. Chamberlain's utterances should be dated, like vintages. He may not have changed. In his inner conviction I do not believe he has changed. But circumstances have changed, the perspective has altered. Friends have become foes and foes have proffered their friendship. Hence the opinions of to-day need to be adjusted to the circumstances of to-day; it is the inevitable result of the influence of environment. In the Natural History Museum at South Kensington there is a most interesting series of groups of stuffed birds and beasts, showing the difference between their appearance in summer and then winter. The ptarmigans and the Arctic hares, which are brown in summer and white in winter, are no doubt perfectly consistent ptarmigans and hares. It is only their coat which is readjusted to altered circumstances. So it is with Mr. Chamberlain. He is the same Mr. Chamberlain. But he wears another coat.

NO SENSE OF THE CONTINUITY OF EXISTENCE.

Mr. Chamberlain does not see this, but that is probably due to his lack of a keen sense of the continuity of existence. Mr. Chamberlain lives for the day in the day, and so intensely does he live from day to day that he seems sometimes to forget his prior existence almost as completely as we forget what we did in our previous incarnations. This is a commoner habit than is generally believed. I had a servant girl once who although a married woman calmly informed me of her intention to take to herself another husband. "But," I said, "you are a married woman." "Me married!" she exclaimed; "never such a thing." "Why," I answered, "you married Mr. So-and-so three years back, and he is still alive." "Oh," she replied, airily, "that was such a long time ago." I never read Mr. Chamberlain's protestations that he never, no never, believed or said anything contrary to what he believes and says to-day without recalling that servant girl's remark. Like her, his sense of the continuity of existence and of present responsibility for past actions is somewhat weak.

DAMNOSA HEREDITAS GLADSTONIANA.

Much of this talk on the part of Mr. Chamberlain as to his consistency is silly nonsense; almost as silly as the counter-talk of his critics, who are perpetually scoring him for his change of front on this, that, or the other question. The latter, however, are challenged to take

this course by Mr. Chamberlain's persistent assertion of his unchanging fidelity to his early convictions. This, however, it is fair to say, he has inherited from Mr. Gladstone. Nothing was more wonderful about that wonderful old man than the dexterity with which he succeeded in persuading himself, on the eve of some astonishing change of front, that he had always held the opinion which on the morrow he was to avow for the first time. Instead of worrying over the question of his consistency or of his inconsistency, it will be more to the purpose to ask whether or not we can discern beneath the surface of Mr. Chamberlain's acts and Mr. Chamberlain's speeches any great central principle which gives unity, cohesion and purpose to the whole.

I do not think it is difficult to discover such a principle, and to use it as a clue not only to the various divagations of Mr. Chamberlain in the past, but to make it serve as a key to the problems of the future.

IV.—THE MUNICIPAL CLUE TO HIS CAREER.

Mr. Chamberlain's public career falls naturally into three parts—first, municipal; secondly, national; thirdly, imperial. The last section is but beginning. The first, that of the municipal reformer, contains the secret of all that follows. I have not the space, nor is it necessary, to enter into minute detail concerning his career in Birmingham.

NOT BRUMMAGEM BY BIRTH BUT BY ADOPTION.

He was not born there; he was born in Camberwell. His ancestors were London shoemakers for at least three generations. He told the Jewellers' and Silversmiths' Association in 1894 that he did not enter the town till 1854. He said:—

I myself, not having been consulted previously on the subject, first saw the light in London, but I am thankful for my fate which brought me very quickly afterwards to Birmingham. And I am very glad that in Birmingham there never has been any protest against alien immigration, and if there had been I cannot help thinking the town would have been deprived of a very large number of its public men. But, on the contrary, we have been received by Birmingham as children by their mother, and accordingly we have felt the curious attraction which the town exercises over all its citizens, we have felt grateful to her—many of us are more "Brummagem" than "Brummagem" itself—and all of us would feel that there was nothing that we could do that would be too much to show our gratitude to the town which has shielded us, and helped us, and welcomed us, and which is now the cherished city of our adoption.

Having been adopted by Birmingham, he soon threw himself energetically into the work of improving the city of his choice. There was great need for improvement.

BIRMINGHAM AS IT WAS.

Speaking in Birmingham in 1891, Mr. Chamberlain thus described the shortcomings of the Midland capital:—

I find that fifty years ago the population of the town was 180,000, or about 40 per cent. of what it is at present. The rateable value was rather less than one-third of what it is at present. In those days there were, with the exception of the town-hall and of the market-hall, no public edifices of any magnitude or importance. There were no parks, there were no free libraries, there were no baths, there was no art gallery or art museum, there were no Board schools, there was no School of Art, no Midland Institute, no Mason College; there was no Corporation-street. The great area which is covered by that thoroughfare and the streets depending upon it was one of the worst districts in the town, both socially and considered

from a sanitary point of view. In fact, at the period of which I am speaking, the era of street improvements had not begun. The streets themselves were badly paved; they were imperfectly lighted, they were only partially drained. The footwalks were worse than the streets. You had to proceed either in several inches of mud, or in favoured localities you might go upon cobble stones on which it was a penance to walk. The gas and the water belonged to private monopolies. Gas was supplied at an average rate of about 5s. per 1,000 cubic feet. The water was supplied by the company on three days in the week. On other days you must either go without, or you must take advantage of the perambulating carts which went round the town, and which supplied water from polluted wells at 10s. the thousand gallons. You will not be surprised, under these circumstances, to know that in 1848 the annual mortality of Birmingham was thirty in the thousand. Now it is twenty in the thousand. The only wonder is that it was not much greater, because we read of whole streets from which typhus and scarlet fever, and diphtheria and diarrhoea in its worst forms, were never absent. We read of thousands of courts which were not paved, which were not drained, which were

covered with pools of stagnant filth, and in which the ashpits and the middens were in a state of indescribable nastiness. The sewerage of the town was very partial, and, in fact, to sum up this description it may truly be said that when this society was born, Birmingham, although it was no worse than any of the other great cities of the United Kingdom, was a town in which scarcely anything had been done either for the instruction or for the health, or for the recreation, or for the comfort or the convenience of the artisan population.

BIRMINGHAM AS IT IS.

Mr. Chamberlain set to work to mend all this. Many older men had begun it before he entered municipal life, but he entered into their labours. The result of the work accomplished Mr. Chamberlain summarises thus:—



IN MAY, 1888.

(From a photograph by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.)

Birmingham in fact was an overgrown village with the population of a great town. But now, great public edifices not unworthy of the importance of a Midland metropolis have risen on every side. Wide arteries of communication have been opened up. Rookeries and squalid courts have given way to fine streets and open places. The roads are well paved, well kept, well lighted, and well cleansed. The whole sewerage of the town has been remodelled, and the health of the people is cared for by efficient sanitary inspectors. Baths and wash-houses are provided at a nominal cost to the users. Free libraries and museums of art are open to all the inhabitants; free schools and a school of art, together with facilities for technical instruction, are provided for their education. Recreation is not forgotten, and not less than ten parks and recreation-grounds are now maintained by the Corporation. New Assize Courts and Courts of Justice have been built. The police force and fire brigade are kept in the highest state of efficiency; while the great monopolies of gas and water have passed into the hands of the representatives of the whole community, who have also acquired the tramways, and have thus retained full control over the roads of the city.

Mr. Chamberlain did not take any active part in municipal work until 1871. It was not till 1874 that he became mayor.

THE KEYNOTE OF HIS POLICY.

It was in that year that he first sounded the note of all his subsequent policy. He said:—

All monopolies which are sustained in any way by the State ought to be in the hands of representatives of the people, by whom they should be administered, and to whom their profit should go. He was, too, inclined to increase the duties and responsibilities of the local authority, in whom he had so great a confidence, and would do everything in his power to constitute these local authorities real local parliaments, supreme in their special jurisdiction.

HIS FOUR GREAT REFORMS.

By way of giving effect to his words, Mr. Chamberlain carried through four schemes. (1) The town bought up the gasworks, which now represent a capital account of £2,230,000, reducing the price of gas from 3s. and 3s. 6d. to 2s. 1d. and 2s. 5d., and making an annual profit of £30,000. (2) The town bought up the waterworks, paying over £54,491 per annum to the shareholders. The result was the creation of a property valued at £2,200,000, the improvement of the supply, and the reduction of water rents by £25,831 per annum. (3) The town bought up the central slums, borrowing £1,600,000 for the purpose, and constructed Corporation Street through the improved area. The area was rebuilt on leases of 75 years. When they fall in Birmingham will be the richest borough in the world. (4) Birmingham formed a drainage union with surrounding towns and established a model sewage farm of 1,200 acres in the Tame valley. It cost £400,000 to lay out the farm, and it costs £55,000 to work it. The crops produce £25,000 per annum.

THE FINANCIAL RESULT.

The immediate effect of Mr. Chamberlain's reforms was to raise the debt of the town from one million to nearly ten. But this is covered by solid assets, and the financial results have been good. Mr. Chamberlain says:—

The rates of Birmingham (if the charge due to the school rate and required to provide for a new service in the shape of elementary education be deducted) are less than they were thirty years ago, and the growth of the town and the increase in its wealth and rateable value have sufficed to meet these new developments of municipal functions. The present cost of all local work in the city, including poor relief, education, and all the corporation expenditure, is about six shillings and sixpence in the pound on the assessed annual value of real

property, which is probably 25 per cent. less than the actual value. Putting it in another way, the total charge is rather more than twenty shillings per head of the population, or about one-fifth of the charge of local administration in the city of Boston.

There we have Mr. Chamberlain at his best. He comes in from the outside, he is adopted as one of the citizens, he obtains control of the government for the purpose of carrying out great social ends. Having obtained control, he uses his power without hesitation, he pledges the credit of the town to raise money to carry out schemes of improvement, he converts one monopoly after another into sources of revenue, he creates a vast reversionary estate into which the city will enter fifty or sixty years hence, and he has done all this without raising the rates. That is what he did in Birmingham, and in doing it he had the advantage of many helpers whom his more conspicuous personality has completely obscured, but without whose aid he could have done nothing.

V.—GOVERNMENT AS CO-OPERATION.

When Mr. Chamberlain entered Parliament his one dominant idea was to do for the United Kingdom what he had done for Birmingham. He was an outsider at the first. There was much to be done, and it was to be done on Brummagem lines.

HIS DOMINANT IDEA IN POLITICS.

First of all, it was necessary Joseph Chamberlain should place his firm hand upon the reins; and secondly, it was necessary that the whole power and authority of the State should be used to carry out social changes which would make less miserable the lot of the poor. He thus formulated his aim and object. It was—that the Government, which no longer represents a clique or a privileged class, but which is the organised expression of the wants and wishes of the whole nation, should rise to a true conception of its duties, and should use the resources, the experience, and the talent at its disposal to promote the greater happiness of the masses of the people.

He expressed it in slightly different terms when he said:—

The leading idea of the English system may be said to be that of a joint-stock or co-operative enterprise, in which every citizen is a shareholder, and of which the dividends are receivable in the improved health and the increase in the comfort and happiness of the community.

That is Mr. Chamberlain's idea of what a Government should be. It is a Co-operative Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the People. It is his consistent loyalty to this dominant principle which has made him appear so inconsistent. When he thought he could earn most dividends for the people out of the Radical Government, he was a member of the Radical Government. When that Radical Government did not put him in a place sufficiently important to enable him to control the business of the Association and direct it on co-operative lines he resigned, and, after a period of indecision, threw in his lot with the Tories. They could earn dividends. The others could not. So he left his old friends and clave unto his new partners. He is now going to see what he can get out of them in the way of co-operative enterprise.

HOW HE HAS ENDED THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

And here let me say one word in passing. Mr. Chamberlain has at least one justification for his adhesion to the Conservative Government. For by this act he has succeeded in abolishing the House of Lords as a restraint upon his legislative activity. If Lord Rosebery's Resolution against the Peers had been carried

unanimously, it would have been less efficacious—so far as Mr. Chamberlain's programme is concerned—than the remedy which he contrived by the simple process of joining the Tory Cabinet. The House of Lords as a Revising Chamber, or as a brake on precipitate reforms, simply ceases to exist when there is a Tory majority in the House of Commons. We shall be virtually governed by a single Chamber for the next five years. Mr. Chamberlain sees this, and to carry out his schemes he has certainly taken the shortest road to his goal. If he had joined the Liberals, he would have found other people's programmes blocking the way. As he wittily said at Edinburgh, speaking of Lord Rosebery's policy:—

They have only got to disestablish two Churches, establish three new Parliaments, abolish one House of Legislature, and then they will be ready for business.

Whereas Mr. Chamberlain wanted his business attended to at once.

HIS CONSTRUCTIVE LEGISLATION.

If Mr. Chamberlain's legislative and administrative activity be examined it will be found that he has always been aiming in the same direction. He has sought by the use of the State credit to enable poor men to do what they could not have done for themselves. Whether it is Irish peasants or Scottish crofters or English agricultural labourers, it is the same. He advocated the extension of the franchise in order that all the co-operators might be represented at the central board, and he appealed to the newly enfranchised to use their power to improve their lot. Mr. George Wyndham recently declared that—

Nearly all the practical measures of constructive statesmanship passed during the last ten years were originally mooted by Mr. Chamberlain, and nearly all the suggestions for similar legislation in the future, of any interest to practical politicians, may be traced to the same author.

That is rather a large order, but no doubt Free Education and Allotments owed much to his advocacy.

HIS PRESENT PROGRAMME.

The same idea looms large in the eight-headed programme which he published three years ago in the *Nineteenth Century*:—

1. Legislative enforcement of proposals for shortening the hours of work for miners and others engaged in dangerous and specially laborious employments.
2. Local enforcement of trade regulations for the earlier closing of shops.
3. Establishment of tribunals of arbitration in trade disputes.
4. Compensation for injuries received in the course of employment, and to widows and children in case of death, whenever such injuries or death are not caused by the fault of the person killed or injured.
5. Old-age pensions for the deserving poor.
6. Limitation and control of pauper immigration.
7. Increased powers and facilities to local authorities to make town improvements, and prepare for the better housing of the working classes.
8. Power to local authorities to advance money and to afford facilities to the working classes to become the owners of their own dwellings.

Of these measures the eighth is the most distinctively the child of Mr. Chamberlain's municipal experience.

Half of these measures would have been thrown out by the Peers if sent up by Mr. Chamberlain with a Radical majority at his back. When they go up as the mandate of the Tory Cabinet they will pass through the Lords "slick as greased lightning."

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

Of the other items in Mr. Chamberlain's national policy it is not necessary to speak at length. He is or was a Home Ruler—and he tells us he has never changed his convictions. He boasted after the Home Rule split as lately as 1887 that he had been a Home Ruler before Mr. Gladstone. He has never departed from the declaration that "it is a national question as well as a parochial question, and that the pacification of Ireland at this moment depends"—now mark these words—"I believe on the concession to Ireland of the right to govern itself in the matter of its purely domestic business." Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, when he made that speech in 1885, was for the establishment of a National Council, which was to have been an Irish board of control, giving Ireland a local government more complete, more popular, more thoroughly representative, and more far-reaching than anything which up to that time had been suggested. In a letter which he addressed to Mr. Duignan in December, 1884, he declared that the "Education Question and the Land Question should be transferred entirely to the Irish Board, altogether independent of the English Government's influence. Such a board might also deal with railways and other communications, and would of course be invested with powers of taxation in Ireland for these strictly Irish purposes. If this were carried out the Irish people would have entire independence as regards all local work and local expenditure." Mr. Chamberlain abandoned this scheme because Mr. Parnell declared that he could no longer accept it as satisfactory. But these opinions are unchanged and

unchangeable. Writing to Mr. Gavan Duffy on May 24th, 1892, Mr. Chamberlain's secretary wrote as follows—"Mr. Chamberlain's opinions of persons has changed in the past and may change again, but he has never altered his opinion in the slightest degree on questions of principles or in regard to the legislation which should give effect to them."

One of Mr. Chamberlain's latest utterances on the subject of Home Rule is to be found in the observation which he made when he was leaving for America in 1887. He said, and his words deserve attention, as they probably indicate what is the permanent back-thought in relation to these questions: "I am inclined to think that if a great and generous scheme of Local Government were granted to Ireland the feeling in favour of a separate Parliament will gradually die away." We may rely upon it, therefore, that, now that Mr. Chamberlain is in office, he will see to it that the local self-government which is to be introduced for the pacification of Ireland shall be 'a great and generous scheme.' That is to say, it must



From the *Westminster Budget*. [July 19, 1895.]

BOWERS OF BLISS

in the *Coalition Tea-Gardens*.

"They are still in the honeymoon."—Lord Rosebery at the Albert Hall.

be a very different project from that introduced by Mr. Balfour under the last Salisbury régime.*

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT.

In relation to another burning question—that of Welsh Disestablishment—Mr. Chamberlain has opinions which are well known. In relation to Welsh Disestablishment he has always been a stout Liberationist. Even as lately as 1895 he declared that Disestablishment must come, and the only question was whether it should be accompanied with a just treatment of the Church. With regard to this point he thought that the Welsh Church was entitled to liberal and even generous terms, but it would do well to agree with its adversary quickly, otherwise it would find its opportunity gone. It is rather amusing to remember that Mr. Chamberlain strongly urged the Welsh to get rid of Home Rule, in order to secure consideration for their question of Disestablishment. That was their best chance, he said. Home Rule has been disposed of, but the Welsh are not likely to see much done about Disestablishment by the present Parliament.

DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS.

In relation to voluntary schools Mr. Chamberlain has swallowed the leek. He was at one time a stout advocate for the gradual elimination of voluntary schools. Instead of being eliminated, they multiplied and increased. They are very dear to the hearts of his new allies, and therefore Mr. Chamberlain has reconsidered his opinion. In 1891 he warned the friends of the Church that they were very ill advised if they took any steps towards interfering with the educational compromise of 1870. If they succeeded in obtaining a share of the rates for their support, it would undoubtedly lead to an irresistible demand for a share in local management. Speaking in 1891, he said that his opinion was, that in the interest of the denominational schools themselves it would be a very good thing if they would agree to accept some kind of representative management. That is to say, they should be willing to add to their committees of management a representative of the parents of the children who went to their schools. If he were a friend of the denominational schools, which he did not claim to be—at one time he was definitely the opponent of denominational schools, and even now he preferred the Board schools—but if he were a friend of denominational schools, and speaking from that point of view, he would strongly advise them to take this course in order to strengthen and popularise their schools.

LOCAL TAXATION.

Mr. Chamberlain was in favour at one time of altering the incidence of local taxation so as to make the landlord pay more of the local rates. He appears now still to be consistently in favour of altering the incidence of local taxation; but circumstances having changed, it is to be altered in favour of the landlords instead of against them.

* Mr. Chamberlain's efforts to assert his absolute consistency create a smile when read in juxtaposition with the declaration which he made at different times about Mr. Butt's Home Rule. In 1886 writing to a correspondent he said:—

"I expressed my views very clearly on Home Rule at the time when I was a candidate for Sheffield in 1874. I then said I was in favour of the principle of Home Rule as defined by Mr. Butt, but that I would do nothing to weaken in any way the Imperial unity, and that I did not agree with all the details of his plan. Mr. Butt's proposals were in the nature of a federal scheme and differed entirely from Mr. Gladstone's, which are on the lines of colonial independence. Mr. Butt did not propose to give up the Irish representation at Westminster, and I believe that if he had been alive now he would have absolutely refused to have anything to do with Mr. Gladstone's bill."

Thus in 1874 and 1886 Mr. Chamberlain approved of Mr. Butt's bill. But in 1884 we find him writing to Mr. Dugan as follows:—

"I object to the Home Rule proposed by the late Mr. Butt, because I believe it would not work and would lead to a demand for entire separation."

EARLY CLOSING.

Mr. Chamberlain's projects for dealing with Old Age Pensions are not yet matured. He has brought forward several, but none of them quite meet the necessities of the situation, and he is still on the lookout for fresh light on this subject. It is different with early closing; he has a definite scheme in his head by which he hopes to secure for shopmen and all retail traders the great boon of leisure. This is his scheme:—

My view is that, taking the majority of any trade—I do not care which, the grocers, the bakers, the butchers, the drapers—I should be perfectly satisfied that if those gentlemen met, and, by a majority of two-thirds, decided that it was unnecessary to keep their shops open longer than, say, ten hours a day—I only take the figure as an example—I should be perfectly satisfied in that case that their decision should be submitted to the city council—which would represent, mind you, not the shopkeepers alone, but the whole of the community—and that if they were prepared to give their opinion also that the arrangement was a reasonable one, I should be prepared to give them force and authority to give it the power of the law.



From "A Chamberlain Picture Book."]

JOSEPH DE LA PLUCHE.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The only subject upon which Mr. Chamberlain ever admits he has changed his mind is the question of woman suffrage, and even upon this there is some hope that he may change his mind again. No one can say how the new House will vote upon the question. It is known that Mr. Balfour is a strong advocate of the enfranchisement of women, and Mr. Chamberlain, although stoutly opposed to woman suffrage, is not altogether impervious to the justice of the claims which women make to full citizenship. Addressing the Liberal Unionist women in Birmingham some time ago, he made the following significant remarks:—

I understand that you have occasionally meetings for the purpose of discussing political and social subjects. I think that is most desirable; but what I would press upon you is that you should take the occasion of these meetings to consider among yourselves the wants, the special wants and requirements, of women in the matter of legislation. There are a great number of instances in which, as women, you have a deep and a special interest. There are, for instance, such matters as the restrictions upon the employment of women, and there is the question of the laws of divorce and judicial separation. There is the question of the custody of children. There is the question of brutal assaults upon women, and there is the great question of temperance. Now, these are all matters which, in my opinion, require to be considered in the

light of women's experience; and if a great association like this would do something to fix your opinions and to bring your experience to bear, I have no doubt whatever that it would have powerful and very proper influence.

Here we have it recognised that women have an interest in matters of legislation, and that there are a great number of instances where they have a special interest. Half-a-dozen most important measures, in his opinion, need to be settled in the light of woman's experience, and he absolutely invites women by means of association to exercise a powerful and very proper influence upon the legislature. Now if this be so—and any one can see that it is so—either the principle of representative government is wrong, or women ought to be represented in the House of Commons. The doctrine of putting a great class, whose interests are vitally concerned in legislation, outside the pale of the Constitution, and permitting them only to exercise their influence at second-hand and round the corner, is an old Tory doctrine which Mr. Chamberlain laughed to scorn in relation to every class of the community with the exception of women. He will find here a bridge ready for his retreat when Mr. Balfour gives the signal for the enfranchisement of women.

THE REFORM OF PROCEDURE.

It is probable, however, that none of these things which have been mentioned will compare in importance with the question of the procedure of the House of Commons. This will be the first important question raised in the new Parliament. Upon this subject Mr. Chamberlain has very clear and definite notions, and, as not unfrequently happens with him, his ideas are characterised by much shrewd sense. In the *Nineteenth Century* for December, 1890, Mr. Chamberlain wrote an article upon "Procedure," in which will be found a good deal of matter very useful at the present moment when we are going to see for the first time what eighty Irish members can do when they are banded together for obstructive purposes. There have never been so many in Parliament before definitely pledged to a policy of obstruction. Mr. Chamberlain proposes, in place of the present brutal guillotine by which measures are thrust through after the first few clauses have been discussed, without any discussion whatever on the subsequent clauses, a scheme which has also the approval of Mr. Stansfeld. He would appoint a Committee of Rules on the lines of the Committee of Selection, whose province it would be to fix a time limit for the consideration of any particular Bill. I presume that Mr. Chamberlain would have no objection to fixing a time-limit for the discussion of each of the clauses contained in the Bill. In his article Mr. Chamberlain mentions two ways in which obstruction in Supply can be dealt with. These are—

(1) That the votes should be sent to one or more Committees, and that the consideration of these Committees should be substituted for a Committee of the whole.

(2) That the House fix beforehand on entering on consideration of Supply the number of days that shall be given to each class of the Estimates, and order the Committee to report each class at the expiry of the time named.

As it is understood that Mr. Chamberlain will lead the House in the absence of Mr. Balfour, it is probable that the first task to be adopted by the new majority and its leaders will be the furbishing up of the rules of procedure, and a very good thing too. The real obstruction is not so much in the House of Lords as in the House of Commons. That body has hopelessly broken down; its wheels are clogged with business which it cannot transact, and the method by which it discusses most important

measures could not have been more idiotic had it been invented by a March hare in its maddest moments. Mr. Chamberlain looks at this difficulty from the point of view of the man of business who is one of the directors of a co-operative concern who wishes to get his board reduced to working order, and being, as was said by a diplomatist long ago, "that dangerous man—an *autoritaire Radical*," he will have no scruple in breaking a good deal of crockery in the shape of traditional usage and custom in this matter of procedure in order to free his board from obstruction, both wilful and undesigned.

VI.—WHAT IS HE GOING TO DO?

We have now seen the clue to Mr. Chamberlain's policy both as a municipal administrator and as a statesman in the House of Commons. We are now to see what he will do on a wider field. Mr. Chamberlain has not become Colonial Secretary for nothing. It is his opinion that in our Colonial Empire there is to be found the widest sphere for the application of those principles which have produced such excellent results in Birmingham, and which he has already applied to a certain extent, and is prepared to apply still further in our national affairs.

MAKE WAR ON FRANCE?

There were some persons at the headquarters of the Liberal party who declared that Mr. Chamberlain had gone to the Colonial Office with the benevolent desire of going to war with France. He could have done it better, of course, if he had been Foreign Secretary, but that post being pre-empted by Lord Salisbury, he took the Colonial Secretaryship as the next best position from which he could embroil this country in war with France. That belief, however, probably sprung from the somewhat unguarded fashion with which Mr. Chamberlain is in the habit of speaking of foreign affairs. But in all matters relating to our foreign relations Mr. Chamberlain is a schoolboy. "A hoity-toity fellow, that Chamberlain," said Cardinal Manning to me one day. "I have been studying him for a long time and never could see that he had anything in him." That unappreciative criticism probably meant that the Cardinal was irate with some of Joseph's anti-Irish performances; but hoity-toity fellow he is indeed in relation to foreign affairs. He has, or had at least, most extravagant ideas as to the possibility of improvising navies.

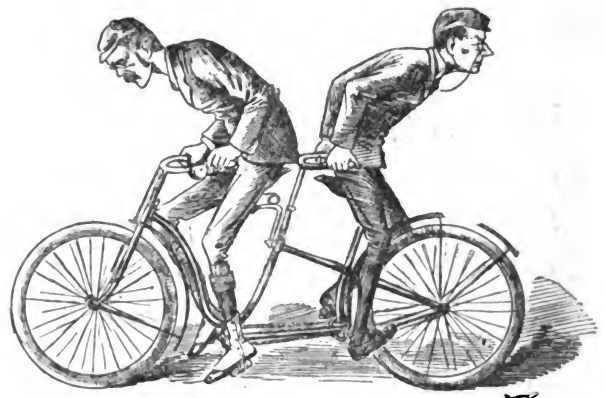
A BLACK SPOT ON HIS RECORD.

One of the wickedest things which he ever did in his life, considering the policy which he has uniformly advocated, was the action which he took in the year 1884 in cutting down the special vote of credit which Lord Northbrook had been induced with great difficulty to demand in the Cabinet. Fortunately the mischief was speedily remedied by the useful incident of Penjdeh in the following year; but had it not been for the assistance of the late Tzar, Mr. Chamberlain would have crippled for some years the necessary development of our naval strength. This probably he did from sheer ignorance. He knew that our great shipbuilding yards could turn out ships much more rapidly than those of any other nation; he drew the erroneous conclusion that our yards would be able to build ships quickly enough so as to affect the result of a naval war. The fact that no war of our time has lasted twelve months, and that it takes eighteen months or two years to build and equip a first-class ironclad, had not entered into his calculations. Possibly he knows better now, for he has travelled somewhat, and knows more of the conditions under which navies can be built.



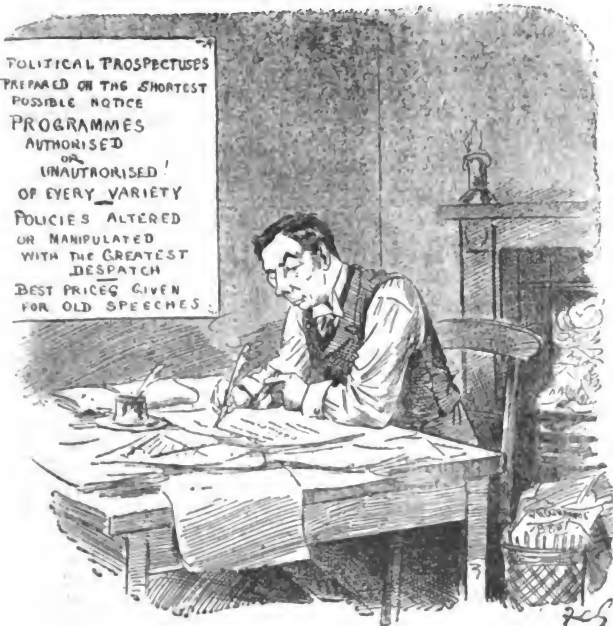
From "Picture Politics."]

THE HAUNTED SPEECH WOOD.
Mr. Chamberlain and his former selves.



From "Picture Politics."]

THE UNIONIST TANDEM.
A good deal of friction but very little freedom."



From "Picture Politics."]

"JO THE PENMAN."

"It is understood that in his next speech Mr. Chamberlain will produce a new Unionist Programme."—*Daily Paper*.



From "Not for Joe."]

[November 5, 1888.

CUTTING HIM OFF.



From "Not for Joe."]

[November 5, 1888.

Who killed Gladstone?
"I," said Chamberlain,
"And I feel like Cain(e);
I killed Gladstone."

HIS GOOD WORK IN THE PAST.

Up to the present he has not caused any very serious harm, from an Imperial point of view, by anything that he has said or done, and in one or two cases he has been distinctly useful. It was largely owing to him that the Bechuanaland Expedition was despatched which saved the whole of the Hinterland to the Cape Colony, otherwise the Dutch would have joined hands with the Germans, and the northward development of the British Empire would have been definitely blocked. But it must be admitted that in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet he had small opportunity of exhibiting any distinctive bent in the direction of any Imperial or Colonial policy. In 1887 he was sent out at the head of a Commission to settle, if he could, the Fishery difficulty between the United States and Great Britain. He did his part well, but, as was expected, the Senate rejected his Treaty, Mr. Chamberlain not being a person with whom America was permitted to make a Treaty. Although the Treaty has not been ratified, it has formed the basis of the *modus vivendi*

which has been in force ever since. Mr. Chamberlain has a considerable stake in the colonies, having purchased one of the islands of the Bahamas for the purpose of cultivating a new fibre, in which he believes there lie great commercial possibilities.

HIS AIM IN THE FUTURE.

It is no doubt quite true, as he told the Agents-General, that he had long entertained strong opinions as to the importance of drawing the United Kingdom and the colonies, if possible, more closely together. He felt very strongly the great importance of the colonies, and assured them that they could rely upon his hearty co-operation for everything that was calculated to advance their position and increase their influence. All this, however, might be mere generality, which does not throw much light upon the course which he intended to follow. We are fortunately, however, not left in the dark, for he has from time to time delivered himself of sentiments which show clearly enough what is in his mind. To him the colonial question is vitally bound up with that of the unemployed, and Mr. Chamberlain has sufficient appreciation of the facts of the social position to see that the unemployed difficulty is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, which concerns the new Administration. In his speeches we find very strongly accentuated the note of the municipal statesman who insists upon regarding the municipal government as a co-operative concern, which enabled the community

as a whole to use its wisdom and its wealth in order to develop its more backward members.

AN IMPERIAL APPLICATION OF HIS OLD IDEA.

What Mr. Chamberlain proposes to do is to apply the same principle to the colonies. Addressing the Birmingham Jewellers' and Silversmiths' Association in 1893, he foreshadowed in advance the policy which he intends to adopt at the Colonial Office:—

The duty of the country was to take every opportunity of extending and developing the foreign trade, and especially of securing new markets, which were also free markets, for the introduction of our goods. We were landlords of a great estate; it was the duty of a landlord to develop his estate. What was the use of having a country, for instance, like Uganda, which would grow almost anything, which was, as regarded a considerable portion of it, capable of receiving European inhabitants—what was the use of our taking a country of that kind if we neither give to that country nor to those who would colonise it the opportunities which were necessary for the purpose? All this trade depended on the existence of satisfactory methods of communication. Without

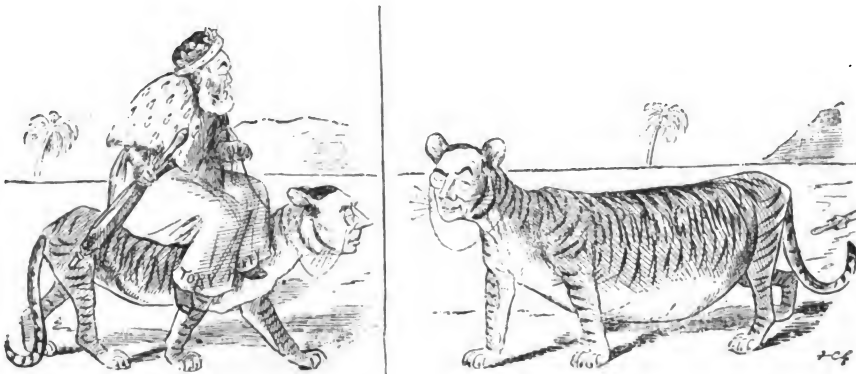
that what was the good? How could they expect that trade would be created, that production would take place, if it cost £300, £400, or £500 a ton to bring down the productions of Uganda to the coast, or to carry our goods from this country to Uganda? In his opinion it would be the wisest course for the Government of this country to use British capital and British credit in order to create an instrument of trade in all those new and im-

portant countries, and he firmly believed, not only would they in so doing give an immediate impetus to British trade and industry in the manufacture of the machinery that was necessary for the purpose, but that in the long run, although they might lay out their money for a few years—which in the history of a nation was nothing—they would sooner or later earn a large reward, either directly or indirectly.

HOW TO HELP THE UNEMPLOYED.

Later on in the same year he received a deputation from the unemployed which was introduced by Mr. Arnold White, and he explained more or less in detail how close was the connection which existed between the unemployed question and the expansion of the British empire. He put the policy of Imperial expansion as the alternative to that of municipal workshops, and pointed out with homely eloquence the fact that the municipal workshops would not give more work to bootmakers, and they might easily take away some of the work which bootmakers at present enjoyed. He said:—

What you want to do is not to change the shop in which the boots are made, but to increase the demand for boots. If you



From the Westminster Gazette.

"WHICH SWALLOWED THE OTHER?"

Several Liberal speakers have, in reference to the coalition between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, recited the verses:—

There was an Old Party of Niger
Who smiled as he rode on a tiger;
They finished the ride with the Party inside
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

"But the question is," said Mr. Chamberlain, "which has swallowed the other?" Our artist gives what he takes to be Mr. Chamberlain's answer. But we can't say that the results of the Election so far altogether justify it!

[July 15, 1895.]

can get some new demand for boots, not only those who are now working but those out of employment may find employment. That should be our great object. In addition to the special point before me, you must remember that, speaking generally, the great cure for this difficulty of want of employment is to find new markets. We are pressed out of the old markets—out of the neutral markets which used to be supplied by Great Britain—by foreign competition. At the same time, foreign Governments absolutely exclude our goods from their own markets, and unless we can increase the markets which are under our control, or find new ones, this question of want of employment, already a very serious one, will become one of the greatest possible magnitude, and I see the gravest reasons for anxiety as to the complications which may possibly ensue. I put the matter before you in these general terms: but I beg you, when you hear criticisms upon the conduct of this Government or of that, of this Commander or of that Commander, in expanding the British Empire, I beg you to bear in mind that it is not a Jingo question, which sometimes you are induced to believe—it is not a question of unreasonable aggression, but it is really a question of continuing to do that which the English people have always done—to extend their markets and relations with the waste places of the earth; and unless that is done, and done continuously, I am certain that, grave as are the evils now, we shall have at no distant time to meet much more serious consequences.

DEVELOP THE COLONIES.

We have here the policy which Mr. Chamberlain would adopt. As he multiplied the municipal debt of Birmingham eight times in order to secure an economic advantage for the ratepayers, so he will use British credit unhesitatingly in order to open up new territories and develop the resources of the colonies. This may be a very great policy. It certainly is not lacking in boldness, and it may produce very unlooked-for results in the colonies, where it is not usually supposed that the British Government takes a very keen interest in developing their material resources. Mr. Chamberlain may not change all that, but he is at least going to try. I am afraid that the course which he has seen fit to pursue on the subject of Home Rule has greatly increased the chances against his success in his new enterprise. No scheme can be devised which will attain the ends outlined in his somewhat vague but sounding generalities which does not pre-suppose an honourable understanding on both sides. In other words, it is impossible to carry out any such scheme without the cordial co-operation of the Colonial Governments and Downing Street.

BUT HOW ABOUT THE IRISH?

Now it so happens that Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office is very far from being a *persona grata* with a very influential element in the governing bodies of all our great dependencies. It may not altogether be a disadvantage that Mr. Chamberlain should have it borne in upon him by his experience of colonial administration that until the Irish are pacified the Empire can never be united. Irishmen outside Ireland are far more influential than in their own native country. It is not until you cross the Atlantic and live in one of the great American cities that you begin to understand the rôle which is played by those, the virtue of whose ancestors caused Ireland to be called the Isle of the Saints. The ascendancy, the predominance, not to say the domination, of the Irish in the great American cities is a phenomenon which must be witnessed to be understood or even to be realised. They are not so powerful, it is true, in the British colonies, but there is not a large town in any part of the world under the Union Jack where there is not a large section of men who are either Irish born or of Irish descent. These men would be less than human if they

were to make the path of Joseph Chamberlain smooth. The temptation will almost be overwhelming to do just the opposite. The Unionists may trample upon the Irish National movement at home, but the sons, the brothers, and the friends of Irishmen abroad will pay them out as best they can when their time comes. If Mr. Chamberlain is to bind the Empire together, and to bring the colonies into a closer union with the mother country, he will find that in some way or other he must propitiate the Irish. It is possible that in this he may find an ally in the one colonial statesman whose fame is of imperial dimensions.

A CASE FOR MR. CECIL RHODES.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes is an Imperialist of the Imperialists, but he was quite shrewd enough, being detached by his South



IN DECEMBER, 1888.

(From a photograph by Draycott, Birmingham.)

African residence from the mists and fogs of faction, to see that in Home Rule lay the keynote to the future federation of the Empire. He therefore made terms with Mr. Parnell, and has always remained in the closest alliance with the Parnellite party. If Mr. Chamberlain is bent upon any scheme which meets Mr. Rhodes' approval, he may find the relations which Mr. Rhodes assiduously cultivated with Mr. Parnell and his followers indispensable for his projects. What Mr. Chamberlain will do is as yet uncertain, but like Mr. Rhodes, he has come to the conclusion that it is to the interests of the British working man that as much of the world's map should be coloured red as possible, and it is pretty well certain that if Mr. Rhodes were to renew the proposal which he made to the Colonial Office during the late Administration for the creation of constitutional safeguards against the levying

of prohibitive duties on British goods, he would not be received with a cold shoulder. Mr. Chamberlain and all Birmingham at the back of him are determined Free Traders, and Mr. Chamberlain might possibly look askance on Mr. Rhodes' idea of a Customs Union which was based upon the principle of a differential duty. Mr. Chamberlain, however, has married an American wife; he has travelled in America, and is capable of looking at things from an American standpoint. He is therefore well aware of the incalculable importance to the American Republic of its Inter-state Free Trade—advantages which are so great as to enable the industries of the Republic to survive the incubus of a McKinley tariff. It is therefore possible that Mr. Chamberlain may welcome much more warmly than did Lord Ripon the tentative proposals which have been put forth from time to time in favour of Free Trade between the mother country and the colonies, and the differential treatment of foreign countries.

FIELDS FOR HIS ACTIVITY.

Mr. Chamberlain's mind, however, does not seem to be moving in the direction of tariffs. His idea, so far as it can be gathered at present, seems to be distinctly the idea which he first realised as a municipal administrator. His mind does not run on tariffs; his idea is to utilise the credit of the Empire in order to help the more backward communities within its boundaries. The emissaries of Mr. Rhodes, who are in London at present preparing for the extension of the railway to Matabeleland, will find a sympathetic supporter in Mr. Chamberlain. The Uganda railway, we may depend, will be carried on with vigour; and wherever a railway can be built, or a line of steamers subsidised into being, there Mr. Chamberlain will do what can be done to open up new markets and to extend the area within which British manufactures have a free course. It hardly falls within Mr. Chamberlain's department to promote the making of that famous railway which was suggested some time ago, and which was to start from the Suez Canal, cross Arabia, skirt the

Persian Gulf, and bring Bombay a week nearer to England than it is at present. That will belong more to the Foreign Office and the India Office. He will have more field for his activity in promoting the extension of British trade in China. Mr. Chamberlain has been President of the Board of Trade, and we may depend upon it that he will not be deterred from seeking to make fresh markets in China because China does not belong to the Colonial Office. Everything belongs to Mr. Chamberlain in which he takes an interest, and after all Hong Kong is a British colony which stands as a sentinel box at the gateway of China. The worst of Mr. Chamberlain's position, from his own point of view, is that it does not give him all the power which is wielded by a Prime Minister, and he will find himself cramped and confined at every turn by the limitations of the Colonial Office. Still, he can do his best, and there are very few departments in the Administration into which Mr. Chamberlain will not put his fingers.

THE HUB OF THE MACHINE.

There are other schemes of which people speak with bated breath. The proposal to bring all the colonies and the Indian Empire into closer relations with the mother country by an imperial guarantee of all their debts would be just the kind of magnificent project which would commend itself to the Birmingham statesman. A man who raised the Birmingham town debt from one to eight millions in a couple of years is capable of doing mightier things now that he has an imperial arena in which to work; and although more cautious financiers would stand aghast at a joint imperial guarantee of all the debts of the colonies and dependencies of the British Empire, it would enable the Government which promised it to make almost any arrangement they pleased in the way of equalising tariffs and reserving their imperial rights upon all not yet peopled territory. These things, however, are upon the astral plane. All that is certain is that almost for the first time in this generation the Colonial Office has at its head a man who is not only willing and capable, but eager to make it the hub of the whole machine.

VII.—CHAMBERLAINIANA.

I have dealt so much with Mr. Chamberlain's ruling ideas that I have but little space left in which to allude to his personal characteristics. As a speaker, Mr. Chamberlain is eminently persuasive, and this even more so in private than he is in the House of Commons. When he is on his legs there is a certain savagery about his dialectics which is not to be found when he is sitting talking to a dozen men in the Cabinet. There is little doubt that in the Cabinet he will exercise even more than his legitimate share of influence, for adroitness, persuasiveness, audacity and determination can do a great deal.



From "A Chamberlain Picture Book."

HIS LAST GARMENT.

"Come out of it!"
"I can't: it's the only thing I've got left."



From the *Westminster Budget*.

[July 10, 1895.]

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

Lord Charles Beresford has retired, as others before him retired, before the wrath of Mr. Chamberlain. The dictator of Birmingham allows no rival near the throne. He prefers to remain cock of his own walk.—*Daily Paper*.

Herbert venturing "to treat Mr. Chamberlain's soul as public property," thus describes it:—

Never was soul which had more earthly wrappings to it. Never was soul so beset with carnality. Two Western men once discussed the efficacy of the water employed in baptism, and thereupon one of them delivered it as his opinion that if it were to be of any avail in the case of a particular friend who was under discussion, it would be necessary for that friend to be anchored out for at least twenty-four hours in mid-stream. Mr. Chamberlain's spiritual necessities are of the same order as the spiritual necessities of that friend of the Western man. His soul requires to be hung out for at least a week on the highest mountain peak, or plunged into the sea beyond the three miles' limit, in order to get rid of its earthy admixtures. Mr. Chamberlain's politics, beyond the ordinary measure in politics, even when pressed down and running over, are saturated with commercialism. His constant recurring idea is the exhibition of political wares. Such and such things are the peculiar achievement of his own horde, and are not to be claimed by the other horde. Such and such things are good to be done, just because they will help the reputation of the horde. But still for all that, the soul exists and persists, and as long as that is so all things are possible. Unless I read him wrongly—and it is very difficult to read in that blurred, stained human palimpsest—there is a vein of conviction mixed in with the commercial opinions, there is a bottom to be reached, there is definite resistance, and therefore there is personality. You may have to wade through layers of carnality, layers of commercialism, but at the end you do arrive.

Mr. Massingham spoke of Mr. Chamberlain the other day as the sublime *commis-voyageur*. There is no doubt much in common between our new Colonial Secretary and the busy, pushing, energetic commercial traveller who always makes a point of talking down to the level of his audience, and who regards it as his duty not to miss any chance of pushing the business of his firm so as to gain an advantage over the shop on the other side of the street. But Mr. Chamberlain is more than the commercial traveller, and if he could be a little more urbane and show occasional flashes of magnanimity, his present position, great as it is, would be only a stepping-stone to that which would still be to come.

HIS LIMITATIONS.

On some sides of his character Mr. Chamberlain is very defective. In one respect he resembles Mr. Morley in being entirely cut off from any personal sympathy with any of the sports which bulk so largely in the lives of our countrymen. Give Mr. Morley a book and a garden and he is perfectly content. But Mr. Morley likes walking, the only form of physical exercise for which he has any taste. Mr. Chamberlain has not even that; as he said recently:—

I do not cycle; I do not ride; I do not walk; I do not help it; I do not play cricket; I do not play football.

play tennis; and I do not even play golf, which I have been assured is an indispensable condition of statesmanship. The fact is, I do not take any exercise at all.

Under the circumstances it is quite extraordinary that Mr. Chamberlain should enjoy such good health. To be perpetually smoking cigars and never to use your limbs excepting to get in or out of a carriage or hansom would be for most men equivalent to permanent dyspepsia and an early grave. Somehow or other Mr. Chamberlain seems to thrive upon what would be certain death to other men.

HIS ORCHIDS.

Almost the only interest in his life which is not either commercial or political is his love for flowers. That is a good trait in his character, and one which redeems a multitude of sins. He has some fifteen or sixteen men constantly employed at Highbury on his pleasure gardens of some forty acres and his orchid houses. *The English Illustrated Magazine* for September, 1893, had a copiously illustrated paper, by Mr. Dolman, on Mr. Chamberlain's orchids. The writer says:—

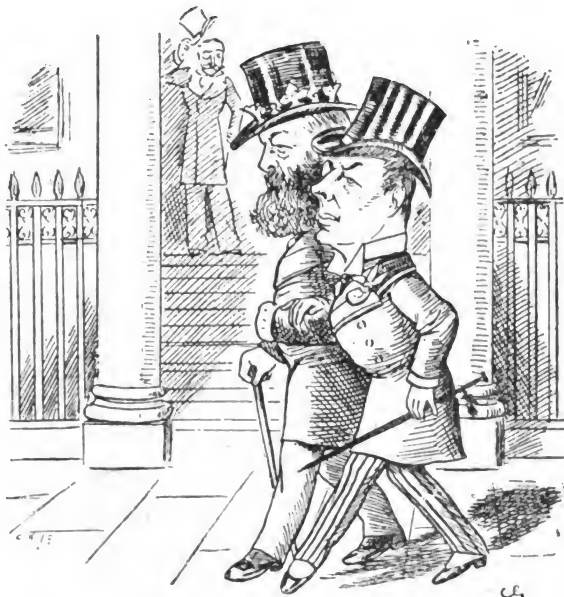
Mr. Chamberlain began the culture and collection of orchids some sixteen years ago, about the time when he built for himself at Moor Green, amidst the prettiest scenery on the outskirts of Birmingham, the house (named in allusion to the family's London connections) which is now known to all newspaper readers as "Highbury." Mr. Chamberlain now has about five thousand plants of all kinds, and from all parts of the orchid-producing world, and of course the number is being continually added to. They fill thirteen of the eighteen glasshouses ranged along the side of Mr. Chamberlain's handsome yet unpretentious residence. The greater part of the Parliamentary vacation every year is spent by the Liberal Unionist leader at Highbury, and during the session he frequently passes Saturday to Monday there; when at High-

bury almost every minute of his leisure is spent in the orchid-houses. Mr. Chamberlain has a fine library of orchid literature, and there can be little doubt but what the flower appeals to him as much from its scientific as its æsthetic aspect. When Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain are in London a box of the most beautiful blooms is sent every week for the decoration of their house in Princes' Gate. In addition, two flowers of the kinds best adapted to the buttonhole are sent every day, and it is with one of these that the Liberal Unionist leader generally makes his appearance in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain has taken every means, on the other hand, of obtaining the full enjoyment of the orchids when he is at home. One can go in and out all the houses without once encountering the open air. The drawing-room opens on to a lofty conservatory, filled with the scent of many sweet-smelling flowers.

HIS BUMPS.

Miss Fowler, in the *Phrenological Magazine*, recently published the following delineation of Mr. Chamberlain's character from a phrenological point of view:—

His head is narrow as compared with the breadth of Lord



From "Not for Joe."

[November 5, 1888.]

PROGRESSING FAVOURABLY.

Salisbury's. Mr. Chamberlain is one in a thousand for the availability of his power. He is a man for the day and the occasion. He lives in the interests of the hour; his gun is always ready loaded and ready for use. His entire constitution indicates prompt, clear, and distinct thought and action. His skin is thin and his nerves lie near the surface, and are easily acted upon. His head is too high and too narrow to allow him to be underhanded in his movements. As a speaker it would be difficult for him to be governed by policy, or to hide his real opinions. The height of the front portion of the top brain indicates strong sympathies and deep interest in whatever will benefit mankind, rendering him liberal in his theology, and tolerant in his feelings towards others. His intuitive powers are great; his mind comes to a focus at once; he acts upon the spur of the moment; discerns the signs of the times, and is alive to the passing hour, and knows how to act as the occasion requires. For prompt action, for clearness of conception, for distinctness of character, frankness, and openness of disposition; for strong social and domestic affections, warm, generous, and spontaneous sympathies; for prompt decision and tenacity of will; for clearness and versatility of intellect, few at the present day excel him. Mr. Chamberlain is as well aware of his own failings as any one else, though he may cover up his introspective glances by his large Self-Esteem, hence the public may not be aware of that personal criticism that he gives himself and others.

The phrenologist, I dare say, is right, especially in that one point of self-criticism which Mr. Chamberlain probably indulges in more than what he gets credit for. He has more or less all his life been forced to take up a self-assertive position, defending himself against the attacks

of those who resented his pushing ways and restless activity. A man of his nature almost always standing on the defensive does not wear his heart upon his sleeve, and so often his good comes to be evil spoken of. Possibly now that the sun of power has shone upon him we shall see a milder and more genial phase of his character. At the same time it would be a mistake to think that his position is likely to be one of rest.

THE FUTURE ?

It is indeed not too much to say that he may find his new place as purgatorial as Lord Rosebery found the Prime Ministership, and for much the same reason. Lord Rosebery represented a minority in his own Cabinet, and he succeeded in imposing with difficulty his Imperial ideas upon the bulk of his own party. Mr. Chamberlain is in this position, with this difference: he is not only in a minority, he is not even Prime Minister. He has succeeded, better than any one anticipated, in reinforcing his own personal followers in the House, but he is still in the minority, and the leader of a Radical remnant in a Cabinet of Tories is not likely to find his path altogether smooth. The more Home Rule fades into the distance and becomes to the Unionists a mere nightmare of the past rather than an alarming menace for the future, so much more difficult will it be for Mr. Chamberlain to maintain his position and keep up his own end of the stick in the Administration which he has done so much to create.

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1893.

John A. Stewart on (*ill.*), **Lud M**, VI. Nov, 80

Mr. Chamberlain's Orchids, Frederick Dolman on (*ill.*), **E I**, X. Sept, 879 (VIII. Sept, 291)

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The Chamberlain Coalition Programme, Edward Dickey on, **N C**, XXXV. Mar, 367 (IX. Mar, 293)

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On the Home Rule Campaign, **Nat R**, XXIII. May, 305

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1895.

The following sketches of Mr. Chamberlain have appeared this year:—

Two Demagogues, **New R**, Apr.

Mr. Chamberlain's Municipal Career, by F. Dolman, **F R**, June

Mr. Chamberlain, by Justin McCarthy, **F**, June

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

WHY WERE THE LIBERALS DEFEATED?

EXPLANATIONS MORE OR LESS TRUE.

THE shifting of less than one thirty-third part of the voters from the Liberal to the Conservative side which has resulted in the return of a Unionist majority of 152 is variously accounted for in divers articles in the magazines. Of course it was to be expected that in these articles, written in the flurry and excitement of the close of a hotly contested campaign, there would be a disposition to overestimate the significance of the electoral verdict. Some of the articles are written as if the writers had to account, not for the transfer of three per cent. of the voters from one side to the other, which is all that it comes to, so much as to explain the absolute extinction of the Liberal party for ever and ever. A general criticism of most of the articles is that it would be more appropriate if the election had marked the final burial, without any hope of resurrection, of the whole of the Liberal party, instead of registering a transfer of 150,000 votes from one side to the other, leaving the great bulk of Liberal voters practically intact. Still, some of the articles contain much that is suggestive and of interest.

(1.) PECCAVI! BY MR. H. W. MASSINGHAM.

The most interesting of all the articles on the elections is that in the *Contemporary*, in which Mr. H. W. Massingham, the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, stands in a white sheet before the public with a taper in his hands and solemnly confesses his sins in the hearing of the world. The effect is intensified by the fact that he is largely unconscious of what he is doing. He is confessing other people's sins in form, but in reality the chief point of his article is the admission of his own miscalculations on the one vital point on which he differs from the ordinary official Liberal press. Mr. Massingham and the *Daily Chronicle* have for years past been the enthusiastic and whole-hearted advocates of what may be called the Trades Union policy of social legislation. In their belief the way of salvation for the Liberal party was to be found in legislating for the reduction of the hours of labour, the increasing of the severity of inspection, and, speaking generally, for what may best be described as the labour policy of the Progressive majority on the London County Council. In season and out of season they pressed these views upon the public and upon the leaders of their party. To a very large extent the Liberal Government yielded to this pressure, and when it went to the country it had the benediction of Mr. Massingham and the special support of the *Daily Chronicle*, because of its labour policy. And now what says Mr. Massingham? "I believe the labour policy of the late Government to have been thoroughly sound, but it does not follow that it always pleased the working men." Alas, no! The evidence of the elections, as Mr. Massingham himself admits, is that the very policy which was advocated as certain to carry the working man's vote has produced in the working men a lively feeling of irritation and repulsion. Mr. Massingham himself quotes the compulsory reduction of the hours of labour on railways as one of those measures which raised the opposition of the railway servants. The men would prefer to work sixteen hours a day and get paid for them than to find both their hours and their earnings curtailed at the same moment by the same measure. Mr. Massingham's article is very

frank, and, on the whole, a very sensible summary of the causes which have led to the Liberal defeat. He says:—

I suggest, therefore, first, that there is some point in our national rather than our municipal policy which goes against the people's grain, and drives them away from the camp of Liberalism; and secondly, that the presentment of such policy as we have has been inadequate.

In the first place, we have, I think, been too narrowly partisan in our methods.

In another sense we have taken too little account of the inwardness of the lives of the poor—a mistake which neither the Tories nor Mr. Keir Hardie have committed. The latter, with all his faults, saw that want of work was the most pressing question in the wide world to many thousands of his constituents in the East End; the former set up, in London at least, a rough-and-ready network of relief bureaux. To men hanging on by their eyelids, the idealism of the comparatively poor Radical candidate comes with little force. His Tory candidate helps him; the Church helps him; even the publican is kind to him at a pinch. All these he regards as palliative agencies—and the revolution is a long way off. "Vote for the man who has helped you," he is asked, and it is a tribute to his public spirit that he so often looks beyond these considerations to the future of his class and of his country.

To sum up, I think the following causes may be said to have contributed to the Liberal failure:

(1) The want of a single great personality—a striking moral and intellectual force. In Mr. Gladstone's absence Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt were not held to outweigh Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain.

(2) A sectional rather than a national programme, and the want of one definite and absorbing question.

(3) The presence of a question which, while it excited great interest, was imperfectly and hastily argued, and presented a certain aspect of social oppression.

(4) The effect of the differences among the Irish members.

(5) The fact that an opportunist, though a thoroughly sound social policy, excited a minimum of enthusiasm among those who benefited by it, and a maximum of opposition among those who thought they would be injured by it. Many interests were attacked. The railway interests were involved in the Railway Servants Act. The shipowners circularised the constituents against the Factory Act. The water and tram companies were active against the candidates of the late Government, and the settlement of one labour dispute after another in favour of the workman created much bitterness. The Church considered itself doubly assailed by the Welsh Bill and by Mr. Acland's administration of the Education Department. The landlords were roused to bitter hostility by the Budget of 1894, and the publicans and brewers fought the election for all their joint power was worth. Against this combination no adequate repelling force was available.

(2.) IN THE NATURE OF THINGS. BY KOSMO WILKINSON.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Kosmo Wilkinson sets forth his theory why the Conservatives polled 1½ per cent. more than the Liberals, in a fashion which would justify one in believing that instead of only polling 51 per cent. of the voters, they had polled 99 per cent. The phrase "a National Party" throws a glamour over the whole scene, and he has actually persuaded himself that the Conservatives are the nation, and that the Liberals constitute merely the fringe or a fraction of the people. It is all due to the wisdom of that superb alien Mr. Disraeli, who, with Lord Randolph Churchill, recognised that the Conservative party was a national party. Mr. Wilkinson says:—

Whereas Liberalism is necessarily in a continual flux of anarchy, a constant chaos of internal dissent, the Conservative

party possesses as its rallying points the historic centres of our social, like our national life; and enjoys as the guarantees of its perpetual organisation and constantly re-created power those interests and occupations apart from which England herself cannot be imagined. With the Church and the land, with the city and society, with the turf, the cricket-ground, the hunting-field for its natural rallying centres, Conservatism might conceivably flourish, though stripped of the highly useful Association, even of the Primrose League, and should be able, if not taken unawares, to give a good account of itself with its enemies in the gate.

He then goes on to point out that militarism in the English sense has engulfed our whole population. This being interpreted means that it is difficult to find any family which has not got some relative or friend in the civil service, in the army, or in the navy:—

In this way the whole body politic is one vast Imperial entity, and therefore one ever-growing Conservative organisation.

It is slightly inconsistent with this beautiful theory, that the dockyard towns, where militarism in this sense is surely as strong as anywhere in the world, were among the few constituencies which showed Liberal triumphs at the last election. Mr. Wilkinson's paper is very interesting, as describing the way in which Lord Beaconsfield and the Conservative party laid themselves out to use social influence to supplement their political forces:—

Beauty, birth, and wit are the potentates which, even in this plutocratic age, combine with wealth to sway our social system. After the return from Berlin and the ovation given to the two Tory heroes in London City, Lord Beaconsfield secured for himself, his colleagues, and his political heirs a virtual monopoly of the support that rank, fashion, money, and even intellect can render to political chiefs.

By social or ethnic ties the Rothschilds were Disraeli's indubitable supporters. The entire City system may be said to have followed New Court's lead. The discrimination with which marks of social or political encouragement were distributed among the *hodierni quirites* amounted to nothing less than genius. The secessions from middle-class Liberalism or hereditary Whiggism to Toryism became as frequent as were those of the Anglican clergy to Rome at the era of the Tractarian perversion.

As long as Disraeli lived, however, the solid men in England somewhat held aloof from the Conservative party, but:—

Directly the superbation, Disraeli, was succeeded by that Cecil who was the descendant of Elizabethan England's makers, a real Churchman, a proved administrator, an ex-chairman of a great national railway, which paid increasing dividends, a large body of persons who had long voted Liberal *malgré eux* were relieved of any inducement to hold their native Conservatism in abeyance, and at all the general elections since 1880 have "gone Conservative" to a man.

(3.) LORD ROSEBERY. BY MR. STOBART.

This heading is rather a misnomer, because Mr. Stobart's article in the *Fortnightly*, which is curiously balanced, does on the whole go to prove that Lord Rosebery did as much to win the election as any one, but at the same time there is a great deal in his paper which reads in an opposite sense. He says:—

There is one cause which received little attention, although it probably contributed more than any other to the resignation of the late Government. That cause was the difference of opinion in the Liberal Party as to the Premiership. As yet Lord Rosebery has not satisfied many people that he is a man of serious purpose. His speeches resemble those of a man who speaks because he has been pressed to do so rather than those of one who does it because he feels he must.

But looked at from a wider point of view, Lord Rosebery has justified his selection, and it is certain that any unseemly attempt to ostracise him will be the cause of disaster to the Liberals. He unites the party better than any other man could, and whether in office or out of it he must continue as leader.

Mr. Stobart surely exaggerates one element of the situation when he says:—

The element of antipathy which has pursued Lord Rosebery most closely is the Nonconformist conscience. This is because of his connection with the turf; and if some influential individuals carry out their intentions, it is doubtful whether he will get another chance.

The Nonconformists on the whole have been very considerate to Lord Rosebery, and it is doubtful whether there was a single seat lost on account of the double Derby victory. Mr. Stobart says:—

However he may be slighted, the measure of support given to the Liberals is mainly due to the influence of Lord Rosebery. Lord Rosebery has won two Derbys in succession, and his friends would now be better pleased if he devoted more time to politics and less to sport. Though he has not as yet had great opportunity for showing what he could do as leader, impartial onlookers agree that his liberality of mind and strong common-sense have won for him an honourable place in public judgment. He stands for the sane and practicable element in English Liberalism. His patriotism is trustworthy, and if he were unable to serve his country in a crisis he would not sell it.

(4.) BECAUSE OF HOME RULE. BY MR. MAXSE.

The *National Review*, in its "Chronique of the Month," indulges in a great jubilation over the defeat of the Gladstonians. The editor says:—

The cardinal fact of the day is that the project to disunite the Kingdom has been pulverised into dust. It is clear to all who choose to use their intelligence that the death of the dismemberment movement, though the dominating element of the situation, is by no means the only one of really national importance. The House of Lords and the Church occupy a very different position to what they did a month ago. The constituencies have passed a magnificent vote of confidence in the Unionist leaders, and have put into their hands a splendid weapon. People are exercising their minds as to how it will be used, and no lack of advice is being given to the Cabinet, which, fortunately, is quite capable of taking its own line. The only urgent matter is that, after the political orgy of the last three years, the country should be given a few months' rest, and we trust that when Parliament meets, its attention may be confined to the absolutely imperative financial business, and that when this has been completed there may be an adjournment until January. The hereditary House has received not only a bill of indemnity, but a testimony of esteem, while its constitutional colleague, the House of Commons, has been turned inside out, and will hardly know itself when it meets. One can now appreciate the previously puzzling description of Mr. Gladstone as "a great Conservative force"—his Irish escapade has shattered the Liberal Party, made the House of Lords invulnerable, and the Church unassailable.

(5.) WANT OF BALLAST. BY THE REV. J. G. ROGERS.

The Rev. Dr. Rogers, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, explains the defeat by pointing to the lack of ballast in the Liberal ship:—

The plain fact is that one consequence of the Unionist schism was to change the centre of gravity in the Liberal party. The withdrawal of men of influence and of statesman-like qualities threw the balance on to the side of those of more extreme opinions. The old ship had to make a difficult and dangerous voyage without an adequate supply of ballast. Far be it from me to indulge in unjust or disparaging reflections upon men whose passionate zeal even on behalf of views which

I regard as extreme and unwise is still an element of strength in the army of progress. There must be room in a truly Liberal party for great diversity of opinions. But it is one thing to exercise tolerance even in relation to extremists and faddists, and another and very different one to install them in the position of leaders, or allow them to dictate policy. But it is to this danger that Liberals have been exposed during the last two or three years, and, in my judgment, it has been the chief cause of the calamity by which they have now been overtaken.

So far from thinking that Home Rule has been killed and buried by the election, Dr. Rogers says:—

It is far from being clear that had the verdict been given on Home Rule alone it would have been so decisive, or that it would have been given at all in the Unionist sense. Certain it is that the signs of Tory reaction have become more manifest as Home Rule has receded into the background. The same conclusion is suggested by the figures in special cases. Lancashire is conspicuous in the revolt against Lord Rosebery and his policy. Does any one suppose that this is due to a change of view on the Irish question? Is it not generally conceded that the Indian cotton duties have played a much more important part in deciding the elections?

The retirement of Mr. Gladstone also had its share in bringing about the Liberal defeat:—

It is to a very large extent a measure of the enormous influence of that commanding personality. Not until the secret history of the period can be studied will it be known how tremendous was the loss which the Liberal party sustained by withdrawal from the strife of a leader who towered head and shoulders over all his associates.

(6.) BECAUSE OF THE FADDISTS.

Mr. Edward Dicey, also writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, speaking of the General Election as a rout of the faddists, says:—

The main importance of the popular vote lies in the fact that it deals a deathblow to the Home Rule agitation. It would be absurd to pretend that Home Rule was the sole or even the main consideration which influenced the decision of the constituencies either on one side or the other. At the same time no honest observer can deny that the electorate deliberately and decisively condemned the coalition between the English and Scotch Liberals and the Irish Nationalists. The masses have . . . lost their faith in Liberalism. Fanatics and faddists of all sorts and descriptions have received a lesson by which they themselves are not able to profit, but which will not be lost upon the politicians of the future. The broad, plain common-sense of Englishmen has, not for the first time in our island history, vindicated its supremacy. If any special proof were needed of the truth of this assertion, it would be found in the electoral condition of the Metropolis. The gang of noisy sciolists who considered themselves entrusted with a mission to reform London in accordance with Progressive principles have received their quietus, and London—the heart and the brain of England—has shown that its ideas, aims, and aspirations are not those of the MacDougalls, the Chants, the Harrisons, and the rest of the clique of pestilent busybodies, who attempted to convert the County Council into an agency for the propagation of Radical influence and so-called Progressive reform.

What is more important still is the blow given by the Unionist victory to the Little England school of politicians.

(7.) LOYALTY OF THE VICTORIOUS ALLIES.

Blackwood, as might be expected from that organ of old crusted Toryism, is extremely jubilant over the misfortune which has overtaken the Liberals; but even in the midst of its jubilation it cannot resist a somewhat sympathetic groan over the necessity of the alliance with the Liberal Unionists:—

It is not without real pain that the local Conservative or local Liberal consents to call himself by any name but the one which he has borne so long, or to support a parliamentary

candidate whose party as long as he can remember has fought under a hostile flag, and been the object of his keenest opposition. It is a great wrench, we say, to such a man to turn his back on his former antipathies, and to be compelled to believe that any good can come out of Nazareth. So far from being surprised at what took place in Leamington and Birmingham, our wonder is that it did not occur more frequently; and it speaks volumes for the good sense and patriotism of the Conservative Unionists that they gave way as they did. That they gave way only at the eleventh hour shows the depth of their sincerity. That they gave way at all is an equally strong proof of their loyalty. We can only hope, as we write, that the same good sense and disinterested loyalty will continue to be shown by the Liberal Unionists. The correspondence which has been published between a member of that party and the head of it shows that all jealousy and uneasiness has not yet disappeared. Liberal Unionists are afraid of being called Tories. But Conservatives might just as well be afraid of being called Radicals. We must look to facts, not words.

(8.) "IT WAS ALL THOSE NONCONS." BY MR. ROBERTSON.

Mr. Robertson, the editor of the *Free Review*, who contested Northampton as an Independent candidate, deals with the General Election in an article in his current number. Mr. Robertson has his own views as to what the election signifies, which, being condensed into a nutshell, comes to this: that the Liberal Party has wrecked itself because of the undue influence of the Nonconformist clergy. He thinks that we want less religion and more science in our politics. He does not think the election showed much change of sentiment on the subject of Home Rule. What then was the fatal cause which led to the destruction of the Liberal majority? He states it as follows:—

Liberalism has for years back fallen largely under the rule of the Nonconformist clergy; not because the leaders are Nonconformists or clericals, but because they believe the Nonconformist clergy to be the most influential of the forces they can employ.

The pernicious influence of the Nonconformist, he thinks, was most fatally exerted in persuading Liberal leaders to adopt Local Option.

What then must be done in order that the Liberals should regain their lost ascendancy? Mr. Robertson has his ideas on this point also, and he expresses them thus:—

If, then, there is to be a renaissance for Liberalism, it must be in the form of a party with an economic science and an industrial policy. It is utterly idle to suppose that an industrial civilisation can be governed in the name of democracy by a party with neither a social ideal nor a social scheme.

In brief, we must develop a scientific party, with a reasoned body of principles and proposals. It must win the workers, who appreciate sincerity, by a sincere attitude towards all the anomalies in our constitution, as well as by an intelligent attitude towards the great problem of industrial disease. It must be visibly democratic. It must not go on creating peers while planning the destruction of the House of Peers—unless indeed by way of using them to destroy it. It must recognise that monarchy is no more durable, no more admirable, than oligarchy. It need not attack all the anomalies at once; but it must evoke and develop the rational temper which deals with anomalies as such. On the other hand, its social policy must be economic, constructive, sociological, not merely sermoniac, morally repressive, and Sabbatarian; and its leaders must all round be decently consistent in their theory and practice. Finally, they must have the courage to count on the common sense of the mass of the workers, and refuse to have their course marked out for them by the hysterical and unenlightened Nonconformist pulpit.

Speaking of his own share in the loss of the seat for Northampton, he attributes the Tory victory to the subservience of a Liberal caucus to a clerical dictation which ought never to have been listened to.

WHAT SHOULD THE NEW GOVERNMENT DO? SOME SUGGESTIONS FROM OUTSIDERS.

As might be expected, Lord Salisbury has no lack of counsellors in the periodicals of the month, most of whom are very anxious for him to do just those things which it is quite certain he will not do. The first place of these inept advisers must be given to Professor Beesly.

(1.) ABOLISH HEREDITARY LEGISLATION!

Professor Beesly, a Positivist with the courage of his opinions, is quite sure that what the Government ought to do is to abolish the principle of hereditary legislation by substituting the election of a Senate for the House of Lords. He recommends his proposal as follows:—

To enact that after a certain day the Upper House shall be composed otherwise than it is now will be no alteration of the Constitution, unless the powers of either House are meddled with; any more than the successive reforms of the House of Commons have been alterations of the Constitution. It will give rise to no doubts, difficulties, or confusion. The old relations, the old forms, the old standing orders, would continue in force. The legislative machine would go on working without a break or a jar.

The most convenient mode of electing Senators would be to throw five adjoining parliamentary divisions into one for the purpose of each senatorial election, supposing the number of Senators to be equal to one-fifth of the House of Commons. Register, polling places, and other details, would then require no alteration.

If this plan for a Senate is unacceptable, I hope I shall soon hear of a better. Of one thing I am convinced. No plan can offer the least prospect of stability unless it is wholly based on popular election. If birth, property qualification, or nomination have ever so small a part in it, democratic agitation will sap and mine it from the first, and its life will be short. The shorter the better; for we shall have no peace while it lasts.

(2.) REFORM THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lord Ribblesdale, writing in the *Nineteenth Century* on the House of Lords, concludes a very interesting and brightly written article by appealing to Lord Salisbury to reform the Second Chamber:—

Has not the time arrived for taking up this vexed question of the House of Lords in a broad, philosophic spirit? If Lord Salisbury has not always been frugal in the exercise of the immediate power of the House of Lords, he has given evidence upon conspicuous occasions that he appreciates the constitutional limits set upon that power; and even assuming Lord Rosebery's resolution to have affirmed in specific terms that under certain conditions the veto of the Lords should be extinguished, it would only have expressed the theory of Lord Salisbury's practice—that is, the practice of the House of Lords. I appeal unto Cæsar. Lord Salisbury has a great opportunity of rendering a signal service to his generation. The free hand which the general election has now given him, his personal ascendancy, the majority he arrays in the Lords, make him in a sense the master of the situation. Surely his talents, his statesmanship, the experience gained in the long transaction of great affairs of State, should make him its mediator.

(3.) REVOLUTIONISE PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Sidney Low has his own nostrum. As Professor Beesly would with a stroke of his pen sweep the House of Lords out of existence, so Mr. Low would make equally short work with the existing machinery of Parliamentary Government. In place of the sham control exercised by the House of Commons over the administration of the country, he would remodel our Constitution somewhat on the lines of the American Senatorial Committee for Foreign Affairs. This is his proposal, which Lord Salisbury is quite certain not to adopt:—

There is no good reason why representatives, both of the majority and the minority in Parliament, should not have

facilities for examining the plans of ministers while they are in process of inception, and of watching over their management of their departments, with a full knowledge of the details, instead of merely criticising it from the point of view of outsiders. This might be secured, as the present writer and others have pointed out, by a system of Parliamentary committees, sitting with closed doors, and empowered to call for such information, from the minister and his permanent subordinates, as could not always be conveniently disclosed in a House provided with a reporters' gallery. There is a good deal to be said for making the Council of Defence a body of this character.

(4.) ABOLISH THE IRISH VICEROYALTY.

Considering that the Conservative Government has been elected largely for the purpose of securing a cessation from constitutional change, these various suggested programmes strike rank outsiders as a trifle absurd. But here we have Mr. St. Loe Strachey, in the *National Review*, confidently suggesting to the new Government as an item in its programme the abolition of the Irish Viceroyalty. He says:—

Fortunately, we have in Mr. Gerald Balfour the very man to carry out with fearlessness and sympathy a wise, a just, a liberal, and a far-seeing Irish Policy. This policy in its main items will require time and patience. An easy and a prompt beginning may be made, however, by the provision of a Royal Residence and the abolition of the Viceroyalty.

(5.) REDISTRIBUTE SEATS. BY MR. DICEY.

Writing in the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Edward Dicey, who has appointed himself the keeper of the conscience of the Conservative party, tells Lord Salisbury his obvious duty:—

The obvious duty of the Unionists is to avail themselves of their enormous majority in both the popular and the hereditary Chamber to settle two pressing questions which can only be settled satisfactorily when the Conservatives are in power, and in power with a majority which can override all sectional opposition. The first of these questions in importance, though not perhaps in time, is a redistribution of seats so as to base representation upon population. If we are to be governed by counting votes, then it is only common justice and common sense that each vote should have one value.

I have not the slightest abstract objection to plural voting; but it is obviously out of harmony with the principles on which, rightly or wrongly, we have based our electoral system; and in my opinion the gain accruing to one party or the other from the fact that some few of its members may vote in more than one constituency is too small to deserve serious notice. On the other hand, the gain to the Conservatives from the redistribution of seats upon the broad principle that every district should contain approximately some 50,000 electors and should have one representative, would, as things stand, be an immense gain to the Unionists. Such an inquiry must occupy a considerable time, and therefore the first step towards any scheme of redistribution must be the appointment of a Commission to examine into the best mode of modifying our existing electoral areas, so as to render each individual vote approximately of equal value.

A more urgent question is the consideration of the alterations required to remove certain defects in the House of Lords as a Second Chamber. I, for one, believe that in this country the hereditary principle forms, and ought to form, the best possible basis for an Upper House.

But now is the time to improve the superstructure.

(6.) RECONSTITUTE THE ADMINISTRATION.

"A Conservative M.P." suggests that, among other improvements that are necessary to bring the Administration into accord with his ideas of what is right, it would be well to introduce some alteration in the filling up of minor offices. The Conservative M.P. is anonymous, and therefore we cannot say whether or not he is a

disappointed placeman; but there are some points in his criticisms. He contends that Lord Salisbury has filled his subordinate offices with men who were not the best that could be had; that, in fact, he has used his undersecretaryships for the purpose of rewarding hacks of the platform or old worn-out veterans, whose places had been much better given to the younger men. In this he thinks Lord Salisbury has done much worse than Mr. Gladstone. He says:—

Mr. Gladstone in 1892 recruited his Ministry, not from the ranks of the obstructives, nor from the itinerant orators, but with men whose character, training, and intelligence seemed to mark them out for the political career.

In the formation of his new Ministry, Lord Salisbury, it must be confessed, has largely rewarded the professional politicians who, either in the House of Commons or on electioneering platforms, have done hard work for their Party. The result, so far as the new blood of the Ministry is concerned, is certainly uninteresting. Is it not also rather unpromising for the future? With the notable exception of Mr. Gerald Balfour there is no new Minister who has any reputation for ability or knowledge on any subject outside bald politics. Is it likely that many, or any, of the new administrators will be able to make such a use of their present posts as to fit them eventually for the highest positions in the State? I will give, as examples, those new Liberal Unionist Ministers, Mr. Jesse Collings, Mr. Powell Williams, and Mr. T. W. Russell. And I name them not because they are Liberal Unionists, and certainly not because Conservatives are not sensible of the great services they have rendered to the cause of the Union. They are, indeed, worthy of reward. But is this the fitting and appropriate reward?

(7.) WHAT IT WON'T DO. BY MR. A. J. WILSON.

Mr. A. J. Wilson, in the *Investors' Review* for August, devotes an article to what he calls—

this truculent Ministry of Lord Salisbury's with its curious mixture of autocratic, bagman, beer-brewing, pawnbroking, company - promoting, guinea - pigging, and stock - jobbing elements.

He gives a list of all the directorships held by members of the Administration, and says:—

In one respect the new regiment of office-holders mustered under Lord Salisbury is to be moderately commended. It is slightly cleaner in the matter of company dabbling than his last one was. A good deal of the guinea-pig element still clings to it, as the list we append will show; but, on the other hand, the class of companies with which the various names are associated is, upon the whole, a respectable one. There are a few railway directorships, which imply little beyond the owning of so much stock and the privilege of free travelling; but seven of the Ministers are not now, and, so far as we can trace, never have been, on the Board of any company. That is, on the whole, to their credit in these times.

Mr. Wilson hopes little from this Ministry; but as he is a man without hope in anything, this is not surprising. The following is his summing up of the prospect before the new Administration:—

Take it all round, this new Ministry is a wonderfully heterogeneous crowd of talented and other mouthpieces out of which much fun could be made. But that is not our business, and, anyway, it may safely be left to make the fun for us itself. So odd a mixture of acids is sure to generate explosive gases within itself before long, and, be this its fate or not, one thing we may be sure of. It will be just as slavishly subservient to the bureaucrats who eat us up, just as senselessly jingo and just as full of waste and as indifferent to the true interests of England, as any Government that went before it. That it will resist and conquer jobbing in high places; sternly repress the hordes of shrieking jingoes who are bounding us on to destruction; assume an intelligent attitude towards India, and roughly coerce the intemperate officialism

there; discountenance the rampant corruption of colonial "governments;" cultivate peace at less than the cost of a big war; protect the people from frauds in the city, in trade, in insurance; foster more intimate and amiable business relations with other nations as the true way to universal peace;—that it will do all, or any, of these things more effectually than a Government of common men, none need believe. But it has been formed on "anti-bimetallist lines," which is something to be thankful for; and if we could trust it to squelch Keir-Hardicism, and similar yapping demagogisms, intent on preparing us for the foot of a despot, it might deserve well of its country. Blessed, however, is he that expects little; and, after all, if a country is bent on ruining itself, what can the greatest of ministers do? They are all but as flies settled for a brief moment of time on the wheels of the chariot of fate.

(8.) GET RID OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Alfred Burroughs, in the *New Review*, must, however, be allowed to crown the edifice of absurdities by the advice he gives Lord Salisbury as to the duty of the victorious Government. Mr. Burroughs begins by the usual extravagant nonsense common to the partisan. He says:—

The Radical party is not defeated: it is annihilated. It is no longer a party at all. Now this should have been the hour for the re-entry of triumphant Toryism. And if Toryism were what it used to be, or even if Lord Salisbury's Government presented Toryism undiluted, this would unquestionably be the opportunity of the century.

Fortunately, so far from Lord Salisbury's Government representing undiluted Toryism, it represents Toryism diluted by Chamberlainism. Therefore Mr. Burroughs calls upon Lord Salisbury to cast Mr. Chamberlain out of his Cabinet. He says:—

Mr. Chamberlain has come into the Government with his son and his brother-in-law and his ox and his ass and everything that is his, and that is quite Progressivism enough for Lord Salisbury. And enough it surely is, and will be. For the dispute as to the policy of the new Government, forward or stationary, will come to its head between the very chiefs of the two sections of which the Cabinet is constructed.

How likely such friction is can be readily apprehended either from a study of Mr. Chamberlain's private character or his public record. That the first is intriguing, and not too scrupulous in intrigue, is a commonplace of politics. That it is grasping is plain from the inclusion in the Cabinet of the unripe promise of his son and the mature ineptitude of Mr. Powell Williams. For his public record, it is sufficient that he can leave nothing alone. A statesman (if the handy term may be pardoned) further removed from the old legitimate Tory type it is not possible to conceive. Wherever he is he must still be restless and meddling. He has never so far emancipated himself from his unregenerate days as to be able to do without a constructive (late destructive) programme. Unless, then, Lord Salisbury confines Mr. Chamberlain to the Colonial Office—which he can hardly do for fear of a war with France—it is almost certain that Mr. Chamberlain will be going large on questions of social reform. For Tory promises mean nothing, whereas Radical promises, as Mr. Chamberlain's are, mean bringing in an ambitious and impracticable Bill.

Conflict, he thinks, is inevitable between the two parties in the Coalition Cabinet. Mr. Burroughs says:—

Supposing this conflict to arise, it can only have one of two ends. That Lord Salisbury should give way and retire is, for him, impossible. He is leader of a party equal in other sections of the House together; his share is enough at the disproportionate share by the Liberal Unionists, and in no case his retirement would mean that of any other, and thus strip the Cabinet of its only remaining alternative to Chamberlain's subsordination or to cast

Mr. Burroughs, of course, inclines to the second alternative. He admits that Mr. Chamberlain is the best debater and the best platform orator on the Union side, but he asks:—

The question is, What price are you prepared to pay for the best debater and the best platform orator? He is not worth so very much after all, for neither the finest debater nor the finest platform orator in the world would count more than some six votes on a division. Is Mr. Chamberlain worth eleven thousand a year? That is what he worked out at on July 3rd—for his own personal following alone, not counting Mr. Goschen, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Selborne, or Mr. T. W. Russell—and it is possible he has run into a bit more since. Remember that this £11,000 represents at the moment of Cabinet-making eleven thousand pounds' worth of Tory discontent and smouldering disloyalty. You give up that amount of hearty co-operation, and you get no hearty co-operation in return; for Mr. Chamberlain's loyalty is always strictly conditional on his having his own way. He will resign ten times a day sooner than lose the smallest point in the game. Here, then, is the debater going for eleven thousand a year. Remember that in the exact measure wherein he is a strength in debate he is, by reason of his grasping and domineering spirit, a weakness in council. Remember, also, how fatally easy is insubordination when the majority is a hundred. Is he worth it?

He is not worth it. If he leaves Lord Salisbury, it is impossible he can ever go back to Lord Rosebery. He is left a free lance with twenty followers at most to answer his whistle. Even of the twenty fourteen have no hold on their constituencies. Is it for the Tory party to be swayed by such as he? The moment he begins to give trouble, Lord Salisbury ought to give him notice. And then the Tory is left either to progress at will with his own left wing, or to fall back into the traditional, uninspiring, necessary function of dead-weight on the politics of England. Either of these is a position of dignity. The present alternation of daily revolt and daily surrender is not.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

In the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Holt S. Hallett calls the attention of the British Government to the need for opening up his favourite trade route on the Burmasian-Chinese frontier. Mr. Hallett says:—

Years have passed since the Report of the Commission was issued, and absolutely nothing has been done towards the acquirement of such markets. In the meantime the great army of unemployed has been steadily increasing. To obtain new markets and the millions of fresh customers that we desire, we must open out the great undeveloped countries of the world by the construction of railways.

If railways are to be constructed, Mr. Hallett has no doubt that the most important line is that which would follow the frontier between India and China. He maintains that a practical route exists, and that along that route a railway can be constructed at a reasonable cost, which would tend greatly to enhance the commerce of Great Britain and India with India's Eastern neighbours—Siam, the Shan States, and the western half of China. This railway is an absolute necessity for the protection of our North-Eastern Indian frontier, and to circumvent French designs upon our valuable present and prospective markets in the Far East.

The construction of railways gives employment, much-needed employment, to our iron industries, and creates trade. Our great markets in Siam and China are at stake, markets which we largely depend upon for the future expansion of our industries and trade. This is a question more vital to the poor than to the rich. If they have not the grit to strive for new markets and to save the markets they at present possess, they will have only themselves to blame when they cease to find work, and are penniless, starving, and on the threshold of the workhouse. The defence of our old markets and the

development of new fields for our commerce, for our trade and industries, are bread-and-butter interests of the first importance, and should be the chief aims of the statesmen and people of the British nation.

Mr. C. E. D. Black calls our attention to Tibet, where, he thinks, there is an opening for business. He says:—

We shall watch the development of this nascent trade with the greatest interest. The beginning is but small, for the legitimate traffic is confined to only one of the numerous passes that seam the Himalayas for hundreds of miles, from the Kali to the Dihong. And it is useless disguising from ourselves that at present the expansion of trade is making but little way.

If the Viceroy's officers display real earnestness in the matter; if they do their best to invite the mercantile world to the new market now opened to them; if they provide facilities of locomotion up to the frontier, and do all they can to compel the Tibetans to act up to the spirit of the new treaty, the results ought to be of lasting and increasing benefit to the trade and finances of India as well as to those of the British Empire at large.

EVOLUTION OF FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

The development of the present constitution of France is the subject of a very elaborate treatise in the *Annals of the American Academy* for July by Professor R. Saleilles, of the University of Dijon. The Professor makes much of a distinction between the parliamentary system of government and what may be shortly termed the American system. In the parliamentary system—as, let us say, in Great Britain—the head of the State does not govern, and every care is taken to ensure that he does not. Parliament cannot govern; it can only control. Government oscillates between the heads of parties; and great parties are necessary to the working of the parliamentary system. Groups make it unworkable. In the American system the head of the State, elected directly by the people, does govern. The French system does not quite belong to either the British or American categories of government. The need of defending the Republic against a restoration of the old monarchy or new autocracy has led France to lean towards a parliamentary system. The head of the State is no hereditary ruler; he is elected, yet not by the direct vote of the people, but by their representatives. Nevertheless, though elective, his office has been more like that of a hereditary monarch. Now that the chief end of government is not to prevent the return of the monarchy or a despotic *coup d'état*, France is feeling her way towards a modified adoption of the American idea:—

There is no reason to be apprehensive, in taking this view of the situation, if one change be made. The presidential period must be shortened, the seven years now established being due to a historical accident, the Septennat. With the presidential term somewhat shortened, the perspective of increased personal authority would create no apprehensions in view of the possible "revanche" on occasion of a downfall, and of the possibility of substituting a neutral president for a brilliant and active one. This is the fundamental constitutional modification which will force itself upon us sooner or later.

He concludes with the prediction:—

The French Republic will exhibit in the future a mixture of monarchical parliamentary principles, and of the ideas which inspired the Constitution of the United States. In other words, personal authority vested in the head of the State will be combined with the influence of parliamentary government.

Velhagen for July gives one of the best descriptions of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal. In the same number there is a valuable critical and biographical sketch of Gustav Freytag. The art article is on "David Teniers the Younger."

THE FIREBRANDS OF THE WORLD.

THE TESTIMONY OF TWO WITNESSES. (1) ADMIRAL MAXSE.

In the *National Review* for August, Admiral Maxse, in a paper entitled "Fraternal France," bears strong testimony against the Parisian press. His paper is interesting inasmuch as it calls attention to one of the worst products of modern civilisation.

THE PARISIAN PRESS.

Of the newspaper editor, who, as the madman in Proverbs, casteth firebrands, arrows and death, Admiral Maxse says:—

The popular Paris press is a truly terrible engine of mischief. I confess that when I read certain popular French newspapers I often wish—so as to preserve my regard for the French themselves—that I could not read the French language at all. I am not speaking of the lower class of newspapers which earn their livelihood by vilification and blackmail. I speak of newspapers which are in general request and are first to hand in restaurants or at railway stations, such as the *Figaro*, the *Gil Blas*, the *Matin*, the *Petit Journal*, and the *Intransigeant*. I have read in all these the very vilest calumnies and the most preposterous falsehoods concerning English proceedings, events, and conduct.

When Admiral Maxse was making this complaint to a French friend, he was told he ought to read the *Petit Journal*, which was a much better exponent of French national feeling than any other of the provincial dailies. He did so, and found to his disgust that the *Petit Journal* published a picture of the wreck of a French ship on the coast of Guernsey. The picture represented the unfortunate seamen who escaped the waves being brutally treated by the English on shore. As a matter of fact the French ship had been wrecked on Guernsey, but the crew had been provided for and the greatest hospitality shown them. This, however, counted as nothing to the journalist who was eager to ferment ill-feeling between France and England.

THE ARCH DISTURBER.

Admiral Maxse says:—

The Newspaper Press confronts us as the Arch Disturber and opponent of a good understanding between the two countries. There are, of course, some sober newspapers which do not join in the cry, but they do not circulate. Among the best-known and really popular papers there is waged an unceasing campaign against England. I do not advance this as a grievance. "*Je constate*," as the French say. We can endure ridicule and abuse as stolidly as any people in the world. My object is merely to point out the various causes which are likely to influence a critical situation arising from the international dispute which France is forcing upon us. The prospect of a pacific settlement is not promising when the whole French people have been thus prejudiced and excited against us.

Then again we have to consider that the Press is injurious in another way. It not only perverts the judgment of the people, but it intimidates the Government. After having infected the French people with an evil view, it poses as a raging public opinion to give effect to its own inspiration. French statesmen are probably more susceptible to newspaper influence than our own, because calumny is so readily swallowed by their countrymen. This, indeed, is the deadly curse of France.

It is certainly cruelly disappointing when we bear in mind all the glowing predictions which accompanied the establishment of the Press to find that, in one country, so far from promoting peace and goodwill with other nations, it creates misunderstanding and strife and sows the seeds of war. An appeal to the French people is impossible because the daily press monopolises all the channels of information, and nothing favourable to England is allowed to pass through them.

ADMIRAL MAXSE'S CONCLUSIONS.

This testimony from Admiral Maxse is all the more remarkable as no Englishman is more sympathetic with France than he. For years past he has spent months every year in France, he is on intimate terms of friendship with leading French statesmen, and he is the last man in the world who could be accused of anti-French feeling; but he is so convinced of the peril that arises from this constant fermentation of anti-English feeling, that he pleads in this paper for union with the Triple Alliance. At the present time there are said to be seventeen different disputes between Great Britain and France; he does not refer to all of them; he thinks the French expedition of the Upper Nile Valley might at any moment bring us to the verge of war. He says:—

The British Government intends to occupy the Valley of the Upper Nile—for which it sacrificed Heligoland—in its treaty with Germany. Our claim to it has also been recognised by treaty with Italy, and has been made known for some years to Europe. It is not likely that we shall allow ourselves to be dispossessed of it by a secret filibustering expedition. We have experience of unvarying French hostility in every quarter in the globe, and we now know that an alliance exists between France and Russia, and that presumably this hostility will frequently receive the latter's support.

If we are right in this surmise, it appears to me that our obvious course is to start negotiations for joining the Triple Alliance. If we form part of a quadruple alliance consisting of Germany, Austria, Italy, and ourselves, we shall anyhow be sure of keeping the peace. We had rather not be in a league which confirms the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, but if France discloses such enmity to us, and at the same time forms an alliance which leaves us isolated—the only Great Power which is isolated—we are compelled to fortify ourselves by a counter-alliance: a quadruple alliance is the imperative reply to the Franco-Russian Alliance. The latter has been defended by the French on the ground that it restores the European equilibrium. It restores the equilibrium as between the Continental powers, but it leaves England in a precarious position, and liable to a single-handed war with France and Russia: a war which would probably be provoked by some French demand about Egypt.

I do not share Admiral Maxse's opinion, because I do not believe in the existence of any real Franco-Russian Alliance. France has a good understanding with Russia, and is ready to do anything in the world to oblige Russia, but that is a very different thing from an offensive and defensive alliance. No one can speak definitely of the present Tzar or what his policy will be, but it is much better to cultivate the best possible relations with Russia than to abandon our traditional policy by tying ourselves up with the Triple Alliance.

(2.) THE EDITOR OF THE "NEW YORK NATION."

Mr. E. L. Godkin, the well-known editor of the *New York Nation*, publishes in the *North American Review* for May a very timely and sensible article, which calls attention to the mischievous influence which newspapers exert in international relations. His article is entitled "Diplomacy and the Newspaper." There could not possibly be two things more absolutely antithetic than the studied courtesy and reserve of the diplomatic profession and the brawling blatancy of the average newspapers. Mr. Godkin, after noting this fact goes on to discuss how it is that American newspapers should disregard so signally the considerations of international courtesy which are accepted by the diplomat everywhere as indispensable for the maintenance of civilised intercourse between nations. He asserts that, to the American editor, there is money in war, and therefore he works for war. The following passage is much stronger than

anything that could be written on the conduct of newspapers on this side of the water :—

Our war was, in fact, the halcyon period of newspaper literature as regarded pecuniary returns. Many previously struggling journals made fortunes for their proprietors between 1860 and 1866. The sales and the rush of advertising caused by the rise of prices and the inflation of the currency, gave newspaper publishers the happiest days they have ever known in America. Since then the decline has been steady and serious. In New York the number of newspapers which pay dividends is wretchedly small. The competition among the sensational kind is very great. Some barely exist, or they rely on some capitalist to fill up the yearly deficit. The watch which they all keep up for something startling in the way of news is painful in its eagerness. War would, therefore, be a godsend to them. It would renew the rage for "extras," which attended the varying fortunes of our civil conflict. It would raise hundreds of journals out of want and anxiety, and, next to war, they welcome "the promise of war," with which Byron's *tambourgi* gave "hope to the valiant." Hence every incident which can by any possibility lead to an international conflict is greatly magnified. Every blunder of a subordinate is attributed to the direct orders of a superior, and is converted into a deliberate insult. All foreign statesmen are made to plot against the United States, and concoct schemes for depriving us of something, or in some manner humiliating us. Apologies are treated as lies meant to throw us off our guard. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that upon any private matter of business no sensible man would think of heeding talk like that to which some of our statesmen have lately treated us on our foreign relations.

Mr. Godkin naturally objects to the obvious insolence and provocative swashbucklerism in the American press. He ridicules the idea which finds favour in some quarters in the cultivation of intense Americanism. He asks what intense Americanism can be, and says that it consists of :— simple readiness to take offence. An "intense American" is constantly on the lookout for somebody who either expresses, or implies by his look or manner, doubts of the ability of the United States to thrash other nations, or who fails to acknowledge the right of the United States to occupy such territories, canals, isthmuses, or peninsulas, as they may think it desirable to have, or who speaks disrespectfully of the Monroe doctrine, or who doubts the need of a large navy, or who admires European society, or who likes to go to Europe, or who fails, in case he has to go, to make comparisons unfavourable to Europe.

Such people may be "intense Americans," but they are undoubtedly intense nuisances to every civilised human being, and Mr. Godkin warns those who are endeavouring to base the American foreign policy upon intense Americanism that :—

A nation which undertakes such a rôle cannot long maintain a decent footing in the family of nations. Its attempts to embody morbid conceit and suspicion in a foreign policy would result either in its being sent to Coventry, or in receiving a sound thrashing from the combined forces of the civilised world.

Mr. Godkin concludes his article as follows :—

Newspaper discussions of international difficulties may not always be well informed, but if they are really discussions of questions, they cannot do much harm ; nay, they may do some good. Their mischief begins when they begin to hurl defiance, heap abuse, and impute motives. The more the democracy of every country comes to the front in international controversy, the more it listens to and is led by the journalistic objurgations of the other side, the more difficult it becomes for the professional diplomatist to maintain the measure and precision of his language, and justify his moderation to his own countrymen. So that, until we get a race of editors who will consent to take a share of the diplomatist's responsibility for the national peace and honour, the newspapers will constitute a constant danger to the amicable relations of great powers.

THE ATROCITIES IN ARMENIA.

ENGLAND'S RESPONSIBILITY. BY DR. E. J. DILLON.

THERE is a horrible and heartrending article by Dr. E. J. Dillon in the *Contemporary Review*. Dr. Dillon has been acting as correspondent in those regions for the *Daily Telegraph*, and he now presents to the world, in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*, as ghastly and as horrible an indictment of the Turkish Government as has ever been put on paper. It is, alas, not merely an indictment of the Turkish Government ; it is quite as much an impeachment of English policy in the East. The Turk but acts according to his instincts. The fact that he has power to create hell on earth in Armenia, without check or restraint, is due primarily to England, and to Lord Salisbury more than to any living man. Mr. Dillon, who cannot be accused of being a friend of Russia by his bitterest foes, expresses the verdict which humanity must pass upon the great national crime which England perpetrated when peace with honour was brought from Berlin to London, leaving peace with massacre, and dishonour for the unfortunate Armenians.

WHAT IS GOING ON NOW.

Dr. Dillon says :—

English people have not even a remote notion of the extent to which young married women and girls are outraged all over Armenia by Turkish soldiers, imperial Zaptiehs, Koordish officers and brigands ;—and outraged with such accompaniments of nameless brutality that their agonies often culminate in a horrible death. Girls of eleven and twelve—nay, of nine—are torn from their families and outraged in this way by a band of "men" whose names are known, and whose deeds are approved by the representatives of law and order. Indeed, these representatives are themselves the monsters, the bestial poison of whose loathsome passion is destroying "the subtle, pure, and innocent spirit of life."

Rape, violation, outrages that have no name, and whose authors should have no mercy, are become the commonplaces of daily life in Armenia. And the Turkish "gentleman" smiles approval. I have myself collected over three hundred of these cases, and I have heard of countless others.

The massacre of Sassoun sends a shudder to the hearts of the most callous. But that butchery was a divine mercy compared with the hellish deeds that are being done every week and every day of the year. The piteous moans of famishing children ; the groans of old men who have lived to see what can never be embodied in words ; the piercing cries of violated maidenhood, nay, of tender childhood ; the shrieks of mothers made childless by crimes compared with which murder would be a blessing ; the screams, scarcely human, of women writhing under the lash ; and all the vain voices of blood and agony that die away in that dreary desert without having found a responsive echo on earth or in heaven, combine to throw Sassoun and all its horrors into the shade.

AN OFFICIAL POLICY OF EXTERMINATION.

This plain policy of extermination has been faithfully carried out and considerably extended from that day to this, and, unless speedily arrested, will undoubtedly lead to a final solution of the Armenian problem—but a solution which will disgrace Christianity and laugh civilisation to scorn. The authorities not only expected them, but aided and abetted, incited and rewarded, those who actually committed them ; and whenever an Armenian dared to complain, not only was he not listened to by the officials whom he paid to protect him, but he was thrown into a fetid prison and tortured and outraged in strange and horrible ways for his presumption and insolence.

The massacre of Sassoun itself is now proved to have been the deliberate deed of the representatives of the Sublime Porte, carefully planned and unflinchingly executed, in spite of the squeamishness of Koordish brigands and the fitful gleams of human nature that occasionally made themselves felt in the hearts even of Turkish soldiers.

ENGLISH IMPOTENCE.

While he has no doubt as to the facts of the outrages and massacres, while he is quite certain as to the complicity of the Turks in the outrages perpetrated by the soldiery, he is equally positive as to the impotence of England. He says:—

Under the eyes of the Russian, English, and French delegates at Moush, the witnesses who had the courage to speak the truth to the representatives of the Powers were thrown into prison, and not a hand was raised to protect them; and at the present moment, within a stone's throw of the foreign consuls and missionaries, loyal Armenians are being hung up by the heels, the hair of their heads and beards plucked out one by one, their bodies branded with red-hot irons and defiled in beastly ways that can neither be described nor hinted at in England, their wives dishonoured in their presence, and their daughters raped before their eyes. And all that the philanthropic English nation has to offer these its *protégés*, is eloquent indignation and barren sympathy.

ENGLAND THE AUTHOR OF THE EVIL.

What makes it all the more horrible is that but for our action in 1878—for which the *Daily Telegraph*, by-the-bye, was largely responsible—there would have been an effective guarantee against this hideous oppression:—

The net result of our interference with Russia in 1878, if considered from a purely philanthropic point of view, was to perpetuate a system of horrors in the five Armenian provinces, compared with which those of negro slavery in the Southern States were literally light blemishes. We solemnly abolished purgatory and deliberately connived at the inauguration of hell. We undertook to see that the abuses engendered by misgovernment in the Armenian cantons of Turkey should be speedily and definitely swept away; and not merely have we neglected to fulfil this self-imposed duty, with which we refused to entrust Russia, but we have allowed a loose system of misrule gradually to develop into a diabolical policy of utter extermination, without venturing to make our power felt, or daring to recognise our impotence.

THE CONDUCT OF RUSSIA.

Those persons who assert that the whole affair is due to Russian intrigue find no countenance for their folly in Mr. Dillon's paper. He says:—

Russia's attitude is absolutely correct; it is more, it is highly benevolent; for she has given hospitality to nearly 20,000 Armenian refugees, whereas we, who are morally responsible for the weltering chaos that prevails on her borders, have turned away the sufferers with naught but gaseous sympathy and frothy promises. I have seen and conversed with the official representatives of that Power in various parts of Turkey. I have watched their work, observed their methods, and have had exceptionally trustworthy data for forming an opinion as to the attitude they assume on this question of the Sassoun massacre—the only issue as yet before the Powers—and I have not the slightest hesitation in affirming that, whatever obstacles our Government may have encountered in the work of assisting Armenia, none of them took their origin in Muscovite intrigues. Russia acceded to our request to inquire into the Sassoun massacre, and accomplished exactly and conscientiously everything she promised. No efforts were spared by her representatives to clear up the question; no personal prejudices or political interests were allowed to stand in the way of thorough investigation.

WILL LORD SALISBURY DO ANYTHING?

It is somewhat curious to note that, at the close of this article, after setting forth the abominable consequences of Lord Salisbury's action in 1878, Dr. Dillon expresses his confident belief that Lord Salisbury can be relied upon to take effective action in the matter:—

There is, fortunately, good reason to believe that Lord Salisbury, who alone among English statesmen seems accurately to gauge all the difficulties of this thorny question, will

find efficacious means of putting a sudden and a speedy end to the Armenian Pandemonium.

I sincerely hope that Dr. Dillon is right, and that Lord Salisbury will feel himself called upon to do what can be done to remedy this ghastly state of affairs. It all depends upon one question. Will Lord Salisbury have the courage to do what Lord Rosebery's government shrank from doing—namely, to propose seriously that Russia should receive a mandate from Europe to occupy and administer the Armenian province? Nothing less than that will convince the Turk that we are in earnest; nothing more than that is needed in order to deliver Armenia from the horrors which this paper gives us such copious and authentic account.

WHY "REFORMS" MUST FAIL.

In the current number of the *Quarterly Review* a writer, apparently Mr. Malcolm MacColl, has an elaborate paper upon Islâm which is written presumably for the purpose of leading up to the conclusion that if anything is to be done in Armenia the Sultan can no longer be allowed to exercise sovereign executive powers in those provinces:—

Our own Consuls, with practical unanimity, declare that if the Capitulations were abolished, life, property, and honour would become so insecure for Christians in Turkey that all foreign Christians "would quit the country to a man"; and the "Twenty Years' Resident in Egypt" declares that even with the Capitulations, no consideration would induce him to sojourn in Egypt "without European troops to preserve order." The Capitulations, it may be as well to explain, are conditions which the Christian Powers have for centuries imposed upon the Porte for the protection of their subjects. All the Christian Powers have their own Consular Courts in Turkey, and their own post-offices, because they will not trust the meanest of their beggars to the tender mercies of Mussulman justice, or the value of a penny post-card to the honesty of Turkish officials. And this, although the Government of Turkey knows that it would be at its peril that it touched the life, the honour, or the property of a subject of any of the European Powers. Yet a number of intelligent people in England imagine that the Christian subjects of the Sultan in Armenia, unarmed and outside the protection of Turkish law, can live in tolerable security. In truth the Powers are attempting an impossible task when they seek to combine reforms for the Christians with the independence of the Sultan. The two things are incompatible.

The Heresies of the Christian Social Union.

THE new number of the *Church Quarterly* is chiefly remarkable for a vigorous attack on Socialism, the Christian Social Union, and the Bishop of Durham. The only living Socialism, it says, is that of Marx; and the heresies of Socialism, that earthly well-being is the goal, and that man is the creature of circumstance, "are tacitly adopted by the Social Union." Christian Socialists are "infected by a propaganda whose roots and fruits are iniquity."

For Christian reformers it has been calamitous—the contagion has infected them. When they preach of "a better country," they prate of new agrarian laws and a peasantry prosperous by State-aided agriculture; when they preach of the city that hath the foundations, they picture the Redeemed Chicago; and the pulpit re-echoes the cry of the man in the street, "We want justice—not charity."

The reviewer insists that "we are not commissioned to make whole the body politic; we are bidden in love to bind up its wounds. But the Good Samaritan in these days scoffs at the old mercies, and prefers to electric-light the road to Jericho and establish police out of rates."

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

THE *Fortnightly Review* publishes four articles upon Professor Huxley, all of which are melancholy reminders of the fact that we have no one left who can write on scientific subjects with the lucidity and charm of the subject of these papers. Professor Tylor talks about him as an anthropologist, a student discusses him as a biologist, and the editor writes of him as a philosopher, and all three fail to produce any adequate impression as to what the real man was. The Hon. G. C. Brodrick has a short paper entitled "Some Personal Characteristics." The subject is tempting, the title is good, the paper is singularly disappointing. Two paragraphs may, however, be worth quoting:—

I have no right to speak from personal knowledge of his attitude towards them. I cannot doubt, however, that whatever his creed, his inner life was that of a good Christian, and that his hopes went beyond his beliefs, though he was too honest to mistake hopes for beliefs or beliefs for demonstrations. Assuredly, with all his apparent leaning to materialism, and rigorous avoidance of sentiment in reasoning, he inherited and even cultivated the precious gift of philosophical imagination.

To me his whole nature, intellectual and moral, presented a singular unity; both elements appeared to be in perfect harmony with each other, and the distinctive note of both was the combination of strength with simplicity. From this source was derived the manly dignity of his bearing, the uncompromising directness of his thought, and the enviable lucidity of his style. No subtle analysis is needed to explain his character, the beauty of which consisted in being completely natural, and much that he says of David Hume, in one of his Essays, might be applied with equal justice to himself. He possessed in a high degree that rare but open secret to which General Gordon owed so much of his marvellous influence; he was always himself, the same to young and to old, to rich and to poor, to men and to women. He was frank, because he was fearless.

Mr. P. Chalmers Mitchell writes a paper on Huxley in the *New Review* which is not quite so disappointing, but still far short of the kind we ought to have.

He was the lineal descendant of the Protestant Reformation, and, in his splendid battle for the freedom of individual judgment, he carried forward the standard of Luther. When Huxley thundered against priestcraft, insisted upon studying the Scriptures and on testing faith by reason, he was clearly on the Protestant side, but he was a Radical among Protestant Whigs. He brought up against them precisely those arguments they had used against Catholics; they had to abandon generalities for personalities. Against their methods of social ostracism, of personal abuse and suggestion of evil purpose, Huxley fought with a lofty earnestness that speedily secured the respect of the best men on both sides. Huxley paved the way for true laboratory teaching in biology. The authorities of his students were to be found in nature itself. The green scum from the nearest gutter, a handful of weed from a pond, a bean-plant, some fresh-water mud, a frog and a pigeon were the ultimate authorities of his course. His students were taught how to observe them, and how to draw and record their observations. The keynote of his system was that each student should verify every fact for himself.

Professor Huxley was the subject of many articles in the reviews, and the author of not a few, and the following bibliography taken from our Annual Indexes, 1890–1894, may be of interest to the student:—

1890.

- Huxley, Professor T. H.,
Portrait and Biography, **C P G**, Part IX. 65
On the Natural Inequality of Men, **N C**, XXVII. Jan. 1 (I. Jan. 35); and Replies to, by Michael Flürscheim, **N C**, XXVII. Apr. 639 (I. Apr. 319); and by Sam. Laing (Aristocracy or Democracy), **C B**, LVII. Apr. 525 (I. Apr. 315)

- On Natural Rights and Political Rights, **N C**, XXVII. Feb. 173 (I. Feb. 128); and Reply to, by J. D. Christie, Workman, **N C**, XXVII. Mar. 476 (I. Mar. 217)
On Capital—The Mother of Labour, **N C**, XXVII. Mar. 513 (I. Mar. 217)
On Government—Anarchy and Regimentation, **N C**, XXVII. May, 843 (I. May, 400)
On the Lights of the Church and the Light of Science, **N C**, XXVIII. July, 5 (II. July, 43, 143)
On the Aryan Question and Prehistoric Man, **N C**, XXVIII. Nov. 750 (II. Nov. 467)
On the Keepers of the Herd of Swine: Reply to Mr. Gladstone, **N C**, XXVIII. Dec. 967 (II. Dec. 683)

1891.

- Portraits of Prof. Huxley, **Str**, I. Feb. 160
On the Lights of the Church and the Light of Science; Reply to, by Duke of Argyll (Professor Huxley on the War Path), **N C**, XXIX. Jan. 1 (III. Jan. 74), Apr. 685 (III. Apr. 380)
On the Swine Miracle, with Mr. Gladstone's Reply, **N C**, XXIX. Feb. 339 (III. Feb. 166), Mar. 455 (III. Mar. 274), Apr. 690 (III. Apr. 380)
On Mr. Gladstone's Controversial Method, **N C**, XXIX. Mar. 455 (III. Mar. 274)
On the Deluge (Hasiadra's Adventure), **N C**, XXIX. June, 904 (III. June, 597)

1892.

- Huxley's Essays, Frederic Harrison on, **F B**, LII. Oct. 417 (VI. Oct. 350); Professor Huxley's Reply (An Apologetic Ironicon), **F B**, LII. Nov. 557; and Rejoinder, by Frederic Harrison (Mr. Huxley's Ironicon) **F B**, LII. Dec. 713 (VI. Dec. 557)
"The Controverted Question," by W. E. Hodgson, **Nat B**, XX. Nov. 327
Professor Huxley as a Theologian, by Professor Sanday, **C B**, LXII. Sept. 336
Professor Huxley and the Deluge, by Rev. J. L. Clarke (map), **G W**, XXXIII. June, 411
Poem by Professor Huxley—"On Tennyson," **N C**, XXXII. Nov. 831 (VI. Nov. 450)

1893.

- Evolution in Professor Huxley, by Prof. St. George Mivart, **N C**, XXXIV. Aug. 198 (VII. Aug. 173)
Huxley's "Controversial Essays"; Review, **Ch Q**, XXXVI. Apr. 57
Huxley's "Evolution and Ethics":
On the Watch-Tower, by Mrs. Annie Besant, **Luc**, XII. June, 265 (VIII. July, 49)
A Word with Mr. Huxley, **Nat B**, XXI. July, 713
Man's Place in the Cosmos, by Prof. Andrew Seth, **Black**, CLIV. Dec. 823
Professor Huxley's Somersault, **Free B**, I. Dec. 209
Unsigned Articles on, **Med M**, I. June 1, 155; **N Sc**, III. July, 67

1894.

- Professor Huxley's Whole Art of Infallibility, **Ly**, VII. Jan. 78
Lord Bacon v. Professor Huxley, by Duke of Argyll, **N C**, XXXVI. Dec. 959
Professor Huxley and Evolution: Wisdom and Ignorance, **M**, LXXXII. Oct. 153
Evolution and Design, **M**, LXXXII. Nov. 305
Huxley's "Evolution and Ethics": Ethics and the Cosmic Order, by Dr. Paul Carus, **Mon**, IV. Apr. 403
Huxley's Collected Essays, Prof. A. Macalister on, **Crit B**, IV. Apr. 157
Huxley's "Essays upon some Controverted Questions," Dr. Wm. Barry on, **C W**, LX. Nov. 181, Dec. 333
Huxley's Essay "The Lights of the Church and the Light of Science": What has Science to do with Religion? by A. Jay Du Bois, **C M**, XLIX. Dec. 227
Huxley's "Science and Hebrew Tradition": The Witch of Endor and Professor Huxley, by Andrew Lang, **C B**, LXVI. Aug. 165 (X. Aug. 174)
On Professor Tyndall, **N C**, XXXV. Jan 1 (IX. Jan. 28)

THE BOERS' OLIGARCHY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

A WARNING TO PRESIDENT KRUGER.

MAJOR F. I. RICARDE-SEAVER publishes the first part of an article entitled "Boer, Africander, and Briton in the Transvaal," in the *Fortnightly Review*. It is a very serious paper, and one which foreshadows certain trouble in the Transvaal. Of course, the situation in the Transvaal cannot last. The Republic is dominated by a minority of Boers, who constitute an oligarchy whose domination is obnoxious to an immense majority of the white population. The Major says:—

The total number of burghers in the Republic does not exceed 16,000 in a population of nearly 100,000 whites, and of which over 60,000 are aliens or *Uitlanders*, composed of Africanders, British, German, Dutch, and other nationalities.

THE UITLANDERS AND THEIR NATIONAL LEAGUE.

These aliens or *Uitlanders*, have formed themselves into a National League for the purpose of demanding a franchise under certain conditions:—

It must not be supposed that the National League advocates the extension of the franchise to all comers indiscriminately. The qualifications laid down by that body are as follows:—

1. A residence of two years in the State.
2. An oath of allegiance to the Republic.
3. The occupation by lease or ownership of property of the value of £100 or be in the receipt of a salary of £100 per annum.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK.

There is no intention on the part of the Boers to yield to this demand; but notwithstanding this the Major does not think that there is at present any danger of revolution:—

For the moment, however, nor do I think in the immediate future, is there any reason to fear that violent measures may be taken to change the existing order of things. This opinion is based on two considerations. First, the actual and increasing prosperity of the mining industry, which is giving colossal fortunes to the capitalist. The second consideration must be assumed rather than asserted, and may be set down as "unpreparedness," not only on the part of those more immediately concerned as denizens of the country, but of their sympathisers and supporters who control the political destinies of adjoining states.

The Boers are, however, very unreasonable. Their idea is that the Transvaal belongs to them, and they object to the foreigner or *Uitlander* with impartiality, whether he is Dutch or English:—

With blind and indiscriminating jealousy they classify even their own flesh and blood from the Cape Colony and Natal in the same category as the hated Briton. This is really the *crux* of the whole political situation, and is the pivot upon which the great franchise agitation question must turn.

THE HOLLANDER.

There is, however, one *Uitlander* who is *persona gratissima* to the Boers, and that is the Hollander, who appears to run the Republic in the interest of Amsterdam, and who is the rallying centre of Boer resistance to the enfranchisement of the *Uitlander*:—

During my recent visit, conversing with Boer and Africander alike, this Hollander *cauchemar* was so constantly brought up, that I was often reminded of Gambetta's famous declaration from the Tribune, "Le Cléricalisme! Voilà l'Ennemi!" The President of the National League might with much greater force and truth declare "De Hollander! Zie daar de Vijand!"

The railways as they exist are managed and controlled by the Netherlands group from their offices in Amsterdam, and are simply a burlesque and a travesty of the most elementary principles that should govern the administration of State

highways. The foremost operator is that Hollander of Hollanders, the State Secretary, who, in the dual capacity of State Secretary representing the Government, and Railway Commissioner representing the Netherlands Railway Company, presents the curious anomaly of judge and party in Railway matters.

MR. RHODES AND PRESIDENT KRUGER.

By far the most important part of Major Ricarde-Seaver's article is that in which he professes to describe what Mr. Rhodes said to President Kruger when Mr. Rhodes last visited the Transvaal. There is very grave reason to doubt the accuracy of Major Ricarde-Seaver's statement. He admits that he was not present at the interview between President Kruger and "the great South African statesman" not long ago, and therefore cannot even pretend to quote *verbatim* all that passed, but he continues:—

I have reason to believe that in calm and measured tones Oom Paul was told through an interpreter, that if he persisted in his policy of excluding from the franchise and the enjoyment of political rights, those loyal Africanders and *Uitlanders* who have made his country what it is to-day, those very elements which he and his Hollanders are trying to suppress and grind down, will turn upon him in despair and rend him to atoms! "Tell him also," he continued, "that the Cape Colony which came to his assistance and liberally gave him railway communication with the outer world, at enormous sacrifices to the public exchequer, will not allow him to destroy or render nugatory the advantages which those sacrifices have procured her. Tell him that if he desires to remain an independent member of the great South African family of States and retain the goodwill of his neighbours, he must join the Customs Union on a fair and equitable basis! Tell him that if he continues to favour in the Government the supremacy of the Hollander element to the detriment of his own Africander flesh and blood, and confer monopolies and concessions on unworthy and disreputable speculators, he must not be surprised if political ruin overtakes him and his supporters—possibly engulfing the very independence of the State! Tell him if this contingency should arise, he will find himself surrounded by overwhelming forces which will pour in upon him from every quarter—from the Cape Colony and Orange Free State in the South, Bechuanaland in the West, Natal in the East, and Rhodesia in the North—all converging to a common centre—Pretoria, to sweep away that corrupt and iniquitous monstrosity yecept a 'one man government,' with its hydra of Netherlands monopolists."

To use a vulgar form of positive assertion, I should feel disposed to bet my bottom dollar that Mr. Rhodes never used this language to President Kruger. What he may have done, what it was his duty to do, was to warn the old man that he was running a pretty considerable risk in opposing the wishes of the majority of the white population, but this ridiculous nonsense about one man government is all "fee, fo, fum." But the situation is dangerous, in spite of the elaborate embroidery of Major Seaver, and I conclude this summary of what he says by noting his confidence that the natives could be relied upon to support the *Uitlander* against the Boer.

THE *Medical Magazine* with the July number enters on its fourth year and declares its existence justified by its three years' history. It will no longer confine itself to long signed articles, but has arranged for short anonymous notes, paragraphs, and articles dealing with current topics. Mr. Herbert Spencer's recent paper on physicians and surgeons is severely criticised for its mistakes and omissions. Mr. Nelson Hardie supplies much information about home and foreign treatment of the children of the State, and Dr. Kronecker's study of mountain sickness deserves separate notice.

A FABLE OF RELIGION.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Longman's Magazine publishes fifteen fables, long and short, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Stevenson, it seems, in 1888 promised to write a book of fables. He never carried out his intention, and these fifteen are probably all that the world will ever see. The fable which I quote, entitled "The Yellow Paint," is a criticism of that conception of religion which teaches that man's salvation, either in this world or the next, depends upon mere externals:—

In a certain city there lived a physician who sold yellow paint. This was of so singular a virtue that whoso was bedaubed with it from head to heel was set free from the dangers of life, and the bondage of sin, and the fear of death forever. So the physician said in his prospectus; and so said all the citizens in the city; and there was nothing more urgent in men's hearts than to be properly painted themselves, and nothing they took more delight in than to see others painted. There was in the same city a young man of a very good family, but of a somewhat reckless life; who had reached the age of manhood and would have nothing to say to the paint: "To-morrow was soon enough," said he; and when the morrow came he would still put it off. So he might have continued to do until his death; only, he had a friend of about his own age and much of his own manners; and this youth, taking a walk in the public street, with not one fleck of paint upon his body, was suddenly run down by a watercart and cut off in the heyday of his nakedness. This shook the other to the soul; so that I never beheld a man more earnest to be painted; and on the very same evening, in the presence of all his family, to appropriate music, and himself weeping aloud, he received three complete coats and a touch of varnish on the top. The physician (who was himself affected even to tears) protested he had never done a job so thorough.

Some two months afterwards, the young man was carried on a stretcher to the physician's house.

"What is the meaning of this?" he cried, as soon as the door was opened. "I was to be set free from all the dangers of life; and here have I been run down by that self-same watercart, and my leg is broken."

"Dear me!" said the physician. "This is very sad. But I perceive I must explain to you the action of my paint. A broken bone is a mighty small affair at the worst of it; and it belongs to a class of accident to which my paint is quite inapplicable. Sin, my dear young friend, sin is the sole calamity that a wise man should apprehend: it is against sin that I have fitted you out; and when you come to be tempted you will give me news of my paint!"

"O!" said the young man, "I did not understand that, and it seems rather disappointing. But I have no doubt all is for the best; and in the meanwhile, I shall be obliged to you if you will set my leg."

"That is none of my business," said the physician; "but if your bearers will carry you round the corner to the surgeon's, I feel sure he will afford relief."

Some three years later, the young man came running to the physician's house in a great perturbation. "What is the meaning of this?" he cried. "Here was I to be set free from the bondage of sin; and I have just committed forgery, arson, and murder."

"Dear me," said the physician. "This is very serious. Off with your clothes at once." And as soon as the young man had stripped, he examined him from head to foot. "No," he cried with great relief, "there is not a flake broken. Cheer up, my young friend, your paint is as good as new."

"Good God!" cried the young man, "and what then can be the use of it?"

"Why," said the physician, "I perceive I must explain to you the nature of the action of my paint. It does not exactly prevent sin; it extenuates instead the painful consequences. It is not so much for this world, as for the next; it is not against life; in short, it is against death that I have fitted you

out. And when you come to die, you will give me news of my paint."

"O!" cried the young man, "I had not understood that, and it seems a little disappointing. But there, no doubt all is for the best; and in the meanwhile, I shall be obliged if you will help me to undo the evil I have brought on innocent persons."

"That is none of my business," said the physician; "but if you will go round the corner to the police office, I feel sure it will afford you relief to give yourself up."

Six weeks later the physician was called to the town gaol.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried the young man. "Here am I literally crusted with your paint; and I have broken my leg, and committed all the crimes in the calendar, and must be hanged to-morrow; and am in the meanwhile in a fear so extreme that I lack words to picture it."

"Dear me," said the physician. "This is really amazing. Well, well; perhaps, if you had not been painted, you would have been more frightened still."

A MAN WHO NEVER KNEW PAIN.

THE old stories of persons who secured immunity from pain by a compact with the Evil One are not, it would appear, quite so baseless as modern incredulity would make them out to be. The Satanic agency may not be confirmed, but though with a different cause, the effect is said to be the same. Professor C. A. Strong, of Chicago University, contributes an interesting study on the psychology of pain to the *Psychological Review*. He says:—

The conclusion generally drawn by pathologists is that the skin possesses four distinct forms of sensibility, namely, touch, cold, heat and pain, and, that any one or any combination of these may be lost or impaired without detriment to the rest. The nerve-impulses which awaken these different kinds of sensation are assumed to pass upward by distinct paths in the spinal cord, and the partial anesthesias are explained in an anatomical way by the blocking of these paths.

Analgesia, or the loss of sensibility to pain without necessary loss of tactile or temperature sensibility, occurs under applications of cocaine, ether or chloroform; in certain spinal diseases; and most strikingly in hysteria. A hysterical paralytic, who recovered health, still "cannot be hurt by knife, or fire, or a blow." At first she "used to hurt or burn herself for want of care; but now she has learned to take heed." She doubts whether if she could, she would have the sense of pain back. Professor Strong goes to quote a truly "remarkable case of natural analgesia":—

It is reported by a Georgia physician, Dr. Paul Eve, and is that of a man said never to have known pain. Dr. Eve says he knew the patient personally, and was for years intimate with his family physicians, who often spoke of Mr. A.'s peculiar incapacity to feel pain. Mr. A. was about 56 years old at the time of his death. He was a corpulent man, weighing about 250 pounds, and had been a free liver. He was a lawyer by profession, of good intellect, a man of strong mind and body. During a political campaign, not liking the appearance of a finger which had been injured in an affray, he bit it off himself and spat it upon the ground. He had at one time an ulcer on a toe which resisted treatment for nearly three years; he told his physician at the time, and repeated the statement later, that from first to last it never gave him any pain. He also had at one time an abscess in his hand, involving the whole forearm and arm, which became enormously swollen and threatened his life; the lancet had to be freely used; yet during the whole treatment he said he experienced no pain. He said he felt no pain when his eyes were operated on for cataract; and Dr. Eve says he can vouch for his statue-like immobility during the second operation. Only during his last illness did he complain of pain for a time, but passed into his usual insensible condition before he died. "It is proper to say," observes Dr. Eve, "that Mr. A. was a man of great probity, and never boasted of being insensible to pain."

LONDONERS AT HOME.

THE LAMENTATION OF THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW."

In the *Quarterly Review* there is a very interesting article entitled "Londoners at Home." It is written by some one who has ideas in his head and a pen in his hand, and although he is given somewhat to old fogeydom, he says many things which may be taken to heart by all of us who live in this great wen. He begins as follows:—

London is perhaps the most eccentric wonder in the history of the world. Its vast extent of sordid, inartistic building, and its enormous migratory lodger population; its abundant evidence of wealth, and yet its widespread areas of local poverty; its feeble-minded native occupants, and the energy of its foreign and provincial immigrants; the sumptuousness of its western mansions, and its unlimited extent of squalid homes; its ill-arranged, ill-kept, and dirty streets, and its polluted atmosphere, are all exceptional, and most of them are, in their various ways, superlative. Moreover, London, all its gifts considered, is perhaps the least efficient and least influential aggregate of people on the globe.

THEIR WOMEN ARE UNTRAINED.

Then he takes up his parable concerning the shortcomings of Londoners. His first palpable hit is that in which he rates the women of London for their lack of good housewifery. He says:—

At present an immense proportion of the women throughout London never have been trained in proper household work, and so are quite incompetent to supervise and to direct the daily, monthly, yearly cleansing of their rooms. Without manners, and with little reverence even for themselves; untrained, and ignorant, and dirty; fashionably dressed in the most sordid style; untrustworthy and incompetent, they eventually become the punishment of those who so unfortunately marry them, and are a chief cause of the loose, spend-thrift habits of our working men.

THEIR SERVANTS ILL-CONDITIONED.

The reviewer is very severe upon the London servant girl, although he places no small portion of the responsibility for their feckless condition at the door of their mistresses, who lodge them in attics that are often not fit for a pig to live in, and pen them during the day in underground kitchens. He says:—

It is probable that London servant-girls of fair intelligence will not for long consent to spend their days in cellar chambers, and their nights in such inhuman attics as we have described; nor yet remain without an opportunity for business-like improvement, owing to the incapacity of mistresses to teach them. Women of the middle class who need domestic help had better therefore become wise in time; and, first, they should reduce the style of their establishments, and raise their character. The present state of things is evil and absurd; it tends to make the public in their sections mutually contemptuous, instead of universally respectful; and it thus becomes a means and cause of social degradation.

What he suggests is that mistresses should do more of their own work than they do at present:—

Were they to rid themselves of half their foolish furniture, and duly scrub their floors, they might live decently, without dependence upon ill-conditioned servant-girls; and might also multiply deposits at the bank.

THEIR HOUSES UNHEALTHY.

From this by natural transition we come to the insani-
tary houses in which the Londoner lives. He says:—

When it is considered how few houses can be reckoned sanitary, and how seldom proper domestic pride and household cleanliness are understood or recognised, it is again quite clear that Londoners lack self-respect and decency in their home life. It was not always so. Those who have reached their three score years and ten remember an entirely different class of

people in the town whose northern boundary was the line of road from Paddington to Islington. With nothing like the present amplitude of means for cleanliness, they were incomparably cleaner than their well-supplied successors.

THEIR LINEN DIRTY.

That Londoners should be content with generally dirty linen, and without the assurance that the dirt is all their own, is only to be understood by recognising their abundant ignorance in their domestic, social, and municipal affairs.

It is evident that a great part of the inhabitants of London live in variously qualified pollution, emphasised by multiplied disorder. Still, these people are unconscious, and would feel aggrieved should it be said that they habitually neglect and injure or impair the health and comfort of their families. Yet this is what the mass of Londoners are always doing.

Not only are we becoming dirtier than ever in our houses, but we do not even wash our shirts. It is not surprising, therefore, that with our dirty houses and linen there should be great demoralisation, which of course extends to the working classes.

THEIR WORKMEN DEMORALISED.

The reviewer says:—

But now the working class, to whom the modern fashions gradually descend, are totally demoralised; and so there is no check to demonstrations of depravity, no rational example for reform in dress, and no desire for improvement.

How can we expect anything better if they have no better example before their eyes?—

Londoners impoverish themselves, and make themselves absurdly miserable, by their own devices. Most things on which they expend their money are a vanity or a fraud. Their houses and their dress, as we have seen, are pitiful; their special literature, often worse than none; their art, the pictures on the hoardings; their amusements, sensual. Their very holidays are miserable labour, dull excitements, almost wholly without physical or mental good, or intellectual gain; a time of quiet relaxation or of natural enjoyment is indeed the lot of but a few.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE?

What then must be done to mend this grievous state of things? One of the most obvious things is to insist upon the teaching of housewifery, and good hard housework in schools, but this does not carry you very far. The reviewer says:—

If London is to be improved and beautified, the work must be begun on individuals, in their clear perception and their homely cultivation of abundant grace of form and dress.

That is somewhat vague. His next suggestion is not vague, but it is somewhat impracticable. He maintains that the standard of work among London workmen is falling off, and so he says:—

Cannot the better working men of London honestly combine in a superior selected Union of each trade, with mutual recognition throughout all the trades, and with the strictest regulation as to character, capacity, and courtesy? If building workmen would associate in such a Guild, the trade would in a few years' time be revolutionised; and workmen would again be masters, like the architects of old.

He has not much hope himself as to the adoption of this suggestion, for he says:—

The eager and exclusive struggle of the artisan for higher wages, while his highest culture is neglected, is the most hopeless element in the actual condition of our Londoners at home. The great aim of all of us should be to make the lowest working man in London a true gentleman; and to repudiate and condemn entirely a selfish, spurious gentility set up in supercilious repudiation of the working class.

The *Quarterly* reviewer would abolish the leasehold system and sub-divide London up into very small administrative areas.

THE DICTATOR OF ITALY.

FRANCESCO CRISPI. AN INVECTIVE, BY OUIDA.

In the *Contemporary Review*, Ouida, who has for some years past devoted her great gift of vigorous and picturesque word-painting to describe the evils which have resulted from Italian independence, now devotes some pages to showing up the true character of the Government established by Signor Crispi. As may be expected, both from the writer and the subject of her invective, the article is anything but milk and water.

ITALY UNDER A DESPOT.

She begins by the statement that:—

The kingdom of Italy is no longer under a Constitutional Government, with a Statute decreed inviolate and inviolable. It is under a despotism; with a Statute which is upheld, or is violated, at the pleasure of one man; and this one man not its monarch. Europe does not appear to realise this fact; yet it is one beyond dispute, and capable of mathematically precise proof.

It would be interesting to hear Mr. Stillman upon the mathematical nature of the proof which she declares is forthcoming. She may have the proof of the mathematician, but she certainly has not his scientific mode of stating it. Instead of this, she gives us any amount of fierce invective, such as the following:—

HER DESPOT A CONSPIRATOR.

Crispi has remained what he was all through his early manhood, a conspirator. There is but this difference: in his earlier manhood he conspired with the people; he now conspires against them. He was, in his prime, a regicide; he is, in his old age, a libicide. He has all the apprehensiveness, the exaggerated terrors, the intriguing imagination, of the conspirator. He sees plots and counterplots in all directions. He believes that a nation can be governed from the central office of the secret police. He has something of the mattoide, of the monomaniac; he sees France and Russia everywhere, behind the tribes of Ethiopia and Abyssinia as in the clubs of the Collectivists and Socialists. He has lost, if he ever possessed, the power and patience of clear unbiassed thought. It is doubtful if he ever did possess them. Whoever has seen him speak when irritated, seen his inflamed countenance, his furious eyes, his gnashing teeth, has seen a man in whom the serene equilibrium of the brain is violently and frequently disturbed.

When he was an insurgent and an exile, as when he was a mere deputy, a mere adventurous lawyer, he upheld the liberty of the Press as the corner-stone of the arch of freedom. As a Minister, or, more properly speaking, a dictator, he considers any censure by the Press of his own deeds as an infamy to be instantly punished by exile, fine, or imprisonment.

HIS REIGN OF TERROR.

The Government of Francesco Crispi has sent the country back sixty years. By him and through him all the old instruments of torture are in use. Spies fill the cities, detectives scour the fields; informers listen to all speech, public and private; literary clubs and co-operative societies are arbitrarily dissolved; packed juries condemn, venal judges sentence; military courts imprison civilians; civil courts judge homicidal offenders; time-serving prefects deny the franchise to all independent thinkers and manipulate the electoral lists to suit their governments; lads as they come singing through the country lanes are arrested if the song is of liberty; little children writing in chalk on the town wall are sent to prison for forty-five days. There is a reign of terror from Alps to Etna, and the police, armed to the teeth, swarm everywhere, and the prisons are crowded with innocent citizens. The country has gone back to the darkest and worst days of Austrian and Papal tyranny, and the name of the tyrant is ostensibly Humbert of Savoy, in reality Francesco Crispi. Meanwhile there is no check whatever on the caprices and coercion of his rule.

PARLIAMENT A FARCE.

"The vote of the Crispien majority has no more meaning in it than the bleating of a flock of sheep. The Crispien majority is made up of men who owe their seats to Government aid, financial and otherwise; who have pledged to give support in return for such assistance; who are more or less directly salaried and held in bond; and who know that all their political and material chances are bound up with the Crispien Administration.

The electorate is never free and never safe from the intrigues and the interference of Government. It is doubtful if more than a tenth of the rural population ever go to the polls at all. In the populace itself there is a great disinclination to vote at all, a fear of being compromised, a dread of doing something which may draw down the censure of the police.

THE CLIMAX OF CRIMINALITY.

In addition to all those iniquities Crispi has, above all, shown the disposition to strike hands with the Pope for the purpose of consolidating his power. In contemplating this unutterable enormity Ouida's language almost fails her, but she struggles bravely on, and finally declares:—

No enemy beyond the Alps on any side is so dangerous to the liberty of the nation as that enemy within her gates who is called Francesco Crispi.

The worst of all such articles as this is that they prove too much. No man could have a whole nation in his pocket as Crispi seems to have unless he is something much more than a criminal lunatic. The truth may lie half way between Mr. Stillman and Ouida, but such a sweeping impeachment as this article in the *Contemporary* tends to defeat itself.

THAT WICKED ENGLISH PRESS!

Ouida complains that:—

The English press, disloyal to all its professions and traditions, has thrown all the weight of its most famous organs into the scale to assist a corrupt foreign minister to continue his course of tyranny and of unscrupulous falsehood. The English press at all times professes itself the friend of the oppressed and the champion of freedom. Yet, for some reason concealed from view, for the sake of Francesco Crispi, it is false to all its principles, and lends the whole strength of its patronage to the most immoral and the most cruel of all the political adventurers of the century.

If she would convert the English press she must be a little more of the mathematician and a little less of the rhetorician.

Pleading a Bad Character as a Defence.

EVERYONE knows what an advantage it is to have a good character, but sometimes, it would seem, it is an advantage to have a very bad one. Mr. Flower, writing in the *Arena* for July, calls attention to the following paragraph, which appeared in the Boston daily papers for April 24th:—

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., April 24th.—"Lucky" Baldwin, the millionaire, has filed a most extraordinary demurrer to the complaint in the seduction suit brought against him by Miss Lillian Ashley, of Boston, Mass. In his demurrer Mr. Baldwin stated that his reputation is such that any woman of the world should have known that he was deceiving her, and she should not have been in his company. Baldwin has been the central figure in many suits of seduction and breach of promise.

It would be interesting to know what the courts thought of this millionaire's plea that he was too great a scoundrel for any decent woman to speak to, and that, therefore, any woman whom he wronged could not be a decent woman.

WOMEN ON WHEELS.

BY MRS. HUMPHREY.

THE *Idler*, which appears this month in a new cover, contains an article by Mrs. Humphrey upon the great development that has taken place this year in cycling among women. Mrs. Humphrey says:—

The cycling mania has taken even deeper hold, as may be made manifest to any one who shall visit Battersea Park about half-past ten in the morning. Hundreds of gently nurtured girls are there to be seen on bicycles, some of them expert enough, others still in their novitiate, and many of them accompanied by mothers who have had perforce to take to cycling in order to perform their duties as chaperons. Lady Jeune is one of these. With her two charming daughters she enjoys many an agreeable ride, and uses her iron steed for shopping excursions as well. The convenience of "biking" is enormous; so much so that West End cabmen complain that they do not get nearly so many fares as they used to do; just as the livery-stable keepers assert that there is considerably less demand for horses now than during any preceding season. Piano manufacturers declare that bicycling is interfering with the sale of pianos; but this is a conclusion scarcely so clear of deduction as the other two.

Among the notable lady cyclists, Mrs. Humphrey mentions the Queen of Italy, the Duchess of York, Princess Maud of Wales, the Duchess of Connaught (who was nervous in learning), the Duchess of Portland, the Marchioness of Hastings, and the Countess of Dudley. Mrs. Humphrey devotes some space in her article to the vexed question of dress:—

The question of dress is a vexed one. The aristocratic world clings to its skirts. The ladies of a lower social scale believe in knickerbockers, or Lady Harberton's divided skirt. Those who have ridden without a skirt, vow that they will never ride in one again. In France, hardly any woman wears a skirt when wheel-riding, replacing it, as a rule, by very full trousers of the Zouave sort. English ladies of the upper ten thousand wear skirts varying in length and width, and sometimes stiffened with horsehair in the hem to keep them out from the wheel. Lady Norreys, one of the cleverest bicyclists, wears such a skirt, or did for a time. I fancy I have seen her with unstiffened skirt of late. She has a very strong feeling against the divided skirt, an antipathy that is shared by Lady Wolverton, Lady Lurgan, Lady Yarborough, and Lady Londonderry. For my own part, though I share their prejudice, I feel convinced that it will before long be completely out-grown and forgotten, and, should the craze for cycling last so long, in two or three years a skirted woman on wheels will be regarded as a survival, and in no sense up-to-date.

Mrs. Humphrey then ventures to express a very

decided opinion on a question of sliding seats, in which she believes, and expresses herself much more confidently in their favour than all cyclists may feel disposed to do. Speaking of the approaching extinction of skirts, she makes the prophecy, she says, all the more confidently, because she believes the sliding seat arrangement on the same principle as applied to boats will utterly revolutionise the science of cycling:—

When the sliding seat comes into universal use, as it certainly will when it is generally known, the costume of lady cyclists will be adapted to it. The sliding seat cannot be adopted by any one riding in a skirt.

To the accusation that the divided skirt is ugly, Mrs.

Humphrey replies by telling the skirted cyclists that they have no idea how ugly they look, which is cruel of Mrs. Humphrey:—

What first strikes the spectator at Battersea Park is the ugly way in which the skirt is kicked out when the wheel-woman is pedalling. It is a fact that the limbs are much more freely displayed in this way than the performers imagine, especially in windy weather; and this is one of the strongest arguments used against skirts by the advocates of rational dress.

Mr. J. J. Speed (appropriate name) writing on the *Cycling World* in *Lippincott's Magazine*, maintains that the bicycle is the speediest mode of locomotion excepting a first-class locomotive:—

The table below will show the record of a bicyclist compared with the best speed made by horses. It will be seen that a man on a bicycle has covered a mile in nearly half a minute less time than either a pacer or a trotter, and that his record for the mile is one-tenth of a second less than that of the great running horse *Salvator*, the fastest thoroughbred so far produced.

In distance racing, whether on the road or the track, the bicycle-rider has greatly the advantage of the horse, and can beat that animal at any distance, the farther the distance the greater the advantage in favour of the bicyclist. For instance, last year on New Jersey roads twenty-five miles were covered in one hour and five minutes, fifty miles in two hours and thirty minutes, one hundred miles in five hours and thirty-five minutes, and two hundred miles in twelve hours and forty-four minutes.

	‡ mile.	‡ mile.	‡ mile.	1 mile.
Johnson (bicyclist) . . .	21‡	46‡	1.11‡	1.35‡
Salvator (race-horse) . . .	23‡	47‡	1.11‡	1.35‡
Flying Jib (pacer) . . .	29‡	59	1.28‡	1.58‡
Robert J. (pacer) . . .	30‡	1.00‡	1.30‡	2.01‡
Alix (trotter). . .	30‡	1.01‡	1.32‡	2.03‡

Scribner's Magazine for August publishes an article by Arsène Alexandre upon "All Paris Awheel," which gives a very interesting account of the bicycle mania in Paris.



LADY CYCLISTS IN BATTERSEA PARK.

He says that one result of the mania is that women have to tell the truth about themselves. The bicycle dress is brutally frank, and on the wheel you see a woman as she really is. Paris has now half-a-dozen tailors who make a speciality of bicycle costumes for women in high society. They do nothing else, and work for no other class. There are professors of bicycling who are in great demand. The Prince de Sagan is busy organising a bicycle rink for the exclusive use of society women. The bicycle groom is an indispensable adjunct to every great country house. The ambition of women now is to ride men's machines, as the diamond frame is much lighter than the ordinary woman's wheel.

Already the skirt is fast going; another step and it will be but a memory. Here is the orthodox and really fashionable costume: Very full knickerbockers, the folds falling below the knee, the appearance being that of a skirt, and yet without a skirt's inconvenience; the waist may vary, but the most popular, especially with slim-waisted women, is that known as the Bolero. And above all a man's cap or hat, in warm weather of straw, at other seasons of felt. The stockings may be of fine wool, black or dark blue; silk stockings are tabooed, and any colour but black or dark blue, such as stripes or "loud" colours are considered deplorable. Finally, laced or buttoned shoes, but not reaching above the ankle. Gaiters are a blunder, and moreover they are apt to hurt.

All this is highly artistic when properly worn; and yet the height of perfection has not been reached.

At a recent play produced at the Gymnase Theatre, the chief persons first made their entry upon bicycles:—

Coquelin, the younger, is now at work upon a monologue which he proposes to recite from end to end while a wheel and working his pedals. Bicycle "business," feats of riding, bell-ringing, and whistle-blowing will vary the recital, at the last words of which bicycle and rider will disappear in the wings.

GENERAL HAMLEY'S ATTACK ON LORD WOLSELEY.

A VINDICATION AND CHALLENGE.

I QUOTED last month in the REVIEW from Colonel Maurice's reply to Mr. Shand's attack upon Lord Wolseley in his biography on Sir Edward Hamley. In summarising that article I stated the effect it would naturally produce upon any one who read it, viz., that General Hamley or his eulogists had made a tissue of misrepresentations, and Colonel Maurice had conclusively vindicated Lord Wolseley from the attacks that had been made upon him.

A PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

Mr. Edward Hamley called upon me and wanted me to publish a statement withdrawing the phrase "tissue of misrepresentations," admitting that Colonel Maurice's reply might not be so conclusive as it appeared to the casual reader. He added that his father's friends were preparing a reply to Colonel Maurice which would be overwhelming, as it would vindicate all that they had said out of Colonel Maurice's own mouth. I replied that of course I was no judge to decide on the merits of the question in a dispute between Colonel Maurice and Mr. Shand; I could only state the impression the perusal of Colonel Maurice's article left upon my mind, but that I would in the next number disclaim any attempt to prejudge the case, and announce that a reply would be forthcoming which, in the opinion of General Hamley's friends, would be decisive. It is possible, however, that Colonel Maurice's article in the *United Service Magazine* may modify the intentions of Mr. Shand and Mr. Hamley. Colonel Maurice in this second article continues his vindication of Lord Wolseley, and concludes it with a challenge

to Mr. Shand, which reads ominously like a threat. Without following him through all the details of the vindication, the following passages will be read with interest.

LORD WOLSELEY'S PART IN IT.

Speaking of the accusation that Lord Wolseley had persecuted General Hamley and had inspired Colonel Maurice to reply, Colonel Maurice says:—

Speaking generally, Lord Wolseley is the worst witness I know about any of his own past work. He keeps most perfect contemporary records and data, but he makes a rule of never reading a line that concerns his own past campaigns. He had as a duty to read the Official Histories. He has never read a line of Mr. Shand's book, and never will. His view is that when once he has done his best for England in a campaign, it is past history. For praise or blame he is indifferent. His business is to devote all his energies to the next thing to be done. The veracity of the statements that this is "Lord Wolseley's reply to Mr. Shand" may therefore be now judged.

THE ALLEGED SUPPRESSION OF DESPATCHES.

Turning next to the accusation that Lord Wolseley had suppressed Colonel Hamley's despatches, Colonel Maurice quotes an imposing array of precedents, showing the practice of the Commander-in-Chief was not to forward the despatches of his subordinates. He says:—

It will thus be seen that Lord Wolseley's action throughout has been in strict accord with long-established precedent, and that only that ancient literary weakness of not verifying references could have led Mr. Shand into his amazing error, and, as we are told, set the world agog about this wicked suppression of despatches. I cannot believe that any but the foolish and the ignorant in France, Germany, or Austria have been led astray. The practice in those countries is identical with our own. The reports of generals of divisions are published neither in France, in Germany, nor in Austria.

LORD WOLSELEY'S ONE MISTAKE.

Dealing with the accusation of personal prejudice, Colonel Maurice asserts that if it had not been for Lord Wolseley's personal intervention, General Hamley would never have been sent to Egypt at all. Sir Edward Hamley thought he ought to have been Commander-in-Chief, and when he was, by grace of Lord Wolseley, permitted to take a share in the operations, he could never get rid of the feeling of resentment that their positions were not reversed:—

Lord Wolseley had with great difficulty secured the appointment of Sir Edward Hamley to command of one of the divisions under him, and he did not in the least want him to argue with him, but to carry out his orders. Mr. Shand is quite right, and brings out very clearly the truth that from the first Sir Edward Hamley misapprehended the motive which had led to his appointment. As a matter of fact, there was no prospect whatever of Sir Edward being selected for any military command whatever until Lord Wolseley exerted himself in his favour.

A FAIR OFFER.

In order to bring this controversy to a close, Colonel Maurice concludes his article by the following specific and defined challenge:—

Now here I throw down a challenge. The staff of the Egyptian campaign is given in full in the Official History. I appeal here, as throughout, from innuendo and slander to specific documents easily accessible. Let those who speak of this infamous "gang" held up to the obloquy of their country during twenty years, because they have done her some service in all parts of the world, go through that staff of 1882, and prove that I have here by one iota modified the facts. Else let them hold their peace unless they wish their country to know them as convicted liars.

Alas! Sir Edward Hamley's friends have been warned and warned again and again by those who knew the story and wished him to lie in an honoured grave, that for his reputation's sake they should not have stirred this mud, that the persistent silence with which his fierce attacks have been met was a generous silence towards a man fallen by his own weakness. Before I have closed the answer on which they have insisted I shall have shown that never was general in the field treated with greater patience and forbearance, and never did a man in whose behalf his leader had run a generous risk in the teeth of all advice, in the very fact of giving him his one opportunity of high service, meet it with worse ingratitude. Even at the eleventh hour I hold my hand.

Only their own reckless carelessness has prevented them from using it before they committed themselves. But I have much to tell that will be altogether new to them, all of it very painful, all of it resting on evidence as certain as that here adduced. I make them this offer, that if before next month they have arrived at the conclusion that it is about time that they withdrew this impudent slander, then I too will stay my hand. If not, on their own heads be it. Hitherto I have tried to use veiled expressions where possible.

Am I, in my next article, to draw the picture on the other side? It is for Sir E. Hamley's friends to choose. I will say this only, now that it is such a picture, that some of those who saw Sir Edward most nearly during that campaign believe that there is only one way of accounting for the facts, viz., that the unwonted experiences of a rough campaign, short for him as it was, acting on a man who had spent twenty-six years in literary leisure and club-life, rendered him hardly accountable for his actions. Surely it cannot be his friends who require this story to be told in order to force the withdrawal of an audacious libel that they must already see cannot for an instant be maintained?

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER'S OPINION.

In the *Contemporary Review* Major-General W. F. Butler reviews Mr. Shand's life of General Hamley, and, in the course of a very vigorously written paper, he lets us know very clearly what his brother officers thought of Sir Edward. It is evident from General Butler's paper that General Hamley ought never to have been sent to Egypt. Believing that he ought to have been placed in command of the expedition, he could not bring himself to treat his Commander-in-Chief with ordinary civility, and it is evident that among the triumphs of Lord Wolseley in the Egyptian campaign must henceforth be included, not merely his victory in Tel-el-Kebir, but his triumph over the fretful worry of General Hamley.

After describing what Lord Wolseley had to put up with from his subordinate, General Butler says that Lord Wolseley had a very large measure of the angelic virtues:—

That he keenly felt the attitude which his subordinate General had adopted towards him there can be no doubt. The man whose appointment he had originated and urged and carried, was acting as though he had wished to make himself some new form of Egyptian plague.

Criticising General Hamley's own account of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, General Butler says:—

Despite its style and power of description it not only conveys a totally erroneous impression to the reader of the effect upon the battle of the division which General Hamley commanded, but, what is far more important, it places in an utterly false aspect the whole foundation—tactical design, plan, purpose, and execution—of the battle itself. It is, in fact, a studied attempt to substitute the name Hamley for the name Wolseley as the winner of Tel-el-Kebir. Everything that could lessen or shadow the work of the designer in war—the man who has to think—was done with that subtle simplicity of omission which is doubly deceptive. Everything that could heighten the importance of the agent, who had only to obey, was done.

Of the battle itself, General Butler remarks:—

As an example of exact calculation, of a carefully thought-out tactical problem, of perfect appreciation of difficulty, as a very brilliant bit of generalship, it deserves to remain long in the recollection of military men. It had, in fact, very little of what Hamley claimed for it, and it possessed a very great deal of all he denied it.

His concluding sentences will meet with very general approval when he laments that Mr. Shand should have made Hamley's biography

the vehicle of an undisguised attack upon a living soldier of great and widespread celebrity: an attack all the more wantonly ungracious because of the antecedent circumstances connected with the selection of general officers to command in the Egyptian expedition. The framers of these memoirs have elected not to roll the heart of their dead Bruce as the heart of the great Bruce was rolled into the ranks of the enemies of Christendom and of his country on the field of Theba, but rather to make of it a vial of petty spleens and animosities to be cast against the name of one of England's truest and most brilliant living soldiers.

WHAT IS JARRAH?

JARRAH, the toughest wood in the world, which is now being largely used for paving purposes in England, is thus described by Sir William Robinson in his paper on Western Australia, which appears in the *Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute* for July. Speaking of the timber wealth of Australia and of its great trees, he says:—

The first in importance of these eucalypts is that commonly known as the jarrah, or yarra, which is gradually finding its way into the markets of the world—the first not only because it is on the whole the most useful of the West Australia forest trees, but as covering the largest area, being the principal vegetable product over some fourteen thousand square miles. This tree attains to a large size, sufficient for all purposes of construction, is of handsome growth, straight and tall, but with the fault so common to the trees of Australia—it is not umbrageous. The white blossoms are, however, very beautiful, and produced in abundance, even when the tree is very young. The jarrah timber has been the subject of exaggerated praise and depreciation, and in either case not without some reason, having been found in some places to answer fully the claims made for it of strength and durability, while in others it has failed. The reason for this is not far to seek; like other timber it requires to be cut from trees growing on the proper soil—the ironstone gravel of the Darling range—at the proper season, and the proper age, and, moreover, certain parts of it are of inferior quality; it is also difficult to season, being liable to split in the process if care is not taken. The great and sudden demand which at one time was made for this timber induced, as I fear, its exportation to fulfil contracts as to quantity without sufficient regard to quality; but when the necessary care is taken, it will be found to justify the encomium of Baron von Mueller, whom we all know as a competent authority, "that for the durability of its timber it is unsurpassed by any kind of tree in any portion of the globe," and under such circumstances it has three properties of great utility—it resists the marine teredo and the white ant, and is not affected by the oxidation of iron bolts or nails.

IN *Good Words*, Sir Robert Ball tells us all about Lord Rosse of telescope fame. Mrs. E. T. Cook has a bright and pleasant little paper upon "The New Child," who seems to be the worthy daughter of the New Woman. We asked a small schoolgirl the other day if she were learning astronomy. "Astronomy, of course not! That's an infant subject," she said with great contempt. "Have you read Pope's 'Essay on Man'?" we inquired of a girl of thirteen. "Pope! why, nobody thinks anything of him nowadays." "Do you know Milton's 'Paradise Lost'?" "Oh, we got beyond that long ago." Alas, for such children Paradise has been lost indeed!

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for August is a good average number. The articles relating to the general election and the work that lies before the new government are dealt with elsewhere, so are the papers on New Markets for British trade, and Miss Sellers' interesting article on Old Age Homes in Austria.

WHAT HERBERT SPENCER'S GOSPEL LEADS TO.

Prof. Mivart reviews the discussion between Mr. Balfour and Herbert Spencer. He says:—

Were the doctrines of Mr. Spencer really accepted and believed, they must sap the foundations of physical science, which they make logically impossible, while they directly tend to banish from existence all that gives value to effort or dignity to human life.

In the course of his remarks Prof. St. George Mivart raises a point in remarks which will probably be somewhat bitterly resented. He says:—

We should be grateful to Mr. Spencer if he would point out to us amongst the members of his own "persuasion" those who emulate St. Francis of Assisi in love for the poor and suffering, or St. Vincent of Paul in personal devotion to helpless infancy, or St. Francis Xavier in laborious zeal for the propagation of "truth," or Father Damien in a life's self-sacrifice for lepers. It is one thing to talk of altruism, to grimace and posture, and quite another to follow the example of men like those who have been just mentioned. Some "oral continence" as to the faults of Christians would not sit ungracefully on men who, whatever their repute as professors, are not much known as performers of heroic acts of self-denial.

A DEFENCE OF PRAYER.

The Rev. Wm. Barry, D.D., writes an article on this subject in reply to Mr. Norman Pearson. Dr. Barry's standpoint is clearly expressed in the following extract:—

There is a life in man which the senses cannot comprehend, nor physical science measure its height and its depth. Before all things it is personal, conscious, secret, turned towards the invisible, at home in eternity. Its very essence is communion with the Supreme; and it prays because it loves. I do not envy the mortal who has never known its influence. And I am certain that so long as physics and metaphysics take realities into their consideration, and are willing to be guided by the testimony of the spirit to its own experiences, the life of devout prayer will be acknowledged as the only one which secures what is best worth having. Unless the Eternal can speak to us, and we to Him, all the saints, poets, religious-minded have been victims of delusion. But the spiritual life is too deeply rooted, and its effects are too momentous and beneficent, for delusion to be the true account of it. Moral rectitude is the essence of civilisation: and prayer is the normal method upon which that rectitude has been stayed up since man came to know that he had a conscience.

STARS AND MOLECULES.

The Rev. Edmund Ledger, the Gresham lecturer on astronomy, writes with considerable lucidity upon the relations between the stars, which are the greatest, and the molecules, which are the smallest of material things. He says:—

Our view of every Sun, the explanation of its heat maintenance, the knowledge of its constitution, the knock of meteorite against meteorite, or even of star against star—all these inextricably involve the knocks of molecules so is difficult to believe that such minuteness can

How small the molecules are may be imagined from the following passage:—

All gases are composed of atoms or molecules, of which there are *millions of millions of millions* in a cubic inch. These myriads of mites are ever flying about with intense velocities. Each knocks against, or encounters, its fellows, it may be five thousand millions of times, it may be twenty thousand millions of times, in a second. By the energy of these knocks heat is evolved, or pressure produced upon any surface which bounds or restrains the gas.

SIR EDMUND DU CANE ON THE PRISON PROBLEM.

Sir Edmund Du Cane's paper on the Report of the Prison Committee is very much like an address from the prisoner at the dock, who was asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. Sir Edmund Du Cane roundly condemns:—

The proposal of the Committee that association for industrial work should be "extended gradually throughout the prisons" as retrogressive and revolutionary. The present system of cellular separation is the result of long years of discussion.

As to the Report as a whole, he says that it is somewhat uneven:—

In some parts solid and substantial, with valuable observations and suggestions; in others impracticable, and as if framed in deference to some windy theories. Several of the recommendations cannot be carried into effect without legislation, and very many others would involve such large expenditure that I doubt if the Committee would have made them if they had had before them responsible evidence on this point. I strongly hope that each recommendation may be considered most carefully by the light of practical knowledge and experience, and that it will only be adopted if it is clear that it constitutes advance and not retrogression in the treatment of criminals.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION IN AMERICA.

Miss Anne M. Earle gives a very interesting account of the result of the University Extension Movement in the United States:—

It has turned the current of thought and discussion in whole communities from every-day gossip into the great, broad stream of human history and science; they have been set talking about "Shakespeare, Milton, Copernicus, Napoleon, Bismarck, and Gladstone, instead of about their neighbours"; and it is not too much to claim—it is absolutely true—that often the entire social life of a village or country town has thus been changed. The demand for the best literature has increased enormously.

She appends to her paper a prize essay on the "Influence of Puritanism on National Character."

THE POSITIVISTS' HOPE.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, replying to Mr. Mallock's attack upon "Positivism," thus affirms the faith that is in him.

This positive scheme of social progress has been pronounced by Mr. Mill to be a stupendous achievement, almost without error or defect. At any rate, it has so far satisfied me, and kindred considerations have satisfied very many people who are far from being Comtists, that on the whole, in the main, the human race has been advancing in a steady, but not continuous, movement from far distant ages and from a state of almost brutal rudeness, to that state of relative intelligence, goodness, and ascendancy over nature, which Man can honestly claim to-day. And the review of the Past and the Present emboldens us to hope that, when the spectres of antique superstition no longer disturb our good sense, the Future may yet reserve to Man a purified civilisation and a renovated Earth, where he shall find Happiness, Peace, and true Humanity.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE most important article in the *Contemporary Review* is Dr. Dillon's paper on the "Condition of Armenia," which is dealt with elsewhere.

Ouida's denunciation of the Crispi Dictatorship, Mr. Massingham's explanation of the Liberal defeat, and Sir W. F. Butler's exposures of Sir Edward Hamley are also noted in other pages.

THE HIGH CHURCH DOCTRINE ON DIVORCE.

Canon Knox Little, in a lengthy, earnest and logical paper on marriage and divorce, sets forth the case for indissoluble marriage, according to the views of the High Churchman. Canon Little says:—

The miasma of the Divorce Court since 1857 has been steadily infecting the moral atmosphere which the nation breathes.

He refuses absolutely to listen to any plea for divorce under any circumstances, and maintains very strongly that the saying of Christ, which appears to permit divorces in cases of adultery, properly interpreted means divorce in cases where the marriage contract had been null and void from the first, owing to pre-nuptial incontinence only on the part of the woman. Canon Knox Little does not expressly limit it to women, but it is implied in more than one passage, and were it extended to men it is to be feared that even more women could claim divorce on the Canon's grounds than under the law as it at present stands. Canon Little argues:—

It is inconceivable, for if our Lord allowed divorce for adultery, His law of Christian marriage is the very reverse of that which is taught by St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. Paul.

Nothing has contributed so much to the purity of family life, and therefore to the greatness of our country, as the deep and stern sense of the *absolute indissolubility* of the marriage bond. It must, of course, be *absolutely indissoluble*—on principles of common sense—in the interests of woman. The substitution of "tenancy at will" for "freehold," which is the secret—nay, the openly avowed—motive for the agitation for (what practically amounts to) the abolition of holy marriage, is exactly what the low-minded man of the world would like.

Most people will agree with him in the main, but his argument does not meet the hard cases which have compelled almost every Christian state to sanction divorce.

THE GHOST AS THE ORIGIN OF GOVERNMENT AND ART.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has a very interesting paper entitled "Orator and Poet, Actor and Dramatist," in which he traces the evolution of oratory, poetry, acting, and the drama, and finds that they all originated more or less in the belief of our ancestors in the ghost. Poetry had its origin in the invocations addressed to the spirits of the departed, and it is because the negroes don't believe that ghosts live longer than a short time after the death of the body that African kingdoms are so temporary. With the negro the notion is that the double of the dead man does not long remain extant. Whether or no any dream about him, he is supposed to have perished finally.

We have seen how powerful an aid to consolidation and permanence is the supposed supernatural power of a deceased ruler; and hence it appears not improbable that the lack of this belief in an immortal god, and consequent lack of the established worship of one, is a chief cause of the transitory nature of the African monarchies.

As it is with government, so it is with poetry and the drama. Both spring from religion, and religion was largely a product of a belief of the possibility of communicating with the spirits of the dead:—

As in pagan societies, so in Christian societies, the priest-poet, appointed-eulogizer of the deity he serves, is the first poet; and that the poets we distinguish as secular have gradually arisen by differentiation from him.

THE DIATESSABON.

Mr. J. Rendel Harris replies to Mr. Cassels upon this subject, maintaining that—

Nothing, therefore, that has been said by Mr. Cassels can in the least invalidate the now generally accepted statement, that shortly after the middle of the second century a Harmony of the Four Canonical Gospels was constructed by Tatian the Assyrian; and our investigation has shown that the influence of this Harmony is widely diffused in the Syriac literature.

He further maintains that he has proved in this paper—

(1) that the traditions with regard to the Harmony are trustworthy and intelligible, however much Mr. Cassels may deny them or entangle them by over-subtle treatment; and (2) that the recently recovered documents—viz., the Commentary of Ephrem on the Diatessaron and the Arabic Harmony of Ciasca—are trustworthy representations of the Tatian Harmony at different stages of its historical development.

THE WESLEY GHOST.

Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a short paper on the rappings and other manifestations of psychic phenomena at the Epworth Rectory. The paper takes the form of a reply to Dr. Salmon's theory, that Hetty Wesley did all the rappings herself. Mr. Lang has a hypothesis of his own. He thinks that the phenomena were much more likely to have been produced by the cunning men of the village who hated the Wesleys, and who had been preached against by John Wesley's father. Mr. Lang says:—

I have purposely laid little stress on the fact that the phenomena were identical with those always reported, as at Tedworth, Kerrick, at Cideville in 1851, and in modern spiritualism.

Yet it is probable that Mr. Lang, if he pursues his investigations a little further, will find that it is precisely in the fact upon which he has laid so little stress that the key to the mysterious phenomena is supplied, and that have at least had one great good result in rendering it practically impossible for any good Methodist to deny the possibility of a rational and Christian man believing in the existence of ghosts. Mr. Lang thus summarises his objections to Mr. Salmon's theory of Hetty's guilt:—

Every single reason for suspecting Hetty has been shown to apply (except her sense of humour) at least as forcibly to Nancy. The dates on which suspicion is based, the dates of the cessation and reappearance of the phenomena, seem to me to be incorrect. Jeffery did not leave off for good when Sam was expected, nor did he begin, after a peaceful interval, as soon as Sam's safety was ascertained. All these things are fundamental parts of Dr. Salmon's system: all these things are refuted by the contemporary evidence. I venture confidently to ask for an acquittal of my fair and unfortunate client.

THE ALPS OF NEW ZEALAND.

Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald writes a very interesting paper describing his experience in mountaineering in New Zealand. It is a paper full of vivid description and mountaineering incident. On one occasion Mr. Fitzgerald was within a hair's breadth of death. When he was crawling along a precipice six thousand feet sheer drop, a large boulder caught him full on his chest and hurled him headforemost. Fortunately his companion had hold of the rope, which as it ran out took all the skin off his fingers and burned his hands. He dangled like a pendulum on the rock face for a moment, and was then hauled up, bleeding and shaken, to find that he was more

could get foothold. Notwithstanding this he went on to the top of the mountain. It is evident that mountaineering in New Zealand has all the charm of the risk of sudden and violent death which constitutes so much of the fascination of Alpine climbing.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE *Fortnightly Review* has one strong article on the Transvaal, which is noticed elsewhere. The other articles, some account of which will be found in other pages, are Professor Beesly on "A Strong Second Chamber;" Wilkinson's "Timely Truths for the Ins and Outs;" Mr. Low's plea for "Ministerial Responsibility;" Mr. Stobart's "Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Party;" and Mr. Brodrick's "Personal Characteristics of Professor Huxley."

IN PRAISE OF ELEANORA DUSE.

Mr. William Archer writes an approbation, rather than a criticism, of the actress Eleanora Duse. It is seldom that so staid a critic lets himself go so utterly as Mr. Archer does in praising the latest goddess of his idolatry. He says:—

For my part, I did not fully realise the dynamic potentialities of human utterance until I saw the third act of Duse's *Magda*.

Mr. Archer is very frank, and it is very pleasant to find a critic of his standing not afraid to gush like a schoolboy who is in an ecstasy of adoration of the first goddess he has seen on the stage:—

Let me confess, then, that there is to me something indescribably sympathetic and appealing in Madame Duse's whole personality, which would dispose me to make the best of art much less distinguished than hers. I have come to feel a sense of personal gratitude towards her, which is certainly not conducive to judicial impartiality. Every line of her wistful face is associated in my mind with one of those rare intellectual or emotional delights which make the life even of a theatrical critic worth living. Madame Duse's beauty, on the other hand, is always surprising and reconquering you. It is new to you every evening, and varies with every character. It ranges from the seductive, sparkling prettiness of *Mirandolina*, to the tragic and defiant nobility of *Magda*. The critic would be a hypocrite indeed who should pretend that his admiration for this actress was entirely unaccentuated by any sense of physical charm.

PRISON REFORM.

Mr. Laslett Browne, in a paper entitled "Common Sense and Crime," generally pooh-poohs not so much the recommendations of the Committee on the Prisons, as the Committee itself. He says:—

It was composed almost entirely of amateurs and mere theorists, and there is little in its report to save it from the limbo which awaits so many useless and unpractical Parliamentary papers. The Committee entered upon its labours with marked prejudice against the Prison board, and carried through its inquiry in a very narrow and ungenerous spirit.

Mr. Browne admits, however, that something should be done, especially with the punishment of minor offences. He says:—

What is wanted is a wider application of the system of fines, or the creation of some new sort of institution something in the nature of a true Workhouse—a place where work under detention is obligatory, but with a *régime* less irksome and severe than that of a prison. Relegation to such establishments, if they existed, might be for considerably longer periods, during which various reformatory influences, especially those including practical or technical instruction, might be successfully applied. Nothing much can be done with prisoners whose detention lasts only a few days.

He strongly deprecates any hasty or ill-considered change, but says:—

If there is any alteration it should be in the direction of abolishing recondite and more or less barbarous processes which still obtain in prison. One of these is the treadmill and crank, the whole system of "unproductive" labour, which the committee very properly condemn; another is the continued clinging to cellular confinement, the strict isolation of individuals, which is essentially an artificial condition of existence, and which never yet has proved effective either as regards reformation or deterrence.

A CANADIAN SCHEME FOR DEFENDING ENGLAND.

Colonel Boxall, in replying to Mr. Clowes's paper on railway batteries, gives an interesting account of a scheme drawn up by a Canadian engineer for protecting the English coast by batteries. It is as follows:—

Mr. Girouard obtained his commission in the Royal Engineers through the Royal Military College of Canada, and was the first of those cadets to deliver a lecture at the theatre of the institution. It is, as General Laurie pointed out at the time, an interesting fact that this scheme for the protection of the coast of England should come from a young Canadian. Of the total length of 1,900 miles of English coast, 1,270 can theoretically be defended from the railway based on a range of 7,000 yards for gun fire, and 3,500 yards for machine guns: 425 miles of coast are inaccessible, thus increasing the total defended to 1,695 miles, or 89 per cent. of the whole.

Of the counties close to London, and of the great manufacturing centres, viz., Lancashire, Cheshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Sussex, Essex, Kent, and Dorset, 92 per cent. is defensible. An estimate of the cost is given, and Mr. Girouard's present views are that, even on the extreme basis that all the waters defensible from the existing railways might have to be defended, the cost of the actual artillery, including thirty-one 22-tons, 106 medium guns, 150 quick-firing guns, 155 carriages (guns mounted in pairs), machine guns, carriages, emplacements and sidings might be provided for about one million pounds.

WHAT THE NORWEGIAN LIBERALS WANT.

Professor Sars states the case of the Norwegian Liberals as at least intelligible. He says:—

The Norwegian Liberals hold that Norway is not only not bound by contract to the existing Swedish management of the foreign affairs and the foreign representation of both countries, but that this arrangement is incompatible with formal stipulations in the Norwegian Grundlov as well as with the principle of equality and equal rights of both the countries contained in the first clause of the Rigsakt, and that it is therefore quite illegal. As its programme, for which it obtained a majority at the last general election, the Liberals have demanded: Dissolution of the existing fusion between the countries, in so far as it is not fixed by contract; that Norway and Sweden should have each their own minister, responsible for the foreign policy to the national representations; and that both countries should have their separate consular and diplomatic services, which would not preclude their being in many cases represented by the same person.

Good-fellowship can only be gained by reducing the Union to the limits determined by the historical and geographical conditions: a defensive alliance, a common king, community in war and peace—nothing more.

AN OLD SCHEME FOR UNIFYING SCANDINAVIA.

Carl Siewers describes a project put forth by Carl XV. of Sweden about the time of the Danish-German war:—

The proposed treaty of union was as follows: Sweden, Norway, and Denmark enter into a union by which in future these three Powers will have a common foreign policy, and a common army and navy, as well as a common understanding in all cases where this may be naturally beneficial to the nations so closely related and so similarly developed as those of Scandinavia. In order to pave the way to this goal a Federal Parliament is at once to be created, consisting of an Upper and a Lower House. . . . He of the two kings who may survive the other becomes king of the three northern kingdoms.

THE NEW REVIEW.

THE *New Review* for August is a strong number. I notice elsewhere Mr. Burroughs' appeal to Lord Salisbury to sacrifice Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Burroughs, no doubt, writes nonsense, but it is nonsense that is very frequently heard just now in the mouths of irate Tories of the old school, who calculate that Mr. Chamberlain cannot control more than a dozen or twenty votes at the outside, and therefore can be snubbed or cast out with impunity.

AN INDICTMENT OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Francis W. Caulfeild, writing in an article entitled "Public Schools and Scientific Education," brings many charges against our great schools on the score of their inability to make the most of their time or the best of the scholar. Mr. Caulfeild thus describes the result of six months at a public school of a boy of good average intelligence:—

The mill of school work has ground him into a dullard. He takes no interest in higher questions than whether Smith is a better bat than Jones, or Jenkins a greater beast than Jorkins; his writing is execrable and his French has disappeared; having no resources he suffers from *ennui*, and is incapable of amusing himself for an hour without a novel; his lessons have become a mere performance necessary to be got through in order to escape punishment or secure marks; he has no care to understand what they are about, and if any one should be superfluous enough to offer to explain a difficulty, he will answer that he has so many lines to get ready by next lesson, and has not the time to spare.

"W. G."

The Hon. Robert Lyttelton waxes eloquent in praise of Dr. W. G. Grace as a cricketer. He begins thus:—

The Doctor's batting this year may never in future be equalled by himself or any other man, it may be of interest to some millions of English-speaking men to touch briefly upon his cricketing feats, and to discuss a few points in the career of one who absorbs with Roberts, the billiard player, and Cannon, the jockey, more public attention than any other living man, with (it may be) the trifling exception of Mr. Gladstone.

"W. G.'s" batting has so much eclipsed his bowling that most people will be surprised to know that he was at one time one of the deadliest of bowlers in the cricket field.

In the thirteen years ending 1886, W. G. Grace took one thousand five hundred and twenty-four wickets at an average of about sixteen runs per wicket!

Speaking of his batting, Mr. Lyttelton says:—

He does not hit with his wrist with that beautiful appearance of ease and strength which is the test of wrist play. When he makes a big hit he puts the whole of his massive frame into the stroke: shoulders, back, and arms—there is as it were a general movement and upheaval in a man of colossal size and strength. No cricketer in any age possessed one-half the capacity for placing that he has even to this day. But there is not now, and never has been, elegance of style in his batting.

As a fieldman, before he grew so heavy, he was quite at the top of the tree. Mr. Lyttelton says:—

There were few finer fields than Grace in his young days. His star was at its height in the Seventies; and here, in 1895—here he is; the first in averages, undoubtedly the best bat in England, and a man close on fifty years old! Has his career been touched in any walk of life, political, athletic, or other? He could take any position, could throw the cricket ball over one hundred yards, and was a fast runner; and when the first blush of youth was no longer on him he became almost as good as the best at point—standing pretty close up to the wicket, and holding many a hot catch. Years may come and go; but if ever prophecy were safe, it is that his like as a cricketer will never be seen again.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH METHODS OF COLONIZING.

An anonymous writer recalls the story of the French efforts to shut the English out of the American continent, in order to encourage us to smile at the similar efforts now being made to keep us out of Africa. He says:—

We are again confronted in Africa and the Indo-Chinese Peninsula with just such a barrier as was set up before our fathers in America and in India. Once more the French are intent on having colonies, and they have other Father Bobés to state their claims. These "publicists" are prepared to demonstrate that whole continents belong to France because this or the other French traveller has crossed them. The pretension of old, which was to confine the English between the Alleghanies and the sea, has its equivalent in the effort to shut the interior of Africa to the Niger Company. The claim on the valley of the Mississippi has its copy in the valley of the Mekong. And the comparison does not end there. In the nineteenth, as in the eighteenth century, the French can do everything with a colony except provide it with colonists. Governors and soldiers they can send in abundance. Their forts spring up over hundreds of miles. Colonel Archinard is just such another as the first French explorers of America.

The moral of the whole story, of course, is that it is no good trying to colonise unless we can produce colonists.

A WOMAN'S CRITICISM OF MODERN JOURNALISM.

Miss Evelyn March Phillips, one of the most sensible of the women writers of the day, discusses this subject, putting her finger without undue vehemence upon the various blots on the profession:—

Probably good journalism was never so good as now. The writer comes more directly to the reader than of old; individualism is allowed fuller play; simplicity and truth are encouraged; shibboleths are at a discount; charming essays and studies abound; and no pains are spared to secure excellence. But competition may go too far; and, in effect, the craze for novelty and excitement threatens to minimise the effect of much that is admirable.

The comments upon public men show a decided tendency to hark back to the days of Gillray and Rowlandson.

With much that is witty and stirring and literary, one sometimes suspects a want of backbone, an absence of that quality of character, which in the long run controls the minds of men to better purpose than intellect itself. By all means be entertaining, moving, exciting, but do not overreach yourself and imperil all by sacrificing reality and earnestness. For with all the talent and with all the brilliancy, there is an absence of deep conviction, of high aims and worthy sympathies, in the work of the Press, though its power is at its height; and these things, with sound sense, are more than ever important. In literary reviews a want of sense of proportion and a desperate effort at smartness result in the exhibition of violence which has little in common with helpful and intelligent criticism.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Robert S. Hichens writes a very painful but very powerful story entitled "The Wolf's Life." It is to be hoped that no English lady would behave so devilishly as the mother who dismissed her governess without a character, after six years of service, because her future son-in-law, after a long course of persecution, forced himself into the girl's bedroom at night. She promptly bundled him out, but the lady of the house heard of it and turned the governess adrift to lead the wolf's life of a prostitute in London, while acquiescing, without a word, to the marriage of her eldest daughter to the man who had occasioned the scandal. The story is powerfully told.

Mr. J. H. Millar discusses the novels of John Galt, and Mr. G. S. Street Mr. Grahame's "Golden Age."

Captain Robinson of the Royal Navy makes a protest against the bumptiousness of journalistic writers on naval matters.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

I NOTICE elsewhere Admiral Maxse's paper on "Fraternal France;" St. Loe Strachey's plea for the abolition of the French Royalty; and "A Conservative M.P.'s" protest against some of Lord Salisbury's appointments.

DISPAUPERISATION.

Mr. T. Mackay, in a paper entitled "Empiricism in Politics," urges politicians to desist from invoking the State to improve the condition of the working classes, and suggests that there is plenty of good work to be done in other directions. He says:—

It would be easy to name other spheres of action where there is need of intelligent, disinterested, and unremitting labour. Dispauperisation means the restoration of independence, not the abolition of poverty; that is the next step. The whole question of working-class investment is full of problems of the highest importance; most pressing, perhaps, among these is the organisation of a cheap system of credit. In England the useful institution of co-operative banks is in its first infancy. Yet, as Mr. Wolff has clearly shown us from the example of other countries, it is an instrument most potent and beneficent, in helping to spread the advantages of property over an ever-widening area. Again, there is room for endless experiment and for the exercise of the highest constructive ability in devising terms of industrial peace between labour and capital which will satisfy the legitimate claims of both.

CAPTAIN LUGARD ON AFRICAN TRADE ROUTES.

Captain Lugard defends the proposal to make the railway to Uganda against the criticism to which it has been subjected by Mr. Scott-Elliot, who advocates the lake route, and by a writer in the *Times*, who wished to make the railway between Bammako and Senegal. Speaking of the Bammako and Senegal railway, Captain Lugard says:—

The bulk of this railway plant, inclusive of warehouses, and down to even such minutiae as guards' watches, etc., lies unused at the present moment in the arsenals at Woolwich, after ten years' deterioration by climate. The opportunity passed by for the time, but it is my opinion—an opinion I think unanimously held by Egyptian officers and officials—that it has now again presented itself, and that the moment has arrived when a rapid advance from Egypt would meet with little resistance from the Dervishes before Berber was occupied. It is, however, mere folly to urge that a railway shall be made unless we have definitely made up our minds to the greater question, and decided to occupy Berber. For that purpose an army will be required, and more money may possibly be spent on the military operations than on the railway itself.

THE AUGUST CRUSH.

Mr. H. D. Traill, in a paper on the "Autumn Holiday," suggests that persons who could take their holiday in June or July, should do so, so as to make more room for people who can only go abroad in August, at Continental places of resort:—

They can contribute ostentatiously enough to "holiday funds," "days in the country," and so forth for the children of the poorer classes. Let them now do something for the benefit of adults in the same class of society, but in circumstances less prosperous than their own. We do not ask them to pay for our holidays, though that may come in time. All we demand of them is that they should take their recreation at a different time of the year, and thus do what is in their power to relieve the excessive pressure to which the resources of English and foreign hotels are subjected in the month of August.

FRUIT FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.

Mr. J. L. Macdonald, in a paper entitled "The Fruit Farming Fiasco in California," pours cold water upon the glowing pictures of fruit farming prosperity, and explains that fruit farming is very hard work, and yields very little profit:—

While California is not the "poor man's paradise" which it is often represented to be, it is in many respects a good country, and there are many good people in it. One would naturally imagine that in a country of such extended area, with a population less than that of Chicago, a man willing to work should have no difficulty in getting employment, but there is no State in the Union in which the labour market is more congested, and it is far easier to get steady, continuous employment in Chicago than in California. Living, however, is cheap in California, and the luxuries of life are abundant. The fruit industry has been overdone, and the supply is greater than the demand. The country has been over-boomed, and is suffering from the reaction which follows that artificial mole of stimulation.

THE SCARE ABOUT CARTRIDGES.

Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's paper upon "Cartridges" should be read by those who were unaware of the possibility of the overturning of Government upon an absolutely hollow pretext. Lord Rosebery's Administration fell because of the assertion that Mr. Campbell Bannerman had not supplied sufficient cartridges for the magazine rifle. Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, who does not like Mr. Campbell Bannerman, writes this paper in order to point out that we have plenty of cartridges, and that if Mr. Campbell Bannerman had taken a little more pains he could easily have smashed the Opposition on this point. Mr. Chamberlain asserted that we had only 30,000,000 cartridges, and as he believed that the Japanese had 700,000,000, he made a great deal out of our deficiency. But what does Mr. Wilkinson tell us? He asserts that if Mr. Campbell Bannerman had referred to the Intelligence Department he could have assured the Government that during the whole of the Franco-German War, which lasted over six months, the million men who fought under the German standard only used 30,000,000 cartridges altogether, so that so far from our store being insufficient, we had enough cartridges in stock to have supplied the whole German army with every cartridge that it required in one of the greatest of recent wars.

Engineering.

A quick sense of public taste in this season of holiday travel has turned the *Engineering Magazine* for July into a railroad number. Its chief feature is a great variety of pictures of railway scenery and architecture, most of which are highly attractive. Mr. F. J. Sprague asks "Will Trunk Lines be Operated by Electricity?" and answers that it all depends on the number of trains running between the termini. If the number is large, electricity will be best; if small, steam. Mr. C. P. Mackie's review of railroad invention during the two generations which have just ended since railways began in America, concludes with the prophecy that "it will not be many years before a train can, and no doubt will, run through its successive blocks by the glare of electric lights, leaving each block in darkness as it enters and lights the next." Mr. T. L. Greene shows by tables of statistics that railway securities in the United States have advanced during this year by percentages ranging from 9 to 153. Other articles treat of American rolling stock, railway works, railway legislation, and needed reforms, chief among the latter being a prevention of the abnormal loss of life on American railways.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Two of the most interesting articles in this number of the *Quarterly* are noticed elsewhere—namely, a picture of “Londoners at Home” and “Latter Day Pagans”—while a brief extract is given from what, I suppose, is Mr. Malcolm MacColl’s paper on “Islam,” the gist of which is that no reform in Armenia is worth the paper it is written upon which does not curtail the Sultan’s power in his Armenian provinces.

THE ARMADA.

The first place in the *Review* is given to a review of Professor Laughton’s “Armada.” It tells once more the famous story of the prolonged battle which led to the foundation of England’s sea-power. The reviewer entirely agrees with the Professor in repudiating the common delusion that the destruction of the Armada was due not to the valour of the English sailors, but to the storm which scattered the ships which the English cannon had spared. He says it was the growing sea-power of England, still unrecognised by the nation, and grievously misunderstood by its rulers, which brought the Armada to nought. The men who fought in the Channel against the power of Spain had already mastered the secret of the sea:—

There is scarcely a principle of naval warfare, as interpreted by centuries of subsequent experience, which these men did not implicitly recognise and explicitly illustrate. Act always on the offensive; find the enemy and fight him; make his coast your frontier, and never let him cross it unchallenged; if you cannot beat him to-day, follow him and fight him to-morrow; if you do not follow him, he is certain, if he knows his business, to follow and fight you when you have lost the advantage of time and place which is half a victory; take no thought of his military enterprises until the naval issue is decided; if you are victorious, or even until you are finally beaten, they cannot be undertaken; if you are beaten, they cannot be impeached,—these, in plain words, are the eternal maxims of the strategy that makes for sea-power. It is because Howard and his comrades understood and applied them, and Philip and Sidonia did not, that the heritage of the world’s sea-power was taken from Spain and given to England in 1588.

THE PASSING OF THE MONK.

This is an interesting article intended to vindicate the monastic orders which were suppressed by Henry the Eighth. The reviewer says:—

A great wrong has been done, knowingly or unknowingly, to the memory of a multitude of men who, with rare exceptions, according to their lights, seem on the whole to have done their duty well and faithfully. It was only fair—now that the real story is better known—that we should teach our children to look on the large majority of these hapless men and women as victims deserving our pity and respect, rather than as guilty culprits who met with a righteous doom. In England for some 400 or 500 years the monk was the great artist, as well as the great patron of art. The obligations of our country for several hundred years to the monastic orders in the matter of education and literature, in the production and multiplication of books, if not of so conspicuous a nature as in the case of art, still are by no means to be forgotten by the historian of the work of the monks.

The article is devoted to a minute description of the actual life led by the monks in these monasteries, a life which in the opinion of the reviewer powerfully influenced our life and on the whole for the good. If they were so good, then why were they destroyed? He answers, because the monks came to care for their own salvation, and not for that of the nation in which they lived. Their fatal error was their exclusiveness, by which they lived for themselves, and failed to find the key to the people’s heart.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Andrew Lang writes a gossip article in his own peculiar style upon Mr. Elworth’s book on “The Evil Eye.” There is an amusing literary paper on “Parody,” copiously illustrated by specimens of the best example of that kind of verse. The writer of the article on “Rose Growing” traces the cultivation of the rose to very ancient times. When Cleopatra gave her famous banquet to Antony she covered the floor a foot and a half deep in rose leaves. The article on Tischendorff is much too learned to be summarised here. I may, however, quote the writer’s conclusion in his own words:—

It would therefore seem to be clear that the large body of Cursive MSS. of the New Testament do not derive their genealogy solely from the Uncial vellum copies, as has been taken for granted, but also, and as is likely in a much greater degree, from a body of papyrus MSS., which have perished because they consisted of such perishable material. And inasmuch as heresy prevailed more in the East, and papyrus must have been used in the West, it must be for this reason also that the Church is without really good MSS. of a very early date.

SOME OTHER QUARTERLIES.

In the *Calcutta Review* for July Lieutenant-General Tyrrell, writing of the eastern Soudan, looks to England in Egypt to lead in the regeneration of Africa, and to do the work which Semitic barbarism prevented Hellenism accomplishing. “The first step towards the amelioration of the lot of the dwellers in the eastern Soudan must be the destruction of the modern edition of the Arab Khalifate at Khartum.” One of the most interesting papers in the *Review* is Mr. H. G. Keene’s septuagenarian “Recollections of an Indian Civilian,” with its pictures of life in Rugby, Oxford and Haileybury in the thirties and forties. A resident of Bushire discusses our trade with the Persian Gulf, and suggests that there should be a permanent exhibition of British products and manufactures in Teheran, a few agencies in the larger cities for such articles as Indian tea, a few “commercial travellers,” a few deputations of inquiry into possibilities of trade, and a new route into Khorasan by way of Quetta or Chaman or Candahar.

The current number of the *London Quarterly Review* is less theological than usual, and more general, as well as varied, in its contents. It falls foul of Mr. Balfour’s depreciation of the reason, but finds in his and Romanes’ work omens of a great revitalising of Christianity at the opening of the twentieth century such as shall send it widely victorious. The sociology of the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Benjamin Kidd, and “Merrie England” lead the reviewer into a vigorous attack on Socialism. A survey of the Eastern Question results in the complacent demand that in view of her lofty Christian civilisation, Britain should, not for her own sake, but for the good of mankind at large, maintain her ascendancy in the East; for the form of civilisation which rules in the East promises to dominate mankind. Let England bide her time; in the end her hand must hold the balance. Whence it appears that the new Imperialism is leavening Methodism.

The *Presbyterian and Reformed Review* further essays in the July number to protect traditional views of the Bible from the onslaughts of the Higher Criticism. Dr. E. C. Bissell argues for the unity and continuity of Genesis: “Genesis represents not so much compilation as strenuous elimination and selection.” Its parts work together by a subtle inner concord under the guidance of one controlling mind for common ends. Mr. Jos. J. Lampo defends the authenticity and genuineness of Daniel.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The *Edinburgh Review* is a fair but somewhat lengthy number.

HOW WELL OFF WE ARE.

The first most notable article which I should be inclined to quote is entitled "Depression Corrected." It is something in these complaining days to come upon a writer who is so cheerfully optimistic as this writer. In reply to all the croakers he maintains that—
for the most part the complaints are without any foundation; that the country was never, in fact, so prosperous as at the present time, whatever seeds of industrial decay may have been sown; that at no time in our history have we ever made so much material progress as in the last fifty years, while the progress within the last few years has been at least at the average rate of the fifty; that, in short, the usual language about industrial depression at the present time is either a blunder, the mistake of those who come as amateurs, like Mr. Keir Hardie, to the study of economic phenomena and who generalise rashly and illogically from a few facts only; or it is worse, the deliberate exaggeration of faddists and others for their own purposes assisted by the perennial tendency to gloom and exaggeration in these matters which characterises apparently the English race.

THE CROMWELLIAN SETTLEMENT IN IRELAND.

There is a long and interesting article upon Sir William Petty, who was active in settling the Cromwellians on Irish soil. He had a great deal of trouble and not too much purpose. 32,000 officers, soldiers and others had lands allotted them, but they failed to furnish a permanent English garrison for the conquered country. The writer says:—

The Cromwellian settlement was soon very nearly effaced. Two or three thousand owners of Irish land, alien in race and faith from the people around them, and divided from it by the most evil memories, were in a century all that remained of it. But the Cromwellian settlement was the principal cause of the great rising of the Irishry in 1689-90; it was the ultimate source of Irish agrarian crime; it has ever since embittered Irish landed relations.

GOOD ADVICE TO JAPAN.

An article based upon Mr. Norman's and Mr. Curzon's books, as well as some others which were recently published upon Japan, is interesting reading, but contains little that is new. The writer closes by counselling the Japanese to avoid attempting too much:—

Japan has won great conquests by a spirited and ambitious policy; but, the war being over, the real burden of the future begins—which is to defend and keep them. She will long have to maintain her forces on the footing of a war establishment, and, with the exception of the large pecuniary indemnity she is bound to receive, no immediate results can be profitable enough to the exchequer of the "Rising Sun" to repay the sacrifices she has made. In fact, this peace with China leaves the Japanese with two wars on her hands more formidable than the scattered armies of the Celestial Empire. These are great and difficult tasks, demanding large supplies of troops and money; and the best advice the friends of Japan can give that interesting nation is to concentrate their resources at home, and shun the treacherous lure of foreign territorial conquests.

OTHER ARTICLES.

A writer on Robert Louis Stevenson comes to the conclusion that the novelist has been overrated. He says:—

Deliberate analysis confirms us in the belief that Stevenson owed much of his fame to the personal liking of his contemporaries; nor can we discover either novelty or profundity in his social philosophy. It should satisfy the ambition of any author to have a multitude of readers for his mourners.

A review, entitled "Bateson on Variation of Organic Life," includes a notice of Mr. Beddard's *Animal Coloration*, and is notable on account of the writer's constant reiteration that the flood of Darwinian delusion, which has overspread the land for the space of more than a generation, is beginning gradually to subside. He praises Mr. Beddard and Mr. Bateson for agreeing with him, and declares that both show—

a combination of wide and deep philosophical views with persevering observations and patient and ample records of facts and phenomena. They have given us studies of Nature from fresh points of view. And it is to the frank interrogation of Nature herself, free from preconceptions, that we, above all things, desire to send biological students, instead of the exclusive contemplation of phenomena through the coloured medium of a popular theory.

THE REVIEW OF THE CHURCHES.

In the *Review of the Churches* Mrs. Sheldon Amos, Archdeacon Wilson, and Mrs. Henry Fawcett discuss the question whether the separate education of the sexes is a mistake. Mrs. Amos opens the question. Archdeacon Wilson thinks that her note is exaggerated, and that the method of her reasoning is dangerous. But he says he would like to see the experiment of mixed education tried in some day secondary schools, but he thinks that the success of the experiment will be very slow and very limited, and the results will not be very great. He thinks that Americans admit that our public schools produce at least as fine a type as their own mixed higher schools and colleges. Mrs. Fawcett, on the other hand, thinks that the right thing to do is to educate boys and girls together in the same school. She thinks that the mistake is made of breaking up the family life of boys too young, and that if the sexes were educated together it would be refining to the boys and bracing to the girls, and instead of narrowing the relationship of young men and women until it sometimes consists of only one thing, their friendship will be broad based upon a hundred things, with the result that life and marriage will not get out of touch. Many of the women who have done conspicuously good work this century either received education in boys' schools or were educated with their brothers. Mrs. Fry, Mary Carpenter, and Harriet Martineau are three women whose names are examples in point. Dean Farrar and Archdeacon Sinclair write papers on "Clerical Celibacy." Both of them disapprove of it. The Principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, discusses the proposals of the Archbishop's Committee on Voluntary Schools, which he thinks are simple but effective, and he calls upon churchmen to rally in their support. There is an interview with Wardlaw Thompson upon the centenary of the London Missionary Society. There is an allegory for a comprehensive National Church, in which churches are represented as bootshops.

The Geographical Journal.

The *Geographical Journal* for August contains two very elaborate and copiously illustrated papers. One is Mr. Theodore Bent's report upon the exploration of the Frankincense country, Southern Arabia, the other is a continuation of the Bathymetrical Survey of the English Lakes. The maps of the Lake District are very good; Wastwater, Conistown Water, Ulleswater, and Haweswater are very elaborate. Mr. Bent's paper contains not only sketch maps, but reproductions of many photographs. The minor papers deal chiefly with Persia and the Euphrates.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE *North American Review* is a fairly good number, although there are no articles calling for special notice.

DR. NORDAU AND HIS THESIS.

Dr. Nordau replies to his critics in a paper which is characterised by quite the usual quantum of self-complacency. Dr. Nordau claims that he has established his thesis, which he thus states :—

Our age certainly has individual features in common with other ages, but at no time known to me were there, in addition to phenomena of mere brutality and lewdness, so many symptoms of organic ruin observable as now. The diagnosis—"degeneration"—is justified by these symptoms of organic ruin, and is more applicable to our times than to previous epochs. And infidelity cannot be the sole or even the principal cause; for to assume so would be equivalent to shutting one's eyes completely to alcoholism and to over-exertion, which are discovered as the aetiology in numerous cases.

MARK TWAIN ON FENIMORE COOPER.

In the article upon Fenimore Cooper's "Literary Offences," Mark Twain goes for the scalp of the author of the "Deerslayer" and the "Pathfinder." Mark Twain says that Cooper's art has some defects. In one place in the "Deerslayer" in two-thirds of a page Cooper has scored one hundred and fourteen offences against literary art out of a possible one hundred and fifteen. Of the nineteen rules governing literary art in romantic fiction, Cooper in the "Deerslayer" has broken eighteen. The style of Mark Twain's sledge-hammer criticism may be seen from the following passage :—

Cooper wrote about the poorest English that exists in our language, and the English of "Deerslayer" is the very worst that even Cooper ever wrote. I may be mistaken, but it does seem to me that "Deerslayer" is not a work of art in any sense; it does seem to me that it is destitute of every detail that goes to the making of a work of art; in truth, it seems to me that "Deerslayer" is just simply a literary *delirium tremens*. A work of art? It has no invention; it has no order, system, sequence, or result; it has no lifelikeness, no thrill, no stir, no seeming of reality; its characters are confusedly drawn, and by their acts and words they prove that they are not the sort of people the author claims that they are; its humour is pathetic; its pathos is funny; its conversations are—oh! indescribable; its love-scenes odious; its English a crime against the language.

A PARISIENNE ON RECENT ENGLISH NOVELS.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in a paper on the decay of literary taste, wrings his hands over the taste of the public. He says that they have a good deal of taste, but that it is bad. The most interesting part of his article, however, is an extract which he quotes from an article by Madame Barine, an astute and accomplished lady who has been describing for the French public what she saw and read in London last summer. Mr. Gosse says :—

She is no prude, she is no satirist, she has been a deep and sympathetic observer of men and books in many countries, and this is how she sums up her description of the latest batch of English novels by women. "I cannot say to what a degree all this recent literature of the English novel seems to me to be indecent and immoral. It is a very grave symptom, in a nation so jealous of appearances as the English, that women and girls of repute should be able to write such things without exciting censure. The novels on the Woman Question (*les romans féministes*) are devoured by hundreds of thousands of readers, even when, as is usually the case, they have no literary value, no merit of thought or of style. The public does not ask that they should be works of art. It takes them for what they are, polemical treatises and instruments of propaganda, and what it is interested in is the thesis and not the form. England may say what she likes, she has not escaped from the decomposition of ideas which is the disgrace of

the close of our century, and it is high time that she should say no more about French immorality. Our novels may be the more crude, but hers are the more unwholesome, and she has no longer the right to look down upon us with an air of scandalized virtue."

A GROWL AT MR. KIDD.

The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt reviews somewhat adversely Mr. Kidd's book on Social Evolution. He takes especial exception to the use which Mr. Kidd makes of the word religion. He says :—

Mr. Kidd's argument is so loose that it may be construed as meaning that, in the evolution of society, irrational superstitions grow up from time to time, affect large bodies of the human race in their course of development and then die away, and that this succession of evanescent religious beliefs will continue for a very long time to come, perhaps as long as the human race exists. He may further mean that, except for this belief in a long succession of lies, humanity could not go forward. His words, I repeat, are sufficiently involved to make it possible that he means this, but, if so, his book can hardly be taken as a satisfactory defence of religion. Mr. Kidd's position in reference to the central feature of his argument is radically false; but he handles some of his other themes very well.

THE TREND OF PLUTOCRACY.

Mr. W. H. Harvey, the author of a very popular book entitled "Coin's Financial School," replies to his censors in an article purporting to give a report of a conversation in Chicago, setting forth how things are going in the Republic. Mr. Harvey seems to think that the chief significance of Christ's teaching was His protest against plutocracy or usury, and he predicts that the trend of events in the United States is at present in the direction of monarchy :—

Monarchy, where man's liberty is suppressed, free speech and a free press abolished, and the poor held in subjection, standing armies increased, police protection and a rule of might prevail, where all recognise but one master, the power of wealth. The men on whom a suffering race must depend to advance its cause and secure the needed laws have not in monarchies the right of free speech, let alone the strength to overcome the power of money. Men of unusual wealth will always take sides with this evil power to assist in crushing out a demand for reform—which is but a cry for justice.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

Mr. Vandam in his latest contribution to the "Personal History of the Second Empire," calls attention to the miraculous escape of Napoleon from assassination when Orsini flung his bomb. Mr. Vandam says :—

The carriage that conveyed the Imperial couple and General Roguet, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, was literally riddled with projectiles; no less than seventy-six of these were subsequently found imbedded in the panels and other parts; one of the horses wounded in twenty-five places was killed on the spot, the other had to be slaughtered; the three footmen and the coachman were all severely hurt; General Roguet's deep, though not fatal, flesh wound just below the right ear bled so profusely that the Empress's dress was absolutely saturated with blood as she entered the opera. Finally, a bullet had gone right through the Emperor's hat. I am only referring to the Emperor and his immediate *entourage* on that night; the total number of wounded was one hundred and fifty-six, at least a dozen of whom died of their injuries.

PROFIT OUT OF GARBAGE.

Colonel Waring, Commissioner of Street Cleaning in the City of New York, has an interesting paper upon the disposal of a city's waste. He seems to think that it is possible to make money out of the garbage of the streets. He says :—

It would seem safe to assume that with a universal and well-regulated collection and sale there might be recovered, in

cash, one cent per diem for each member of the population, beyond the cost of collection and sale. This would amount annually to over \$7,000,000, enough to pay all the cost of street cleaning and street sprinkling, and, in addition thereto, to repave the whole city within a very few years, so far as this is needed, and to keep the pavements in repair perpetually. In due time it would pay for a complete supply of public urinals and latrines, and for other items of municipal house-keeping.

This profit can only be made, however, if the work is taken in hand comprehensively, and the city dealt with as a whole :—

The city should assert its right to an absolute monopoly of the garbage business, for all garbage is a nuisance unless brought under proper control. Such control cannot be exercised by the city unless it takes possession of the entire field.

Colonel Waring mentions that in New York the city ashes have been utilised by being converted into paving stones :—

Fifteen parts of ashes to one part of Portland cement, producing a concrete that would be admirably suited for the foundation of stone-block, asphalt, or other pavement.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SHEEP.

Dr. Louis Robinson continues his interesting series of papers upon "Wild Traits in Tame Animals." He devotes his third paper to the sheep and the goat. The sheep acquires its characteristics by being driven to live in high mountains out of the reach of its enemies.

As a protection against the cold of high altitudes they grew a thick woolly covering beneath their long coarse hair. The need of mounting steep slopes with rapidity, and of propelling their heavy bodies by leaps among the rocks, caused the muscles of the hinder quarters to become stout and fleshy. To the former fact we owe our woollen clothing, and to the latter, the succulent "legs of mutton" which so often appear on our tables.

CONTEMPORARY. EGYPT.

The American Consul-General in Egypt has a paper which calls for no special remark, but it may be worth while quoting the following tribute to our administration :—

Being humanely treated, the Egyptian to-day realises that he is a human being, and it is the opinion of those capable of judging, that more has been done in the last fifteen years for him than ever before in a century.

At the same time Consul Penfield is under no delusion as to the Europeanising of the fellah. He says :—

It is the veriest fiction of thought that the Egyptian himself is being Europeanised, as one learning of the Egyptian administrative policy might infer. He is being superficially modernised only, which he does not object to so long as his beloved religion is not molested. At heart he is as unchangeable as the sphinx, and Islamism must ever dwell on the banks of the Nile.

THE FARMER AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.

Mr. Egerton R. Williams, writing on "Thirty Years of the Grain Trade," brings out very clearly one reason why the American farmer is able to undersell his English competitor. Mr. Williams says :—

While the American farmer pays higher wages, he pays less of them, through the substitution of steam and horse machinery for manual labour. Again, his land freehold, the price paid per acre for his land in the far West and Northwest, is in many instances less than the leasehold of his English competitor. This the latter pays yearly, the former but once. Statistics show that the farmer in England pays in rental, taxes, and poor rates about \$14 per year on every acre of wheat land; and the wheat producer of America who rents

his farm pays on an average in rental and taxes only about \$2 per acre.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The late Director of the Mint describes how free silver will affect the United States from the point of view of one who believes that nothing could be more fatal than "debasement of the money of this proud and prosperous republic" to the standard of Mexico, South America and the Asiatic countries. Mr. Mather writes on the Industrial Future of the South, and Mr. Porritt writes briefly on the new light thrown on English history by the publication of the Kenyon MSS. by the Historical Manuscript Commission. Mr. Dodge's plea for electric roads is dealt with elsewhere.

THE FORUM.

THERE are several good articles in the *Forum*. I quote elsewhere from Mr. Frederic Harrison's estimate of Charles Kingsley's place in literature, and the papers on the attempt to teach art to the masses.

HOW TO PROTECT SOCIETY AGAINST DEGENERATION.

Dr. Nordau on his favourite theme invokes the protection of magazines and newspapers as safeguards of society against the malady to which he has called attention :—

The newspapers and magazines have an extremely important duty to fulfil. They have much to make good, for they have greatly sinned. The newspapers, professing progression, have given immense notoriety to morbid productions. Public opinion has been given to understand that degeneracy in art and literature is synonymous with the greatest advance. Their duty is to spread healthier views. They should cease occupying themselves more with one fool than with ten sensible artists, and they should not stamp all madness with the seal of success.

On the day when newspapers no longer consider it a duty to advertise the cripples and clowns of art and literature, the influence of degenerate productions will be greatly arrested. The masses will not then be penetrated by their peculiar characteristics. To leave degenerates and the hysterical to themselves, to tell the masses nothing of their insanity, or else strip them of their prestige of progress, genius, and acute modernity, appears to me the most promising method by which society is to defend itself against degenerative suggestions.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Most of the articles in the *Forum* deal with exclusively American subjects. They begin, for instance, with two articles on the recent income tax decision of the Supreme Court—one by George F. Edmunds, defending it and pointing out its salutary results, and one by Mr. Whitney, the Assistant Attorney-General, pointing out its political dangers. Professor Woodrow Wilson has an eloquent paper upon "The Proper Perspective of American History." Professor Laughlin exposes the fallacies of "Coin's Financial School," which he calls "'Coin's' Fool for the Gullible," a book of which some 400,000 copies have been sold in the last few months. Mr. William Salomon sets forth his reasons for believing that a sound currency is the dominant political issue, and ex-Senator Ross tells over again the story of the attempt to impeach President Johnson, as showing the lessons which can be drawn from an era of popular madness. Eliza Gold writes a paper under the title "Is the Church Yet so Timid?" in which she upbraids the bishops and the elders of the Church for not recognising more frankly the results of historical criticism. An anonymous paper, entitled "The Confessions of a Literary Hack," gives an interesting account of the struggles of a hack-writer to make an income out of magazine writing in New York.

THE ARENA.

THE *Arena* has several characteristic articles. It has as a frontispiece a portrait of Wendell Phillips, and publishes a character study on the same subject by Richard J. Hinton. There are several papers on psychical science, one of which, by the Rev. T. E. Allen, sets forth his reasons for rejecting Mr. Hudson's favourite theory of the duality of the mind. Miss Whiting tells the story of a psychical communication, and Mr. Flower discourses on Palmistry, taking as his text "Cheiro's Language of the Hand."

THE AGE OF CONSENT.

There are several papers on the question of the age of consent. Two senators, one of Kentucky and the other of Iowa, venture into the arena to defend the scandalous laws which place the age of consent at twelve or thirteen. The Kentucky senator is a bold man, and he maintains that a white girl anywhere in a civilised land is fully qualified to protect her virtue if she so desires. When backed by good moral training, he says he regards the twelve-year-old child as capable of resisting the wiles of the seducer as any other older woman; and yet the same man would refuse to allow any girl of twelve to dispose of any inheritance in dollars or in real estate which might be left her by her parents. The senator from Iowa mentions a curious fact, illustrative of the way in which the law courts contrive to supplement the defects of the Legislature. He says:—

Our supreme court, in construing what shall be considered as amounting to consent, has held that even where the female is over the age of thirteen, if she be still very young, with a mind not enlightened to the nature of the act to which it is claimed she consented, the jury should demand much more clear and convincing evidence of consent than if she were older, better informed, and more intelligent; for while consent implies submission, submission does not necessarily imply consent; and the mere submission of a young and uninformed female in the hands of a strong man cannot be taken to show consent.

IF NAPOLEON HAD GONE TO AMERICA.

There is a curious paper by John Davis on Napoleon in America. It is entitled "A Sketch with a Purpose." It is intended as a counterblast to the curious recrudescence of Napoleon worship in the United States. Mr. Davis says of Napoleon:—

He had a heart of savagery and a head equipped with all the science, resources, and power of the most advanced nations at the time of his appearing. He possessed the ambition of Lucifer, the conscience of Beelzebub, and the wisdom of Satan. His rapacity was unappeasable by the spoils of a world; his lust of empire surpassed the wildest dreams of Alexander or Tamerlane.

That extract will probably suffice in order to give the reader Mr. Davis's standpoint. Of more interest is his speculation as to what would have happened had Napoleon emigrated to America:—

Had he emigrated to America he might have turned land pirate in the sparsely settled Mississippi valley and among the mountains and canebrakes of the south and west, where he could have made a famous record running off negroes and stealing horses and cattle.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

Mr. B. Vrooman has a paper accompanied by a valuable bibliography upon "Child Life and the Kindergarten." He thus sums up his conclusions:—

First, one must keep in mind the primary end of all education, the complete development of a sound childhood into a perfect manhood and womanhood. Second, if the kindergarten is based on a fruitful idea, and if education by the State is at all justifiable, then a complete kindergarten system should be undertaken by the State. Third, if the

making of a better humanity is the concern of the State, that State cannot afford to allow its best work to be undone, but must do a thorough work, if it does a worthy one. Fourth, the State must "interfere" in all the environment that affects child-life; housing, sanitation, and everything that influences character, for better or for worse.

Mr. Flower's paper on "The Right of the Child considered in the Light of Heredity and of Parental Influences" is noticed elsewhere, as is also Mr. Taylor's paper on the "Universal Church." Two representative men write papers on "Is the Single Tax Enough?" and the reviews of books are vigorous and characteristic.

The Art Magazines.

MR. SPIELMANN writes the In Memoriam article on Henry Moore in the *Magazine of Art* for August. He considers the loss to the Royal Academy irreparable, for as a sea-painter this artist stood alone. But the Academy was slow to recognise his merits, and the neglect was strongly resented. Mr. Edmund Gosse continues his papers on the "Place of Sculpture in Daily Life," the present instalment dealing with sculpture in the house. He is much impressed with the beauty of bronze. William Hogarth is the graphic humourist dealt with by Mr. Joseph Grego; and the Australian quartette discussed by Mr. R. Jope-Slade are Messrs. E. Bertram Mackennal, Rupert C. W. Bunney, John Longstaff, and Abbey Altson. Mr. F. S. Walker's etching of Milton's house at Chalfont St. Giles is the frontispiece.

One of the most interesting articles in the *Art Journal* for August is that on the "Making of Tapestry and Brussels Carpets at the Dean Clough Mills, Halifax." Mr. John Fullwood has illustrated the article on "Hastings Old and New," and there is a review of Bernhard Berensen's "Lorenzo Lotto," by Julia Cartwright. In the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool, which is described by Mr. Cundall, British oil-painting of the latter half of this century seems to be well represented, but owing to want of space no systematic arrangement of the pictures in the various schools is attempted.

The *Studio* is as interesting as ever. Mr. Frederick Wedmore reviews, in the July number, the portraiture of the season, and Mr. Herbert Sharp tells us something of Mr. Riviere's methods of painting wild beasts. In the case of an animal like the dog, which can be brought into the studio, Mr. Riviere's plan is to work directly upon his picture from the living model. The wild animals, on the other hand, are gradually evolved from studies that have themselves been developed from smaller studies direct from nature. There is also a well-illustrated account of the Manchester Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

Last February the *American Quarterly Illustrator* became the *Monthly Illustrator*, and is now issued monthly. It gives so many articles, and notices so many artists, that it will soon be difficult to find an American artist who has been omitted.

In *Atalanta* for August, Mr. Kington Parkes tells the stories of some famous pictures by Reynolds, Turner, and a Landseer.

The Young Woman.

In the *Young Woman* that most indefatigable of interviewers, Mrs. Sarah Tooley, describes her interview with Mrs. D. O. Hill, sculptor and painter of Edinburgh. Several women writers describe the best holiday of their lives, and there is an account of Mrs. Emilia Barr, the author of "John Veddar's Wife." It seems she is a Lancashire girl, who emigrated to Texas, and then afterwards coming to New York, made her way in journalism.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

IN *Macmillan's Magazine* there are several miscellaneous articles, of which two, "The Old One Horned Stag," and "When We were Boys," deal with natural history. The "Account of a Decayed Profession" is devoted to pedlars and peddling. "The Men of the Hills" is the title of a paper on the inhabitants of the hills on the Scottish border. The writer tells some good stories which illustrate the character of these borderers:—

There was the minister of Broughton who prayed for dry weather in the midst of a perfect downpour, and when notwithstanding his prayers the great blasts of rain still beat on window, exclaimed in his aggravation, "Lord, Lord, but this is maist reedeklous!" We have heard of a farmer of undoubted respectability and a large kindness whose own brother, just dead, had been of the opposite persuasion. He was talking gleefully of the decrease of the enemy in the place where his brother had lived. "There were a terrible lot o' Tories," he said, "and we were sairly bothered wi' them; but our Maker was vory merciful to us and took a guid wheen o' them to Himself."

"The Ameer's Justice" is a story of Shere Ali in the judgment seat. A horsedealer lost a belt of gold, which he said contained 150 pieces of gold. A moolah promised to restore it to him if he paid him 20 pieces. When the belt was produced and the money counted, only 130 pieces were found. The horsedealer declared that the moolah had taken the rest, and kept all the money for himself. The moolah appealed to the Ameer. It was found, on examining the belt, that it was impossible to put in more than 130 pieces of gold. Thereupon the moolah was given 20 pieces, and the Ameer kept the rest for himself. When the horsedealer asked for the belt, the Ameer replied that it was obviously impossible that it belonged to him, because he had declared that his belt contained 150 pieces of gold, and this one could not hold more than 130. He would keep it until the rightful owner was discovered.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

PROFESSOR PASQUALE VILLARI contributes to the July numbers of the *Nuova Antologia* the opening chapters of a series of articles on "Sicily and Socialism." Without bringing forward any new facts or theories concerning the present deplorable condition of the island, he deals with the whole problem in a broad, discriminating spirit. The recent troubles, he insists, were entirely social and economic, not political, in character, and in his first article he deals exhaustively with the condition of the workers in the sulphur mines, who number altogether some 200,000. So out of gear is the whole economic system on which the labour is based, that whereas the miners work under the most insanitary conditions at a starvation wage, the smaller mine-owners are so crushed by the heavy export duties and by the mining royalties exacted by the landowners, that they make no profit at all, save by an unscrupulous use of the truck system, which flourishes in full force. The second article explains the complicated land system of Sicily, with its small freeholds, elaborately irrigated, and devoted to the cultivation of vines and fruit trees, which predominate near the towns, and the "latifondi" of the interior, vast stretches of country belonging to an absentee landlord, who alone profits by the hopelessly inferior system of agriculture in vogue, while the peasantry exist in a chronic state of semi-starvation. Add to these grievances an unjust and oppressive system of taxation, and it is not surprising, as Professor Villari points out, that Socialistic doctrines have obtained a firm footing in the island.

Signor R. de Cesare, in an apparently well-informed article (July 15th), dwells on the bitter feeling produced throughout Italy by the Pope's letter forbidding Catholics to take part in the recent elections. The order was expressed in more stringent terms than on any previous occasion: nevertheless, the proportion of abstentions—forty-one per cent. of the electorate—was lower than usual. De Cesare attributes the issue of the letter mainly to the indiscretion of Cardinal Hohenlohe in publicly drinking to the health of Crispi at a banquet, and to the consequent representations of the French Ambassador: but the cause seems hardly adequate to the effect if the Pope had really intended to allow Catholics to vote. In his indignation with the Papal policy the author declaims against "the indomitable and melancholy egotism" and the "intellectual poverty" of those who inspire the policy of the Vatican in regard to Italian affairs, and maintains that the distinction that is drawn by the Church between municipal and parliamentary elections, in the former of which Catholics are urged to vote, and in the latter commanded to abstain, is entirely illogical.

To the *Riforma Sociale* (July 10) the editor, Signor Nitti, contributes a thoughtful article on the right definition of labour—a definition, he maintains, in which most economists have failed, and which many have entirely evaded.

The persistent interest taken in English literature by Italians is displayed by a very readable article in the *Antologia* (July 1st) on the influence exercised on the development of English lyrical poetry by the visit of Sir Thomas Wyatt to Italy in 1526, by a study (July 15th) of Edgar Poe, and in the *Rassegna Nazionale* (July 15th) by a very learned and lengthy dissertation on the religion of William Shakespeare, favouring the theory that he lived and died a Catholic.

The Idler.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME announces in the August number that he has succeeded to its sole editorship. He has changed its size, enlarging it somewhat; and in his address to his readers he says:—

I wish to make it a magazine that will be almost a need to thinking men and women. I am satisfied that quality, and not quantity, of illustration is what my readers desire. Poor photographs and cheap drawings badly reproduced, lumped down upon the pages of a magazine without discrimination or selection, must have begun to pall upon the subscribers to modern periodical literature. To launch out monthly a magazine that speaks to hundreds of thousands of men and women throughout the world, appears to me a great work—a work full of responsibility, of delight—a work full of unknown possibilities—a work worth living for.

The first number of the new series is a fair average. There is an article on "Anthony Hope of the Dolly Dialogues"; Miss Belloc writes on "Shop Girls," "Cycling Women" is noted elsewhere. There are sketches from Spain, and the usual mixture of fiction and verse.

THE development of fruit farming in Australia progresses satisfactorily, and every now and then the London market receives a fresh consignment of dried fruit from the Australian Irrigation Companies. I was pleased to receive the other day two cases of dried apricots and peaches, which, on being subjected to the experimental test of the kitchen and dining-room, received a first-class certificate of merit. In the long run it may be found that the prosperity of Australia is more bound up with the success of the irrigation colony than the output of its gold mines.

THE FREE REVIEW.

In the *Free Review*, Mr. Robertson deals with the General Election in an article noticed elsewhere.

THE LOGIC OF GHOSTS.

Mr. Robertson, reviewing Mr. Podmore's book on "Apparitions and Thought Transference," is quite unexpectedly complimentary. He begins his article with an acknowledgment of the relatively scientific quality of the book, and concludes it by saying that:—

It really represents a long step towards a just decision on a variety of old issues never decisively disposed of by science, and latterly obscured afresh by new collections of data, claiming to be newly exact. That the general problem is still so contentious is the fault not so much of those who are reopening it as of the professional class which might have been looked to for a proper sifting of the case ere this.

THE SOCIALISTS IN FRANCE.

Mr. A. Hamon, writing on the "March of Socialism in France," gives the following account of the party:—

The Socialists in France are divided into the following classifications: Guesdists, Allemanists, Broussists, Blanquists, Independents; and then come the Anarchists. The main numbers are to be found in Paris, the south, and the south-east; then, in order of importance, the north, the south-west, the centre, the east, and, lastly, the west. The large towns, and particularly the large industrial towns, are the strongholds of Socialism.

A NEGRO ON THE NEGRO QUESTION.

Professor W. S. Scarborough gives us a very cheery survey of the coloured people in the United States of America. He thinks that they require to be protected in the exercise of their ballot, so that their vote will not be a mockery: but, on the whole, he is cheerful. He says:—

Under the circumstances the coloured people must bide their time, make the most of their limited opportunities, demand their rights, acquire wealth, cultivate the habit of giving wisely, acquire knowledge, see to their morals—live up, in short, to the full measure of manhood in their environments, and the future will take care of itself.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. William Wharton, in a paper entitled "Impressions of Oxford," attempts—
to illustrate in some degree the sort of inspiration, too often neglected for the more immediate ambition to secure a degree, that Oxford never fails to yield.

Mr. J. P. Gilmour reviews Dr. Mackintosh's "Natural History of the Christian Religion."

THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

THE most important paper in the *United Service Magazine* is Colonel Maurice's vindication of Lord Wolseley, noticed elsewhere.

HOW MANY BULLETS TO A BILLET?

In closing the discussion of his paper on the "Campaign of Plevna," Lieutenant Maguire gives some curious information as to the number of shots that must be fired in order to hit a soldier in modern war:—

The exact number of rounds of artillery fire were 200,000 by the Russians, and by the infantry there were 10,000,000 rounds. The Turks fired 80,000 rounds of artillery, and 15,000,000 rounds by the infantry. It is very encouraging in regard to the danger of being shot at to consider the number who perished. The whole number of people who were lost among the assailants was 40,000, and probably half of these perished through sickness. The defenders lost 30,000, and I take it that not more than 10,000 of these would have perished through being wounded, so that if you simply divide 10,000 into 200,000 shells and 10,000,000 bullets, the result will show that being shot at is a fairly safe thing, and the art of war one of the healthiest of avocations.

If we divide the wounded into half by shell fire and half by bullet, this would show that forty shells are fired for every man hit, and that out of 2,000 rifle bullets only one hits its mark.

THE FRENCH AT MADAGASCAR.

Captain S. P. Oliver, continuing his article on the "Operations in Madagascar," thinks the French have done very well so far. He says:—

Take it, all in all, General Duchesne may be congratulated on the brilliant conclusion of the first period of his trying campaign. His troops have fully answered his expectations, and the spirited affair at Tsarasaotra will apply the spur to the battalions of the 200th Regiment during their weary tramp up the difficult clay paths which will soon bring them to Ampasiria. The Hovas will probably make their next stand on the line of the Ambohimenakely range, in front of Malatsy, unless Rainilaiarivony can bring himself to the point of throwing up the sponge.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Colonel Morley's "Doctor's Story" is a story of the ghosts, or Duppies as they are called in Jamaica. J. Elton Prower describes the operations of an "Otter's" Column in the repression of the rebellion in the North-west provinces in 1885. Lieutenant-General Chapman reviews the life of Colonel Sandeman, and H. W. Wilson explains the functions of the cruiser as an adjunct of the battleship.

THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE.

SPORT is now to have a monthly magazine of its own. It is a handsomely illustrated shilling monthly, well printed on good paper; it is edited by A. E. J. Watson, and has quite an imposing list of contributors. The first article in the first number is written by the Marquis of Granby, who eulogises the North Derbyshire moors from a grouse shooting point of view. Susan, Countess of Malmesbury, discourses on sport in the Hampshire river Stour. There seems to be a good deal of sport in the Stour, and the Countess of Malmesbury is a devotee of fishing. She says that the wielding of an eighteen-foot salmon-rod is rather strenuous exercise, and it is not easy for a woman to go on casting forty feet of line for many hours together. In describing how she hooked a thirty-two pound salmon she says, that if she had been alone he would certainly have pulled her into the water; but "Dugald" was there and he held on to her skirt, a detail of fishing where women have the advantage over men, who have no skirts by which their keepers can hold them up. Horace Hutchinson writes on "The Championships of Golf" and the editor describes "A Morning at Newmarket." There is the inevitable paper on "Tarpon-Fishing in Florida." There is a paper on "Old Sporting Prints," and Mr. C. T. Dent describes "The Alpine Distress Signal Scheme." Mr. C. B. Fry discourses on "Hard Wickets," and the Earl of Onslow writes on the "The West End on Wheels." Lord Onslow begins by paying a great compliment to John Burns for the pains he has taken in securing a good bicycle track in Battersea Park. Lord Onslow thinks that The Lady Margaret Jenkins' habit is the one most nearly adapted to the necessities of the case. This consists of a deep hem inside the skirt, which, at a sufficient distance apart to allow for the necessary play of the knees when pedalling, is brought round the leg to fit tightly like a garter under the skirt. He says that he thinks in London the craze will probably not last beyond next season, but that in the country cycling will have come to stay.

THE SCOTTISH REVIEW.

In the *Scottish Review*, the most important paper from the point of view of political discussion is Dr. J. G. Bourinot's carefully written comparison between the constitution of the Canadian Dominion and that suggested for the Australasian Commonwealth. Dr. Bourinot knows his Canada well, and thinks a great deal of it. He thinks that it would have been a great deal better if the Australians had modelled their proposed Constitution on Canadian rather than on American lines. There is an interesting paper on "Fragments of Caithness Folk Lore," from which it would seem that witches are more numerous in that northern county than they seem to be in Southern Britain. But the part about witches only forms one fragment of an article which gives a most interesting account of the beliefs of the inhabitants of the very far north. "The Archaeology of the Pentateuch" is the title of an interesting paper by Major Conder of exploration fame. Major Conder thinks that the present theory of the Pentateuch is altogether crumbling away under the difficulties of its own creation, while the increasing knowledge, archaeological and otherwise, which is being accumulated will lead to the establishment of a more reasonable view as to its authenticity and historical value. "The Vision of Tundale" gives an account of a poem of the other world which preceded Dante and Milton by centuries. Tundale was a native of Ireland. The poem seems to have been a very remarkable one, and shows that the Celt anticipated the Italian in the general idea of a poem, dealing with heaven, hell, and purgatory. Mr. William Wallace, who writes upon "Some Aspects of Recent Poetry," says that the earlier Victorian period has been broken with, and we are face to face with verse of a different order:—

It has vigour, audacity, self-consciousness, and at least the instinct for splendour in style. But it has also many and equally obvious weaknesses—ultra-sensuousness, Herrick-like affectations, grotesque ornateness, no less grotesque minuteness in the description of details.

There is an historical paper on Sir Andrew Melville, a Scottish freemason of the seventeenth century, a description of Sancta Sophia at Constantinople, and Professor Seth's graduation address, in which he describes three years of Scottish University life under the new ordinances.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Blackwood has introduced the custom of signing almost all its articles, and very good ones many of them are. One of the best and most readable is Major-General Montague's plea for the cultivation of Moral Tactics as he calls it, or of close personal relations between the officers and privates of the regiment. He illustrates his paper with several instances from war, which are very well told and very much to the point. Major-General Montague concludes his paper as follows:—

If we want to catch our men, and to keep them when caught, officers of all ranks must look inside the coats and singlets and learn what those earnest heart-beats say; they must take off the well-worn cap and ask themselves what the poor, dull brain is thinking of. If they don't get an answer, ask their own hearts, their own brains, what they are beating for and thinking of, and the answer will be that which they want to get from underneath the brick-red coat and greasy cap.

Mr. Stutfield writes with enthusiasm on chamois hunting in the higher Alps. *Blackwood* is always unique among its compeers, owing to the attention which it pays to the foreign literature of the day. The paper on German novels is very carefully done, although it is rather hard on Vereschagin to be classed as a German;

he is a Russian if ever a man was. There are four natural history papers—one by Mr. Pigott, describing the shearwater, a poor relation of the albatross; Miss Bailey gives a spirited account of tarpon fishing in Texas; while "A Son of the Marshes" discourses upon heaths, mosses and meres. The most interesting paper, however, is Mr. Fielding's remarkable little narrative, entitled "My Maid of Honour." It is the story taken down from the lips of a Burmese girl who was a maid of honour in the Court of Mandalay when Burmah was annexed. Her account of the Court reads like a fairy story, in which the king and queen seem to have played all day long as in the nursery rhyme, when the king was in his counting house counting out his money, and the queen was in her parlour eating bread and honey. But when the queen was expecting an addition to her family she did not eat bread and honey, but lizards' eggs and the flesh of unborn calves. The story of these children is told with great pathos, and the article is brought to a close with a tragedy of the palace, in which a youth dressed himself up as a girl and was admitted to live with the princess, to whom he was devotedly attached. The deception was continued for some time, until, when passing the gate one day, he used the masculine pronoun when referring to himself, instead of the feminine. The boy was arrested, brought before the king and queen, and as there was no doubt about his guilt, he was put into a sack which was loaded with stones and dropped into the Irrawaddy. Miss Helen Zimmern gives an account of an attack upon Parliamentary government by M. Sighele, who sets forth the disadvantages of Parliamentary institutions, much in the spirit of Mr. Max Nordau, in accounting for the degeneration of society at the end of the nineteenth century. He is more expert in pointing out the shortcomings of Parliaments than in supplying the remedy; but the following is a summary of what he proposes should be done:—

Sighele would have members of Parliament paid; but in return for this pay they should make a profession of their duties and have no other outside. It should require as much study and exertion to be a member of Parliament as to be a lawyer or merchant or professor. At present members of Parliament are amateurs who for a brief space exercise a serious power for a variety of causes, many of which are frivolous. Further—and this is, too, an important point—he would considerably limit the number of members. Thus, where a nation returns 500 he would have but 100, and this with a view to make the office less of a sinecure: the responsibilities, divided by 100 instead of 500, would be more felt. Then, too, he would have Parliament occupy itself solely with the large questions at stake, leaving to local Councils the management of local affairs.

The Young Man.

The Young Man contains a posthumous paper by Dr. Dale, Dr. Joseph Parker's advice to young men on managing a church, and interviews with Dr. Alexander White, of Edinburgh, and Mr. Joseph Cowen, of Newcastle. Mr. Dolman, who interviews Mr. Cowen, mentions that the *Newcastle Chronicle*—

Now gives employment to over 300 people. The editorial staff, including two artists as well as sub-editors and reporters, numbers 31; there are 65 clerks, and 212 compositors, machinists, carmen, etc. There are twenty Linotype composing machines. There are four printing machines, one of which, for the perfect manner in which it prints, cuts, folds, and counts the papers, is considered the finest in the country, whilst another simultaneously prints two eight-paged papers at the rate of 40,000 an hour.

BORDERLAND.

THE current number of *Borderland* contains several articles of more than usual interest. Catholics and Protestants as well as medical men will find the articles describing the cures at St. Winifride's Well, by Miss X. and Dr. Green, well worthy of their attention. If St. Winifride's Well had been in some continental country its cures would have been talked of throughout Europe. As it is in Wales, the general public usually ignores this wonder-working shrine. Both Miss X. and Dr. Green are disposed to attribute the cures to the influence of suggestion. Another feature of the number is a summary of a rather remarkable symposium on "Why I believe in Immortality," which has been held in the American papers. Prof. Max Müller, Cardinal Gibbons, Prof. Briggs and Prof. Elliot Coues discuss the matter from various points of view. W. T. Stead states the argument for believing not so much in immortality, as in the persistence of the individual after death from the point of view of experiment in Borderland. The paper which contains the most startling statements is the interview with a London city merchant, who for the last half dozen years has never undertaken any important step without consulting the stars. He says he has spent literally thousands of pounds in fees to astrologers, and is quite confident he has got his money's worth many times over. Contrary to what is almost the universal experience of experimentalists in this mysterious but fascinating realm, he maintains that he has never been misled, and that times innumerable he has been prevented making a blunder, and been directed as to how to avoid disaster by Horary Astrology. The interview is a very curious illustration of the persistence with which this belief possesses the human mind. At the present date no Burman would take any important step in life without consulting the stars, but it is rather odd to find a man carrying on business in the City and in the provinces who has so robust a faith in our power to consult the stars. The astrologer who has thus beaten the record is Mr. Richard Bland, 31, Francis Street, Hull. Among the other weighty articles in this number are Mr. Maitland's "What is Esoteric Christianity?" and Dr. Franz Hartmann sums up what he thinks of "Theosophy and Theosophists." The "Gallery of Borderlanders" contains a character sketch of Mrs. Besant, and the following passage in the article may excite considerable discussion:—

Mrs. Besant, it is obvious, regards the Mahatmas as Christians regard Christ. Indeed, to her Christ is a Mahatma—one among the elder brethren of the race; and when consulted by Christians she tells them to study Christ, to follow Christ, to obey Him. He is your Master. Follow Him. It is with these sublime Sons of God that she believes she is in constant communion. It is strange that such a claim should be regarded as preposterous by those who profess to believe that they are, by means of prayer, able to hold personal communion with the Infinite and Eternal Lord God Almighty.

Mrs. Besant does not hesitate to assert that she is permitted at times to enter into personal communion with her Master, to see His radiant astral Figure, and to hear His voice.

There can be no doubt, therefore, about Mrs. Besant's claim. She asserts, and no one can for a moment doubt that she believes implicitly what she asserts, that she is in the habit of meeting personally this celestial or astral visitant, who is to her as Christ was to the Saints. She communicates to Him her difficulties, and He gives her advice or commands. All this, of course, may seem very mad to matter-of-fact people. But is it one whit madder than the visions of St. Teresa, of St. Catherine of Siena, and of Joan of Arc? The first two of these good Christian ladies were not content with the apparition of any one less than the Lord Himself.

Mrs. Besant is only partially clairvoyant, but she can at will,

so she assures me, detach her soul from her body; and leaving the latter lying unconscious, can speed with her soul through the astral plane to regions beyond. There she sees things to come as if they had already happened, and is enabled to prepare for the evolution of her allotted destiny.

THE HUMANITARIAN.

MR. GRANT ALLEN replies to Mr. Stutfield in a paper in *Blackwood's*, declaring that he is all for purity and a scientific system as against excess and disease. Grant Allen defies any one to find a single prurient or sensuous line in all his writings, or a single argument which militates in any way against the supreme duty of fatherhood or motherhood. He would sooner cut off his own hand than lower or degrade those sentiments which exercise the most sacred influence in the life of man. Mr. Grant Allen repeats in this article the extraordinary notion that he and his friends have invented the idea of parental responsibility. He says:—

Parental responsibility, as at present employed, means merely responsibility to children already begotten. In any wide sense, it would rather include the questions, "What individuals ought, and what ought not, to become parents? When and under what conditions should they become parents? With whom, and how often should they become parents? Of how many children should they become parents?" All these questions would be set to themselves, and answered individually, by every sober, earnest, and well-meaning man and woman in any moral and really civilised community.

We wonder whether Mr. Grant Allen really believes that nobody discovered that duty before he wrote the "Woman Who Did." Dr. Forbes Winslow has a paper on the "Madness of Genius," which he regards as one of the many awful proofs of immortality. Mr. Anberon Herbert replies to Mr. Belfort Bax in a paper entitled "Who Owns the Individual?" Mr. Herbert thinks that the Socialists are doing good chiefly because they are shaking the whole order of things as now existing. We shall presently be dropped into the pit of Socialism, but will emerge into something better. In other words, we shall all come out Anarchists of Mr. Herbert's stamp, pledged to voluntary taxation and the absence of all restraint. We all shall be allowed to do exactly as we darn please, without apparently having taken the preliminary precaution that we shall please to do nothing excepting what is right. Mr. W. T. Husband replies to Harry Quilter's paper, entitled "A Question of Courage," to which he has given the title, "A Question of Manliness." A writer eulogises the stoicism of Marcus Aurelius; and M. E. A. Schanza writes briefly concerning the position of Dutch women.

ONE special feature which deserves note in the *Sunday at Home* is a series of sketches from Uganda by the pencil of Bishop Tucker. It seems the Bishop has frequently exhibited in the Royal Academy, and is an exquisite painter in sepia.

THE *Woman at Home* begins its holiday number with an illustrated paper on the "Childhood of Queen Victoria." Some of the illustrations are good, others are the reverse. There is one short story by "Q," a story of Cornwall, and a shorter story by Ian Maclaren, entitled "An Impossible Man." Mrs. Meade has a short tale of "An Up-to-date Girl" in Switzerland—a Girton girl, Hypatia Wentworth by name, who, from pure cussedness, climbed up to the top of a mountain, Rochers de Naye, where she would certainly have died from cold and exposure had she not been rescued and brought down by a man.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes* seldom deals with startling subjects, but its contents are never without interest for those who read them with care. The first article in the July 1st number is upon the organisation of universal suffrage, and opens with the statement that almost every political party in France considers that things are now going badly in the State. The old Parliamentarians have parted with their illusions, and strike their breasts regretting their own mistakes, and to those lamentations, audible to an attentive ear, the country replies nothing. The writer of the article, M. C. Benoist, thinks that universal suffrage as practised in France is anarchism, and will lead to anarchy. He discusses the best way of grouping and organising the innumerable voters, and uses the symbol of groynes pushed out into the sea, to make us understand what he means. He says it is no use any longer cradling ourselves in the political dreams current before 1848; we have nothing to do with such prehistoric methods, living as we do in an epoch later by half a century. To the English reader, accustomed to hear the checks and limitations of our own electoral system severely criticised, M. Benoist's article may give food for reflection.

To the same number M. Edouard Rod contributes an essay upon Goethe. German literature has never been popular in France, and that from causes quite independent of the war of 1870. The French had no Carlyle to translate the genius of Germany in magnificent prose, and the power which Goethe exercised on the rest of Europe has never been fully appreciated in France. M. Rod's remarks on the famous memoirs which have been familiar to the English reading public for fifty years should be interesting to students. Goethe, he remarks, never described himself as an artist pure and simple; he pretended, on the contrary, to be a master of philosophy, and to teach his readers how best to govern their lives, whether by the example of his fictitious personages or by the lessons taught in his own autobiography. To use a modern phrase, they are tendency writings. The great man of Weimar is described by the French writer with a total absence of the glamour with which Carlyle and George Henry Lewes invested their hero.

"Russian finance," by M. G. Levy, is reassuring in tone, with this exception, that the writer considers that the Bank of Russia is too much given to philanthropic transactions. To set this national institution on a more rigorous business footing would be, he says, "the crowning of the work of financial restoration undertaken in 1888 and pursued with so much success by Alexander the Third and Nicholas the Second, and of which France has aided and followed the development with a degree of interest on which it is not necessary to insist."

Most seasonable is an article by M. J. Rochard upon French seaside and inland bathing stations. The town population of France is steadily increasing; fifty years ago there were three peasants to one citizen, now they are nearly even, and the yearly emigration by a large number of the inhabitants of the towns to the seaside and watering places helps to neutralise the bad effects of this state of things. M. Rochard hopes that the seaboard of France will become more and more an aquatic suburb, the more so that everybody travels, and the expenses of foreign tours will constantly tend to become cheaper. This interesting article would bear reprinting as a pamphlet.

M. P. Mille has been inspired to write a long analysis of Mrs. Annie Besant, her influence on the English world of thought, connection with theosophy, and past, present, and future. He speaks with great personal respect of his

subject, and alludes with interest to a lecture given by her in Paris; but he asks himself, apparently seriously, whether she will finally end in a Carmelite convent, or end as a Sister of Charity and daughter of Saint Vincent de Paul.

The Vicomte de Vogüé writes somewhat obscurely on the literature of Mediæval Europe, and takes for his text a late publication of Gaston Paris.

The second July number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* opens with an article by M. Faguet upon Auguste Comte, and is based upon two books—that written by M. de Roberty upon Auguste Comte and Herbert Spencer, and that by Pere Gruber, a Jesuit author, who, it seems, has written a scrupulous and conscientious work. Comte is here described as having been extraordinarily child-like and prodigiously proud, at no time of his life knowing anything of mankind, though he recoiled from injustice to himself. He perpetually wondered at the inconstancy, ingratitude, and want of insight in his fellow creatures. He complained of his wife as being without the instinct of kindness or veneration, and as having what he termed a purely revolutionary nature. This man, who was quiet and simple, whose manners were cold and polite, and who dwelt in a small student's chamber, believed that no worldly rank was so great, and even no place in the spiritual hierarchy so desirable, but what he might aspire to it by a kind of natural claim, and he believed in the height of his own future achievements and their reward, considering himself to be the only being who had perhaps ever deserved either. Not only did he think that he had absolute right to live according to his own perceptions of that which was desirable, but he believed that his own perceptions created an ultimate rule for all mankind. Thus he wrought out a picture of the universe made in his own image, and projected his own portrait in infinitude.

The Kiel canal and the modern fleets of the world form the subject of a second article by an anonymous writer. The idea of a German maritime canal was not, it seems, new, since in the month of June, 1777, Prince Frederick of Denmark, who afterwards became king, lifted the first sod of the cutting of the canal which connects the river Eider with the Bay of Kiel—the Northern Sea with the Baltic. Germany has now a colonial empire, and if a great war arose the connection with the open sea would be of the first importance, and so the writer considers that England, Russia, and the Scandinavian kingdoms are bound to turn their attention, quite as much as is France, to the future importance of the Kiel canal. Inasmuch as the canal is in its nature a warlike instrument, it will conduce to war if Germany find it all-important and essential to her interest.

The second article on the English contemporary drama is severe on Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, and analyses with considerable shrewdness the conditions which led to the gradual extinction of "cup and saucer" comedy.

The most genuinely interesting paper in either number of the *Revue* is by M. Amelineau, and deals with some recent excavations in Egypt undertaken by a M. Naville, who followed the traces of Mariette Bey in the celebrated Temple of Deir, built in the eighteenth Egyptian Dynasty, about 1700 years before our era, by an Egyptian Queen in honour of her father's achievements. This particular Pharaoh, Thothmes the First, had associated his daughter with himself in the government, as many other Pharaohs had associated their sons, and she repaid him by building this temple to his memory. Those taking an interest in Egyptian lore will do well to procure the article.

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

WE have noticed M. Filon's account of the Woman's Movement in Great Britain. Every month the French reviews number amongst their contributors several of those great writers who have passed out of sight if not out of memory; amongst them Marshal Davout, Charles Gounod and Taine contribute their quota to the July *Revue de Paris*.

Those who make a study of the Napoleonic era should read Davout's official account of the Prussian campaign of 1809. The continuation of Gounod's charming memoirs cannot fail to be of wide and permanent value, especially as he describes therein his sojourn in Italy at the Roman Académie de France, and his close friendship with the great painter Ingres, who often told him he might have made an even better painter than musician. To the end of his life Gounod kept among his most precious relics a portrait of himself done by his friend during those happy years in Rome. The drawing represents the composer of "Faust" seated at a piano before Mozart's "Don Juan." It was in Italy that Gounod made the acquaintance of Fanny Henzel, the sister of Mendelssohn, and herself a composer of rare merit, who introduced the young Frenchman to German music and musicians.

M. Ernest Daudet, the brother of the famous novelist, gives an eloquent account of the rôle played by the Chouans, the Breton royalist freebooters who performed so many deeds of heroism during the Revolution, under the First Empire. According to their latest historian, if the Allies had not entered Paris the Chouans would have provoked a general uprising in La Vendée. It is strange to think that so much valour and power should have been wasted on behalf of such a man as Louis XVIII., who finally owed his short-lived reign to the enemies of France rather than to those who had remained faithful to the old dynasty, both during the revolutionary period and through the First Empire.

M. Albert Sorel's account of the negotiations which took place between General Hoche and the Irish party with reference to an attack on England by the revolutionary forces, then under the command of the famous French general, is not pleasant reading. Striking is the report of a conversation between Hoche and Wolfe Tone, to whom Ireland is indebted for the stirring ballad of the "Shan Van Voght." Hoche asked, "What form of government would suit Ireland if the expedition were successful?" Wolfe Tone answered, "A Republic." Hoche inquired, "Are you sure of this?" "As sure as I can be of anything; this I know, in Ireland they think of nothing else." "And is there no fear," asked Hoche, "that the Catholics will wish to establish a separate monarchy in favour of their chiefs?" "No fear at all." This remarkable conversation took place after a dinner-party given by Carnot.

In the same number will be found the conclusion of Taine's Belgian and Dutch diary, and also the concluding portion of Lucien Perey's valuable historic paper on "Catherine the Great and the Prince de Ligne," which includes the Prince's fine testimony in favour of his Imperial friend, written some days after her death. "None could have told that she was a short woman, everything about her was measured and methodical; she possessed the art of listening, and even when her mind was full of other things she seemed to be hearing what others said. Those who invent anecdotes, and who pose as possessing special knowledge, those who are indifferent and who speak ill of others in order to say something clever, or by way of making a living, the ill-intentioned,

the unkind, will perhaps attempt to diminish her celebrity; but truth will triumph. The reality of all which I myself witnessed will be remembered, the love and admiration of her subjects, the love and enthusiasm of her soldiers. I have seen them in the trenches cut down by the enemy become consoled and prepared for fresh efforts on hearing the name of 'Matouschka,' their mother and their idol."

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

WE have noticed elsewhere Professor Lombroso's "Benefits of Crime." *La Nouvelle Revue* becomes each month more and more of a political pamphlet; two articles on the strategic rôle of the French fleet, an exhaustive analysis of the Alsace-Lorraine question, a discussion on the German plan of campaign, and a somewhat venomous article on the English occupation of Gibraltar, make, together with Madame Adam's own "Letters on Foreign Politics," a formidable amount of matter devoted in various shapes and phases to the god of war, the more so that the fine verses of George Meredith on 1870 also form a feature of the July list number.

What remains of general interest is, however, valuable. M. Rodocachi continues and concludes his life of Princess Renée de France, a beautiful gentle French princess, who married into Italy and became, as may be imagined to the horror of the people of Ferrara, a disciple of Calvin. She returned to France when widowed to become a pillar of the Reformed Church, and sheltered many a fugitive Huguenot in her château of Montargis.

It is not easy to understand what is meant by the article dealing with "Snobbism and Mysticism." It seems a somewhat confused attack on that section of Parisian society which has of late become enamoured of "Liberty materials, anæmia, Greek robes, the Pre-Raphaelism of Burne-Jones, stained glass windows, Edgar Poe, the Primitives, Sarah Bernhardt, and Huysmann's novels dealing with the unseen."

Ibsen's poems have inspired M. Khan with some curious theories. He points out that the Swedish writer is only known as a dramatist, and that unlike Bjørnsen, who has been in his day novelist, poet, politician, and playwright, Ibsen has never published a story and not even written his views on the Swedish and Norwegian Separation question; and yet, continues the French critic, when he was a young man, the author of "The Doll's House" published a small volume of verse, the first dating from 1850, the last from 1875. For preface to the volume Ibsen placed the lines, of which the following is a rough translation:—

"Life is spent in warring with spirits,
We are roofed in by our brain and our heart."

Many of the poems deal with the Prussian-Danish War and are full of intense patriotism, and some few verses, written during the Siege of Paris, were so violent that they were never included in the German edition of his works. M. Khan considers that Ibsen the poet gives the key to Ibsen the dramatist, and he declares that these verses throw a clear light on the soul of a great writer.

M. D'Almeras begins a series of articles on Paris, interesting alike to the lover of the picturesque and to those concerned with the historical and social side of the town. He begins with the Marais, a quarter little visited by English visitors, and yet possessing some of the most curious streets and houses on the Continent, among others the beautiful Hotel Carnavalet, where Madame de Sévigné wrote her celebrated letters, and which has now become a museum, filled with relics of the Revolution.

THE GENERAL ELECTION, 1895: THE POSTER IN POLITICS.

THE librarian of the British Museum has issued a special appeal to all candidates at the recent elections to forward to the Museum, for preservation in the archives of our great national library, copies of bills, placards, pictures, etc., which they have issued

for the purpose of influencing the electors in the General Election of 1895. Such a collection would, no doubt, be extremely interesting to the future historian. In the pages of a monthly magazine it is impossible to do more than merely glance at the literature of the hoardings which came into existence at the beginning of last month and which has been buried in oblivion by the beginning of August. But before all these eloquent appeals which the artist and painter have made vanish altogether from the sight and the memory of man, it may be well to put on record some of the more effective pictures which have influenced the result of this memorable election. A whole volume of Parliamentary eloquence may be condensed into a single placard. One effective picture in glaring colour will bring home a political lesson

or point a moral far better than all the oratory of the platform or all the eloquence of the pulpit. Mural literature has a great advantage over all other kinds of propaganda. Like wisdom in the book of Proverbs, the placard cries aloud in the main thoroughfares, it stands at the corners of the streets, it forces itself upon your attention the moment you stir outside your doors. Men can refuse to read newspapers, they can absolutely abjure all public meetings, they can bundle the canvasser into the gutter, but unless they shut their eyes they cannot prevent themselves from seeing the cartoons, pictures, and caricatures with which

the party billsticker has covered the hoardings and available walls which he must pass when he takes his walks abroad. Mr. Carlyle has told us how in the hot fever of the French Revolution the newspapers preferred the circulation which they obtained by means of the bill-

sticker to the circulation secured by the ordinary method of subscription. It would be possible to construct from the placards and pictures issued during the recent election a very faithful and accurate picture of the condition of the mind of England when the last appeal was made to the country.

Whatever may be the case in regard to argument, it must be admitted that the Tories had the best of the contest so far as pictures and illustrations went. In South Wales, for instance, the Liberals showed hardly any pictures at all, and in most places the balance of pictorial argument was distinctly favourable to the Tories. There was not much originality one way or the other. The political artist harps for the most part on a very few and familiar notes. One of the most frequent forms of electoral placard was that of the



"FOR QUEEN AND COUNTRY."

portrait of the candidate, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, or Sir William Harcourt. Both Liberals and Tories made use of the Union Jack. In Glasgow the Unionist candidates issued cards with their own portraits surrounded by the Union Jack, and with the Royal arms at foot. One popular but very commonplace device is that which represents the party leader as Saint George or some valiant knight slaying a dragon, which according to the politics of the author is either Radicalism or Reaction, the same dragon doing equally well for either Tories or Liberals. It is only the label which requires to be altered. Mr. Gladstone made a much more heroic

knight in armour than Lord Salisbury; but even Lord Salisbury makes a very respectable figure, as is shown in the cartoon which I reproduce on the previous page, and which might have been labelled "Behold the Conquering Hero Comes." Such pictures are not so much weapons of electoral warfare as standards under which the faithful can go forth to battle.

The chief interest in mural literature is in those

pictures which endeavour to influence votes. The first place must be given by general consent to a very effective placard, containing companion pictures, which was issued by the Unionists. Nothing could be more simple, more artless than this poster, which stood the Unionists in such good stead. It will be seen from the reduced copies which I reproduce here, the pictures represent a working man's home in prosperity and in adversity. In one the workman comes home to find his table well laden with good cheer, and is welcomed by a happy wife and chubby child. In the other a workman sits beside an empty cupboard, in the midst of his starving family. There is nothing political in the pictures. They represent scenes with one of which our workmen are unfortunately only too familiar. They were used for political purposes by the Unionists, who represented the prosperous home, with plenty on the table, as the result of Unionist policy; while the picture of

squalor and misery was boldly labelled so as to make it represent the results of the Liberal administration. There was nothing in the world to prevent the Liberals from issuing exactly the same pictures labelled the other way on. It would have been just as true in one case as in the other, for no one in their senses will contend that want never invades a workman's home under either Liberal or Tory administration. Lack of work and distress are never absent from certain sections of our population, nor do they time their coming according to the ascendancy of this or that party at St. Stephens. Nevertheless, there seems to be a

general agreement among electioneering authorities that this bold and impudent placard, or rather the bold and impertinent appropriation of these companion pictures by the Unionists, gained them many votes, especially in South Wales.

There were many effective placards intended to illustrate the advantages of maintaining the Union or the disadvantages of Home Rule. One of the most effective

and brightly-coloured of these was issued in Glasgow, representing three soldiers—a young Guardsman, a Highlander, and one of the Connaught Rangers—standing side by side in defence of the Union Jack. A good specimen of the mendacious poster was that which was issued by the Irish Unionist Alliance, in which the most unwarrantable liberty was taken with my name. In opposing the In and Out Clause in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, I had described the clause as the most lunatic device that was ever invented for destroying an Empire. Owing to this and similar representations the clause was abandoned, but notwithstanding this the Irish Unionist Alliance deemed it honest to issue huge placards, a reduced copy of which is to be found on another page, in which my declaration concerning the In and Out Clause is quoted as if it were my deliberate judgment upon Home Rule.

For the most part mural literature is printed in black and

white, but colour was most used by the Conservatives. A series of more or less effective cartoons by Tom Merry were issued from Conservative headquarters, being supplied to Unionists' Associations at the rate of 10s. a hundred. From the Liberal headquarters no pictures were issued of any kind. The National Liberal Club, on the other hand, with the aid of the Nassau Steam Press, succeeded in producing in a few days half a million broadsheets in various colours. Some of the Liberal posters were pictures of Mr. Gladstone and other Liberals. Three of the pictures deserve special mention as the most effective of all the Liberal cartoons put



THE WORKING MAN'S HOME.—I.

during this election was that representing the "Massacre of the Innocents," in which the various members of the House of Lords are represented as the soldiers of King Herod butchering the various legislative bantlings of the Liberal Ministry. There is humour and somewhat more of originality in this picture than there is in any of the others issued during the election. St. George and the Dragon was another effective cartoon; while a third, representing an Englishman, Irishman, Scotchman, and Welshman meeting in friendly hand-grasp round the Union Jack, was produced as a set-off to the cartoon of the three soldiers.

Mr. Chamberlain figured conspicuously in the literature of the hoardings. But it is noticeable that he figures almost exclusively upon Liberal posters. The Tories and Liberal Unionists do not seem to have thought that his portrait was one to conjure with. The Liberals, on the other hand, have rather overdone their caricatures of Mr. Chamberlain. Departing for a moment from mural literature to that of caricature in general, we should notice here the contributions made by the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Westminster Gazette* to pictorial electioneering. The *Pall Mall Gazette* brought out "The Wreck of Rosebery," which contains a great deal of third-rate stuff with two or three very effective cartoons, which I reproduce. But the *Westminster* unquestioningly took the palm by its cartoons for the crisis, of which it brought out a series of over two dozen. The pencil, pen, and fertile brain of Mr. Carruthers Gould seldom achieved a greater triumph than in the success with which he hit off from day to day the salient features of the contest. I reproduce here, by permission of the *Westminster Gazette*, some of the best of this notable series. Mr. Gould has seldom done anything better than in these cartoons. From of old time he had a perfect passion for delineating Mr. Chamberlain's somewhat hard and unprepossessing features, and he revelled in the opportunity which this election gave him of depicting

Mr. Chamberlain in every conceivable position. For genuine humour and original force there are few to excel those in which he represents the union of the Parson, the Publican, and the Peer, entitled "United we stand, divided we fall," or that other cartoon representing Lord Salisbury before and after his absorption by Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Gould may certainly lay the flattering unction to his soul that he has contributed as much as any man to make Mr. Chamberlain the leader of the hour, and to fix attention upon the Liberal Unionist leader to the exclusion of any other figure in the electoral battle.

From Inverness I hear that the most effective placard issued in the election was a plain bit of printing, which I reproduce here:—

WHAT THE LIBERAL
GOVERNMENT HAVE
DONE SINCE 1892.

1892.

Came into Office.
Made Peers.
Made Promises.

1893.

Home Rule Fiasco.
Made more Peers.
Made more Promises.

1894.

Passed a Local Govern-
ment Act.
Increased the Death
Duties.
Won the Derby.
Lost their Leader.
Made more Peers.
Made more Promises.

1895.

Again won the Derby.
Made still more Peers.
Made still more
Promises.
Resigned.

TOTAL.


1 Act, 2 Derbys,
15 Peers,
Promises innumerable.




THE WORKING MAN'S HOME.—II.

Among the humours of the election must be mentioned the fact that in East Fife the Tories were so confident of the defeat of Mr. Asquith that they actually prepared and printed huge placards, as follows: "Glorious Unionist victory. Triumphant return of Mr. Gilmore. Defeat of ex-Home Secretary."


On the whole, the mural literature of this election seems to have been singularly free from offensive denunciation and mendacious statements, or anything that could be described as hitting below the belt. The billsticker has very few sins to answer for.



"THE WHOLE SCHEME IS AS FULL OF DANGER AND ABSURDITIES AS IF IT CAME FROM A MADMAN"
Spurgeon.



"NO SUCH LUNATIC DEVICE WAS EVER PROPOSED FOR THE UNDOING OF A NATION."
Stead.



HOME RULE ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA

"In that direction," the (Cheshire) Cat said, lives a Hatter, and in that direction lives a March Hare. Visit either you like, they're both mad." *Alice in Wonderland*

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY EMMISON BROS 42 DEANSGATE MANCHESTER & 89 LONDON WALL E.C.

THE BRITISH VOTER

Staggering under the burden of the Liquor Traffic.



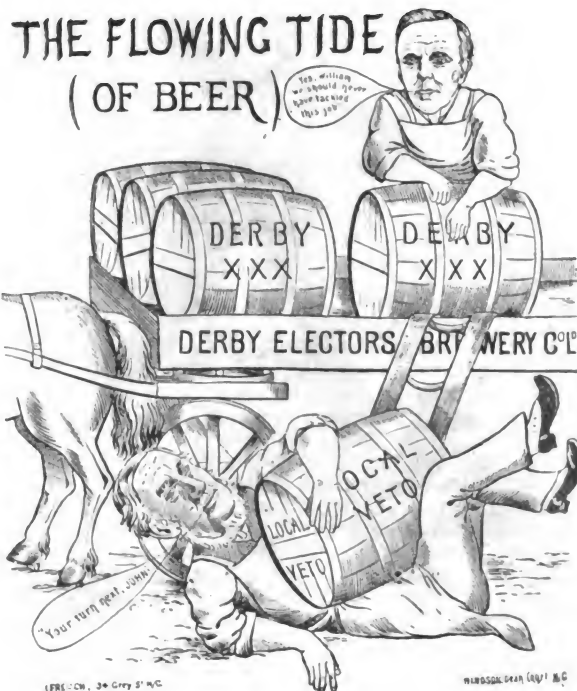
When this Elector gets sense—he'll chuck it!

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY TAYLOR GARNETT, EMMS & CO. MANCHESTER



TYNESIDE BUBBLES

MR. ARNOLD WHITE IN SOUTH NORTHUMBERLAND.



A CARTOON FROM NEWCASTLE.



GENERAL ELECTION STEEPLECHASE.



THE ROTTEN RAFT
Broken up at Last.



TWO TO ONE.

JOHN BULL, JUN : Why does Mr. Harcourt hang out that funny sign, Daddy?
JOHN BULL : Because, my son, it is Two to One his pledges will never be redeemed.

CARTOONS FROM THE CONSERVATIVE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

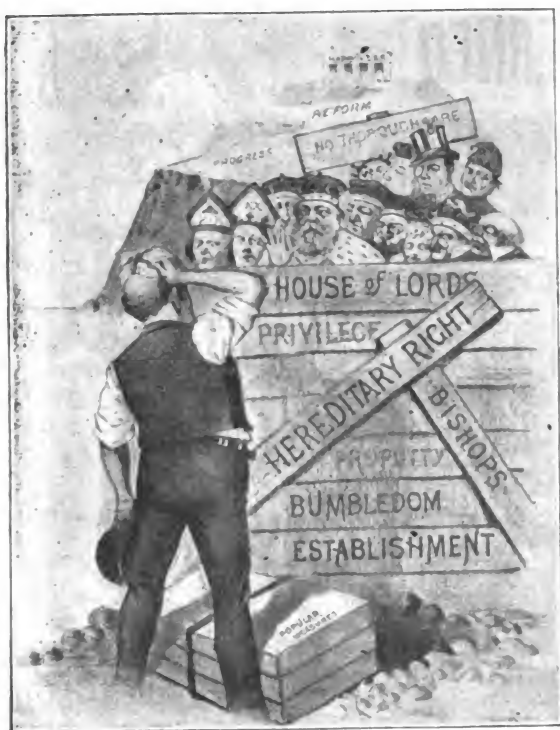
ARE WE TO GOVERN OR BE GOVERNED!



VOTE FOR LIBERALISM PROGRESS AND REFORM!



The HOUSE OF LORDS is the BARRIER to PROGRESS.
ELECTORS! END OR MEND IT.



HOW LONG WILL HE STAND IT?

THE NATIONAL DISGRACE TESTIMONIAL



BOWLED!



THE HOPE OF LABOUR.



VOTE FOR KEIR HARDIE



BEARING HIS BURDEN.

VOTE FOR KEIR HARDIE


TORYISM • LIBERALISM

TORY MENU
 THE PEERS AGAINST
 THE PEOPLE.
 DISTRUST OF
 DEMOCRACY.
 DEFENCE OF
 MONOPOLY &
 PRIVILEGE
 OBSTRUCTION TO
 REFORM
 LABOUR
 DESPOILED
 OF HER RIGHTS.
 CLASS
 LEGISLATION

FOR THE CLASSES!

LIBERAL MENU
 ABOLITION OF THE
 PEERS VETO.
 LEGISLATION FOR THE
 PEOPLE
 BY THE PEOPLE.
 HOME RULE
 ALL ROUND.
 ONE MAN ONE VOTE
 INDUSTRIAL PROSPERITY
 THE RIGHTS
 OF LABOUR
 DELICIOUS EQUALITY
 NO PRIVILEGE
 NO MONOPOLY.
 GROWTH OF
 DEMOCRACY

FOR THE PEOPLE!



PEERS v. PEOPLE
 THE COALITION CABINET
 IS COMPOSED OF
9 PEERS
 HEREDITARY OPPONENTS TO THE PEOPLE'S WILL,
 TO
10 ELECTED REPRESENTATIVES
 OF THE PEOPLE!
ELECTORS BEWARE.

Printed and Published by Mawson, Phillips & Co., Ltd., Moor Street, Sunderland.

Liberalism
Progress
Reform



HEARTS & HANDS UNITED.
HOME RULE ALL ROUND.
IRELAND LEADS THE WAY.

VOTE
 FOR THE
PEOPLE'S FRIENDS
 AND
CHAMPIONS



THEIR PRINCIPLE IS—
Trust in the People.

THEIR POLICY IS TO—
 Enlarge our Liberties
 Promote Industrial Prosperity
 Protect the Workers
 Secure the Just Rewards of Labour
 Oppose Monopoly & Privilege

THE
G.O.M.
 EXPECTS EVERY LIBERAL
 TO
SUPPORT THE
NEW LEADERS

THE INDEPENDENT LABOUR PARTY

VIEW OF THE

Political Situation.



PLOUGHING THE SAND.

After toiling all day we apparently get no further.



THE NATIONAL SOCIAL UNION.

THE HOME POLICY OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

THE general election which came upon us too suddenly, passed too rapidly to enable any concerted action to be taken by any but the party organisations. It is true, no doubt, that various manifestoes were emitted by many Societies and Associations, but they counted for little in the strife. The battle was fought out for the most part on the great political issues, and the non-contentious questions which are always neglected at such times were hardly heard of. Those few persons who did venture to call attention to questions lying outside the fighting area felt themselves something like the Derby dog at Epsom, so that there is very little to report as to the direct heckling of candidates. Several of our helpers, in response to a direct appeal, interrogated candidates as to their willingness to support a motion for placing a veto, by combined international consent, on any further expenditure on armaments. But with that exception very little was done. Mrs. Wolstenholme Elmy reports on the question of women's suffrage that the new House of Commons contains a majority of members pledged to the enfranchisement of her sex; but even if this be so, it is difficult to see how such a measure could be carried in the face of the fact that Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Henry James, to say nothing of other notable Ministers, are strongly opposed to any such reform.

In the midst of the babel of voices that are raised on every side discussing what Lord Salisbury should do or should not do, there is one suggestion that I venture to hope, with some confidence, may commend itself to the Prime Minister and his colleagues. That is, that for a year or two, at any rate, Her Majesty's Ministers should adopt as their rule in relation to all social legislation, the principle on which the National Social Union is founded. For years past Committees have been sitting and Commissions reporting upon various improvements which should be effected in the law or in its administration, and the pigeon-holes of the departments are cumbered with resolutions and recommendations which have been drawn up as the result of careful examination and prolonged consideration of evils from which the body politic has long been suffering. Now why can Her Majesty's Ministers not lay down as their principle for social legislation for the next two years, that they will refuse resolutely to embark upon any contentious matters, and concentrate all their energies upon giving effect to those recommendations which command the unanimous approval of all competent authorities? Nothing would be more in accord with the general mood of the nation than the adoption of such a policy. If all contentious matter were adjourned for two years, and we had two sessions for carrying Bills, as to the need of which every one is agreed, Ministers would do more for the social welfare of the people than they could effect by half-a-dozen sessions devoted to party wrangling. If Lord Salisbury were to appoint a small Committee of the Cabinet to prepare a *précis* of all the recommendations made by Royal Commissions, Select Committees, Departmental Committees, say, in the last ten years, together with the Bills introduced by the various departments which have not been passed into law, he would be able to confront the November Cabinet with a programme, vast, varied, and comprehensive, to which no one could take

any exception, but which could hardly fail to benefit materially every department of our national life.

In another field also the new national government might well take a hint from the general principle defined in the draft programme of the National Social Union. The new Home Secretary, on entering into his duties at the Home Office, found himself confronted by the criminal statistics issued by his predecessor. These statistics illustrated by maps, afford what may be described as a criminal diagnosis of the condition of the country. Certain districts in these maps are coloured black, which illustrates the excessive vice or crime in that locality. Now why should not Sir Matthew White Ridley, with these maps before him, summon a representative conference of all those responsible for the good government of these lapsed regions, and endeavour to focus the best public opinion of the district on the subject? Take, for instance, Sir William Harcourt's new constituency and the regions thereabout, which from the criminal point of view, occupy the worst position in these islands. Why should not the Home Secretary hold a high inquest, say, at Ebbw Vale, Dowlais, or Cardiff, summoning before him the Chief Constable, Magistrates, Ministers of all denominations, Employers of Labour, leading Trades Unionists and Landlords. Then he could represent to them the unenviable position in which their district stands before the country, ask them to explain the cause of this and urge them to wipe off this reproach from the land. What might be done in South Wales with regard to crime might be done in the northern counties with regard to drunkenness. The dominant idea should always be that Her Majesty's Government is responsible for seeing that the whole of Her Majesty's dominions are brought up to as high a level as possible, and that when any particular district distinctly lapses below the average level, it is the duty of Her Majesty's Government to concentrate all the moral forces of the nation and of the district in raising that sunken district to the average level. This policy would be original, it would be simple, and it would be practicable. Why should it not be adopted?

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

MEMORIAL FROM SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS.

TRADE is said to be reviving, and the season is as far as possible removed from the severe weather which worked such havoc last winter. But even now many of the London workhouses are full, and anxious guardians are negotiating with country unions for accommodation for their overflow of inmates. And the prospect for next winter already fills the minds of the more thoughtful with serious foreboding. In view of these facts, it is interesting to learn that the Heads of Settlements in the east and south of London have memorialised the Prime Minister on the subject of the unemployed. It will be remembered that the Marquis of Salisbury, speaking at Bradford on May 22, put this question first in the list of social problems which he offered as a substitute for the Liberal programme, with its insistence on Home Rule and Disestablishment first. His words were:—

Are there no things which in these days we wish Parliament to consider? It seems to me that we have come upon a time when there are more difficult problems facing those who have to guide the counsels of the people than have happened

for many a generation. You know how the difficulty of the Unemployed is rising in the south. There are vast masses of men who have no evil will, against whom no harm can be stated, who have only this one wish, this one demand—that the labour which they are prepared to give should be accepted, and bare sustenance given them in place of it, and to whom it has been necessary from sheer want of employment to give in return a disappointing answer. We pass those things over, we express them in brief language; as the information flies rapidly under our eyes we do not take notice of what misery, what despair to men, what utter despair to women and children, what physical suffering is involved in those frightful facts. I feel that as long as the problem of the Unemployed presents to us the features shown to us during the last winter, we cannot say that our conscience as statesmen and politicians is discharged if we do not vote for an attempt, at all events, to solve them with the utmost energy in our power.

This emphatic utterance has been rendered doubly significant by the subsequent accession of the Marquis to place and power with an unexampled majority behind him in both Houses of Parliament. The memorial which it suggested and which was mooted, though not signed before the General Election, runs as follows:—

To the Most Honourable the Marquis of Salisbury.

Will your lordship kindly permit us as persons engaged in social service of the poor of London to express the pleasure with which we observed your lordship's utterances at Bradford on May 22nd, which placed foremost among the questions to be dealt with by Parliament the problem of the unemployed?

We hail with delight the expression of your lordship's conviction that it is a problem which forms a heavy charge upon the conscience of politicians and statesmen, and which demands for its solution their utmost endeavours.

Now that your lordship has been called to the position of Her Majesty's chief adviser, we welcome with sincere joy the prospect of legislative effect being given to those words.

Though belonging to different parties of the State, we beg unitedly to convey to your lordship our earnest hope and desire that no exigency of party conflict or ordinary governmental routine will prevent your lordship giving prominence to this problem in the action of your Government on the earliest possible occasion.

(Signed)

SAMUEL A. BARNETT, Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel.

A. F. N. INGRAM, Oxford House, Bethnal Green.

PERCY ALDEN, Mansfield House, Canning Town.

J. SCOTT LIDGETT, Bermondsey University Settlement.

F. HERBERT STEAD, Robert Browning Hall, Walworth.

A PENNY FELLOWSHIP SOCIETY.

Among other good works which our Helper in Newcastle has started, is the Penny Fellowship Society. The object of this Society, which was formed in 1893, is to provide a holiday for indigent gentlewomen, either at the seaside or in the country. The constitution of the Society is very simple. It consists of a number of friends who agree to pay a penny a week in order to send two or three gentlewomen every year to the seaside. Besides this subscription the members meet every week for a social evening, when the money is collected and any business of the Society transacted. Last year, by this means, they raised a sum of about ten pounds, and were able to board and lodge three gentlewomen for a fortnight, two for a week, and sent fifteen more to lodgings simply. The membership a year ago was only twenty-three, but has since grown to forty-three. This is an excellent example which deserves to be much more widely known. It is a good object-lesson as to what branches of the National Social Union could do in this direction, and it is to be hoped that some of them may follow the example of Newcastle. There is no reason why these Penny Fellowship Societies should not be

formed amongst groups of friends in all our large towns, and it is an idea which the Country Holidays for Children Association might do well to adopt. Any one who wishes for further information on the subject should write to our Helper, Miss Wilson, 10, Ravensworth Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HOLIDAY ENCAMPMENTS.

EVERY August witnesses a renewed and strengthened reversion to the nomadic habits of our ancestors; and the custom of camping out seems to be extending to all classes. *Black and White* tells how boys of the middle-class at a school near London are taught to take their holidays in camp:—

It is provided in the rules that the first year of every boy shall be spent entirely under the masters' charge. During the holidays, therefore, masters and pupils go into camp by the sea for five or six weeks. The boys set out with a couple of waggons loaded with tents, baggage and provisions; and travel by road to their destination, often eighty or a hundred miles away. The journey occupies about three days, meals are prepared en route, and a halt is made in the evening at some convenient spot, where tents are pitched. In the early morning the tents are struck, horses are harnessed, and after breakfast in the open, the march is resumed. Lads rejoicing in bicycles form an advance party, which proceeds in search of suitable camping-ground and the like. The encampment itself is invariably close to the shore, and care is taken to secure dry soil and good water. It goes without saying that servants are not allowed in camp, and that the youngsters erect tents, cook, attend to the boats and generally supply all their own wants. Daily routine, which is by no means dull, is steadily maintained, and work is shared equally. Bugle calls proclaim the "Rouse" in the morning, the various meal hours, and "Lights Out" at night. During the day there are many recreations: rowing, sailing and swimming prove the chief attractions, but cricket, football, tennis and fishing are also popular. It is altogether a never-to-be-forgotten month to the lads. . . . The camp this year is to be situated on a desirable spot not far from Dover. . . . Any who care to possess details as to the experiment may obtain information at the Glebelands, Mitcham, Surrey.

A camp for working men and working women is an experiment which has been undertaken this month by the Robert Browning Hall Social Settlement, Walworth. The place of encampment is the Court Farm, Whyteleafe, near Warlingham, a beautiful rural eminence, in one of the most charming parts of Surrey. Sleeping quarters are provided for the men in a large barn, while the women are accommodated in a more convenient room in another part of the farm. The bedding in both cases is of a very simple but comfortable kind. All meals are in common. The charges, inclusive of railway fare, board and lodging are of the lowest: for two days and nights, 4s. 6d.; for seven days, 11s.; for the ten days during which the camp is running (August 2nd to 12th), 13s. The scheme is a development of the idea already carried out for many years with marked success by the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Society in their encampments for young men and young women on the west coast of Scotland.

Rev. Alce. S. Campbell, M.A., Congregational minister of Morecambe, is busy with the formation of a standing camp at a spot close to the coast for the use of the poor working people in the large towns of Lancashire and the West Riding. He has appealed for help in defraying the initial expenses to the philanthropic public of these counties. It is sincerely to be hoped that his appeal will be promptly and generously responded to.

The movement for planting these rural and seaside camps is as yet in its infancy. In time we may hope to see them vastly increased in number and cheapened in cost.

THE PROPOSED BABY EXCHANGE.

A LIST OF INFANTS WANTED AND OFFERED.

(A) "Do you think you would be able to help me to find a very pretty fair-haired baby girl, about ten months to one and a-half years old, that I could adopt and bring up as my own? I have a lovely house and grounds, and dearly love children, but I have none of my own. I should require a baby healthy and pretty, and the mother, if possible, of gentle birth. The child would be loved and petted, and have a beautiful home with me. Do you know of any one who could help me to such a child?"

Such is one of the letters I have received this last month, but the precise infant that is wanted has not come along.

(B) Here is another letter from the other side, from a mother, who writes:—

I am anxious to find a good home for my little one, where she would be well cared for and brought up as a child of the family. My husband is abroad, and I am journeying shortly, so I consider the best thing I could do is to have my baby adopted, as I cannot take her abroad. He is a dear mite of five months old. We are of good birth.

(C) From the Isle of Wight I received an application as follows:—

As we have no children, we would like to adopt a baby from birth or only a few weeks old. We could give it a comfortable home, and bring it up in every way as our own.

(D) A tradesman in a village in the West Riding writes:—

We have been married for seven years, and have had no children. We should like to adopt a female child, healthy, and of good parentage, about two years of age, or under, preferably of rather a light complexion. We are not wealthy at all, only common country tradespeople in a small way, and would do our best to make the child comfortable and happy.

(E) A lady writes from Kensington:—

Can you do anything with a baby of a servant I have? The child is three months old, a fine healthy, fair child; the mother is very fond of it, and has it out at nurse, but for the welfare of the child, I have persuaded her to have it adopted.

(F) A lady in Worcestershire, who has just turned fifty, says that she absolutely longs for a dear little baby-face and voice among her flock. She prefers one over a year old, but is quite willing to take one younger. Her husband and friends always tell her that she is crazy about babies, but she is sure that she could love and tend one as well as when she was a young woman, but as circumstances render it impossible for her to take it free of all charge, if payment could be given, she could promise it a good home and true motherly love.

(G) A man and his wife in Derby write to me saying that they have five boys, the eldest fifteen, the youngest five, but no girl. They want a baby girl, but they cannot afford to take her without payment of some reasonable sum for her maintenance, as the father only earns twenty-eight shillings per week. "We wish to adopt a girl of our own, without any future claim upon it whatever, and to receive a reasonable sum for the same." In reply to this letter, I stated that I did not wish to convert Baby Exchanging into Baby Farming.

(H) A Rector in Gloucester writes to know if I could get any one to take a baby boy, whose mother died when he was a month old, and whose father is in very uncertain work. The guardians will do nothing unless he will go into the house, and this he is unwilling to do, so the baby remains on his hands until some one will adopt it.

But, of course, as the man is a poor labourer there is no money forthcoming for the settlement of his orphan.

(I) Another correspondent in Kensington writes, offering an illegitimate baby of two weeks old, whose father is a soldier, and whose mother is a servant, who is obliged to go to service. "Allow me to tell you," says my correspondent, "that it is a lovely child, perfect in health and form."

(J) A lady writes me from Huddersfield saying, "I know of a dear little girl, dark and good-looking, born on the 14th. The mother thought she was legally married in a Registry Office; the husband has not been heard of for months, and is not likely to be heard of. The mother will give up all claim to the infant, as she will have to support herself by going into service."

These are some of the letters that I have received, from which it is evident that the Baby Exchange will demand very careful handling. The worst of it is the babies do not fit. I do see exactly how any of those offering exactly meet the requirements of those who are willing to take them. I am willing, however, to let the offers remain over until another month. I have marked the letters in alphabetical order, so that they can be referred to by letter, and correspondents brought into communication with each other. All those who wish to communicate with me in regard to babies should state—(1) sex, (2) age, (3) the reason why it has to be disposed of.

One curious result of the proposed Baby Exchange is that readers and subscribers appear to imagine that they have only to write to me to get anything they want. A lady, for instance, in Worcester writes me to say that she would like to have a little girl of gentle manners and good birth, from seven to nine years of age, whose parents would pay twenty guineas a year for boarding, educating, and clothing her. This, however, was but a small thing compared with the request that was made by a bachelor, that I should find him a wife. He called at the office, and was in deadly earnest about it. He told me that some time ago he met a lady, but that he could not have anything to do with her, even if she had a million of money, but at the same time, though he wants a wife, he must have a "lass with a tocher." I told him he had better submit his proposal in writing. Whereupon in due course I received the following notification of his requirements in the matrimonial market:—

CONFIDENTIAL.

A bachelor between 40 and 50 years of age, of good appearance and address, well educated, desires to meet with a rich and agreeable lady, also of good appearance, and about 30 years of age, who might be willing to marry and help him to buy a good junior partnership, where his sound business habits, long experience and industry, might prove useful and remunerative. He to settle what he has, say, shares, present value (and likely to continue and increase) capitalised at 5 per cent. £2,500, with Life Insurance £500, and about £500 invested; in all, say £3,500. Whatever sum over this might be required to be secured by further Life Insurance.

No doubt a matrimonial bureau is one of the great needs of civilisation, but I should like to see the Baby Exchange a little more successful before venturing upon providing brides for would-be bridegrooms and bridegrooms for would-be brides. At the same time should any lady aspire to become the wife of this bachelor, I shall be glad to forward any letters that may be sent me.

THE PENNY POETS.

A MILLION COPIES ISSUED.

I AM glad to be able to report that the success of "The Penny Poets" seems to be assured. With the issue of the ninth number, Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope, and Other Poems," I have printed one million copies, giving an average of more than 100,000 for every



Box V. Price 5s.

issue. I gave last month the numbers of the copies printed up to date. Since then we have published—

Mrs. Barrett Browning's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship and Selections."

Thomas Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope and Other Poems."

Milton's "Paradise Lost," Part 1. Abridged.

William Morris's "Earthly Paradise."

Mrs. Browning was the first of woman poets to be included in the series, and our selection is confined to such poems as are out of copyright. The first living poet to appear in this series has been Mr. William Morris, who has been extremely kind in permitting me to use very copious extracts from his great poem, the "Earthly Paradise," which by this means I hope will be introduced to many who have hitherto never had an opportunity of enjoying Mr. Morris's poetry. In dealing with "Paradise Lost" there was some difficulty. The poem itself was too long to be published even in two parts. The work of abridgment was difficult, and naturally provokes hostile criticism, for the abridger must perforce lay profane hands upon a great English classic. The task, however, has been accomplished in a rough and practical fashion, and it is possible for those who have not the patience to read the long epic through, to familiarise themselves with the drift of Milton's argument and the greatest of all his passages. The contribution which Campbell made to our literature was so slight in quantity, although rare in quality, that there was no difficulty in printing the whole of his poetry which will live in a single number of the series.

The second number of "Our Poets' Corner" has been issued. It contains portraits of Burns, Longfellow, Shakespeare, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The

portrait of Shakespeare which has been selected was painted by a Russian artist from a portrait in Ben Jonson's folio. The portraits in Number 2 are even better executed than those in No. 1, and I hope that this attempt to provide a portrait gallery of the poets will not have to be abandoned for lack of support. This album, with four portraits, and the bound volume containing the masterpieces of the four poets, whose portraits appear in the album, are issued together at a shilling. With such a shilling'sworth it ought not to be difficult to dispose of the full edition of twenty-five thousand per month.

As the numbers of "The Penny Poets" multiply there increases the difficulty of keeping them together. There is no necessity for binding them: They are handier to read unbound. But a place for them is essential, otherwise they will knock about the house and litter in the bookshelves, and ultimately get lost. I therefore repeat this month the notice published in the last number of the REVIEW, about the arrangements which I had made for the supply of Bookshelves and Corner Brackets for the safekeeping of the forty-eight. The prices are as follows:—

Box I. Cardboard box covered with leatherette. Size 11½ in. by 7½ in. Price 6d., or post free, 9d.

Box II. Wood box covered with leatherette, with partition down the centre. Size 11½ in. by 7½ in. Price 1s. or post free, 1s. 3d.

Box III. A corner bracket in plain wood. Size 15 in. by 10½ in. Price 2s. 6d., or post free, 3s.

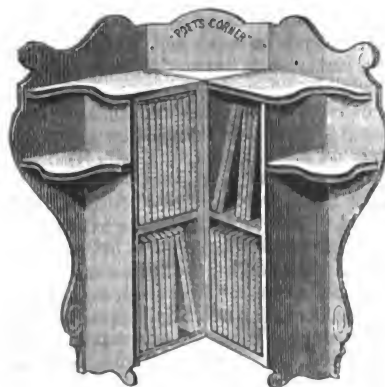
Box IV. The same, with ornamental facings, hand-painted. Price 3s. 6d., or post free, 4s.

Box V. Ornamental stand in japanned lacquer. Size 13 in. by 15 in. Price, post free, 5s.

Box VI. Large corner bracket (made to fit any corner) in plain wood. Size 21 in. by 25 in. Price, post free, 7s. 6d.

Box VII. The same, enamelled, with ornamental facings and hand-painted. Price, post free, 10s.

Nearly every day I hear from friends and subscribers, that notwithstanding the extensive circulation of "The Penny Poets," they have not yet penetrated into regions



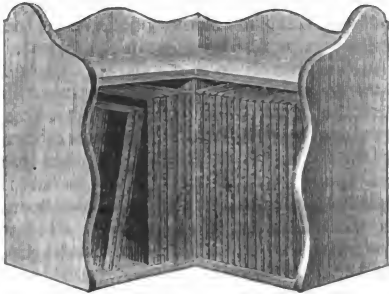
Box VI. and VII. Price 7s. 6d. and 10s.

where they would be greatly appreciated. If any of my friends or readers care to assist in this effort to disseminate high-class literature among the masses, and will communicate with me, I shall be glad to send them

circulars and sample copies if they would undertake to introduce them to their friends in their respective neighbourhoods.

A good deal can be done in calling attention to this matter through the press. Mr. E. O. Catford, of the Adult School at Bunhill, wrote a cordial letter to *One and All*, the organ of the Adult School movement, which led to the publication of an editorial in that journal in support of this attempt to bring the masterpieces of English literature within the reach of the masses. The editor says:—

To them, practically, these treasures have been non-existent. Now every man can have a "Poets' Corner" in his own house,



Box III. and IV. Price, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

and hold familiar converse with the greatest minds by his own fireside. The education and pleasure of such a privilege who can measure? This alone, if we owed Mr. Stead no other debt, would put him in the rank of public benefactors. We may share this privilege by helping the circulation of the penny books. We cannot speak too highly of their value. School librarians are strongly advised to introduce them into their schools. Our Adult Schools ought to circulate one hundred thousand or more of them. Shall it be done? Bunhill and other schools have taken the subject up heartily, and the men

are showing their appreciation of this unique offer by closing with it gladly. Whittier and Tennyson ought to have a large sale among our schools, and should be secured at once, as we understand that the first edition of "Macaulay's Lays" (with portrait) cannot now be had for love or money.

I have received enthusiastic letters from British Columbia, where the educational authorities seem inclined to adopt the series for use in their schools.

An esteemed correspondent in Constantinople ordered four complete sets of "The Penny Poets" to be forwarded to four English Schools in the Turkish capital. Every week I get letters from working men and others who express their gratitude and delight on being introduced to reading of which they had heard but never before had had at their own disposal. All this is very encouraging, and justifies my hope that if those who know of "The Penny Poets" would help in bringing their existence before the public, we should have a weekly circulation of a quarter of a million instead of 100,000.

At the end of this month I shall publish the second part of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." I am rather curious as to the result of this experiment. I bring it out now, because the third and fourth cantos of Childe Harold describe the most popular of all European tours. Childe Harold goes from Belgium, up the Rhine, passes through Switzerland, and then makes the tour of Italy. No one who makes that tour should be without a pocket edition of the poem. It will be an increased pleasure to read on the spot the reflections which they suggested to one of the greatest of English poets. Next year I hope that Dr. Lunn may see his way to organise Childe Harold Tours, following the route of Lord Byron. "The Penny Poets" just met the need of the tourist who does not wish to lumber up his haversack or his portmanteau with bound volumes, but he would like to have "Childe Harold" in an edition which he could carry in his breast pocket without feeling the weight even when mountaineering.

OUR CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

THE demand for the boxes of our Circulating Library last month was not so great owing to the summer season. Only eleven boxes were ordered, and have been despatched to the following destinations:—

CUMBERLAND.—Harrington (two boxes).

MONMOUTH.—Tal-y-Coed Court.

NORFOLK.—Harleston.

SUSSEX.—Horsham.

WILTS.—Tisbury.

SCOTLAND.—Buckhaven.

ABROAD.—Hong Kong (four boxes).

Four boxes have been ordered from Hong Kong quarterly by the editor of one of the local newspapers. He reports that there is no public library in the colony. At the City Hall they have a number of books which are useful for reference, but there is nothing more recent than thirty years ago. The club has a good library for its members, but at present there is no public lending library. Applications continue to come in for boxes in the Mediterranean ports, but I have not yet been able to establish any system for the interchange of the boxes.

Last month several of the book boxes returned after having been out for the first quarter. The boxes had not suffered any damage worth mentioning, and were in good condition. The state of the books, however,

varied very much in the different boxes. In some cases they had been rather roughly used, and were in a dirty condition. In these cases, of course, we have had to charge for damage. In other cases—notably, that of Long Sutton in Lincolnshire—the books had not only been very extensively read, but were returned in perfect condition. Centres in mining districts and villages in the neighbourhood of towns would probably find it worth their while to cover the books in paper covers. This will save a great deal of trouble in cleaning the books, and will also be a protection to them. On the whole, the books have been very well read, and will probably be more so in the winter months. I give here two typical lists, one from a small town in the mining district of the Midlands, and the other from a village in the Eastern counties. The numbers placed before the titles of the books show the number of times the volumes have been issued during the quarter:—

I.

9—Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Walter Besant.

The Privateersman. By Capt. Marryat.

7—Roland Yorke. By Mrs. Henry Wood.

Punch.

Girl's Own Paper Annual.

Harper's Magazine.

- 6—History of Our Own Times. By Justin McCarthy.
The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett.
Eric. By Archdeacon Farrar.
- 5—Old Deccan Days. By Miss Frere.
Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine.
The Heart of Midlothian. By Sir Walter Scott.
The White Company. By Conan Doyle.
Kidnapped. By R. L. Stevenson.
Joshua Davidson. By Mrs. Lynn Lynton.
- 4—John MacGregor. By Edwin Hodder.
The Heavenly Twins. By Sarah Grand.
Devereux. By Lord Lytton.
Strand Magazine.
- 3—Wilhelm Meister. Thomas Carlyle.
Chicago To-day. By W. T. Stead.
Time and Tide. By John Ruskin.
The Coral Island. By R. M. Ballantyne.
Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell.
The Review of Reviews.
Good Words.
Boy's Own Paper Annual.
- 2—Shakespeare's Works.
Coleridge's Poems.
Havelock. By Archibald Forbes.
Sir Robert Peel. By Justin McCarthy.
Humour of Holland.
The Rambles of a Rat. A. L. O. E.
Westward Ho! By Charles Kingsley.
Uncle Tom's Cabin. By Mrs. Stowe.
Valentine Vox. By Henry Cockton.
Sunday.
- 1—Cardinal Wolsey. Bishop M. Creighton.
Liberty. By John Stuart Mill.
Captain Cook's Voyages Round the World.
Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens.
- Not issued—John Milton. By Mark Pattison.
Ants, Bees, and Wasps. By Sir John Lubbock.
The Citizen and the State. By J. St. Loe Strachey.
Illustrated London News.

II.

- 11—Knight Errant. By Edna Lyall.
Two Years Ago. By Charles Kingsley.
- 10—It's Never Too Late to Mend. By C. Reade.
- 9—Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
- 8—The Story of Creation. By Edward Clodd.
- 7—The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett.
Wee Willie Winkie. By R. Kipling.
- 6—The Green Fairy Book. By Andrew Lang.
Short History of the English People. By T. R. Green.
Rionzi. By Lord Lytton.
Toilers of the Sea. By Victor Hugo.
- 5—The Humour of Italy.
The Heavenly Twins. By Sarah Grand.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By W. Besant.
Menhardoc. By Manville Fenn.
Treasure Island. By R. L. Stevenson.
The Review of Reviews.
Good Words.
English Illustrated Magazine.
Strand Magazine.
Harper's Magazine.
- 4—Sir Walter Scott's Poems.
Charles Kingsley, His Life and Letters.
- 4—Jacob Faithful. By Captain Marryat.
The Draytons and the Devenants. By Mrs. Charles.
- 3—Mrs. Browning's Poems.
Oliver Cromwell. By Frederic Harrison.
The Pope and the New Era. By W. T. Stead.
A Voyage in the *Sunbeam*. By Lady Brassey.
The Citizen and the State. E. J. Matthew.
Early Days of Christianity. By Archdeacon Farrar.
- 2—Round the World in Eighty Days. By Jules Verne.
Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens.

- Kenilworth. By Sir Walter Scott.
Illustrated London News.
Judy.
Harper's Young People.
Sunday.
- 1—Lord Lawrence. By Sir Richard Temple.
The Co-operative Movement. By Beatrice Potter.
Historical and Literary Essays. Lord Macaulay.
Poultry for Prizes and Profit. Prof. Long.
- Not issued—Sir Walter Scott. By R. H. Hutton.
The Marquis of Salisbury. H. D. H. Traill.
Latter Day Pamphlets. Thomas Carlyle.
Advice to Young Men. By W. Cobbett.

The second list, that from the agricultural village, is the more satisfactory of the two. Not only were the books more read, but the serious books seem to have been more popular than in the mining district. Fiction naturally headed the lists in all cases. The novels were borrowed twice as often as were the more solid books included in the boxes. The magazines seem to have been a very popular feature. They were borrowed less frequently than the novels, it is true, but a good deal more often than the rest of the works in the boxes. The most popular magazines seem to have been *Harper's*, *The Girl's Own Paper*, *The English Illustrated*, *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, and the *Strand*. Contrary to expectation the *Illustrated London News* does not seem to have been much appreciated by the first batch of readers. One satisfactory feature in the lists which have been made up so far, is the remarkable popularity of historical works. In nearly every case the historical books stand high on the list. It is worth noting how very seldom the novels of Charles Dickens and Sir Walter Scott have been issued. Nor does poetry seem to have found favour in the eyes of our village readers. Considering all things, however, the use which has been made of the first set of book-boxes is very creditable to the members of the various centres.

I despatch boxes of books as soon as they are ordered. Owing to this the boxes of the same set do not return at the same time, which adds considerably to the difficulty of re-despatching them. In the future I will continue to send out the boxes as they are required, but will arrange that at the end of the second quarter they shall be returned on the same day. This will probably make the second quarter of irregular length, but it is necessary to make this arrangement in order to facilitate the interchange of boxes.

Mr. Robertson, who has formed a centre at Buckhaven, writes me that in addition to the usual subscription to the library he charges an entrance fee of one shilling. In return for this shilling he allows members to borrow books from his own private library. By this arrangement he secures the advantages both of a permanent and a circulating library. It is an example which might be followed in other parts of the country. By a misprint one of our Lincolnshire branches was recently given as Tugham. It should have been Ingham.

Mr. A. S. Steenberg, who is now in England studying our Free Library system, with a view of establishing something on similar lines in Denmark, has been much interested in examining the working of our circulating library. As most of the towns of Denmark are in reality little more than villages, he is of opinion that a similar system to the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS CIRCULATING LIBRARY* would probably be the best method of providing the Danish people with libraries. They are woefully deficient at present in this respect. I shall watch with interest any attempt which may be made to establish a circulating library on our lines in the kingdom of Denmark.

OUR MONTHLY PARCEL OF BOOKS.

DEAR MR. SMURTHWAYT,—It has always been said that a general election is fatal, for the time being, to bookseller and publisher alike. Times change, and for once, I hear, the trade in books has revived rather than declined with the Dissolution. But still, no doubt, the sudden upheaval is responsible for the postponement of more than one volume of importance, and as a result, this short following list of what has been selling best includes two or three titles that appeared last month:—

Trilby. By George du Maurier. 6s.
 Celibates. By George Moore. 6s.
 Gerald Eversley's Friendship: a Study in Real Life. By the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon. 6s.
 The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2s.
 The Alps from End to End. By Sir William Martin Conway. 21s. net.
 Conventional Lies of Our Civilisation. By Max Nordau. 17s. net.

"Trilby" (Osgood, 6s.), it would seem, is achieving something of the success over here that it has already made in America; while the appearance of Mr. George Moore's "Celibates" (Scott, 6s.) shows that the author of "Esther Waters" has at last captured the book-buying public. But I do not think that "Celibates" will add at all to his reputation. It is made up of three separate stories, of which the first, "Mildred Lawson," takes up three hundred of the odd five hundred pages the volume contains. Studies of celibate character, of types averse from marriage, they show undoubted cleverness, but too often the kind of cleverness that has not sufficient command of its own qualities; and again and again Mr. Moore allows his work to suffer from that old intrusive lack of reticence which more than anything else was responsible for the comparative failure of his earlier works, and which, no doubt, he learned from his whilom master, the author of "Nana." Nor has the book any of that large humanity of motive which, so much to its advantage, informed every chapter of "Esther Waters," and redeemed its occasional faults. There Mr. Moore was sympathetic; in "Celibates" he returns to his old hard, dispassionate habit of treatment—a habit which, whatever its artistic merits, has seldom characterised a great book, and never a popular. "Gerald Eversley's Friendship" (Smith and Elder, 6s.), the next book of fiction on the list, is quite a different pair of shoes. It is a school story, and by the Headmaster of Harrow. Mr. Welldon was one of the gentlemen, surely, who a year or two ago protested against the "real life" of the French author I have just mentioned. His "study of real life," at least, does not err on the side of undue realism. It is overloaded with matter, however, especially towards the end, and although readable, is not going to be a school classic like "Tom Brown's Schooldays;" nor will it ever reach the popularity of those other school-stories by a schoolmaster—"Eric" and "St. Winifred's." Both Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Story of Bessie Costrell" (Smith and Elder, 2s.), and Sir William Martin Conway's "The Alps from End to End" (Constable, 21s. net), appeared on the list last month. Their reappearance goes to prove that the reading public is not as inconstant as we have been made to believe. It has remained faithful to Mrs. Humphry Ward, and it has not yet tired of the seemingly endless literature of Alpine and other climbing.

How far Max Nordau's "Conventional Lies of Our Civilisation" (Heinemann, 17s. net) owes its immediate success to the Nordau "boom" which followed the appearance of "Degeneration," it is difficult to say. The present translation is from the seventh edition of the German work, and that its note is much the same as that of the later and more famous volume is suggested sufficiently by the title of its first chapter, "Mene, Tekel, Upharsiu." Again, we find Dr. Nordau the uncompromising critic. His statement of "the lie of religion," "the lie of a monarchy and aristocracy," "the political lie," "the economic lie," "the matrimonial lie," and a whole series of "lies" under the comprehensive title of "miscellaneous," is as strenuous and fearless as the most sensation-loving reader could desire. He draws, in fact, an indictment, readable enough certainly, but generally wrong-headed, against most of the characteristic features of our civilisation. We have one writer in England whom he sometimes reminds me of—the author of "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

Among the other big books the box contains, I think you will like best "The Land of the Muskeg" (Heinemann, 14s. net), not merely for its numerous illustrations, its excellent maps, and its interesting letterpress, but because of the author, a very good portrait of whom appears as the frontispiece of the volume. Mr. H. Somers Somerset is the son of Lady Henry Somerset, who only attained his majority this year, and we have in his "The Land of the Muskeg," which was published last month, probably the best book of the kind that has ever been written by so young a man. It is a book of travel and adventure in lands but rarely visited by the English hunter. Mr. Somerset formed the chief of a hunting party which penetrated into Alberta and Athabasca, and afterwards crossed the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia. As a record of travelling in regions as yet unsophisticated by civilisation, where real genuine Indians can be found, and where young adventurers can risk their lives in as many ways as human ingenuity can devise, Mr. Somerset's book will commend itself, and it deserves a wide popularity. There are so few articulate persons who have travelled through the Hudson Bay Company's territory, that when one comes along with such a natural talent for observation as Mr. Somerset, it would be unpardonable for him not to have given us, who stay at home, some of these pen and pencil pictures of the unknown country through which he has passed. The "Muskeg," which gives its name to the book, is not, as some imagine, a wild beast, but a fearsome natural product in the shape of a bog.

To take the "solid subjects" first, I think that the book of the most actual historical interest that I send you is the volume, "The Crimea in 1854, and 1894" (Chapman, 16s.), in which General Sir Evelyn Wood has collected, with considerable amplification and revision, and with the addition of many illustrations and maps, the series of articles on the Crimea which he contributed last year to the *Fortnightly Review*. Then there is the third and final volume of Dr. Reginald Sharpe's "London and the Kingdom" (Longmans, 10s. 6d.), a history derived mainly from the archives in the custody of the Corporation at the Guildhall. It is an official history, too, "printed," the title-page tells us, "by order of the Corporation under the direction of the Library Committee." To the excellent

Cambridge Historical Series has been added a volume by Mr. Edward Jenks, "The History of the Australasian Colonies from Their Foundation to the Year 1893" (Clay, 6s.), bound, by the size of its subject, to be an abstract merely, but an abstract which the author's skill, the maps, and the excellent index have rendered most useful. "A Short History of the Catholic Church in England" (Catholic Truth Society, 8s. 6d.) is, of course, intended for the general reader; while "The Legitimist Kalendar for the Year of Our Lord, 1895" (Henry, 5s. net), by the Marquis de Ruigny and Raineval, I send you more as a curiosity than as a serious book. For "a text-book for Legitimists throughout the world" in which the line in the National Anthem appears as "*soon* to reign over us," and which proclaims itself as "a very incomplete attempt to arouse interest in the History and Claims of the Elder Line of the Royal House of these Realms," is certainly a real curiosity.

A volume of a very different type is Mr. Edward F. Strange's "Alphabets: a Handbook of Lettering with Historical, Critical, and Practical Descriptions" (Bell, 8s. 6d. net), one of Mr. Gleeson White's Ex-Libris Series, treating the subject from the standpoint of historical beauty, rather than that of historical value or antiquarian research. The result is a work of extreme interest to every reader to whom the printed book has an appeal apart from the meaning conveyed by its contents. The illustrations number nearly two hundred, and give examples of all sorts of different types and letterings, both ancient and of to-day. Thus there are specimens of the alphabets designed by Mr. William Morris, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Selwyn Inage, and other designers of note who have experimented in this particular medium.

Of distinctively biographical interest I have not much to send you, but Professor R. K. Douglas's "Li Hung-chang" (Bliss, 3s. 6d.), the new volume of Mr. Joyes's Public Men of To-Day Series is very much on the nail, and makes an excellent introduction to the modern history of China, and to the study of its future developments. Of purely personal matter there is, of course, very little, but as a sketch of the Chinese Viceroy's public career and of his influence it could not be bettered. Then Archbishop Whately's famous brochure, "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte" (Putnam, 3s.) has been reprinted; and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has brought up to date and reissued in a popular form his "Sir Henry Irving: a Record of Over Twenty Years at the Lyceum" (Chatto, 1s.)

You will find four or five books of great political value. Of these perhaps we should be most grateful for the two new volumes, the fifth and sixth, of Mr. Charles Booth's "Life and Labour of the People in London" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. each, net). The first of these deals with the building trades, wood workers, and metal workers; the second with precious metals, watches, and instruments, sundry manufactures, printing and paper and the textile trades. Each has an exhaustive index, and is thoroughly illustrated with diagrams. The amount of labour which their preparation entailed upon Mr. Booth and his assistants must have been enormous, but it is equalled by their value. Then there is "The Problem of the Aged Poor" (Black, 6s.), by Mr. Geoffrey Drage, M.P., one of the gentlemen who turned out Sir William Harcourt at Derby. It is divided into three parts, dealing respectively with the extent and causes of old age pauperism and the means of meeting it, the question of old age pensions, and the conclusions which Mr. Drage draws from his investigations and considerations. He ventures to publish this book, he says, because "the Report of the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor has

given, for various reasons, so little satisfaction." On a subject of equal practical interest is Mr. Chance's "The Better Administration of the Poor Law" (Sonnenschein, 6s.), a volume of Mr. C. S. Loch's Charity Organisation Series, designed to serve as a guide to the administrators of the Poor Law. Mr. Chance advocates the restriction of out-door relief with a view to its virtual abolition. Dr. F. H. Wines's "Punishment and Reformation: an Historical Sketch of the Rise of the Penitentiary System" (Sonnenschein, 6s.) hails from America, and naturally has a good deal to say about "the honourable part which the United States has borne in the movement for a better recognition of the rights even of convicted criminals." "This is not," says the author, "a book on prisons, much less on the organisation of Government prisons." It is designed rather "as an aid to legislation and a guide to the formation of a correct public opinion." Then you will find a new volume of Mr. W. J. Ashley's Series of Economic Classics, a reprint of Thomas Mun's "England's Treasure by Foreign Trade, 1664" (Macmillan, 3s. net).

A suggestive scientific work, and one to which specialist critics have not taken very kindly, on account of the heterodoxy of the theory it advances, is Mr. Charles Dixon's "Migration of British Birds" (Chapman, 7s. 6d.). It deals with the post-glacial emigrations of British birds as traced by the application of a new law governing the geographical dispersal of species, and is put forth as "a contribution to the study of migration, geographical distribution, and insular faunas." More orthodox, and dealing generally with the same subject, is Mr. F. E. Beddard's "A Text-Book of Zoogeography" (Clay, 6s.), a volume of the Biological Series of the Cambridge Natural Science Manuals. It has useful maps, and aims at giving the principal facts of its subject without an undue profusion of detail.

Of science of a less theoretical kind I send you two books. One, "The Pheasant" (Longmans, 5s.), is a new volume of the Fur and Feather Series, and is the joint work of the Rev. H. A. Macpherson, who deals with the natural history of the bird, of Mr. A. J. Stuart-Wortley, who deals with its shooting, and Mr. Innes Shand, who, in due order, treats of its cooking. The illustrations are good. The second book, Mr. P. Anderson Graham's "Country Pastimes for Boys" (Longmans, 6s.), I cannot praise too highly. It is just the kind of volume there was a need for, and which should be in every house where boys are, or where boys visit. It is not a manual of sports or games, nor of the pursuits which every boy learns at school, but it is designed to suggest occupations, healthy out-of-door occupations, for boys in the country who are thrown on their own resources. Moreover, it is wisely aimed at the comprehension of lads ten or eleven years old, and everything, with the aid of nearly three hundred illustrations, is made perfectly clear. It has twenty-two chapters, and deals with such subjects as birds'-nesting, bird pets, poultry and pigeons, fishing with and without tackle, skating, swimming, and kite and toy-boat making. It is a volume entirely admirable and praiseworthy.

In verse I send three volumes—two of a kind ambitious if not presumptuous, one modest and unassuming; and not unnaturally the least "important" is the best of the three, and holds the most pleasant reading. Neither Sir Edwin Arnold's "The Tenth Muse and Other Poems" (Longmans, 5s. net), nor Mr. Eric Mackay's "A Song of the Sea, My Lady of Dreams, and Other Poems" (Methuen, 5s.) have any qualities other than those their readers will expect, while Mr.

Mackay's shows a deterioration somewhat sad when we remember his early and best work. Compare, for instance, his "Song to the Sea" with Mr. William Watson's recent poem on the same subject. However, both Sir Edwin Arnold and Mr. Mackay are supposed to be "in the running" for the laureateship, so you must see the volumes. The third book is Miss Dollie Radford's "Songs and Verses" (Lane, 4s. 6d. net), a sweet collection of lyrics and short poems, many of which once read stick obstinately in the memory—the best test for this kind of verse. They have music, and heart, and charm—qualities none too plentiful in contemporary poetry. I wish I could quote some of the stanzas; you must waste no time in reading the book for yourself. No one will hail Mrs. Radford as a "new" or a "great" poet, but she is a real one for all that, and her slight little volume is worth having and treasuring.

The literature of religion and theology has had no very serious contributions, although it is difficult to estimate the effect which a book like Mr. Coventry Patmore's "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower" (Bell, 5s.) may have on its readers. It is a collection of aphorisms and short passages dealing with various matters mundane and divine, characterised by extreme shrewdness and clearness of presentment. Mr. Patmore describes his work here as "being mainly that of the poet, bent upon discovering and reporting how the 'loving hint' of doctrine has 'met the longing guess' of the souls of those who have so believed in the Unseen that it has become visible, and who have thenceforward found their existence to be no longer a sheath without a sword, a desire without fulfilment." Then I send Mr. C. L. Marson's "The Following of Christ" (Stock, 5s.), a collection of short "exercises" from modern writers intended to serve "for the devout reader" as a help and a starting point for meditation. All sorts of writers have been ransacked for suitable passages, from John Stuart Mill to Mrs. Lynn Linton; and Canon Scott Holland writes a preface to the volume. You will find a curiosity in the shape of a reprint, in facsimile, of "The Souldier's Pocket Bible" (Stock, 1s.), more generally known as "Cromwell's Soldiers' Bible," which was compiled and issued for the use of the Commonwealth Army in 1643. The little book has a bibliographical introduction, and a preface by Lord Wolseley, in which he says that "the soldier who carries this Bible in his pack possesses what is of far higher value to him than the proverbial marshal's bâton."

In the way of literary criticism and essays the most important book is Mr. C. W. G. Warr's "The Greek Epic" (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.), a volume of the Dawn of European Literature Series, dealing with the literature of Prehistoric Greece, Homer and the Homeric Poetry, and Hesiod and the Hesiodic "Theogony." Rather more modern in its subject is Mr. Oliver Elton's "An Introduction to Michael Drayton" (Cornish, Manchester), printed for the Spenser Society, and containing a good portrait, a facsimile signature, a bibliography, and an index. If you want seriously to study the author of "A Ballade of Agincourt," here is your opportunity. And, finally, Mr. H. S. Salt's "Selections from Thoreau" (Macmillan, 5s.), a volume of the Eversley Series, is likely to do a good deal to make the author of "Walden" better known in England. The selections given, though moderate in compass, are, says Mr. Salt, "typical of Thoreau in almost all his moods and aspects." The frontispiece portrait of the American writer is a delightful presentment of the man. By the way, among the new editions you will find two of

Thoreau's complete works, "Essays and Other Writings" and "A Week on the Concord" (Scott, 2s. 6d. each), volumes of the excellent New England Library. It is an attractive edition. Thoreau is evidently making way with our public.

Now that your library is growing at such a rate, and makes such a centre of interest in your neighbourhood, you will be glad of Mr. Sonnenschein's "A Reader's Guide to Contemporary Literature" (Sonnenschein, 31s. 6d.), the first supplement to his very useful "Best Books." This bulky volume tabulates and arranges under easily discovered heads, with an infinity of cross references, all the books of any value of the past five years. By its aid we can turn up in a minute the names of the latest literature and the most abstruse of subjects. There are two other miscellaneous books. Miss Margaret Bateson's "Professional Women upon their Professions: Conversations Recorded" (Cox, 5s.), is a series of interviews, with portraits, reprinted from the *Queen*. A specialist speaks for each subject—thus, Mrs. Sheldon Amos for vestry work, Mrs. Mary Davies for singing, Miss Demail Hammond for illustration, and Madame Katti Lanrer for ballet dancing. Mr. Algernon Rose's "Talks with Bandmen: a Popular Handbook for Brass Instrumentalists" (Rider, 2s. 6d.), describes itself. It is illustrated, and its author is enthusiastic; he seems to think, and gives his reasons for thinking, that the future of the British working-man depends on the integrity of the national brass band.

You may not care to give to a new writer the steady attention you have learnt to give to Mr. Meredith, and so perhaps you will miss some of the excellence of Mr. Francis Prevost's "Rust of Gold" (Ward and Lock, 5s.), a collection of five short stories and four dialogues (these last are slight and unimportant), in which the influence of the author of "Evan Harrington" is always paramount. Mr. Prevost does not satisfy himself with a plain statement; he must refine upon his meaning, repeating it again and again in alternative phrases. But still he gets his effect: and if his writing is not always clear, it is seldom undistinguished. And moreover the foundation, the skeleton, of his matter is good. His plots are modern and interesting, and his characters live.

I REGRET to hear that Mr. E. R. Louden, the young Englishman who started off some months ago to walk round the world, has been compelled to abandon his enterprise after having covered 2,300 miles on shanks' pony. Mr. E. R. Louden worked his way through France, then crossing the Pyrenees, made his way to Gibraltar, crossed the Straits, and started to walk along the African coast. His idea, it will be remembered, was to earn enough money as he went to pay his way. This he was able to do with considerable success owing to an engagement in which he had entered with *Galignani's Messenger*, to which journal he contributed interesting travel papers from time to time. Unfortunately, his arrangement broke down in some unexpected way; at the same time his physical strength gave way. I am very sorry for Mr. Louden, but I am very glad that he did not get further away before he broke down. A walking tour round the world is no joke, and Mr. Louden, although he had any amount of pluck and perseverance, was not tough enough in physique to stand the strain of so arduous a pilgrimage. He has gained a good deal of experience, seen much more of the world than he would have done if he had remained in South Wales, and he has gone through quite sufficient adventures to make his forthcoming book a volume of more than ordinary interest.

THE ANNUAL INDEX.

A REFERENCE LIBRARY OF PERIODICALS—A SUGGESTION.

THE need for convenient access to the articles referred to in the Periodicals of the World in our Monthly and Annual Index leads me to publish the following letters from subscribers who feel the need for an up-to-date Reference Library. What is wanted is a library where back files as well as current numbers of serial publications are accessible. Mr. A. Silva White writes:—

Having once used the Index and tested its value, I regard it as an indispensable aid to a busy man of letters and as an up-to-date supplement to Poole.

I wish Mr. Stead would start a Publicists' Library, where one could readily obtain and take away (if necessary) the various publications which pass through your hands. The British Museum does not contain them all, nor does it offer all the advantages which a Publicists' Library might supply to those engaged in journalism and work for the reviews. For myself, I have found it necessary to buy back numbers of the monthlies containing articles overlooked at the time of their publication.

In the same sense another correspondent wrote some months ago:—

May I as a reader of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS ask whether you ever allow people to refer to back numbers of magazines at your office? The practical value of your Index to magazine articles would, I think, be still greater if you were to afford facilities to subscribers of looking at the magazines themselves, many of which are not accessible at any club. The convenience of this would be specially great in regard to back numbers. I often see articles referred to in your old Indexes which I should be glad to get at, but for the expense and trouble of getting the old magazines. I feel sure that if some such plan were possible it would be very popular, and would increase the already large obligation of the public towards the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Here is another letter from Scotland bearing on this question:—

I generally make a practice of studying the Index to the contents of the various magazines published each month in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, but in the case of foreign ones, if I see any article that I should like to read, I find it very difficult and sometimes impossible to see it. Either I am informed that the magazine in question, which contains the article, is only to be obtained by subscribing for a whole year, or else the various foreign booksellers and agents I have tried take weeks and weeks to procure it for me.

Now that you are bringing out the Index in a separate form, I venture to suggest that if in connection with it you could establish a species of lending library of the magazines indexed, it would be a great boon to many, who, like myself, are as a rule at a distance from London, and we would gladly pay any reasonable subscription.

The question thus raised is one that is of obvious interest to all our readers. Suppose I agree to act upon these suggestions, and open either a reference or lending library of magazines and reviews, how many readers would care to subscribe, say, 10s. a year? I shall await communications with interest. Such a library seems the natural outcome of our Index, for it is much more useful indexing what is accessible than what is inaccessible.

And here let me once again repeat that the Monthly Index and the Annual are totally distinct publications, but as the error that the Annual is a mere compilation of the Monthly is still made, it will not be out of place to emphasise once more this point. The Monthly professes to be nothing more than a rough-and-ready makeshift till the annual volume appears, and the

Annual is in no sense a reprint of the twelve monthly lists. The Annual is, in fact, "an attempt to present, as nearly as possible, complete bibliographies of every subject that has been discussed in the magazines and reviews of 1894."

SOME PRESS OPINIONS OF THE INDEX FOR 1894.

The *Westminster Gazette* says:—

We have on former occasions called attention to the most useful "Index to Periodicals" which is issued annually from the office of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. We wish the work were as well known and as highly appreciated as it ought to be. It represents a very large amount of labour and expense, and at five shillings is ridiculously cheap. For journalists, librarians, students, and the great unnamed host interested in current periodical literature the Index is of the utmost value, and great credit is due to Mr. Stead for his enterprise in placing, at what must be considerable personal loss, such a work within the reach of everybody likely to require it.

The *Daily News* says:—

It is simply indispensable to the student of contemporary life and thought, as these are mirrored in the periodical literature of the day.

The *Literary World* says:—

The REVIEW OF REVIEWS "Index to the Periodicals of 1894," just issued, deserves a strong recommendation for the utility and assistance it is able to give to all who have to deal with current periodical literature. The arrangement of the entries is systematic and good, and the tests we have been able to apply show accuracy and fulness. Such a publication as this can bring but little profit from the necessarily limited number of subscribers it receives, and those for whom it is intended owe the proprietor an additional word of thanks for his enterprise in projecting the Index.

The *Speaker* says:—

Its value to students of contemporary literature and affairs is, of course, obvious. It has been compiled with skill, judgment, and knowledge, and it deserves to rank high amongst works of ready reference.

The *Dublin Figaro* says:—

It is one of the most useful books a literary man can require. This exhaustive compilation was first published in 1890, and since that time has rendered the work of the pressman comparatively easy.

The *Hastings and St. Leonards News* says:—

Among the books indispensable to the literary worker must now be classed "The Annual Index to Periodicals." The contents are admirably arranged, and so skilfully classified, that any article or any subject can be at once pounced upon, and a vast amount of fruitless searching among papers and magazines saved to the busy writer.

FROM THE LIBRARY.

Many librarians write that the Index is now "indispensable," but I have only space to quote one or two. Mr. Arthur W. Hutton, librarian at the National Liberal Club, says:—

I find the Index of great value on account of its careful subject classification.

Mr. John W. Lister, of the Public Library at Hove, writes:—

It is one of the most useful books that could be placed in a reference library. Constant use of it gives one a thorough appreciation of its usefulness, and of the workmanlike manner in which it is compiled.

INDEX.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index, which is limited to the following periodicals.

A. C. Q.	American Catholic Quarterly Review.	Fr. L.	Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.	Naut. M.	Nautical Magazine.
A. M. C.	American Magazine of Civics.	Free R.	Free Review.	N. E. M.	New England Magazine.
A. A. P. S.	Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.	G. M.	Gentleman's Magazine.	N. I. R.	New Ireland Review.
Ant.	Antiquary.	G. J.	Geographical Journal.	New R.	New Review.
Arch. R.	Architectural Record.	G. O. P.	Girl's Own Paper.	New W.	New World.
A.	Arena.	G. W.	Good Words.	N. C.	Nineteenth Century.
Arg.	Argosy.	G. T.	Great Thoughts.	N. A. R.	North American Review.
As.	Asclepiad.	Harp.	Harper's Magazine.	O. D.	Our Day.
A. Q.	Asiatic Quarterly.	Horn. R.	Homiletic Review.	O.	Outing.
Ata.	Atalanta.	H.	Humanitarian.	P. E. F.	Palestine Exploration Fund.
A. M.	Atlantic Monthly.	I.	Idler.	P. M. M.	Pall Mall Magazine.
Bank.	Bankers' Magazine.	I. L.	Index Library.	Phil. R.	Philosophical Review.
B. S.	Bibliotheca Sacra.	I. J. E.	International Journal of Ethics.	P. L.	Poet-Lore.
Black.	Blackwood's Magazine.	I. R.	Investors' Review.	P. R. R.	Presbyterian and Reformed Review.
B. T. J.	Board of Trade Journal.	Ir. E. R.	Irish Ecclesiastical Record.	P. M. Q.	Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review.
Bkman.	Bookman.	Ir. M.	Irish Monthly.	Pay. R.	Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.
B.	Borlariand.	Jew. Q.	Jewish Quarterly.	Psychol. R.	Psychological Review.
Cal. R.	Calcutta Review.	J. Ed.	Journal of Education.	Q. J. Econ.	Quarterly Journal of Economics.
Can. M.	Canadian Magazine.	J. Micro.	Journal of Microscopy.	Q. R.	Quarterly Review.
C. F. M.	Cassell's Family Magazine.	J. P. Econ.	Journal of Political Economy.	Q.	Quiver.
C. S. J.	Cassell's Saturday Journal.	J. R. A. S.	Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.	R. R. R.	Religious Review of Reviews.
Can. M.	Cassier's Magazine.	J. R. C. I.	Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.	Rel.	Reliquary.
C. W.	Catholic World.	J. R. U. C.	Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.	R. C.	Review of the Churches.
C. M.	Century Magazine.	S. I.	Institution.	R. R. A.	Review of Reviews (America).
C. J.	Chambers's Journal.	Jur. R.	Juridical Review.	R. R. Aus.	Review of Reviews (Australasia).
Char. R.	Charities Review.	K. O.	King's Own.	St. N.	St. Nicholas.
Chant.	Chantiquary.	K.	Knowledge.	Sc. G.	Science Gossip.
Ch. M. S. I.	Church Missionary Intelligencer.	L. H.	Leisure Hour.	Sc. P.	Science Progress.
Ch. Q.	Church Quarterly.	Libr.	Library.	Scots.	Scots Magazine.
C. R.	Contemporary Review.	Lipp.	Lippincott's Monthly.	Scot. G. M.	Scottish Geographical Magazine.
C.	Cornhill.	L. Q.	London Quarterly.	Scot. R.	Scottish Review.
Cos.	Cosmopolitan.	Long.	Longman's Magazine.	Scrib.	Scribner's Magazine.
Crit. R.	Critical Review.	Lucif.	Lucifer.	Str.	Strand Magazine.
D. R.	Dublin Review.	Lud. M.	Ludgate Illustrated Magazine.	Sun. H.	Sunday at Home.
Econ. J.	Economic Journal.	McCl.	McClure's Magazine.	Sun. M.	Sunday Magazine.
Econ. R.	Economic Review.	Mac.	Macmillan's Magazine.	T. B.	Temple Bar.
E. R.	Edinburgh Review.	Man. Q.	Manchester Quarterly.	Th.	Theatre.
Ed. R. A.	Educational Review, America.	Med. M.	Medical Magazine.	Think.	Thinker.
Ed. R. L.	Educational Review, London.	M. W. D.	Men and Women of the Day.	T. C.	Twentieth Century.
Eng. M.	Engineering Magazine.	Mind.	Mind.	U. S. M.	United Service Magazine.
E. H.	English Historical Review.	Min.	Minster.	W. R.	Westminster Review.
E. I.	English Illustrated Magazine.	Mis. R.	Missionary Review of the World.	W. M.	Windsor Magazine.
Ex.	Expositor.	Mon.	Monist.	W. H.	Woman at Home.
Ex. T.	Expository Times.	M.	Month.	Y. R.	Yale Review.
F. L.	Folk-Lore.	M. P.	Monthly Packet.	Y. M.	Young Man.
F. R.	Fortnightly Review.	Nat. R.	National Review.	Y. W.	Young Woman.
F.	Forum.	N. Sc.	Natural Science.		

Adams, Prof. John C., Henriette Corkran on, T B, Aug.
 Africa (see also Egypt, Egypt and the Soudan, Morocco):
 Routes in Africa, by Capt. F. D. Lugard, Nat R, Aug.
 British East Africa, A Q, July.
 Boer, Africander, and Briton, by Major F. I. Ricardo-Seaver, F R, Aug.
 The Transvaal, the Swazis, and the War with Makato, by A. G. C. Van Duij, A Q, July.
 Agriculture (see also Contents of *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*):
 Our Production and Consumption of Wheat, by R. H. Wallace, C J, Aug.
 Thirty Years in the Grain Trade, by E. R. Williams, N A R, July.
 Ahalya Bae, an Indian Queen, Arg, Aug.
 Alps: Housekeeping on the Alps, by Susan Carpenter, G O P, Aug.
 American History: The Proper Perspective of American History, by Prof. Woodrow Wilson, F, July.
 Angling, see Fishing.
 Antarctic Exploration, Mac, Aug.
 Appetites, Rev. W. A. Sutton on, Ir M, Aug.
 Arabia: Exploration of the Frankincense Country, Southern Arabia, by J. Theodore Bent, G J, Aug.
 Arc, Joan of, Recollections of, by L. de Conte, Harp, Aug.
 Archaeology, see Contents of *Antiquary*, *Index Library*, *Reliquary*.
 Archery, E R, July.
 Architecture, see Contents of *Architectural Record*.
 Armada, Q R, July.
 Armenia:
 The Condition of Armenia, by E. J. Dillon, C R, Aug.
 The Armenian Question, by Hormuzdi Kassam, A Q, July.
 Armies (see also Contents of the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*, *United Service Magazine*):
 Moral Tactics in the Army, by Maj.-Gen. W. E. Montague, Black, Aug.
 Railway Batteries and Armoured Trains, by Col. Boxall, F R, Aug.
 Cartridges, by Spenser Wilkinson, Nat R, Aug.
 Astronomy:
 The Unseen Universe, by Sir R. S. Ball, Mon, Aug.
 Stars and Molecules, by Rev. Edmund Leiger, N C, Aug.
 The Distance of the Stars in the Milky Way, C. Easton on, K, Aug.
 The Oases of Mars, by P. Lowell, A M, Aug.
 Athens, Ancient,—How a Girl lived in Athens, by S. E. Hall, Ata, Aug.
 Atlantic Ocean: The North Atlantic Pilot Chart, C J, Aug.

Augustine, St., of Canterbury, and Beale, by Dean Farrar, Q, Aug.
 Aurelius, Marcus, Stoicism of, by W. L. Sheldon, H, Aug.
 Australia:
 The Political Leaders of New South Wales, by J. Tighe Ryan, R R A, July.
 The Canadian Dominion and Australian "Commonwealth," by Dr. J. G. Bournot, Scot R, July.
 Ruined Queensland, the Secret of Her Downfall, by H. W. Boyd Mackay, W R, Aug.
 Autographs, Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill on, A M, Aug.
 Balfour's (A. J.) "Foundations of Belief":
 Mr. Balfour's Philosophy, by Dr. W. Barry, D R, July.
 The "Foundations of Belief," by Sir F. Pollock, Mind, July.
 Spencer versus Balfour, by Prof. St. George Mivart, N C, Aug.
 Unsigned Articles on, E R, July; L Q, July.
 "Baltic," London, F. Dolman on, Lud M, Aug.
 Barr, Mrs. Amelia E., Y W, Aug.
 Beale, and St. Augustine of Canterbury, by Dean Farrar, Q, Aug.
 Bells and Bell Customs, by Miss F. Peacock, D R, July.
 Berkshire, United States: Reminiscences of Literary Berkshire, by H. D. Sedgwick, C M, Aug.
 Bible and Biblical Criticism (see also Contents of *Church Quarterly Review*, *Clergyman's Magazine*, *Critical Review*, *Dublin Review*, *Expositor*, *Expository Times*, *Homiletic Review*, *King's Own*, *Presbyterian and Reformed Review*, *Thinker*):
 Archaeology of the Pentateuch, by Major C. R. Conder, Scot R, July.
 Bible in Schools:
 The Archbishops' Committee on Voluntary Schools, by Principal Gent, R C, July.
 Religious Instruction in the Public Schools of the United States, J. H. Croker on, W R, Aug.
 Birds:
 Curiosities of Bird Life, by Dr. R. Bowdler Sharpe, G W, Aug.
 When Leaves are Green, by a "Son of the Marshes," P M M, Aug.
 The Maud Shearwater: a Poor Relation of the Albatross, by T. Digby Pigott, Black, Aug.
 Blackie, Prof. J. S., Henriette Corkran on, T B, Aug.
 Bourget's (Paul) "André Corneils," Russell P. Jacobus on, F R, Aug.

- Book Sales in the West-End, A. L. Humphreys on, **Bkman**, Aug.
 Bookbinding, Violet C. Tweedale on, **C J**, Aug.
 Boston, Mass.: Roundabout to Boston, by W. D. Howells, **Harp**, Aug.
 Brooks, Phillips, J. Fox on, **P R R**, July.
 Brownell, Henry Howard, R. Burton on, **N E M**, July.
 Burnett, Mrs. Frances Hodgson, interviewed by Miss Balgarnie, **G T**, Aug.
 Byron, Lord,—The Secret of the Byron Separation, by W. Graham, **T C**, June.
 Cakus, Dr. John, James Macanlay on, **Sun H**, Aug.
 Calhoun Folk-Lore, Frank Rinder on, **Scot R**, July.
 California: The Fruit-Farming Fiasco, by J. L. Macdonald, **Nat R**, Aug.
 Chamberwell, H. D. Lowry on, **W M**, July.
 Canada: The Dominion and the Australian "Commonwealth," by Dr. J. G. Bourinot, **Scot R**, July.
 Capernaum, see under Palestine.
 Carlyle, Thomas, Dr. D. Pryde on, **Scots**, Aug.
 Caserta, see under Italy.
 Castle Dangerous, **C J**, Aug.
 Catholic Church, see Contents of *Catholic World*, *Dublin Review*, *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, *Month*.
 Centenarians, Netta E. Cargill on, **Str**, July.
 Centurion, W. Wood on, **Lud M**, Aug.
 Chamols-Hunting in the High Alps, by Hugh E. M. Stutfield, **Black**, Aug.
 Chautauqua, **C J**, Aug.
 Chemistry: The Spectroscope in Recent Chemistry, R. A. Gregory on, **F R**, Aug.
 Children:
 The Factory Children, **Econ R**, July.
 The New Child, by Mrs. E. T. Cook, **G W**, Aug.
 Child Life in Bible Lands, by Dr. J. Wells, **Sun M**, Aug.
 China:
 China and Japan in Korea, see Korea.
 Western China as a New British Market, by H. S. Hallett, **N C**, Aug.
 Every-Day Scenes in China, by J. Ralph, **Harp**, Aug.
 Chitral: The Future of Chitral and Neighbouring Countries, Dr. G. W. Leitner on, **A Q**, July.
 Church and Christianity, (see also Contents of *Church Quarterly Review*, *Dublin Review*, etc.):
 The Natural History of the Christian Religion, by J. P. Gilmour, **Free R**, Aug.
 Church of the Future: The Universal Church, A. Taylor on, **A**, July.
 Churches:
 French and English Churches, R. S. Peabody on, **A M**, Aug.
 A Day at Ely Cathedral, by Isabelle M. L. Forrest, **Q**, Aug.
 Classics, see Contents of *Classical Review*.
 Clerical Celibacy, Dean Farrar and Archdeacon Sinclair on, **R C**, July.
 Colonies, see Contents of *Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute*.
 Colonisation: Two Ways of Colonizing, **New R**, Aug.
 Colorado: A Glimpse of the Silvery San Juan, by T. A. Rickard, **Eng M**, July.
 Columbus, Journal and Letters of, E. E. Minton on, **Man Q**, July.
 Comte, Mill, and Spencer, by Prof. Watson, Prof. J. Iverach on, **Crit R**, July.
 Constantinople, see under Turkey.
 Cookery, Literature of, Col. Kenney-Herbert on, **Nat R**, Aug.
 Cooper, Fenimore, Literary Offences of, Mark Twain on, **N A R**, July.
 Corsica:
 A Visit to Bonifacio, by J. N. Usher, **G M**, Aug.
 Unsigned Article on, **C**, Aug.
 Cowboys: Cracker Cowboys of Florida, by F. Remington, **Harp**, Aug.
 Cowen, Joseph, interviewed by F. Dolman, **Y M**, Aug.
 Craven, Mrs. Augustus, Memoirs of, **L Q**, July.
 Crisp, Dictatorship, Ouida on, **C R**, Aug.
 Cromwell's Major-Generals, by David W. Rannie, **E H**, July.
 Cycling:
 The Bicycling Era, J. G. Speed on, **Lipp**, Aug.
 All about Coventry Cycles, by H. C. Wilkins, **W M**, July.
 All Paris Awheel, by A. Alexandre, **Scrib**, Aug.
 Degeneration, see under Nordau (Dr. Max).
 Democracy's Opportunity, by W. H. Robinson, **W R**, Aug.
 Denmark, see Scandinavia.
 Diatessaron, J. Rendel Harris on, **C R**, Aug.
 Divers, A. E. Bousser on, **C F M**, Aug.
 Dogs' Home, Battersea, B. Tozer on, **E I**, Aug.
 Douhaute, Madame de, J. J. Brown on, **Nat R**, Aug.
 Dreams, D. Trelawney on, **Min**, Aug.
 Dress:
 The Follies of Fashion, Mrs. Parr on, **P M M**, Aug.
 A Century of Fashion, H. Bouchot on, **Cos**, July.
 Duse, Eleonora, William Archer on, **F R**, Aug.
 Eastern Question, see Orient, Korea, etc.
 Education, (see also Universities, Bible in Schools, Kindergarten; and Contents of *Educational Review*, *Educational Times*):
 Mr. Acland's New Educational Code, J. J. Davies on, **W R**, Aug.
 Public Schools and Scientific Education, F. W. Caulfield on, **New R**, Aug.
 Is Separate Education of the Sexes a Mistake? Symposium, **R C**, July.
 Westfield College, Hampstead, C. E. Maynard on, **Ata**, Aug.
 University Extension in America, Miss A. M. Earle on, **N C**, Aug.
 Egypt:
 The British Occupation of Egypt, Abdullah Ash-Shāmi on, **A Q**, July.
 Contemporary Egypt, by F. C. Penfield, **N A R**, July.
 Egypt and the Soudan: The Eastern Soudan, by Lieut.-Gen. F. H. Tyrrell, **Cal R**, July.
 Electoral (see also Parliamentary):
 The General Election:
 J. M. Robertson on, **Free R**, Aug.
 The Moral of the General Election, by H. H. L. Bellot, **W R**, Aug.
 Britain in the Box, **Black**, Aug.
 What Does it all Mean? By Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, **N C**, Aug.
 The Rout of the Faddists, by E. Dicey, **N C**, Aug.
 Humours of Electioneering, by C. W. Radcliffe-Cooke, **E I**, Aug.
 Electricity, see Contents of *Engineering Magazine*.
 Elliot's (George) Neighbourhood, Warwickshire, George Morley on, **T C**, June.
 Elizabeth, Queen,—The First Twenty Years of the Reign of Elizabeth, **Ch Q**, July.
 Ely Palace, Precentor Venables on, **G W**, Aug.
 English History, (see also Cromwell, and Contents of *English Historical Review*):
 The Armada, **Q R**, July.
 The First Twenty Years of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, **Ch Q**, July.
 Mary Tudor and the Reformers, Rev. J. D. Breen on, **D R**, July.
 Episcopal Church of America, "Pastoral Letter," Eliza Gold on, **F**, July.
 Eternal Punishment, see Hell.
 Euphrates, Sources of, by W. F. Ainsworth, **G J**, Aug.
 Evil Eye, **Q R**, July.
 Evolution (see also Heredity):
 The Theory of Evolution and Social Progress, by Prof. J. Le Conte, **Mon**, July.
 The Present Problems of Organic Evolution, Prof. E. D. Cope on, **Mon**, July.
 Bateson on Variation of Organic Life, **E R**, July.
 Extradition, Herbert E. Boyle on, **T C**, June.
 Fashion, see under Dress.
 Finance (see also under United States; and Contents of *Bankers' Magazine*, *Board of Trade Journal*, *Investors' Review*):
 Depression Corrected, **E R**, July.
 Outline of a New Philosophy of Money, by A. J. Webb, **A**, July.
 The Ethical Basis of Distribution and its Application to Taxation, by T. N. Carver, **A P S**, July.
 The Rateable Value of England and Wales, by T. R. Luke, **W R**, Aug.
 The Single Tax, see under Land.
 "Gold's Financial School," and its Censors, W. H. Harvey on, **N A R**, July.
 "Gold's" Food for the Gullible, Prof. J. L. Laughlin on, **F**, July.
 Fish:
 The Habits and Tastes of Fish, N. Pearson on, **P M M**, Aug.
 Angling as an Exercise, W. Seator on, **W M**, July.
 Tarpon-Fishing in Texas, by Edith A. Bailey, **Black**, Aug.
 Fitzgerald, Edward, **L Q**, July.
 Four Hundred of New York, Mrs. Burton Harrison on, **Cos**, July.
 France:
 Development of the Present Constitution of France, by R. Saleilles, **A P S**, July.
 Fraternal France, by Admiral Maxse, **Nat R**, Aug.
 Personal History of the Second Empire, by A. D. Vandam, **N A R**, July.
 The Palace of Fontainebleau, by A. F. Jaccaud, **P M M**, Aug.
 The Constable Lesdiguières, by E. Armstrong, **E H**, July.
 Some Idea of a Parisian Boulevard, by R. Welsh, **Q**, Aug.
 Marseilles, W. H. Pollock on, **Long**, Aug.
 Aix-en-Provence, W. H. Pollock on, **E I**, Aug.
 Francis, Saint, of Assisi, **Ch Q**, July.
 Freeman, Edward A., C. Kegan Paul on, **M**, July.
 Freire, Sir Bartle, Life and Correspondence of, **E R**, July.
 Friendly Society System, **Q R**, July.
 Folk-Lore of Calhoun, by Frank Rinder, **Scot R**, July.
 Fontainebleau, see under France.
 Forbin, M. de, E. Perronet Thompson on, **G M**, Aug.
 Galt, John, Novels of, J. H. Millar on, **New R**, Aug.
 Garsbine, V. M., Russian Writer, **T B**, Aug.
 Gaskell, Mrs., Mat Hompes on, **G M**, Aug.
 Genius, Madness of, by Dr. L. Forbes Winslow, **H**, Aug.
 Geography, see Contents of *Journal of the Manchester Geographical Society*, *Scottish Geographical Magazine*.
 Geology (see also Contents of *Geological Magazine*, *Journal of Geology*):
 "The Meeting-Place of Geology and History," by Sir J. W. Dawson, Rev. D. Gath Whitley on, **Crit R**, July.
 German Literature: Some German Novels, **Black**, Aug.
 Germany:
 The German Struggle for Liberty, Poulteney Bigelow on, **Harp**, Aug.
 Two Days in Weimar, by Ellen Sigrid, **Can M**, July.
 Ghosts:
 The Logic of Ghosts, by J. M. Robertson, **Free R**, Aug.
 The Wesley Ghost, by Andrew Lang, **C R**, Aug.
 Goats: Wild Traits in the Sheep and Goat, by Dr. L. Robinson, **N A R**, July.
 Golf at St Andrews, by H. Hutchinson, **Min**, Aug.
 Grace, Dr. W. G., Hon. R. Lyttelton on, **New R**, Aug.
 Grahame's (Kenneth) "Golden Age," G. S. Street on, **New R**, Aug.
 Hamley, Sir Edward,
 Colonel Maurice on, **U S M**, Aug.
 Sir Edward Hamley and the Egyptian Government, by Maj.-Gen. Sir W. F. Butler, **C R**, Aug.
 Hell: The Case against "Eternal Punishment," **W R**, Aug.
 Heredity (see also Evolution):
 The Right of the Child Considered in the Light of Heredity and Prenatal Influence, by B. O. Flower, **A**, July.
 A Question of Manliness, by W. T. Husband, **H**, Aug.

- History (see also English History):
 "The Meeting Place of Geology and History," by Sir J. W. Dawson, Rev. D. Gath Whitley on, **Crit R**, July.
 Hoar, Judge.—How Judge Hoar Ceased to be American Attorney-General, by J. D. Cox, **A M**, Aug.
 Holidays:
 The Autumn Holiday, by H. D. Traill, **Nat R**, Aug.
 The Happiest Holiday of My Life, by Miss Adeline Sergeant and Others **Y W**, Aug.
 Holland: England in Holland, Dr. P. H. Davis on, **Lud M**, Aug.; Holmes, Dr. Oliver Wendell, Brander Matthews on, **St. N**, Aug.
 Hope, Anthony, Interviewed by R. H. Sherard, **I**, Aug.
 Houses of Celebrated People, by R. S. W. Bell, **W M**, July.
 Hull as a Centre of Religious Activity, **Q**, Aug.
 Huxley, Professor, **T H**,
 Brodrick, Hon. G. C., and Others on, **F R**, Aug.
 Lankester, Prof. E. Ray, on, **N Sc**, Aug.
 Macallister, Prof. A., on, **Bkman**, Aug.
 Mitchell, P. Chalmers, on, **New R**, Aug.
 Hymns and Hymn-writers, F. A. Jones on, **Str**, July.
 Hypnotism, Dr. G. M. Aylsworth on, **Can M**, July.
- India (see also Contents of the *Asiatic Quarterly*, *Calcutta Review*, *India*, *Indian Magazine* and *Review*):
 Anura-hapura, **C**, Aug.
 Individualism: Who Owns the Individual? by Hon. Auberon Herbert, **H**, Aug.
 Ions of the Middle Ages, Dr. A. H. Japp on, **Ata**, Aug.
 Insanity: see Lunacy.
 Insurance, Accident, H. W. Wolff on, **Econ R**, July.
 Insurance, National,—Old Age Pensions:
 J. W. Williams on, **W R**, Aug.
 Unsigned Article on, **Q R**, July.
- Ireland:
 Banking in Ireland, **C J**, Aug.
 A Royal Residence in Ireland, St. Loe Strachey on, **Nat R**, Aug.
 Early Christian Buildings in Ireland, G. H. Orpen on, **L H**, Aug.
 Islam, **Q R**, July.
- Italy:
 The Crispi Dictatorship, Ouida on, **C R**, Aug.
 Rome Re-visited, by C. R. W. Biggar, **Can M**, July.
 Caserta; the Italian Versailles, A. Howard Cady on, **Fr L**, Aug.
 The Lilies of Nola, by Mary Scott-Uda, **C M**, Aug.
- Japan (see also Orient):
 Japan and China in Korea, see Korea.
 Problems of the Far East, **E R**, July.
 Rambles in Japan, by Canon H. B. Tristram, **L H**, Aug.
 Japan, Emperor of, T. Yamagata on, **Fr L**, Aug.
 Jews, see Contents of *Jewish Quarterly Review*.
- Journalism:
 The New Journalism, Miss E. March Phillips on, **New R**, Aug.
 The Romance of Our News Supply, by W. G. Fitzgerald, **Str**, July.
 The Humours of Newspaper Enterprise, **C J**, Aug.
 The *Illustrated London News*, D. Williamson on, **Min**, Aug.
- Kindergarten (see also Contents of *Hand and Eye*):
 Child Life and the Kindergarten, by Frank B. Vrooman, **A**, July.
- Kingsley, Charles,—His Place in Literature, by Frederic Harrison, **F**, July.
- Kipling, Rudyard, E. Mercer on, **Man Q**, July.
- Korea:
 The Battle of the Yalu:
 McGiffen, P. N., on, **C M**, Aug.
 Mahan, A. T., on, **C M**, Aug.
 Kovalevsky, Sonya, Isabel F. Hapgood on, **C M**, Aug.
- Labour:
 The Effect of an Eight Hours Day on Wages and the Unemployed, by C. Beardsley, jun., **Q J Econ**, July.
 Some Thoughts of a Workman concerning the Plea for a Living Wage, by R. Halstead, **Econ R**, July.
 The Factory Children, **Econ R**, July.
- Laborator, **L Q**, July.
- Lakes: Bathymetrical Survey of the English Lakes, by Dr. Hugh R. Mill, **G J**, Aug.
- Land: Is the Single Tax Enough? by Sarah M. Gay and Frances E. Russell, **A**, July.
- Lang, Andrew, as a Poet, W. Canton on, **Bkman**, Aug.
- Lanier, Sidney, C. Lanier on, **Chaut**, July.
- Laud, Archbishop, **Ch Q**, July.
- Laveleye, Emile de, H. G. Keene on, **T C**, June.
- Law: The Wrongs of the Jurymen, by H. N. Shepard, **A M**, Aug.
- Liberal Party, see under Parliamentary, Electoral.
- Literature (see also Poetry, etc.):
 "The Decay of Literary Taste," E. Gosse on, **N A R**, July.
 The Literature of the Twentieth Century: a Forecast, by St. J. E. C. Hankin, **T C**, June.
 Confessions of a Literary Hack, **F**, July.
- London (see also Camberwell):
 Loudoners at Home, **Q R**, July.
 Lowell, James Russell, Yorkshire Haunts of, Eugenia Skelding on, **A M**, Aug.
 Lunacy: "Acquitted on Grounds of Insanity," by Dr. L. S. Forbes Winslow, **T C**, June.
- Mahomet and Mahomedanism: Islam, **Q R**, July.
 Majorcan Village, Florence Freeman on, **Ata**, Aug.
 Mallock, W. H., Theological Pessimism of, by Frederic Harrison, **N C**, Aug.
 Mallorca, A. Walters on, **C J**, Aug.
- Marriage:
 Marriage and Divorce, Canon Knox Little on, **C R**, Aug.
 Should the Church Sanction the Marriage of Innocent Divorced? by Rev. T. W. Belcher, **R C**, July.
- Mars, see under Astronomy.
- Marseilles, see under France.
- Mary Tudor and the Reformers, by Rev. J. D. Breen, **D R**, July.
- Medicine, see Contents of *Medical Magazine*, *Provincial Medical Journal*.
- Melville, Sir Andrew, J. G. Alger on, **Scot R**, July.
- Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, Rev. W. J. Woods on, **Sun M**, Aug.
- Mexico as the Cradle of Man's Primitive Traditions, **R R A**, July.
- Mill (John Stuart), Comte, and Spencer, by Prof. Watson, Prof. J. Iverach on, **Crit R**, July.
- Missions, see Contents of *Church Missionary Intelligencer*.
- Moleschott, Jacob, Scientist, Karl Blind on, **T C**, June.
- Monasteries:
 St. Swithun's, Winchester, **Mac**, Aug.
 The Passing of the Monk, **Q R**, July.
- Moorland Idylls, by Grant Allen, **E I**, Aug.
- Morocco: Tangier, by Rev. J. Read, **G W**, Aug.
- Nadaud, Martin, French "Maçon," J. M. Ludlow on, **A M**, Aug.
- Napoleon I.:
 Davis, John, on, **A**, July.
 Sloane, W. M., on, **C M**, Aug.
 The Revival of Napoleon-Worship, by J. W. Russell, **Can M**, July.
- Natural History, (see also Birds, Fishes; and Contents of *Knowledge*, *Natural Science*, *Science Gossip*):
 Heaths, Mosses, and Mires, by "A Son of the Marshes," **Black**, Aug.
 Human Expression in Animals, Fred Miller on, **W M**, July.
- Navy, (see also Contents of *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution* and *United Service Magazines*):
 Naval Experts, Capt. C. N. Robinson on, **New R**, Aug.
 Torpedoes, Lieut. J. B. Briggs on, **Fr L**, Aug.
- New England, see Contents of *New England Magazine*.
- New South Wales, see under Australia.
- New Zealand:
 Hon. Sir Robert Stout on, **A Q**, July.
 In the New Zealand Alps, by E. A. Fitzgerald, **C R**, Aug.
 Newfoundland: Judge Prowse's "History of Newfoundland," **W R**, Aug.
- Nordau, Dr. Max, and "Degeneration":
 His Replies to His Critics, **C M**, Aug.; **F**, July; **N A R**, July.
- Norway, see under Scandinavia.
- Norwich Palace, Precentor Venables on, **Sun M**, Aug.
- Old Age Homes in Austria, Miss Edith Sellers on, **N C**, Aug.
- Old Age Pensions, see under Insurance (National).
- Oratory, Herbert Spencer on, **C R**, Aug.
- Orders:
 The Most Noble Orders, Mary Howarth on, **Ata**, July.
 Foreign Orders and Decorations, E. Denloh on, **Cos**, July.
- Orient (see also Korea, etc.):
 Some Phases of the Eastern Question, **L Q**, July.
 Open Furrows in the Orient, by J. Cook, **O D**, July.
- Owen, Sir Richard, **Ch Q**, July.
- Oxford (see also Universities):
 Hubert Grayle on, **Lud M**, Aug.
 Impressions of Oxford, by Wm. Wharton, **Free R**, Aug.
- Palestine (see also Contents of *Palestine Exploration Fund*):
 The Fountain of Capernaum, by Rev. Hugh Macmillan, **Sun H**, Aug.
- Palmer, George, and Reading, by F. Dolman, **E I**, Aug.
- Parini, Giuseppe, **Mac**, Aug.
- Paris, see under France.
- Parliamentary, (see also Electoral):
 Timely Truths for the Ins and the Outs, by Kosmo Wilkinson, **F R**, Aug.
 Ministerial Responsibility, by Sidney Low, **F R**, Aug.
 The Making of Ministries, **Nat R**, Aug.
 Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Party, by W. L. Stobart, **F R**, Aug.
 The Parliamentary Debate—and After, by H. W. Massingham, **C R**, Aug.
- The Coalition:
 Burroughs, Alfred, on, **New R**, Aug.
 "Z," on, **New R**, Aug.
- A Political Retrospect, **E R**, July.
- The House of Lords, Lord Ribblesdale on, **N C**, Aug.
- A Strong Second Chamber, by Prof. E. S. Beesly, **F R**, Aug.
- An Indictment of Parliament, by Helen Zimmern, **Black**, Aug.
- Curious Acts of Parliament, A. J. Gordon on, **G M**, Aug.
- Parodies, **Q R**, July.
- Pater, Walter, **Q R**, July.
- Pauperism and the Poor Law: The Stigma of Pauperism, E. Canuau on, **Econ R**, July.
- Pedlars, **Mac**, Aug.
- Pestalozzi, Henry, M. Eastwood on, **G T**, Aug.
- Petty, Sir William, **E R**, July; **L Q**, July.
- Phillips, Wendell, Richard J. Hinton on, **A**, July.
- Philo Concerning the Contemplative Life, by F. C. Conybeare, **Jew Q**, July.
- Philosophy, see Contents of *Mind*, *Monist*, *Philosophical Review*.
- Photography (see also Contents of *Photogram*, *Wilson's Photographic Magazine*):
 We Three and the Camera in Switzerland, by Miss Hulda Frieleirichs, **Y W**, Aug.

Ping, Lee, Guy Boothby on, **C J**, Aug.

Poetry :

Poets, Herbert Spencer on, **C R**, Aug.
Occasional Poets, by T. Newbigging, **Man Q**, July.
The Early History of English Poetry, **Ch Q**, July.
Some Aspects of Recent Poetry, by Wm. Wallace, **Scot R**, July.
Poetic Pride, H. M. Sanders on, **G M**, Aug.
Poema del Cid, W. Butterworth on, **Man Q**, July.
Political Economy, see Contents of *Economic Review*, *Quarterly Journal of Economics*.
Politics, (see also Electoral, Parliamentary):
Empiricism in Politics, T. Mackay on, **Nat R**, Aug.
Polk's (President) Diary in the Lenox Library, New York, J. Schouler on, **A M**, Aug.
Positivism, see Contents of *Positivist Review*.
Poultry-Farming: Reminiscences of a Poultry-Yard, **Black**, Aug.
Prayer: A Defence of Prayer, by Dr. W. Barry, **N C**, Aug.
Prison Committee Report, Sir E. Du Cane on, **N C**, Aug.
Psychical Research, see Ghosts; and Contents of *Borderland*, *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*.
Psychology, (see also Contents of *Mind*, *Monist*, *Psychological Review*):
T. J. Hudson's Duality of Mind Disproved, by Rev. T. E. Allen, **A**, July.

Queen Victoria, Childhood of, **W H**, Aug.

Queensland, see under Australia.

Race Problems of America: A Negro on the Negro Question, by Prof. W. S. Scarborough, **Free R**, Aug.

Railways (see also Contents of *Engineering Magazine*):

The Dawn of the Railway Era, by W. B. Paley, **T C**, June.
Great Mountain Railways, by J. H. Means and J. C. Branner, **Chaut**, July.

The Proposed New Route from British North America, Duncan Macarthur on, **W R**, Aug.

Railway Batteries and Armoured Trains, Col. Boxall on, **F R**, Aug.

Rhodes: The Fall of Rhodes, H. H. Crellin on, **G M**, Aug.

Rogers, Dr. J. Guinness, Personal Reminiscences by, **Sun M**, Aug.

Rome, see under Italy.

Rose-growers, **Q R**, July.

Rosebery, Lord, (see also Electoral, Parliamentary):

Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Party, by W. L. Stobart, **F R**, Aug.

Rosse, Earl of, Sir Robert Hall on, **G W**, Aug.

Rural Banks, see Savings Banks.

Ruskin, John, Henriette Corkran on, **T B**, Aug.

Russia: The Censorship of the Press, H. G. Burton on, **W R**, Aug.

St. Bernard's, Susan Gavan Duffy on, **Ir M**, Aug.

Samos, (see also Stevenson (Robt. L.)):

Samoan Life on the Copra Plantations, F. M. Turner on, **Fr L**, Aug.

Sanitation, (see also Contents of *Public Health*):

The Disposal of a City's Waste, Col. G. E. Waring, jun., on, **N A R**, July.

Sans-Gêne, Madame.—The Real Madame Sans-Gêne, by C. Johnston, **Cal R**, July.

Savings Banks: Rural Banks, Mrs. E. M. Lynch on, **G M**, Aug.

Scandinavia:

The Case for Norwegian Liberalism, by Prof. Sars, **F R**, Aug.

A King's Scheme of Scandinavian Unification, by Carl Stewers, **F R**, Aug.

Science, (see also Contents of *Science Progress*):

Science in Fetters, by Prof. St. George Mivart, **D R**, July.

Scotland (see also Contents of *Scottish Review*):

The Men of the Hills, **Mac**, Aug.

On Western Islay, by J. Baker, **C F M**, Aug.

Scott, Sir Walter.—Some Characteristics of Scott's Poetry, by Principal A. M. Williams, **Scots**, Aug.

Seeley, Sir John Robert, J. R. Tanner on, **E H**, July.

Shakespeare's Clowns, A. W. Fox on, **Man Q**, July.

Sheep: Wild Traits in the Sheep, by Dr. L. Robinson, **N A R**, July.

Shipping: The Proposed New Route from British North America, Duncan Macarthur on, **W R**, Aug.

Single Tax, see under Land.

Siráf, Ancient Trading Centre of the Persian Gulf, by Capt. A. W. Stiffe, **G J**, Aug.

Smith, Adam, and His Friends, **E R**, July.

"Social Evolution," by Benjamin Kidd, T. Roosevelt on, **N A R**, July.

Social Purity: Opposing Views by Legislators on Age of Consent Legislation, Symposium on, **A**, July.

Socialism:

Social Anarchy, by Grant Allen, **H**, Aug.

Socialism and the Christian Social Union, **Ch Q**, July.

"Social England," **L Q**, July.

Social Anatomy, **L Q**, July.

The March of Socialism in France, by A. Hamon, **Free R**, Aug.

Soudan, see Egypt and the Soudan.

Sound, Mystery of, by W. M. Clemens, **Lipp**, Aug.

Spain:

The Spanish Peninsula, by B. O. Flower, **A**, July.

Spanish Pictures, by Gleeson White, **I**, Aug.

The Romance of Spain, by C. W. Wood, **Arg**, Aug.

Spain, Philip II. of, Passing of, A. Harcourt on, **T B**, Aug.

Spencer, Herbert,

"Comte, Mill, and Spencer," by Prof. Watson, Prof. J. Iverach on, **Crit R**, July.

Spencer versus Balfour, by Prof. St. George Mivart, **N C**, Aug.

Sport, see Fishing and Contents of *Badminton Magazine*.

Stephen, Sir James Fitzjames, Sir F. Pollock on, **Nat R**, Aug.

Stevenson, Robert Louis,

Portrait and Autograph of, **Cos**, July.

The Works of Stevenson, **E R**, July.

R. L. Stevenson at Vaillana, Samoa, **Fr L**, Aug.

Stewart, Mother, Miss F. Balmorie on, **G T**, Aug.

Sulermann's Play, "Sodom's End," H. Schütz Wilson on, **T C**, June.

Sunday in St. George's in the East and the London Docks, **Sun H**, Aug.

Superstitious: The Evil Eye, **Q R**, July.

Swellen, see under Scandinavia.

Switzerland (see also Mountaineering):

In Chalet Land, **C**, Aug.

Symonds, J. A., **Q R**, July.

Taka Koji, **C J**, Aug.

Tangler, see under Morocco.

Tarpou-Fishing, see under Fishing.

Theatres and the Drama (see also Contents of *Theatre*):

Actors and Dramatists, Herbert Spencer on, **C R**, Aug.

A Dialogue on the Drama, by H. A. Kenney, **N C**, Aug.

Theosophy, see Contents of *Borderland*, *Lucifer*.

Tibet as a New British Market, by C. E. D. Black, **N C**, Aug.

Tischendorf's Greek Testament, **Q R**, July.

Torpedoes, see under Navies.

Transvaal, see under Africa.

Tunisia, Vision of, by W. A. Craigie, **Scot R**, July.

Turkey:

Armenian Question, see Armenia.

Santa Sophia, Constantinople, Robert Weir Schultz on, **Scot R**, July.

Constantinople, Prof. J. P. Mahaffy on, **Chaut**, July.

United States (see also Race Problems, Bible in Schools, Education: Berkshire, Boston, Chicago, Colorado, California, etc.):

Sound Currency the Dominant Political Issue in America, by W. Salomon, **F**, July.

Wall Street and the Credit of the Government, by A. C. Stevens, **R R A**, July.

How Free Silver would Affect the United States, by E. O. Leech, **N A R**, July.

The Minimum Principle in the Tariff of 1824 and Its Recent Revival in the United States, by S. B. Harding, **A A P S**, July.

Salutary Results of the Income-Tax Decision in America, by G. F. Edmunds, **F**, July.

Political Dangers of the Income-Tax Decision in America, by E. B. Whitney, **F**, July.

Position of the American Representative in Congress, by C. H. Lincoln, **A A P S**, July.

A Previous Era of Popular Madness in America and Its Lessons, by E. G. Ross, **F**, July.

Six Years of Civil Service Reform in the United States, 1889-1895, T. Roosevelt on, **Scrib**, Aug.

Political Heredity in the United States, by H. King, **Chaut**, July.

The American Social Problem as affected by Immigration, Dr. B. F. Kilder on, **Horn R**, July.

Bathing at the American Sea-Shore Resorts, J. Howe Adams on, **Cos**, July.

Universities:

Modern Oxford, W. Channing Arnold on, **T C**, June.

Oxford University, Anna M. Clarke on, **C W**, July.

Oxford Degrees for Women, see under Women.

Three Years under the New Ordinances:

A Graduation Address to the Scottish Universities, by Prof. A. Seth, **Scot R**, July.

Utopias, Ancient and Modern, by H. C. Shuttleworth, **M P**, Aug.

Wales: A Plea for the Welsh Liens, by H. O. Newland, **T C**, June.

Warwickshire, George Eliot's Neighbourhood, by George Morley, **T C**, June.

Water:

The Transporting Power of Water and the Making of Land, by W. H.

Wheeler, **Long**, Aug.

Notes on London Bridge Waterworks, by E. W. Hulme and R. Jenkins, **Ant**, Aug.

Wedding-Cakes, F. Steelcroft on, **Str**, July.

Wielmar, see under Germany.

Wesley (ghost), Andrew Lang on, **C R**, Aug.

Whyte, Dr. Alexander, Interviewed by Mrs. Tooley, **Y W**, Aug.

Wolsley, Lord, Colonel Maurice on, **U S M**, Aug.

Women (see also Contents of *Englishwoman's Review*):

Woman, Past or Present? by Lady Violet Greville, **T C**, June.

Oxford Degrees for Women:

Case, Professor T., on, **Fr R**, Aug.

Grose, Rev. T. H., on, **Fr R**, Aug.

Wells, H. G., on, **Bkman**, Aug.

The Shop Girl, Miss M. A. Belloc on, **I**, Aug.

The Position of Dutch Women, by M. E. Aleida Schanze, **H**, Aug.

How a Girl lived in Ancient Athens, by S. E. Hall, **Ata**, Aug.

Yachting: The *Britannia*, **Min**, Aug.

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FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P., P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS" BY THE STEREOSCOPIC CO.



THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, *Sept. 2, 1895.*

**The New
Commander-
in-Chief.**

The appointment of Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley to the command-in-chief of the British army, in place of the Duke of Cambridge, has been hailed with general satisfaction. The Duke lingers reluctant at the wings, being loath to quit the stage on which he has been so long a conspicuous figure. But although he delayed his departure, feeling, as he says, he has the spirit of a young man of twenty-five under the hair silvered by the snow of seventy-six winters, he has gone at last, and Lord Wolseley reigns in his stead. With the passing of the Duke disappears the last link which connected the army of to-day with the army that fought in the Crimea. Lord Wolseley, who fought as a youngster before Sebastopol, is a man of the new school, the worthy head of an army which regards soldiering as a profession and a science rather than as an amusement. If any one can give us twenty shillings for one pound in the shape of efficient soldiers, Lord Wolseley is that man. Let us hope that the uniform good luck which has followed him through all his career will not desert him now that he has achieved the summit of his ambition.

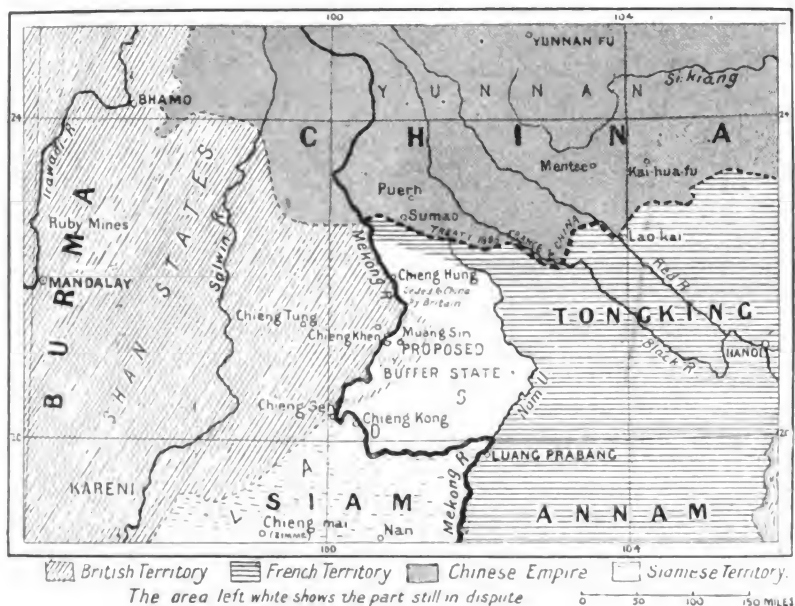
**The
Chances
of War.**

The change has not been made a moment too soon. I hope that the year will pass without any outbreak of war, but the barometer seems to be falling rapidly, and in the time of storm and stress Britain does well to have her most capable captain in the saddle. There is a feel of cannon thunder in the air. I am not an alarmist. I think I may fairly claim to have been always one of the optimists as to the prospects of peace. But not for many years have I felt so uneasy

as to the dangers which menace the tranquillity we have so long enjoyed. I don't think there will be war. But I do feel that it will depend upon the courage and resolution and resource of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, whether we reach the New Year in peace. In Armenia, China, Siam, and Central Africa there are plenty of questions which may at any moment explode like a bomb, and it will need all the firmness of a Ministry with a majority of 150 at its back to prevent the local explosion firing the general powder magazine.

**The Chief
Hope of
Peace.**

The peril, the only serious peril, to peace is now as always in Paris. And our chief security, that the innumerable questions which are at issue between England and France all round the world will not be allowed to culminate in war, lies in the strength and the efficiency of the British fleet. Those French journalists who are perpetually writing as if they desired nothing so much as war with England, although they may inflame the relations between the nations, are not after all the real rulers of France. When the French Ministers and Deputies look seriously into the question of peace or war, they will find themselves confronted by a series of considerations which will almost certainly lead them to avoid pushing matters to extremities. A war with England would be of necessity a naval war, and in a naval war France without allies, or with an ally whose fleet could not effect a junction with her squadrons, could not keep the sea. She would either have to face battle in the open against superior numbers, in which it is almost a mathematical certainty that the victory would remain with the stronger fleet, or she would have to confine herself to furtive expeditions from



fortified ports and a war on our commerce. In either case the first month of the war would reveal to every one the one undisputed but seldom vaunted fact underlying the controversy, that the French flag would of necessity disappear from the sea. Imagine the condition of a French Government with a million armed men excited to madness against a perfidious Albion, absolutely beyond reach of their guns, with the British fleet in command of the sea, and every French colony a hostage in the hands of the British Government. I do not say this in any spirit of Chauvinist boasting. It is a simple statement of what would happen to us if we exchanged navies with France. We cannot wage aggressive war upon any European Power. Alone among the nations we have preserved our youth from the curse of compulsory soldierhood. But if we were to be attacked, unless all the laws governing naval warfare were to be suspended in favour of our foe, there is no Power in Europe whose flag could float on the high seas a month after declaration of war.

Hostages to Fortune. The Power that has the weaker fleet has practically given its ironclads as hostages to the Power which has the stronger fleet. Allowing that every French ironclad afloat is as good as the best English ironclad of its class, and recognising that the French seaman is as good as our blue jacket, our preponderance of force is sufficient to enable us to render it impossible for the French to

keep the sea. And as every colony over sea depends in the last resort upon the naval strength of the mother country, it is evident that France *outramer* is also a hostage for whose safety French statesmen must reckon. A victorious war against France would be a dire calamity which every good citizen must dread as only one degree less horrible than a war terminating in defeat. But thanks to our fleet and the unquestioned preponderance of our naval power, we could do so much more injury to France than France could do to us, that if French statesmen keep their senses they will not allow any of the frontier controversies to drag

the Republic into a war for which they are not prepared, and which, however it might result, would entail the indefinite postponement of the long hoped for reconquest of their lost provinces.

The Dispute on the Mekong. The most dangerous question between England and France is the controversy as to the sovereignty of the Shan State, Kiang Kheng, on the Upper Mekong. This State, which straddles across the Mekong, was a dependency of Burmah. When we annexed Burmah, we took over all its dependencies, including Kiang Kheng. We ceded the northern province of Kiang Hung to China on condition that China would not part with it again except to us. The French when they made their treaty with Siam put forward claims to the territory east of the Mekong which conflicted with the sovereignty we took over from Burmah. France and England agreed to a friendly delimitation of their respective territories on the spot. But while negotiations were in progress the French twice attempted to establish themselves in the disputed territory. Thereupon our representatives bundled the French out, garrisoned Mengsin, the capital, with a force of Goorkhas, and publicly declared that Kiang Kheng was and would remain part and parcel of the British Empire. At the same time the French have made arrangements with China as to Kiang Hung which are incompatible within the condition on which we ceded that State to China. We have protested and refused to recognise

the French arrangement. Altogether it is a very pretty quarrel, and a single hot-head on either side might create an *imbroglio* from which a peaceable escape would be difficult.

The Mahdi. The danger of a collision with France is land as a Buffer State. This is due not to any slackening of the risk in Central Africa. This is due not to any slackening of the rival ambitions of England and France, but rather to the evidence which has reached us of the vigour of the Mahdi's government. It is a somewhat melancholy reflection that just as the Roman Catholics and the Greeks are kept from cutting each others' throats at the Holy Sepulchre by the presence of a Mohammedan guard, so England and France are kept from crossing swords in Central Africa by the fact that the country between them is occupied by the Mahdi and his men. The English officer Cunningham, who made his way in the beginning of the year down the Nile from Uganda, reports that the Mahdi's men have established themselves at a place called Regaf, below Lado, and at the same time the officers of the Congo State report that they have had more than one smart collision with the Mahdi's troops. In one of each, at least, the Belgians are said to have come off second best. So long as the Tom Tiddler's ground of the Nile basin is occupied by the Mahdi in sufficient force to deal out instant death to any European who crosses his frontiers, we need not be alarmed as to the adventurous French expeditions that are launched into the interior. The Buffer State theory may have broken down on the Mekong, but it seems to be a very lively reality in the Upper Nile.

The Campaign in Madagascar. For the moment the French have a little war in their hands which occupies them sufficiently. Their campaign against the Hovas in Madagascar is being prosecuted without intermission; but so far almost the only enemies whom they have had to encounter have been the malarial forces under the command of the well-known General Fever. Accounts vary widely as to the extent to which the French soldiers are inviolated, but there seems to be no doubt that at least one-third of the seasoned troops are down either with fever or dysentery. The expedition is lying weltering in a vapour bath of marshes at the foot of the hills which stretch for one hundred and fifty miles between them and the capital. At Antananarivo everything seems to be in confusion. The Hovas are said to be even better armed than the French, but their hearts fail them because of fear,

and the rough-and-ready expedient of burning a General alive who did not make adequate defence of an outpost, is not likely to encourage the others. The Queen is said to have taken to gambling, and the wildest counsels prevail amongst her Ministers. Some propose to drown the town under eleven feet of water, others to make it a plague-spot by slaughtering some thousand head of cattle and leaving their bodies to decay in the streets, while the Moscow precedent naturally commends itself to many. In time, no doubt, the French will get there, but when they get there they will only find they have the wolf by the ears—a luxury for which they will have to pay many millions sterling and thousands of lives.

The Revolt in Cuba. The experience of Spain in Cuba is not calculated to encourage the French in their projects for establishing their authority in Madagascar. Cuba has been Spanish for 300 years,



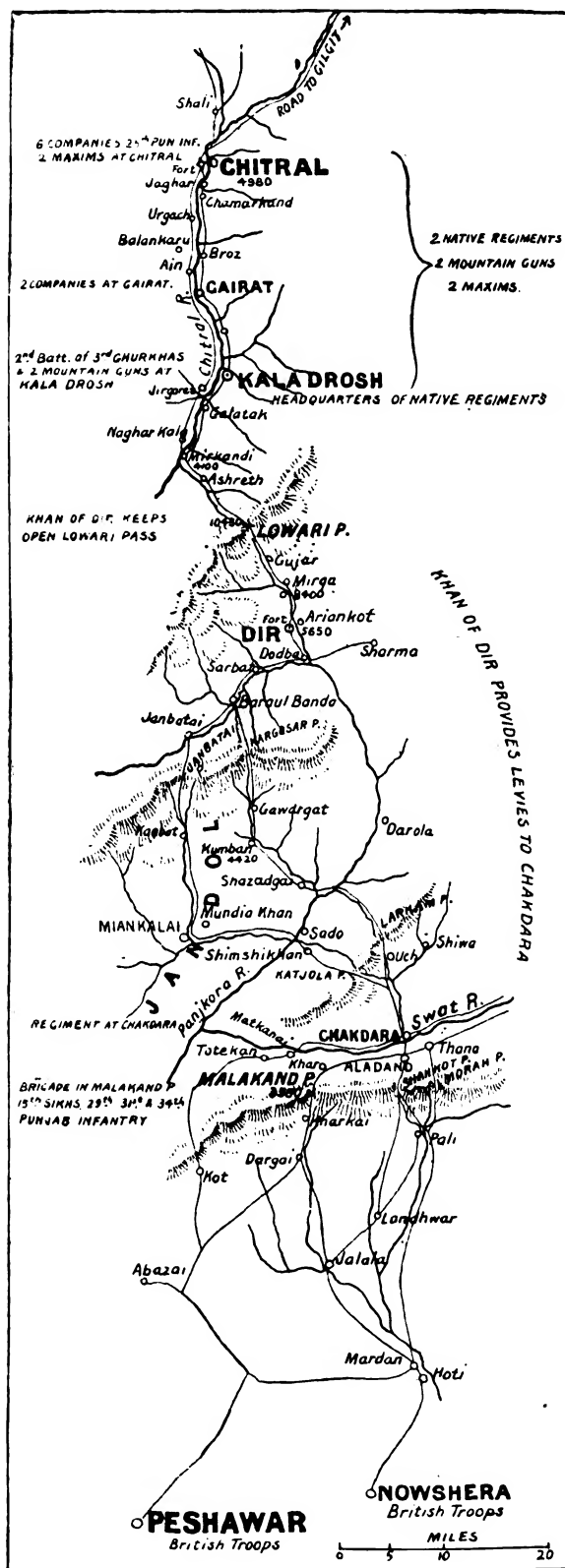
From Judge.]

[August 10, 1895.

THE TROUBLE IN CUBA.

UNCLE SAM: "I've had my eye on that morsel for a long time; guess I'll have to take it in!"

but Cuba at the present moment is in revolt, and the Governor-General is said to have telegraphed that there are no alternatives, except the despatch of an army of 100,000 men, or the concession of some form of Home Rule. The struggle between the Cubans, supported as they were by the unconcealed sympathy of the North Americans, goes on with unabated ferocity. A hundred Spanish soldiers are



said to be dying daily with yellow fever, and everything seems to show that the present insurrection will defy all the power of Spain for another twelve months. In the end, no doubt, if the Spaniards will spend enough money, they can restore the island to a sullen condition of obedience. Cuba never pays its way, and all this struggle and misery and blood shed are incurred solely in order to avoid the disgrace of retiring from a position which has become impossible.

Notwithstanding these object lessons as to the costliness of the luxury of retaining Chitral, tempting to establish authority among hostile populations, Lord Salisbury has begun his Administration by what we can only regard as its first blunder. The late Government decided to retire from Chitral. Most unfortunately Ministers had kept their secret so well that no one in the country knew what they really intended to do. As a matter of fact they had never entertained a moment's doubt as to their plain and obvious duty. Every member of the Indian Council in London, excepting Lord Roberts, agreed with them in believing that the retention of Chitral would be disastrous to the Indian exchequer, and detrimental to the success of a sound frontier policy. If instead of keeping their secret they had proclaimed it abroad in an informal fashion, familiarising the country with the arguments upon which their decision rested, and also with the overwhelming consensus of opinion in favour of withdrawal, Lord Salisbury would never have been exposed to the temptation to which he has fallen a victim. As it is, he felt that their decision was one that could be over-ridden, and he over-rode it accordingly. So we read in the newspapers—

the British garrison will consist of two native regiments with two mountain guns and two Maxims, and these will hold the country from Chitral to Kila-Darosh, where the headquarters will be established. From Kila-Darosh to Dir the country will be under Chitral levies, the Khan of Dir providing them as far as Chakdarra. The brigade on the Malakand Pass, with a regiment at Chakdarra, will complete the line of communication. The Panjkora route will be opened for postal supply and relief purposes.

A Gross Breach of Faith. Apart from all other disadvantages connected with this extension of our position, it constitutes a distinct breach of faith

which will not be forgotten by Russia and by France when we ask them to keep their engagements in other parts of the world. When the expedition was launched for the relief of Chitral, the Viceroy of India issued a proclamation to the tribes, which contained among other things the following declaration: "The sole object of the Government

of India is to put an end to the present, and prevent any future unlawful aggression on Chitral territory, and as soon as this object has been obtained, the forces will be withdrawn." Notwithstanding this declaration, which was issued in the name of the Crown, and which was largely instrumental in securing the support of the tribes through whose territory our expedition had to pass, it is now proclaimed that troops are to be permanently stationed in Chitral, and, in short, our forces will not be withdrawn. This is bad. But unfortunately it is now too much of a piece with the methods by which the forward school succeed in forcing our outposts ever deeper and deeper into the morass of mountains which border our north-western frontier. These gentlemen cost us twenty millions with their Afghan craze, over and above the nine millions sterling which has been spent in the last ten years along the north-western frontier in various punitive expeditions. It is impossible to avoid such expeditions, for an empire has to keep the police on its frontier just as much as a municipality has to keep the police in its streets; but the immense cost of maintaining our present frontier is a very solid argument against the wanton extension of the position which we have to defend. Neither is it made any better by the assurance that no increase of the army is to be asked for. This is Jingoism all over. Instead of facing the music and paying for the policy it advocates, we have always the same old story. We undertake new obligations without increasing the means at our disposal for carrying them out. Then sooner or later comes a war which swallows up in six months all the savings of our misplaced economy. If it is necessary to maintain Chitral, we ought to make adequate provision for it, instead of as at present making believe that it can be done on the cheap.

**The Massacre
of
Missionaries
in China.**

The extent of our Imperial responsibilities is so vast that their adequate realisation is the best safeguard against any indulgence in a policy of reckless aggression. This responsibility lies not merely within the Empire, but often far beyond its confines. Of this we had a painful illustration in the outbreaks of fanaticism which led to the massacre of nine missionaries at Hwa-sang. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, of the Church Missionary Society, had been for some time past stationed at Kow-chang, a walled city two days' journey from Foochow. Their last letters reported considerable effervescence

among the native population with manifestation of hostility, but no serious danger was anticipated. The agitation among the so-called Vegetarians had been on the increase for some time past, and additional Chinese troops were despatched from Foochow to keep the mob in check. Resenting this increase of the garrison, the mob displayed their vexation by attacking the mission house, burning it, and massacring Mr. Stewart, his family, and some young women who were engaged in mission work. This outbreak, unfortunately, did not stand alone. The British and American Missions at Tatshin, near Canton, were demolished, and the missionaries fled for their lives. The Catholic Missions in the province of Szechuan have also been rabbled by the mob, and there seems to be but too much reason for believing that the anti-foreign element generally feels that the time has come for gratifying its long cherished grudge against the "foreign devils." Considering the number of British subjects that are scattered all over the Chinese Empire, the outlook is alarming indeed. At present the Chinese Government is making the most satisfactory declarations, and promising condign punishment on all evil-doers. But it is an open question how far the Chinese Government can hold its own, at least in its south-western provinces. At any rate, there seems to be no possibility of any reduction of the British forces, naval or military, on the Chinese littoral.

The great question which contains within its womb the potentiality of any number of wars is, as it always has been, the Eastern Question so called. The Turkish Empire lies like a bomb between Europe and Asia. At any moment it may burst, and just at this time there are two slow matches visibly burning before the eyes of all men. One is in Armenia and the other in Macedonia. The Macedonian is ignored by common consent, and attention concentrated upon the Armenian fuse. There the situation is very serious, and no one can tell how soon the difficulty may lead to war. Lord Salisbury has fortunately not justified the misgivings of those who feared that he would weaken the pressure on the Porte. He has, on the contrary, taken an even stronger line than Lord Rosebery. This, of course, is no more than his duty, for he is responsible for the Armenian atrocities and the Macedonian horrors in a special manner that Lord Rosebery is not. But so many of us feared that he would ignore his responsibility that his speech on the Address to the Throne came as a pleasant surprise. Replying

to Lord Rosebery on the Armenian Question, he took occasion to administer such a plain-spoken admonition to the Sultan as to make that august personage very sick. It is understood that, instead of accepting the Sultan's refusal of the joint proposals of England, France and Russia, Lord Salisbury has taken a fresh step, and demanded that the proposed reforms should be put under the control of a mixed commission, three of whose members must be appointed by the Powers. Such a proposal is, of course, utterly inconsistent with the fabled independence of the Ottoman Empire, and the Sultan in his distress is said to have appealed first to France and Russia, and then to the German Emperor, to induce him to abate the monstrous demand of England. France and Russia informed the Porte that they endorsed Lord Salisbury's proposals and made them their own, while the German Emperor refused to do anything in the matter beyond advising the Sultan to agree with his enemies quickly, otherwise it would be the worse for him. The Sultan, however, has a natural genius for procrastination, and will do his best to raise difficulties and endeavour to embroil the Powers who are at present urging him to give guarantees for the good government of his Armenian subjects.

Diplomatic Conference at Vienna. Threatened men of course live long, and that is the great consolation about European peace. The Eastern Question has been going to bring about war any time for the last ten years, but the war has not come, therefore it may not come this side of Christmas, certainly will not come if the statesmen could fix the date of its outbreak to suit themselves. Unfortunately with these unsettled questions, the trigger is usually pulled by some person much less responsible than the Chancellors of Europe. That the Courts are feeling uneasy, goes without saying, and last month we had a significant indication of their desire to prepare against eventualities in the meeting of the German Chancellor and the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs at Vienna. Their meeting coincided with the visit of the King of Roumania to the Austrian capital, and this coincidence probably gave rise to the story which is current as to the contemplated accession of Roumania to the Triple Alliance. That, in its strict sense, is probably untrue. The Triple Alliance remains the Triple Alliance still; but at the same time it would not be surprising in the least if it were supplemented by a secret agreement with Roumania to the effect that should war break out under certain well-understood eventualities, the troops of King Carl could be

counted upon as an available factor on the side of the Triple Alliance in the coming Armageddon.

Continental Quietude.. While international complications seem to be becoming more acute, the domestic situation generally is somewhat placid. The Germans have been celebrating with rather more effusion than usual the anniversary of Sedan and the great victory which enabled them to prostrate France in the dust. The Belgians are proposing to substitute voting by proportional representation for the second ballot. The Dutch are engaged in considering in their lethargic fashion an extension of the franchise; but elsewhere organic changes seem to be for the moment put on one side. At the French Departmental elections only 26 Socialists were elected, and 181 Radicals. The moderate and rabid Republicans returned the numbers 894 and 74 respectively. There were, besides, 263 reactionaries. Practically in the Departmental elections, the centre party seems to have as much its own way in France as it had in England at the late elections. In Italy, the charges brought by Signor Cavallotti against the Prime Minister, Crispi, came to nothing when they were heard before the criminal court. Prince Ferdinand has got back to Bulgaria, and the unending controversy is continued as to when and under what conditions he can secure his recognition by Russia.

The Attempt on Baron Rothschild. The only sensational incident that has broken the dead calm has been the despatch of an explosive to Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. It was a very simple affair enclosed in an envelope, some explosive fulminate being so arranged between two wires that when the envelope was opened and the wires exposed, the explosion ensued and injured the Baron's private secretary. Baron Alphonse is said to be one of the few Rothschilds who believe in the future of Socialism, and a saying of his is reported that a time is coming when no man will be allowed to have more than a maximum of £4,000 a year. Curiously enough a somewhat similar remark was attributed to a representative of an American millionaire who was recently in London. Speaking of the sentiment of the United States, he said that the educated class in America were Socialists in their sympathies, not, he added, Socialists in the European sense, but what they would like is to say to millionaires, "You can have £10,000 a year to live upon, and we will tax you 100 per cent. upon the rest of your income." It is characteristic of the wrong-headed way in which things happen, that it was this

Lord Rothschild, of all the family, who was selected as the mark for the envelope of fulminate.

Arbitration and the Pope. France and Brazil have agreed as to the arbitrator to whom they will refer the frontier question in dispute in South America. Nothing has been done as yet towards securing a similar reference of the dispute between the British Government and Venezuela. A Peace and Arbitration Conference has been held at Brussels, which passed the usual resolutions, undismayed even by the eloquent declaration of Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian, who was one of the orators of the Congress, and who distinguished himself by assuring the delegates that war would never cease in the world even if the human race dwindled down to two individuals. Much the most interesting question in the Arbitration question has been the application—made by the two dusky Presidents of Hayti and San Domingo, who divide between them the island famous as the scene of the struggles of Toussaint l'Ouverture—to the Vatican. The two negro republics, it seems, cannot agree as to their frontiers, and instead of cutting each other's throats, they have decided to refer the question to the arbitration of the Pope. The Pope, of course, has graciously accepted their appeal, and Leo XIII. will have an opportunity of figuring in his favourite rôle of Chief Justice of Christendom. It is a far cry from Hayti to Alsace-Lorraine, but if the Pope is faithful in small things, who knows but there may be entrusted to him the duty of deciding in greater ones.

The Crux in South Africa. In South Africa disquieting rumours are current as to the health of Mr. Rhodes, which every one sincerely hopes are exaggerated. There is no indispensable man, we are often told, but if one man more than another is indispensable at the present moment in the British Empire, it is Cecil Rhodes at Cape Town. He has just carried through successfully the annexation of Bechuanaland to the Cape. The boom of things African is still on; when it stops there will be more need than ever for Mr. Rhodes' hand at the helm. Mr. Garrett has been interviewing President Krüger, from which it appears that Oompal is by no means satisfied with the annexation of Swaziland. "Swaziland," he says, "is nothing excepting as a road to the sea." And he maintains that he is shut in a kraal for ever, with no way out. President Krüger then declared that he had a right, not only to Swaziland, but Natal. The interview is interesting and important, and does credit to Mr. Garrett's journalistic capacity; but it does not

reassure us much as to the prospect of settling the Transvaal question for some time yet in the only way that will accord with the manifest destiny of South Africa.

The Opening of Parliament. At home, not much has been stirring. Parliament met on the 15th and listened to a Queen's speech which referred in half-a-dozen paragraphs to as many foreign and colonial questions, and then passed the estimates after a series of little discussions which brought out very clearly two facts. First, that the Liberal opposition is practically *hors de combat*. Mr. Campbell Bannerman is away ill, Mr. John Morley is no longer a member of the House, Sir Henry Fowler has not been well, and the other members of the front Opposition bench do not seem to think it worth while to attend, and as the result, we have had a series of sittings in which the Liberal party—which even at the last polls was shown to have numbered nearly half the electorate—was most conspicuously represented in the House by Mr. Healy and Sir Charles Dilke! The Liberal party suffered badly at the elections, and was left like a wounded soldier on the field of battle; but allowing such leadership as this is like abandoning the wounded to the tender mercies of those night prowlers of the civil wars, who with long skeans used to stab the unfortunates left on the field. No defeat at the polls ever destroys a party unless that party loses its *morale*. Defeat can be converted into victory, but not by the road of abdication and desertion.

The most conspicuous figure in the "Tim." House of Commons during this brief session has unquestionably been Mr. Healy. "Tim" has seen his chance, and it will not be his fault if he does not succeed to the vacant place of Mr. Parnell. Mr. Healy has many great gifts. He is as quick as a weasel, as impudent as a puppy, using his tongue as a Red Indian wields his tomahawk. With a constitution of iron and lungs of leather, he is in many ways well equipped for the struggle. Compared with Mr. Dillon, it is as if you were pitting a mongrel lurcher against a thoroughbred greyhound. Night after night, no matter who was absent, Tim Healy was present pegging away, and pegging away hard, and always on one line of attack. A little more judgment, a trifle or so of ballast, and a capacity sometimes to forget the inborn instincts of a corner boy, and Tim Healy might distance all competitors. As it is, his evident ambition will only make confusion worse confounded.

Oh for a Sound of the Voice that is Still! Next to the prominence of Mr. Healy, the most conspicuous thing in English politics has been the absolute effacement of John Morley. Since the day when Mr. Morley left the Central Railway Station of Newcastle, after the declaration of the poll, he has been heard of as little as if he had been absolutely snatched to the stars, after the fashion of ancient heroes whose mysterious disappearances were only thus satisfactorily explained. Mr. Morley, of course, has a right to efface himself if he pleases, but the Liberal public which has followed him and trusted him and relied upon him for many years to supply what may be regarded as the moral backing of the party, must be forgiven if it feels a little sore at his silence. Mr. Morley is not exactly the man to eat his heart out in sulks, but I confess to feeling some measure of sympathy with those who wish that in the midst of this period of bewilderment and dismay, there had been heard from the far north one strong clear note of encouragement and hope.

The Home Policy of the Government. Lord Salisbury, in the debate on the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament, defined the functions of government in terms which are significant of much. He declared that the great lesson of the election was to proclaim to both parties that in "the main from henceforth they must fight within bounds of the Constitution; and that it is not the re-arrangement of political machinery, but it is the improvement of the daily life of the struggling millions, and the diminution of their sorrows, which is the blessed task that Parliaments are called into existence to perform." This is the proclamation by the Prime Minister of what Mr. Carlyle used to call "The condition of England question," as the chief problem which will engage the attention of his Administration. The most pressing form of this question is always that of the Unemployed. Lord Salisbury, in reply to the memorial of the London Settlements, has promised the subject his consideration, and Mr. Chaplin, of the Local Government Board, has expressed his sympathy with the attempt to form colonies, although asserting that his legal advisers deem these colonies to lie outside of the province of the Board of Guardians. It would be well if, in the course of the recess, a general conference could be held representing all those who are intimately concerned with the Unemployed question. The societies which have been formed for promoting allotments, for creating rural colonies as well as emigration societies and the like, might all be brought together to consider, say under the presidency of

Mr. Chaplin himself, what could be done. This is a work which cannot fail to commend itself to the political and social instincts of Mr. Jesse Collings.

The Speakership. Ministers finding that they were threatened with the formation of a cave and the revolt of a considerable section of their followers if they opposed the re-election of Mr. Gully as Speaker, acquiesced with a somewhat bad grace, and they have therefore the great advantage of having a Liberal in the chair whose name and authority will cover all the coercive measures they will be compelled to adopt in the way of stifling debate and checkmating obstruction. At one time it seemed more than probable that the Tory rank-and-file would insist upon replacing Mr. Gully with a man of their own, but wiser counsels prevailed. The same rank-and-file, however, are much exercised in spirit by the appointment of a Liberal Unionist to the Solicitor-Generalship of both England and Ireland. But, as Sir Edward Clarke refused the post, finding it more profitable to continue his private practice than to accept the Solicitor-Generalship, it is difficult to see why the Tories should complain; but there is no doubt of a deeper feeling on the part of the Tadpoles and Tapers of the charlatans that Mr. Chamberlain's gang, as it has been called, has obtained an undue share of the loaves and fishes.

Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain himself continues to be the hero of the situation. The only important speeches which have been made this last month have been made by him, and that they were important speeches, no one can deny. He has received deputations on Swaziland and on West Africa, and he has made speeches on the Colonial estimates dealing with the general question of Colonial policy, and also the particular question of Newfoundland and Cyprus. Everything that he has said has confirmed the accuracy of the estimate which I put last month in his "Character Sketch." Mr. Chamberlain has got hold of a great idea. He is going to do for the Colonies what he did for Birmingham, viz., use the credit of the whole for the purpose of developing the resources of each. As he told the West African merchants, and as he had previously told the House of Commons, the new Government had decided upon a new policy and a great policy. Our Colonies, especially our Crown Colonies, he regards as being in the condition of undeveloped estates, estates which can never be developed without Imperial assistance. The British investor, therefore, is to be invited, under the aegis of the Imperial Government, to

invest some of his superfluous wealth in the developing of this estate, and if the British investor refuses this, in Mr. Chamberlain's opinion he had better have never gone to these Colonies at all.

The New Colonial Policy. Mr. Chamberlain lets us see plainly enough the working of his mind upon this matter. The old Empire of the Romans, which constructed admirable public works in all the barbarous countries that they conquered, fills him with admiration, and it is to him a source of lamentation that the British Empire cannot compare with Rome in this respect. But his primary reason for desiring to use the surplus wealth of the Empire in developing its Colonial estates, is not so much for the sake of the Colonists, as because it is only in such a policy of development that he can see any solution of the question of the Unemployed. There is no means, he says, of securing plenty of employment to the United Kingdom excepting by developing old countries and creating new ones. He is, therefore, going to shoulder this responsibility and appeal to public opinion, which he thinks is ripening upon the question, to support him in the measures necessary to give effect to his general idea. This is all very well; but reducing it to plain English, the question comes to this: Will Mr. Chamberlain give an Imperial guarantee to the British investor whose funds he desires to utilise in this policy of Colonial development? If he will, then he can get as much money as he likes; if he will not, well, it is, to say the least, doubtful.

The Inevitable Disillusioning. Ministers on the whole have manifested a prudent reticence as to what they would do, or what they would not do, but they have already been compelled to crush in the bud some of the hopes which they fostered so assiduously during the electoral period. Mr. Balfour, for instance, has dealt a cruel blow to the hopes of the bimetallists. In replying to a question, he stated that he had no reason to think that an international agreement would at the present moment be the result of an international conference upon the subject. Therefore there is to be no international congress, and thereby at one fell swoop go the hopes of all the silver men all over the world. As to the Indian Cotton Duties, Lord George Hamilton had to be even more ruthless. After carrying Lancashire by making the electors believe that the Indian Cotton Duties would disappear if the Liberals were defeated, he can do nothing more than say that he will forward the memorial of Lancashire to the Indian Government for their observation, and meantime the duties continue to be

levied as before. It seems likely that the agitation for restricting the immigration of pauper aliens and the import of prison-made goods from abroad will share the fate of the dreams of the bimetallists and of the Lancashire cotton spinners.

Business and Sport. Business prospects in the States are improving so rapidly, that it is no longer possible to deny the existence of a great trade revival which in time will affect this country, and will probably do more to solve the Unemployed question, at least temporarily, than all the projects of Mr. Chamberlain. Against this, however, we have to put the fact that the harvest at home has been much injured, first by the long drought, and then by the rain which fell out of due season. The chief interest both in England and America these last few weeks has been neither political nor industrial so much as social and sporting. The visit of the German Emperor to Cowes Regatta and to the North of England, and the great international race between Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie III.* and *Defender* have excited and are exciting much more interest in the majority of people than the debates in Parliament.

The Cycle as a Revolutionist. The rage for cycling continues to spread and increase, and the lady cyclist, instead of being a rare bird, is now becoming so common a phenomenon as hardly to attract remark. Among all the agencies which have been influential in humanising women,—that is to say, giving them a share of the common life with its common humanities, with its weariness, thirst, hunger and adventures and general commingling with the common life of our common world, the cycle stands easily first. It is also possible, although not probable, that it will leave a permanent trace upon the dress of one half of the race. When women cycle, whatever dress they wear, whether it be rational or skirted, they break once for all with the tradition that it is indelicate for any one to show a stockinged calf, and when once that ancient tradition is broken down the scope for variation in female costume will be indefinitely increased. Note one odd thing. This month a Parisian journalist has been collecting the views of several eminent actresses as to the cycling dress. Madame Sarah Bernhardt of all people in the world condemns strongly any departure from the ancient conventions, for, said this eminent priestess of austere morality: "The moral consideration must be supreme. . . . The outdoor life encouraged by the bicyclette is dangerous, and carries with it very grave consequences." Comment upon this would be quite superfluous.

DIARY FOR AUGUST.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

- Aug. 1. Cape Town House of Assembly passed the Herbrandland Annexation Bill.
Russia refused to recognise the "so called" Bulgarian Government.
New Chilean Ministry formed.
2. Close of the British Medical Congress.
Massacre of more British Missionaries at Whasang, near Kucheng.
Morocco complied with the German Ultimatum.
3. New Graving Dock at Southampton opened by the Prince of Wales.
International Geographical Congress concluded.
Porte replied to the Powers re Armenian Reform Scheme.
University Extension Conference at Oxford.
Sanguinary Brest Riots in Persia.
5. Annual Congress of the Ancient Order of Foresters.
Turkish Reserves left Constantinople for Macedonia.
Brussels Communal Council protested against the Education Bill.
6. German Emperor arrived at Cowes for the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta.
Great Britain demanded protection for all British missionaries in China, and the capital punishment of the perpetrators of recent massacres.
7. Bishop Randall Davidson appointed to the See of Winchester.
Other British and American mission stations attacked near Canton.
8. Conference of the Institute of International Law opened at Cambridge.
Annual Conference of the British Institute for Public Health opened.
Wreck of the Eastern and Australasian Steamship Company's steamer *Catterthun*; 60 lives lost.
9. Miners' Federation Conference passed resolutions in favour of the Mines (Eight Hours) Bill.
10. Last General Election Result declared. State of Parties: 340 Conservatives, 71 Liberal Unionists, 177 Liberals, 12 Parnellites, and 70 Anti-Parnellites—Unionist majority, 152.
Retention of Chitral sanctioned by the Imperial Government.



THE REV. E. S. TALBOT, D.D.
The New Bishop of Rochester.
(Photograph by Haslop Woods, Leeds.)

- Rev. Canon Talbot appointed to the Bishopric of Rochester.
12. Prince Ferdinand returned to Sofia.
 13. Mr. Justin McCarthy re-elected Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party.
Close of the Health Congress.
British and American Consuls left Foochoo for the scene of the Whasang Massacre.
Inter-Parliamentary Peace Conference opened at Brussels.



THE LATE BARON TAUCHNITZ.
(Photograph by Prumm.)

13. New Parliament of New South Wales opened.
14. Close of the Conference on International Law.
Conference of M.P.s favourable to the legislative programme of the National Agricultural Union.
15. Fatal Boating Accident on the River Tay; four lives lost.
16. Annual meeting of the Church Defence Institution.
New Commercial Treaty between France and Switzerland ratified.
Inter-Parliamentary Peace Conference closed.
Belgian Chamber passed the Education Bill.
17. Annual meeting of the Cobden Club.
19. International Co-operative Congress opened.
Severe earthquake shock in New Zealand.
20. Deputation to Mr. Chamberlain on the alleged grievances of the Swazi nation against the Boers.
Channel steamer *Seaford* run down in a fog by a cargo steamer; passengers and crew saved.
21. Mr. W. Kenny, Q.C. (L.U.), appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland.
22. New First Class Battleship, *Prince George*, launched and christened by the Duchess of York at Portsmouth.
South Australian Budget Statement submitted.
23. Earl Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, made his State entry into Dublin.
International Co-operative Congress closed.
Mr. C. B. Finlay (L.U.) appointed Solicitor-General for England.
Ohio Democratic State Convention rejected Free Silver Coinage.
24. National Co-operative Festival at the Crystal Palace.
25. Boating Disaster off Skegness; five lives lost.
26. Sir W. C. F. Robinson resigned the Governorship of Western Australia.
27. Annual Meeting of the Rural Labourers' League.
Ministerial Statement in the Belgian Chamber as to the fighting on the Congo and the execution of Mr. Stokes.
Shakir Pasha left Constantinople for Armenia.
28. Sir A. Mackenzie appointed Lieut.-Governor of Bengal.
Legislative Council, at Sydney, introduced a Bill for the reform of that House.
The Sultan appealed to France and Russia to endeavour to induce Great Britain to modify her attitude respecting the Armenian Question.
29. German Torpedo boat sunk off Kiel; thirteen of the crew drowned.
President Faure visited the King of Greece in Paris.
Extension of Strike in the Dundee Jute Trade.
30. Legislative Assembly, at Sydney, read a second time, the Land and Income Tax Assessment Bill.

30. Li Hung Chang summoned to Peking as Imperial Chancellor.
Severe fighting on the Congo between Native Troops and Dervishes.
31. Bull Fighting in South of France stopped by the Authorities.
Further fighting between Bulgarian Dervishes and Turkish Troops in Macedonia.
Narrow Escape of the King of Serbia from drowning at Biarritz.

NOTABLE UTTERANCES.

At the International Geographical Congress:—

- July 31. Sir John Kirk and Capt. Lugard on "African Colonization."—Discussion by Mr. Stanley, Count Peil, and others.
Slatin Pasha on the death of General Gordon and his own captivity.
Count Peil on Tropical Africa.
M. Liouel Délé on African Ivory Traffic.
- Aug. 1. Herr C. E. Borchgrevink on "The Voyage of the *Antarctic* to Victoria Land."
Dr. C. M. Kan on "The Progress of Exploration in the Western Half of New Guinea."
Mr. E. F. Gautier on "Explorations in Madagascar."
2. Baron Nordenskjöld's paper on "Ancient Charts and Sailing Directions" was read.
Prof. H. Wagner (Göttingen) on "The Origin of the Medieval Italian Nautical Charts."
Mr. H. Yule Oldham on "The Importance of Medieval Manuscript Maps in the Study of the History of Geographical Discovery."
3. General Anneukoff on "The Importance of Geography in View of the Economic and Agricultural Crisis."

- Aug. 2. Mr. Chamberlain, at Birmingham, on the Unionist Victory.
6. Mr. Gladstone, at Chester, on the Armenian Atrocities.
7. Lord Kimberley on Political Progress.
9. Sir R. Rawlinson, at the Crystal Palace, on the Earth.
13. Sir Henry Fowler, Wolverhampton, on the General Election.



THE RIGHT REV. RANDALL T. DAVIDSON, D.D.
The New Bishop of Winchester.
(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

20. At the Co-operative Congress:—
Mr. T. A. Bracey on "Co-operative Production and Profit-Sharing."
Mr. J. Bryce on the Social Experiments of Co-operators.
21. Sir Walter Foster, at Ripley, on Radical Policy.
27. Lord Lansdowne, at Westminster, on the Agricultural Depression.



THE LATE REV. R. W. STEWART, M.A.
(Photograph by J. H. Newman, Sydney.)

PARLIAMENTARY.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

- Aug. 12. Her Majesty's Fourteenth Parliament opened by Royal Commission.
13. Queen's approval of the choice of Mr. Gully as Speaker was signified.
15. Queen's Speech read. Duke of Marlborough moved and Lord Ampthill seconded the address to the Throne. Debate thereon and Address agreed to.
19. Statement by Lord Lansdowne on the Army Reform Scheme.
26. Lord Lansdowne made an important statement about the New Commander-in-Chief.
30. Message from the Queen acknowledging address to the Throne.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

12. New House of Commons met and unanimously re-elected Mr. Gully as Speaker.
13. The Speaker-elect formally assumed the duties of his Office.
14. Swearing in of Members.
15. Queen's Speech read. Debate on the Address opened by Mr. Legh—debate adjourned after Dr. Tanner had been suspended.
16. Mr. Healy's Municipal Franchise Bill introduced and read a first time. Debate on the Address resumed and again adjourned.
19. Mr. Brodrik announced that Lord Wolseley would be the New Commander-in-Chief. Discussion on Agriculture and the Unemployed in the Debate on the Address. The Address to the Throne was carried by 217 to 63.
- House went into Committee of Ways and Means.
20. John Daly declared incapable of sitting as M.P. for Limerick. House went into Committee on the Civil Service Estimates and reported progress.
21. Supply—Civil Service Estimates. Debate on Foreign Affairs.
22. Supply—Civil Service Estimates. Debate on the Colonial Vote.
23. Supply—Civil Service Estimates. Report of Supply agreed to.
26. Supply—Civil Service Estimates.
27. Message from the Queen acknowledging the Address to the Throne.
- Supply—Civil Service Estimates. Debate on Irish Questions, after which the report of Supply was agreed to.
28. Supply—Civil Service Estimates. Discussion on Educational matters.
- Expiring Laws Continuance Bill read first time.
29. Mr. Chamberlain introduced a Bill for Removing doubts as to the Validity of an Act of the Dominion of Canada respecting the Deputy Speaker of the Senate.
- Supply—Civil Service Estimates. Irish Votes agreed to.
30. Supply—Civil Service Estimates. Navy Votes agreed to.
- Public Works Loans Bill, Public Offices (Acquisition of Site) Bill, and the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, were read a second time.



THE LATE MR. CHARLES STOKES.
(Photograph by Turner, Barnsbury Park.)

31. Supply—Civil Service Estimates. Army Votes agreed to.
- Public Works Loan Bill, and the Public Offices (Acquisition of Site) Bill passed through Committee.
- A Bill to re-enact Section 13 of the Purchase of Land (Ireland) Bill was read a first time.

OBITUARY.

- July 31. Sir Thomas Wade, 77.
- Aug. 1. Prof. von Sybel, 78.
2. Mr. Joseph Thomson (African explorer), 37.
7. Frederick Engels (Socialist), 75.
17. Dr. W. Done, 80.
28. Princess Elizabeth of Prussia, 31.
- Rev. Dr. Hooppell (antiquarian), 62.

POLITICS AND SPORT IN AMERICA.



From Judge.]

[August 24, 1895.

WEAK FOREIGN POLICY—ITS INEVITABLE RESULT.

The American citizen abroad will be compelled to seek the protection of the English flag.



From Judge.]

[August 17, 1895.

HE COMES ACROSS THE SEA
John Bull, he comes across the sea—
A welcome warm we tender
To him and to Valkyrie III.;
But we've got our Defender,
Valkyrie III., as we have reckoned,
Will have a chance to come in—second.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

A PRELIMINARY MEDITATION.

IT was a beautiful night in June when I last crossed from Holyhead to Kingston. The picturesque and varied outlines of the Welsh hills were fading behind me, while still over the waters gleamed the beacon lights from the towers which the Brethren of the Trinity House have strewn along the margin of the deep. There was hardly a ripple on the waters, and the motion of the steamer was scarcely perceptible save for the vibration of her paddles. Overhead and far behind streamed the sooty plumes of rolling smoke; the folds now and then shot with sparks of fire, like threads of gold in a raven plume. I was almost alone on deck—alone with the stars and the waves and the fast-receding coastline, with its mountainous background, from which the revolving lamps stretched, long ribands of silver across the water. To the southward a sailing ship, with every stitch of canvas spread, seemed to lie like “a painted ship upon a painted ocean.” And every moment the steamer was carrying us swiftly further and further into the vast expanse that stretched before us—a vague watery waste, unrimmed by aught save the sky, on the other side of which lay our destined haven. The beauty and the solitude of the scene naturally disposed to meditation. And as I paced the deck, watching the attenuation of the silver riband of light and the dimmer and dimmer outline of the strand where the lighthouses glowed like the eyes of sentinels, vigilant and sleepless for the safety of the

seas, it seemed as if I were seeing in a glass darkly a picture of the world of men and of the Catholic Church. Humanity, like the westward-bound steamer spurning

the waves with restless paddle, sweeps onward to the open sea, there to navigate without aid of lighthouse or landmark. Far behind us, receding more and more in the dim eternity of past time, stand the tall and stately lighthouses, with their lamps still trimmed and burning, which the Catholic Church in ancient days reared in the name of the Trinity for the safety of the wave-tossed mariner. The lights dwindled and disappeared in the distance, but still for those nearer the shore they glow with unflickering brilliance, tended with sedulous care by those who watch while others sleep, that navigation may be safe and the sailor may gain his harbour unharmed by shoal or rock.

I was on my way to Ireland, the most faithful and most western outpost of the Papacy in Europe. And as I thought of the history of the Isle of the Saints, and remembered that the Archbishop whom I was going to interview was the successor of prelates who, from the days of St. Patrick even until now, had kept

the lights of the Grace of God burning for century after century in the midst of the Irish race, I did not marvel at the devotion of the Celt to the night-watchmen of the Pope. Who is there who can see a lighthouse at night or the revolving gleam from the anchored lightship without feeling the soul stirred within him at the thought that all round our shores there is not a point or promontory, a



ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

(From a photograph by Lawrence, Dublin.)

harbour or a shoal, where this night and every night, week in and week out, year after year, there are not stout and stalwart men waking when others sleep, toiling when others rest, to keep burning bright and clear the great lamps which warn the mariner of invisible danger, or mark with streams of silver or crimson light the channel to the port.

And if we feel this about these hired men of the Trinity House, how much more must we be thrilled by the spectacle of an ancient Catholic bishopric, that spiritual lighthouse reared by the Pontiff of another Trinity House for the guidance of humanity in its stormy voyage across the sea of life? The whole planet is studded with these light points. There is no land, no speech, no isle of the sea where their light does not stream forth upon the hearths and the homes of the children of men. From of old time it has been so. It is so to-day. Wars, persecutions, martyrdom, the bitter pangs of penury, the more dangerous temptations of power and of wealth—all these have come and gone, and come and go, and still the light streams on. Cobwebs sometimes cloud the windows, and here and there, sometimes for a generation or a century, the custodian of the lamp may wax slothful. Then the light is dimmed for a time, and the narrow seas become unsafe. But after a time the Elder Brethren of the spiritual Trinity House that stands on the Seven Hills take note of the circumstance, the negligent keeper is removed, once more the light streams forth in its pristine splendour, and the heart of the observer on the solitary deck rejoices and is glad.

Of course, we may wish—to follow the metaphor—that the Elder Brethren would introduce modern improvements—would, for instance, substitute electricity for oil, and replace the somewhat cloudy and thick pane of mediæval glass by the more transparent product of modern glass-

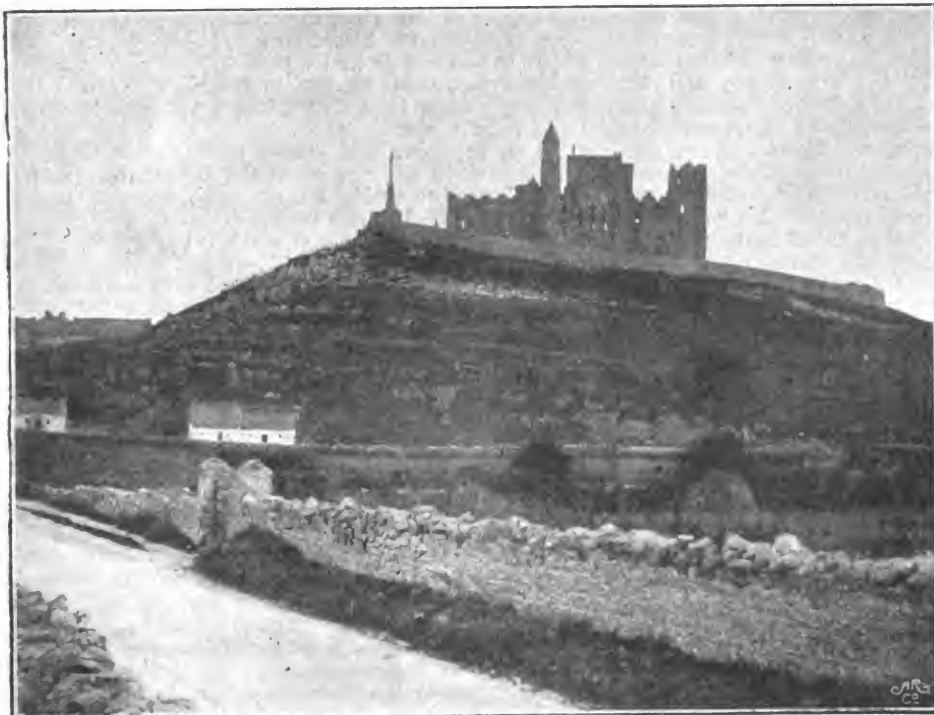
makers. But these are details. We have to take things as they are, to judge mortal men, and the institutions which they have evolved, as they exist, resultants as they are of millenniums of storm and stress, of experiment and of evolution. And that being so, it would seem to be ungracious and ungrateful not to recognise the inestimable services which the Holy Father and his lighthouse men have rendered and are rendering to the human race. Some of us may think we could do the work better if we had the chance. Most of us, no doubt, believe we could suggest improvements in detail or in doctrine. Not to us, but to him, Providence or Evolution has intrusted the custody and supervision of the spiritual lighthouses of the Catholic world; and although we may think his lamps antiquated and their candle-power below the mark, he has at least always kept them burning.

I was on my way to Thurles, where Archbishop Croke's Jubilee was to be celebrated on July 18th, and the occasion naturally suggested many of the foregoing reflections. Is it not for the benefit of every one that, in the heart of Catholic Tipperary, there should have been established from of old on the rock of Cashel this Lighthouse of the Lord? From the days of St. Patrick down to the Reformation at least, what better was there in the world for the guidance and inspiration of sinful men? And since the Reformation, when the purer Gospel was defiled by alliance with massacre, and corruption worse than bloodshed, it would be hard to say that the native denizens of the diocese would have profited by any procurable substitute for the prelates who preceded Dr. Croke. Certainly if this light which has been kept burning from generation to generation had been extinguished in thick darkness, the Irish race would not, as now, bear the palm for chastity throughout the world, nor would Ireland to-day be a crimeless land. And that

these things are so, it seems to me we do well to give God thanks with a whole heart.

All this, of course, will grieve many devout souls who regard the Pope of Rome as the Vicegerent of the Devil, and who will mourn and wonder at the strange perversity which makes one who is outside the Church ignore the many crimes and infamies which have defiled the Catholic Church, its Borgias and its Alvas, its Inquisition and its intolerance, Smithfield fires and confessional abuses. But I do not ignore the clouds because I rejoice in the light of the sun.

I was much interested during my midnight vigil on shipboard in watching a solitary seagull that followed the steamer. Contrary to the habits of any other seagull I have ever seen, this nightbird persisted



THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

in flying in the thickest of the smoke that streamed fuliginous from the funnels of our boat. How he kept his plumage white I cannot imagine; nor unless it was for the sake of the warmth can I conceive his reason for hovering in the fiery sootflakes and volumes of smoke. But so it was. And as I marvelled, I thought that seagull was merely imitating a multitude of very excellent people who, with a whole universe of radiant beauty and limpid purity to revel in, perversely persist in spending their lives in a world darkened by perpetual contemplation of the vices and weakness, the shortcomings and crimes, of the Catholic Church. It would be better, no doubt, if there were no smoke, either in Churches or on steamers; but to mistake the smoke for the steamer is not wise.

I.—THE TRAINING OF THE PRELATE.

A little more than fifty years ago a slight fracas arose outside the barrier of a French provincial town. Two young Irish students who had paid for seats in a diligence, by which they were making their way to Rome, found themselves victimised by a rascally conductor. During their temporary absence from the vehicle, while the horses were being changed and the passengers were refreshing the inner man, the conductor had sold one of their seats to a countryman of his own, and when the two students came to take their places they were informed that one would have to sit upon the knees of the other for the next stage, which the lying rascal added would be very short. The students, although unfamiliar with the language, resented this arrangement, and appealed to a fellow countryman, a young theological student like themselves, who was resident at the time in the town. He being proficient in the language, and in no way loath to prevent cheating, insisted upon the ejection of the intruder from his friend's seat. The conductor, gathering together some stablemen, blustered and swore, and finally began to hustle the young Irishman. Thereupon the Irishman in question struck out from the shoulder, and the blustering conductor fell all of a heap. Smarting with pain, and furious at his discomfiture, he scrambled to his feet clamouring for vengeance. No sooner, however, had he gained his feet than down he went like a ninepin from another of the sledge-hammer blows of the young athlete. Again he rushed, and rushed at his foe only to drop in his tracks; and this time he fell to rise no more. The gendarmes hurried up, and the further discussion of the question was adjourned till next morning, when the Court sat and dismissed the case. The young Irishman who had thus felled the rascally conductor three times running, none of his allies daring to interfere, turned out to be one Croke, a young collegian from County Cork, famous in those days for his indomitable courage and his prowess as an athlete. He was always fighting, and as invariably came off the conqueror. The hero of a hundred battles in his native county, he made short work of the pugnacious and irascible Frenchmen and Belgians who rashly challenged him to combat.

That student who was so ready with his fists, and so capable of holding his own against all comers half a century ago, is now Archbishop of Cashel, the foremost figure in the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in Ireland. His jubilee—that is to say, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his appointment as bishop—was celebrated in July; but it is probable, among all the crowding memories that such an occasion brings back to the mind after three score years and ten of busy life, there are few episodes upon which the Archbishop reflects with such com-

placency as the memory of that little affair with the conductor of the diligence.

It was, indeed, an instance typical of the man, containing within itself, as in a microcosm, the germs of all his future career. For on that occasion Dr. Croke stood alone, defending those who were unable to defend themselves, and dealing out with clenched fist telling blows against the foreigner who had dared to swindle his weaker fellow-countrymen. That is what Dr. Croke has been doing all his life. And if it be—and I would not venture to deny—that something of the fierce joy of the strife throbs in his veins, that may be regarded as one of benevolent compensation which Nature affords as a reward for those who greatly dare and greatly do.

It must be five or six years since Cardinal Manning urged me to lose no opportunity of making the acquaintance of Dr. Croke. "The Archbishop of Cashel," said the Cardinal, in accents full of loving admiration, "is a saint;" and he added many expressions of affection which showed that he loved him as his own brother. The very day before he died, as he lay on his death-bed, he said to Canon Ryan, rector of St. Patrick's College, Thurles, "Give my love to Dr. Croke, and tell him we have always been two honest Radicals." On another occasion, when the Archbishop was being somewhat severely called to task at the Vatican for something which displeased some of the Tory wirepullers who infest the precincts of St. Peter's chair, the Cardinal wrote a letter, the gist of which was briefly this:—"If you are interested to know, my sentiments are just those of Archbishop Croke." This constant association of Dr. Croke and Cardinal Manning had led me, not unnaturally, to picture to myself an Archbishop of Cashel who somewhat resembled the sainted ascetic, the frail, emaciated form, within whose form there was more spirit than either flesh or blood, who for so many years was virtually Archbishop of all England. Imagine, then, my amazement when on entering the Palace at Thurles, to find myself confronted by a stout, stalwart man, about six foot in height, who might not have been more than sixty years of age, and who was still in the possession of an unimpaired physique, and rejoicing in thews and sinews which might safely be backed to down any member of the Irish Parliamentary party, Parnellite or McCarthyite, who ventured to try conclusions with him at a bout of fisticuffs. Here indeed was no pale ascetic, no emaciated enthusiast. The Cardinal's saint was an Irish saint of the true breed of St. Patrick, full of physical vitality, keenly interested in the world and all its affairs. An ecclesiastic, indeed, to his finger-tips; but an intensely human man, with a genial sympathy with the sports and pastimes of mankind. Measured by the almanac, Dr. Croke has passed his three score years and ten, but in his heart he is still as much a boy as ever, full of interest in sports and athletics, delighting to recall the memory of the earlier days when he was the champion athlete of the Irish race, swift of foot and stout of heart, with the proud exultation of one who, whether at hockey or football, in leaping and jumping, or in combats which were waged with fists or black-thorn, never came off second best.

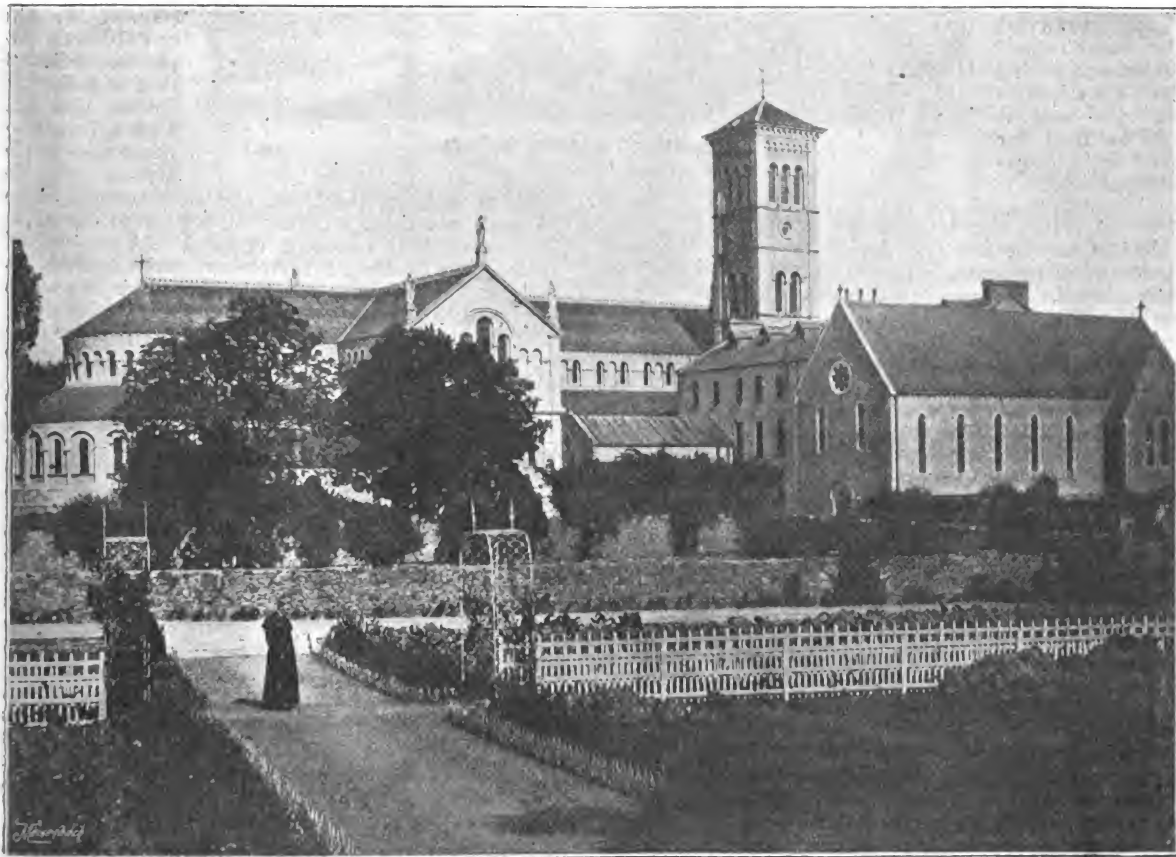
We talked of many things in the long and pleasant conversations which we had at Thurles, but first and before anything else we talked of sport. Of Cardinal Manning, of course, there was much to be said; but one of his first expressions of enthusiastic approval referred, not to Manning, but to his successor. The Archbishop had noted the letter which Cardinal Vaughan had written, sending his subscription to the Grace Testimonial, and

rejoiced exceedingly that the Cardinal Archbishop had shown so true and keen an appreciation of the cricket king. From this it was an easy transition to a talk about the days when Dr. Croke was a boy. He did not speak to me on the subject, but rumour says that His Grace does not conceal his sympathy with the noble art of self-defence, and it is probable that there are few in the Old Country who follow with more appreciative interest the reports which from time to time come from America of the stand-up combats which a humanitarian legislation has banished from the Old World.

One of the conspicuous ornaments on the walls of the spacious and airy library in St. Patrick's College is an

song after dinner, when that is the mood of the moment, and his guests are mellow with music and good fellowship. Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, one of more than a dozen Irish prelates to whom the ecclesiastical control of the great cities of America has been given, had been staying at Thurles just before my visit.

Archbishop Croke is said to be the best player of Forty-five in Ireland, while the Archbishop of San Francisco is the champion in America. It was therefore a battle of giants when Croke and Riordan met at Forty-five. They were well matched, and so evenly balanced was the fray, that after four nights of play they reckoned up the amount of money won and lost, to



THE ARCHBISHOP IN THE GARDEN OF THE THURLES CATHEDRAL AND CONVENT.

illuminated address recording the meeting of the League of the Cross at Thurles. The Archbishop, as becomes an athlete, is a strong and sturdy advocate of temperance. He confirms no child in the Diocese of Cashel who does not take a solemn pledge not to touch, taste, or handle the accursed thing in the shape of alcohol. But although in this respect His Grace is a temperance man after Cardinal Manning's own heart, he is too much of an Irishman of the old school to frown at the mixing of a glass of hot punch after dinner, or to enforce the strict teetotalism which Cardinal Manning regarded as one of the first of the Christian virtues. A genial man he is, charming in society, a delightful host, a teller of good stories, and one who, on occasion, does not shrink from singing a

discover that the balance either way was only 1s. 6d., an average of 4½d. a night.

Canon Liddon used sometimes to lament that he had been born too late in the century to have an opportunity of learning to ride the bicycle. Dr. Croke, in spite of his three score years and ten, is quite capable of taking to cycling with the zeal and zest of a young man. At present, however, his only cycling experience dates back nearly thirty or forty years. In the very early days of the wheel he enjoyed a run on a tricycle in the Bois de Boulogne. He is more at home, however, in the saddle than on the wheel. He is not given to hunting, although, like every Irishman, he has ridden to hounds, but most of his riding has been done in the discharge of his episcopal duties. When appointed Bishop of New

Zealand he almost lived on horseback, and to this day he praises with delight the easy-going lope of his New Zealand steeds. On one occasion he rode seventy-seven miles in ten hours on one horse, without stopping to bait his horse on the way. An occasional drink of water and a snack of grass was all the creature had between start and finish. When he reached his journey's end, the stableman simply removed the saddle and bridle, and giving the horse a kick in the ribs, sent it out to fend for itself in an adjacent pasture.



ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, THURLES.

II.—THE IRISHMAN ABROAD.

It is a notable fact that Archbishop Croke, the most typical of all Irishmen, has spent no small fraction of his time abroad. The son of a Protestant mother, he was early in life taken in hand by a Catholic uncle, and brought up in the faith of the Catholic Church in Charleville, in Cork. But before he was out of his teens he was sent abroad to France to be educated for the priesthood, and for several years he first studied and then taught in the various colleges with which Irish piety has studied the Continent. It may be true, what Dr. Croke lamented to me in talking over the educational resources at the command of the Irish Catholics, that these colleges of Donay and Paris and Louvain and Rome come very far from realising the ideal with which they were founded; nevertheless they do give the Irish priesthood a tincture of cosmopolitanism which is impossible to those reared in the hothouse of Maynooth. The centenary of Maynooth was celebrated in July amid a great assemblage of the Catholic hierarchy from all parts of the world whither the Irish race has wandered. But it is overgrown and bloated, for the six hundred and fifty students now receiving education within its walls form far too large a number to be trained with that personal and individual care which is regarded as the distinctive glory of Catholic seminaries. But if Maynooth is far too big, the foreign colleges are too small, and too little is done to develop their latent possibilities for good. The Irish College in Paris is said to be dominated by a dread that the gay capital of France may contaminate the virginal purity of the young collegiates, who are accordingly mewed up in the college as in a bandbox, and who leave France at the end of their curriculum almost as ignorant of France and the French as if they had never entered the country. In Rome also, where Dr. Kelly has succeeded Monseigneur Kirby in the rectorship of the Irish College, the students are kept far too much by themselves, and have few opportunities of wandering at will through the streets of the Eternal City, whose atmosphere contains history in solution, and whose streets are as the storied pages of the annals of the Church. Everything tends to provincialise the Irish. The old days of persecution, when the Irish had to educate their priests abroad, tended continually to immerse their clergy in the wider and more cosmopolitan influence of the Continent.

Nowadays, owing to the perfect liberty which was conceded them ever since Catholic emancipation, and the opportunities afforded by scholarships and the like for capable students to secure an almost costless education at Maynooth, there is very little inducement to the Irish youth to seek education in Belgium or in Italy. Every student in the Irish College at Rome must pay £45 a year for his education, and subsidiary expenses of travelling and the like, double this sum. The climate of Rome also is prejudicial to the

health of many of the Irish, and only recently one of the most promising students fell a prey to one of the maladies of that southern climate. At St. Patrick's College, Thurles, the life is freer and more healthy than in the foreign colleges, and the curriculum is quite as liberal and the educational tests quite as searching.

Archbishop Croke gave me some particulars as to the ordinary course of a priest's education. Before he can be ordained a Catholic aspirant to the priesthood, he must first of all be sufficiently proficient in Latin and Greek to pass his entrance examination. At St. Patrick's College, Thurles, where the whole of this preliminary education is undertaken, it is found by experience that no one can be prepared for his entrance examination in less than two years at the shortest, and this period is sometimes in the case of slower pupils extended to four. After the entrance examination is past, the student has to spend two years in studying philosophy and four in theology. If his preliminary period of education is averaged at three years, the ordinary course of an Irish priest's education lasts nine years, during the last six of which he is educated with a single eye to a proficient discharge of the duties of the priesthood. The total cost of this education can hardly be estimated at less than £500 per head. This sum is borne for the most part by the parents of the lads. It is an object of family pride in Scotland, no less than in Ireland, to have a son in holy orders. The students for the most part come from the families of solid men, well-to-do farmers and tradesmen who can afford to pay the fees, and who desire to have a son in the Church. Discipline is administered with an iron hand in the colleges, and any student who is discovered by his teachers not to have a vocation is liable to be cashiered summarily without cause or sign other than the belief of his spiritual superiors that he has not a vocation. In these theological seminaries and in Maynooth the real teachers of the Irish people are trained. Their morality is high, much higher than that which prevails in Eton and Harrow and other public schools in our country, which are regarded by the Catholics familiar with the more austere rules of their own seminaries as little better than modern variants upon the cities of the plain.

Dr. Croke was educated first in France, from whence he was brought back to Ireland by the death of his brother, an event which is fixed in the Archbishop's memory by the recollection of meeting the wraith or

phantom of his deceased brother the first night in which he slept in the chamber in which the body had laid.

After this we again find him outside Ireland, as a Professor of Rhetoric at the Carlow College, from whence he was shortly afterwards promoted to the Irish College at Rome. Notwithstanding the fulfilment of these important functions abroad, he passed through every grade of ecclesiastical hierarchy. There is no post in the Catholic Church, from a curate to an archbishop, that he has not filled. He has been curate, parish priest, administrator, dean, bishop and archbishop, discharging in the meantime many duties more educational than ecclesiastical. His most important office before his selection as Archbishop of Cashel, was the Bishopric of New Zealand. Cardinal Cullen selected him, and sent him out, having well justified confidence in the energy and administrative capacity of the stalwart Irishman. His headquarters were at Auckland, and his commission was to clear the debt off the cathedral, and establish the Catholic organisation in that colony on a business-like basis.

Dr. Croke is enthusiastic about New Zealand. He thinks it is the finest country on the face of the globe; the best to live in, the best to work in, and the best to enjoy life in. The climate seems to him to be perfection, the general education and intelligence which prevail among the colonists higher than that in any other colony. Nothing could be more enthusiastic than the description given by Dr. Croke of his old diocese. He attributes the superiority of the colony largely to the fact that the Maori wars necessitated a considerable influx of British officers, who, when they had done their fighting, elected to settle down on land grants. Whatever the cause, he believed that New Zealand would soon be recognised as the brightest jewel in our Imperial diadem, and he noted with keen delight the success which had attended the bold initiative taken by New Zealand in the enfranchisement of women. Throughout the Australian colonies, including New Zealand, the Catholics are everywhere the second denomination. Numerically they are one in four in New South Wales, where they are the strongest, to one in seven in Western Australia and Queensland, where they are the weakest. The most respectable colonists everywhere in Australia, regarded from the conventional view of respectability, are the Anglicans. For the most part the colonists are extremely tolerant, and the relations between the various churches leave nothing to be desired. Here and there no doubt you may find an extreme sectarian, but for the most part nothing can exceed the generosity and liberality of the colonists in dealing with ministers of religion. "I travelled," said Dr.

Croke, "from one end of the island to the other, and never had to pay an hotel bill or my railway fare. Free passes everywhere on the lines, free board and lodging wherever you go—that is something like hospitality, and that is the hospitality which is practised in New Zealand. Only on one occasion was I sharply reminded of the sectarian intolerance which does so much harm at home. A Presbyterian minister who had been preaching against the Church of Rome found himself with me when I was making a journey some miles up country. When I got out at the railway station I found that my friends had sent a carriage for me to convey me to the town, which was situated about a mile away. The Presbyterian minister had also alighted at the same station. The rain was coming down in a perfect deluge. I went up to my Presbyterian friend and told him that there was plenty of room in the carriage, and hoped that he would accept a seat. It would not do, however; he would have 'no truck' with the representative of the Pope of Rome, and, declining my invitation, he walked off sturdily in the pouring rain, which must have drenched him to the skin. That was almost the only instance of intolerance which I noted in the colony."

"How about the education question?" I asked Dr. Croke. "That is the great touchstone which tests the liberality of men's opinions as to conflicting creeds."

"I think," replied Dr. Croke, "that the New Zealand system is fairly satisfactory. The State provides an education solely secular, and ministers of all denominations are authorized to impart religious instruction to their pupils one day in the week. The Catholic priests in New Zealand attend regularly for some hours

in the week to catechise the Catholic scholars in the public schools. The system seems to work admirably.

III.—BISHOP AND ARCHBISHOP.

Dr. Croke was ordained bishop twenty-five years ago on July 24th. He became Bishop of New Zealand in the summer of 1870, about the time that the long threatened war between France and Germany was breaking out in Western Europe. He remained in New Zealand four years. Having cleared the debt off the cathedral and established the Catholic organisation in the colony, he returned to Ireland. Just twenty years had elapsed since he despaired of the Irish national cause. In his hot youth Archbishop Croke had imbibed that passionate enthusiasm for Irish nationality which is characteristic of his race. When the revolutionary movement of 1848 seemed to give hopes of a successful rising against the power of England, there were few who rejoiced more at the prospect than Dr. Croke. But he



THE ARCHBISHOP AND HIS DOG.

(From a snapshot photograph.)

was fortunately saved from any act of participation in the revolutionary movement. He became a leading member of the party of organised opposition, a party which in some sense may be regarded as the progenitor of the Irish Parliamentary party which we have to-day. That party limited its programme to the "three Fs"—fair rent, free sale, and fixity of tenure. When Sir Charles Gavan Duffy left Ireland in 1856, it seemed to Dr. Croke that the last hope of obtaining anything for the Irish people had been dashed to the earth. He washed his hands of politics and stood aloof, doing his ecclesiastical work, caring not how the factions might brawl, and disdaining to waste any strength of body or of mind upon work which seemed to him to be as useless as the ploughing of the sands of the sea shore. This mood of apathetic indifference, not unminged with a certain scornful laughter at the vanity of human expectations and the fatuity of the Irish Nationalist aspirations, did not last long after his return from the Antipodes.

The diocese of Cashel fell vacant, and Cardinal Cullen, who loved the stalwart Croke as if he had been his own son, coveted for the Church the appointment of such a man for such a central see. The clergy, as is their wont according to Catholic usage, met and selected three men, whose names they submitted to the Pope as eligible candidates for the vacant see. The first was *dignissimus*, the second *dignior*, and the third *dignus*, and none of them were selected to occupy the archiepiscopal throne of Cashel. The new cathedral was approaching completion, and the diocese was one of the most famous, if not the most famous, in Ireland. Close to the cathedral were conventual and monastic establishments and the famous College of St. Patrick, one of the missionary colleges of the Irish race from whose halls have gone forth priests equipped for waging the war of the cross in the uttermost parts of the earth. It was at Thurles, where, for the first time in the history of the Irish Church since the days of the Reformation, the Catholic synod had assembled. Alike from its geographical position, its political importance and its traditional associations, it was necessary that the holder of the archiepiscopal see at Cashel should in every respect be a man, a strong man who would be capable of reviving the discipline and restoring the efficiency of the Catholic Church in the somewhat stubborn and difficult county of Tipperary. When Cardinal Cullen received the names of the three, he, by a bold stroke of the authority with which he was invested, ventured to blot out all three recommendations and to nominate Dr. Croke. There was some murmuring on the part of the clergy who found themselves so summarily set on one side; but in those days Cardinal Cullen was a kind of vice-Pope, and no one in Ireland ventured to dispute his imperious will.

IV.—THE PATRIOT LAND-LEAGUER.

The times were at hand when the world had need of such a man. The failure of the crops in 1879, and the prospect of privation, not to say starvation, which this brought upon the Irish peasant, thrilled as a trumpet call to the manhood of Ireland. At first Archbishop Croke, who for twenty-three years had preserved an attitude of indifference to the struggles of Irish parties, found himself strongly attracted to a movement which had as its objective the assertion of the right of the Irish people to the Irish land. Michael Davitt first raised the fiery cross and traversed the country from end to end, preaching the doctrines on which the Land League was founded. Nothing could have appealed more forcibly

to the sympathies of Archbishop Croke. The Land for the People was a watchword which roused his enthusiasm, while the spectacle of the people rising in their thousands from Donegal to the Cove of Cork to assert their right to the land could not fail to have his enthusiastic support. Mr. Parnell was some time before he followed where Michael Davitt had led. At last the evidence was too strong to be resisted that the Irish people had at last roused themselves from the lethargy into which they had fallen since 1848, and then Mr. Parnell made his plunge. Mr. Parnell was a Protestant—a cool, somewhat cynical, iron-handed man; but he understood Ireland, and had the initiative of genius. The moment, therefore, that he decided to throw in his lot with the Land Leaguers, he hurried over to Thurles and implored the Archbishop to join the cause. But Dr. Croke was loath to resume the position which he had abandoned long before, and hung back for a time. The more he hesitated, the more vehement Mr. Parnell pleaded for his support, until at last, Charles Stuart Parnell, the cool, unimpassioned Protestant landlord, actually flung himself upon his knees before the Archbishop of Cashel, and implored him to give his countenance to the cause of the Land League. "It is going to be a big thing," he added, "and I must have the clergy in it." It was a great scene which Thurles Palace witnessed that day, and one which perhaps an Irish Nationalist painter will commemorate some day. Mr. Parnell, a politician and leader of the Irish race, falling, Protestant though he was, at the feet of the Archbishop of Cashel, would make a very effective subject for a fresco on the walls of the Parliament House on College Green in which the first Home Rule Parliament assembled. The moment Dr. Croke decided to support the Land League, he flung himself heart and soul into the agitation.

During the next two or three years he was one of the most conspicuous figures, if not the most conspicuous, in Ireland. Mr. Forster stood out, of course, rugged and stern, as the representative of the English garrison at the Castle. Mr. Parnell and his henchmen laboured indefatigably, now in Ireland, and then at Westminster; but the heroic figure on Irish soil was the Archbishop of Cashel, who made Thurles the central citadel of the Irish Land League. At one time Mr. Forster, impatient at the failure of one of his schemes, wished to arrest Father Cantwell, the administrator of the diocese, who throughout these troubles had acted as Archbishop Croke's right-hand man and chief-of-staff in the national movement. Mr. Forster's fingers itched to clap Father Cantwell into Kilmainham; but he desisted, knowing full well that the arrest of the administrator would have to be followed by that of Archbishop Croke. From that even Mr. Forster recoiled. Therein he was wise; nor had he long to wait for his reward.

After the Land Act was passed, and it was evident that it would be suppressed and its leaders clapped into gaol, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and others prepared a No Rent manifesto, which was to be launched as their reply to the administrative decree which landed them in Kilmainham. It was a policy of despair, and a policy, moreover, which had not the justification of being politic as a set-off against its immorality. Against the No Rent manifesto Archbishop Croke set his face as a flint. It seemed to the Archbishop, as to many others, that the No Rent manifesto was illogical. The true reply to the action of the Government was to have refused to have paid taxes rather than to repudiate the debts which were owed to a number of individuals who were in no way responsible for the action of the

Government, with which, indeed, they had been almost openly at war.

Notwithstanding all these considerations, no sooner had Mr. Parnell been placed in Kilmainham Gaol than the No Rent manifesto appeared. Father Cantwell presided over the last meeting of the Land League before its suppression. Father Ryan, now Canon Ryan, one of the Archbishop's most devoted priests, attended at the last meeting in Dublin, and declared in words not less true than eloquent that Governments might crush the Land League and suppress every political organisation that the Irish people might improvise, but that behind all these secular associations stood eternal and indestructible the great ecclesiastical organisation of the patriot bishops and clergy of Ireland. The Irish National Movement was founded, as it were, upon the bed-rock of St. Peter, and against it all the force of English fury would be spent in vain. Hurrying back to Thurles, Father Cantwell and Father Ryan found the Archbishop ill in bed. Hearing what had happened, he asked for pen and writing materials, and there from his sick bed he issued his famous manifesto denouncing the policy of No Rent, and shattering, as it were, by an ecclesiastical thunderbolt, the immoral and unjustifiable policy against which he had protested in vain. He felt when he had signed the manifesto that he had definitely effaced himself from the Irish National Movement; but in this he was mistaken. Impulsive and passionate, and sorely tried as were the Irishmen at that time, there are few who do not to-day recognise that Archbishop Croke, in denouncing the No Rent manifesto, was more true to the best interests of his country than were the desperate men who in the hour of frenzy raised the cry of No Rent.

His next appearance in the political arena was much more congenial. Recognising the immense services which Mr. Parnell had rendered to the Irish peasants and to the Irish nation, Archbishop Croke wrote a letter in which he suggested the raising of a fund as a testimonial to the young Irish leader as a tribute from a grateful nation to its heroic chief. The proposal was warmly taken up. But by this time the mind of the Pope had been pretty well poisoned against the National Movement in Ireland. From his palace-prison of the Vatican Pope Leo endeavours to the best of his ability to survey the distant lands which form part of the patrimony of St. Peter. Unfortunately Pope Leo found, like many of his predecessors, that it was impossible for him to see the land of St. Patrick excepting through spectacles manufactured on this side of St. George's Channel. Sixteen Bishops from Ireland at

one time were summoned to Rome. They sat in council under the presidency of a cardinal, and endeavoured to the best of their poor ability to afford good guidance to the Pope and his *entourage*. They found, however, that their efforts were in vain. The mists which Newman declared in a well-known passage lurked round the basis of the rock on which St. Peter had founded his throne defeated all their efforts. Limbs of Satan: in the person of Under Secretaries of State, to whom the Irish were merely rebels, blocked up all avenues through which words of wisdom might have penetrated to the pontifical ear. As a result, when the Archbishop of Cashel found himself face to face with the Pope, there was a fine to-do. On the one side a cultured and aged Italian full of finesse, subtle sword play, and courtly diplomacy, and on the other, a sturdy, resolute, typical representative of the Irish race.

Archbishop Croke was no courtier. On one occasion he scandalised the Court chamberlains almost out of their wits by accepting the twice repeated invitation of Cardinal Antonelli to take a seat on the couch, leaving to the Cardinal the chair. This was a fearful breach of etiquette, which provides that the sofa shall be occupied by the superior and the chair by the inferior. On another occasion, when the Archbishop was to have an audience with the Pope, the carriage which had been ordered did not arrive; nothing loath, he clambered into an ordinary hackney coach in all his episcopal magnificence, and was driven through the streets of Rome, to the no small scandal of the clergy and the amusement of the populace.

No report has ever been published of the conversation—the fierce debate it would perhaps be better to call it—which took place between the Pope and the Archbishop. Here at least they were on an equal footing, for whatever advantage the Pope might claim by his ecclesiastical position was more than overbalanced by the Archbishop's superiority of local knowledge and the absolute certainty with which he was able to speak on many questions which to the Pope were vague and dim. Neither Pope nor Archbishop would yield one inch. From beginning to end the Irish prelate held his ground, dealing many a weighty blow at his formidable antagonist, who at last closed the interview by saying testily that it was no use talking; he had issued his orders—a remark which could only have one meaning. The Archbishop was quick to recognise that the bolt was launched. "When

the Pope of Rome issues his orders, the Archbishop of Cashel will be the first to obey;" and so saying he left the audience chamber, after an interview in which



ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

(Photograph by Lawrence, Dublin.)

he had done his best to save the Pope from a blunder which the Holy Father was soon bitterly to repent. Next morning there appeared the Papal letter condemning the Parnell tribute. Great was the jubilation of the enemies of Ireland, but it was short-lived. The bishops and clergy were of course tied hand and foot, in the face of the Papal orders; and although they did not venture to disobey those orders, they did little to conceal their delight when the faithful laity expressed their determination to follow the line of their priests, rather than that of the Pope, by subscribing twice as much to the Parnell tribute as what Dr. Croke had ventured to hope in his most sanguine moments.

The first Home Rule Bill was rejected on the second reading, and the country was handed over to the Tories. For a time there was peace; but the neglect of Parliament to pass a Bill providing for the readjustment of rents in view of the great fall in prices and the failure of the crops, led to renewed agitation, which culminated in the adoption of the Plan of Campaign. The Plan of Campaign was a desperate remedy adopted for a desperate disease. Dr. Croke had not direct part or lot in the adoption of this policy. Archbishop Walsh was supposed to be much more closely concerned in what is now known as Mr. Tim Harrington's plan. But even Archbishop Walsh had little responsibility in the matter. Dr. Croke doubted the policy of the plan, and gravely questioned the advisability of putting it into operation on estates whose owners were wealthy enough to be able to face the loss of the whole of their rent rather than to give in to what they believed to be an unwarrantable demand. Nevertheless, although he did not approve of the plan, he had great sympathy with the campaigners. I was shown in the hall of the Palace of Thurles an old waterproof coat known as the Patriot's, a mantle which Mr. William O'Brien used to wear in the stormy days when he was flitting from estate to estate, avoiding arrest as long as possible.

V.—THE FALL OF MR. PARNELL.

Still, notwithstanding the storm and stress of Coercion, Dr. Croke continued to hope for the success of the Nationalist cause. Unfortunately, towards the close of the Coercion régime, the cause of Home Rule suffered a damaging eclipse at the hands of its own leader. It is difficult even at this distance to understand the motives which actuated Mr. Parnell in the lunatic moments which preceded his downfall. I say lunatic moments advisedly. Every one knows of the two hours' interview with Mr. Michael Davitt, in which Mr. Parnell, on the very eve of the divorce case, took elaborate pains to convince his old ally and faithful follower that the whole of the case against him was the product of the machinations of the *Times*, and that the only result of the case would be to inflict a damaging blow upon the enemies of Home Rule—a blow even more damaging than the exposure of the Pigott forgeries.

I learned when I was in Ireland that Mr. Parnell had indulged in similar extraordinary stories at the Palace of Thurles. He stayed two or three days with the Archbishop, and on leaving the hospitable roof of Dr. Croke, he is said to have declared, "I suppose it is very happy in heaven, but as for me, I can wish for no greater happiness than what I have had in these last few days which I have spent with the Archbishop." It was the last time that he was to cross the threshold. He was in excellent spirits, and treated the case as a miserable conspiracy of the Unionists against the cause of Irish Nationality, and laughed to scorn the idea that it could have any other

result than the confounding of his adversaries and the vindication of his own complete innocence. Dr. Croke believed him as implicitly as did Michael Davitt. Thus lulled into false security, the leaders of the Irish nation awaited the result of the trial with composure. Every one knows how it ended, but no one outside of Ireland can realise the absolute dismay and blank amazement with which the decision of the Divorce Court was received in that country.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, in the autumn of 1886 Mr. Tim Harrington abjured me never to breathe a word about Mrs. O'Shea in Ireland. Mr. Harrington's testimony is very striking, because he is not only a Parnellite, but the ablest member of the party—the man who has control of the party organ. But Mr. Tim Harrington as far back as 1886 was under no illusions as to the impossibility of maintaining the unity of the party under the leadership of a co-respondent in a divorce case. I had asked him if there was any truth in the rumours which were even then current as to the relationship which existed between Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea. "For God's sake," said Mr. Harrington, with great emphasis—"for God's sake don't ever mention that woman's name in Ireland! If ever it should be proved that what we suspect is true, no power on earth can save Parnell. No matter how devoted we may be to him, it will be impossible for him to continue in the leadership of the Irish party. There is nothing," continued Mr. Harrington, "upon which the bishops and clergy of our Church are more emphatic than in their condemnation of all irregularities in these matters, and we are all so dependent upon the clergy that we could not possibly maintain ourselves against them." That was Mr. Harrington's opinion, deliberately expressed as counsel to me at a time when there seemed no prospect of the scandal ever coming to a head. Such a declaration from such a man helped among other things to leave no manner of doubt on my mind as to what would be the result of the O'Shea divorce.

For a moment Archbishop Croke and the rest of the hierarchy held their breath. After the positive and precise assurances which Mr. Parnell had given them as to the confusion with which he was going to overwhelm the hosts of his traducers, they waited, to quote their own picturesque phrase, believing that he had a stone up his sleeve. Archbishop Croke telegraphed to Mr. Parnell in the vain hope that even at the eleventh hour there might be some explanation or some answer to the reproaches which so flagrant a falsification of all his assurances certainly seemed to demand. But no explanation was forthcoming, and the public was left face to face with the fact that Captain O'Shea had obtained his divorce, and that in the opinion of the judge and jury in the Divorce Court, Mr. Parnell had been proved to have committed adultery with Mrs. O'Shea.

As considerable capital has been attempted to be made out of the relation between the action of Mr. Gladstone and the Irish hierarchy, it may be well to set forth one or two salient facts. The first move which was made was an emphatic declaration of continued allegiance to Mr. Parnell, made at a large meeting in the Leinster Hall, a meeting at which Mr. Tim Healy was one of the leading speakers. It happened, fortunately, that within two or three days of the conclusion of the trial, the Committee of the Irish hierarchy held its usual meeting. Before this Committee, Dr. Croke brought the case of Mr. Parnell, and proposed that a manifesto should be drawn up and signed by all the Irish bishops and archbishops, declaring that Mr. Parnell was not a fit man to be leader of the Irish



THE INTERIOR OF MAYNOOTH CHURCH.

to this question, which would have been very much appreciated in Ireland. On the other hand, the Government has tried to do justice to the people. They tell me—though I do not know anything about it personally—that their new Land Bill is a very satisfactory measure, which, if it had passed, would probably have developed a very Conservative class of farmers."

"You do not blame the Government for not overriding the House of Lords?"

"It cannot override the House of Lords," said the Archbishop; "the House of Lords is as much an integral part of the British constitution as the Queen or the House of Commons, and I see no way of getting round it. It was a mistake for the Government to propose to erect a statue from money part of which would have had to have been contributed by Ireland. Do not think for a moment," he added, "that I underestimate the genius of Cromwell. I am just fresh from reading Carlyle's collection of his letters and speeches, and I am full of admiration for the genius of the man, but, of course, as an Irishman, I cannot be expected to be very sympathetic to his memory. If I were an Englishman I should certainly put up a statue to him, but I would not ask Irishmen to contribute to it."

hesitate to tell you, the failure of the Government to repeal the Coercion Act. That was a great mistake. As it is, the Act remains on the statute book, and can be put into effect without calling for a special Parliamentary session. Then there was the difficulty of coming to terms about the Christian Brothers. Why there should have been any difficulty about giving them a State grant I do not know. It was a great misfortune, and has given rise to suspicion and distrust where there was no room for either. Our national system of education in Ireland is very good and satisfactory. The third blunder of the Administration, it seemed to me, was the attitude which it took up in relation to amnesty. This was unfortunate. The Government might have taken up a much more sympathetic attitude in relation

I recalled what Cardinal Manning had said as to Cromwell being the greatest ruler the English had ever had. Dr. Croke heartily concurred. Talking of the anti-English sentiment, he laughed at the idea. He said, "We are all English now; nor is there an Irishman, no matter how vehement he may be, who does not believe that England is the best country in the world."

On the whole I found the Archbishop in a vein of somewhat genial cynicism in relation to politics, of complacent satisfaction in relation to affairs of the Church, and somewhat of an optimist in relation to the material condition of the people. The diminution of their numbers of course filled him with patriotic regret, and he strongly maintained that an Irishman was much better and happier in Ireland than in the United States. The Americanised

Irishmen who come back to the old country are quite a different sort of men from those who remain. It is only in Ireland that the Irish characteristics are preserved in their native purity, although he admitted a certain degree of degeneration. The physical stature of the people was diminishing. In the deanery with which he was first connected there was not a priest who was under six feet high. Now the average standard in the clerical profession is several inches shorter.

Speaking of his own profession, Archbishop Croke waxed quite enthusiastic over the ideal position of an Irish parish priest. He said that he thought the position of a parish priest in Ireland, who was comfortably settled at the age of fifty in the midst of a population where every one respected him, and there existed no opposition to his social, spiritual, and political influence, was unequalled anywhere. "By the age of fifty," said the Archbishop, "a man has lived through the temptations of his youth; he has established ties of respect and reverence with his parish; he is comfortably housed and well fed, the friend of every man and the adviser of all."

If the relations between the people and the priests are

so ideal in most of the Irish parishes, the relations between the priests and their Archbishop are not less ideal in the diocese of Cashel. The Jubilee, which was celebrated on July 18th, has been the occasion of bringing out very clearly the intense affection with which Archbishop Croke is regarded by those in the midst of whom he lives, and over whose interests he broods with vigilant care.



(From a snapshot.)

I left Thurles with a very pleasant impression of this typical Irish bishop. Genial, sociable, hospitable, one of the old school, anything but a fanatic, he is full of a kindly human tenderness, and a charming affection for the dumb creation, which is one of the most endearing traits of his character. It is possible that many, both Protestants and Catholics, might be disposed to think that they could suggest improvements if they had to create the Archbishop again according to their ideals of what such a man should be in such a place; but take it all in all, there are few who would not agree

that it is more than doubtful whether all their pattern prelates would fulfil so well the manifold functions of a post so important as does Dr. Croke, the Archbishop of Cashel.

WANTED, A SHERLOCK HOLMES!

3N issuing the sixth thousand of this Detective Story of real life, I would make a special appeal to the friend and companion of the missing forger to communicate with me in some more satisfactory fashion than anonymous letters. According to him, the real forger who is wanted for the crime (the innocent man, Dr. Bynoe, is at the present moment lying in Portland gaol) is far beyond all danger of detection, having even more substantial reasons than his share in this forgery for keeping out of the way. Why then should he not have an interview with me at some place which he could select? I would not betray his confidence; he need not give me his name or his address. If he cared he could conceal his features. All I want him to do is to give me the necessary clues which would enable me to clear up the mystery of how the letters were obtained from the Junior Constitutional Club, and to remove the last shadow of suspicion from the innocent accused.

There is no intention whatever of allowing the matter to drop. An elaborate memorial carefully drawn up by Mr. Blackwall, the barrister, who has taken a great interest in the case, has been prepared for presentation to the Home Office, where we are assured it will receive the most careful consideration from the new Home Secretary.

We are doing our part. But will our mysterious correspondent not do his? I have had three letters from him, but they leave matters very much where they were. He knows everything. His accomplice is out of the way. Why not follow Rose's example, and make a clean breast of everything? If he will but read the book—a copy of which I would gladly send him if he would give me any address—he would see at a glance where his help would be invaluable.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE FÊTE-DAY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD.

WHY NOT ADOPT THE FOURTH OF JULY?

It has been felt in many quarters that the unity of the English-speaking world would be better realised if some day were set apart which could be kept as the common festival day of the whole race. The Queen's birthday does very well in the British Empire, although it has the disadvantage of being a movable feast, which varies with each change of sovereign. It would, however, be impossible to expect the whole of the English-speaking world to accept as the fête-day of the race the birthday of the sovereign who happened at the time being to be reigning over a fragment of that race. We are, therefore, compelled to fall back upon some other suggestion. The day on which the Magna Charta was signed, which goes back far beyond the time when our race split up into its two great sections, has the disadvantage of being popularly unknown and absolutely uncommemorated. The only other suggestion that can be made is one which I hope may yet be adopted. It is that the British section of the English-speaking world should, as a great act of international fraternity, and also as a tribute to the memory of patriots whose allegiance to liberty and truth compelled them to revolt against the mother-country more than one hundred years ago, adopt as the common festival day of the whole English-speaking race the Fourth of July. The Fourth of July is as near Midsummer day as could be desired; i.e., it is admirably suited for holiday-making and for the enjoyment of outdoor life. It has no associations whatever which jar upon any of our colonists or upon the great majority of our people at home.

AN ENGLISH FOURTH OF JULY.

A beginning has already been made in this direction, to which reference is made in an article which I contribute to the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, entitled "Jingoism in America," which, after dealing with the various causes of dispute supposed to exist among the English and American peoples, concludes as follows:—

The happy idea occurred to the Warden of Browning Hall, Walworth, to invite representatives of all the English-speaking communities to celebrate the Fourth of July in a place associated with the early days of one of the greatest of modern British poets. The idea was so happy, and so entirely in accord with the best sentiments of these latter days, that I venture to believe that the Pan-Anglican celebration of the Fourth of July will become one of the established festivals of the English-speaking race.

LETTER FROM THE AMERICAN MINISTER.

The American Ambassador, Mr. Bayard, who was invited to attend, but who was unavoidably detained at the regular American Fourth of July celebration, wrote the following letter:—

Embassy of the United States,
London, June 11, 1895.

SIR,—I have to thank you for your invitation to attend a meeting in the Robert Browning Hall on the evening of July 4, to be held in testimony and promotion of the fraternal sentiment that you deem so desirable among all members of the English-speaking race and especially between the United States and the United Kingdom.

I heartily concur in your desire to strengthen such ties, which would indeed be incomplete and defective unless the working classes, who constitute so vast a majority in both countries, should be efficiently enlisted in their support and maintenance.

The literature of the English language is one of the strongest ties between my countrymen and the people of these Kingdoms, and Robert Browning is

one of the great poets and leading interpreters of the human thoughts and feelings common to us all.

Were it possible, I should with pleasure have accepted your invitation, and been present to take part in your proceedings on the evening you have indicated; but I have already made such engagements with my fellow-countrymen in London to commemorate the natal day of our national independence as to preclude me from being with you on the occasion.

Regretting my compulsory absence, and with thanks for the courtesy of your invitation, I am, Sir, with entire respect and sympathy for those whom you and your associates represent—Your very obedient servant,

T. F. BAYARD.

On the platform were representative men and women from the United States of America, the not yet United States of Australasia, the Dominion of Canada, and other communities of the English-speaking race. The proceedings were harmonious and enthusiastic throughout.

THE RED-LETTER DAY OF THE RACE.

The chairman insisted strongly upon the importance of recognising the Fourth of July as a red-letter day for the whole English-speaking world, certainly not less in the old country than in the great Republic of the West. There is a great need among the ocean-severed members of the Anglo-Saxon race for a festival which would be to them what the Fourth of July is for the citizens of the United States. There is no other date than the Fourth of July which would serve so well for that purpose. The adoption of such a date by Great Britain would indicate better than anything else the entire extinction of the old feud, the burying of the hatchet, and the generous and enthusiastic recognition of the independence which was so violently asserted on the Fourth of July when the famous declaration was signed which brought the United States into being. There is not a British Colony or a British county in which the Fourth of July is not as frankly recognised as in any state in the American Union as one of the red-letter days of the world's freedom, and as marking a great era of the world's progress. What, then, could be more appropriate, of better omen, and more likely to serve as an exorcism of the Jingo fiend on both sides of the Atlantic than the adoption of the Fourth of July as the day on which all members of the English-speaking race made their substantial unity recall the glories of their common history and emphasised the responsibilities of their incalculable future?

A SUGGESTED "REUNION DAY."

The same subject has been exercising the mind of Mr. J. Astley Cooper, who has a paper in the *Nineteenth Century* upon the Americans and the Pan-Britannic Movement. His article is really a report upon the progress which has been made towards realising his great idea of a quadrennial festival in which all branches of the English-speaking race would take part. Naturally in discussing this question, Mr. Cooper has stumbled across the difficulty of the festival day, and although it does not seem to have occurred to him that we could adopt the Fourth of July, he recognises the fact that no one has any objection to that day in this country. Arguing the case from an altogether independent point of view, he comes to the conclusion that the first week in July would be the best date for this festival, and he proposes that it should be called Reunion Day. Mr. Cooper says:—

A petition recently addressed by the Council of the Royal Colonial Institute to the Government, pointing out that whereas other nations have annual days for national celebration, such as the Fourth of July in the United States, and Dominion Day in Canada, there is no such day for the empire, much less for the English-speaking race, is an emphatic approval of the suggestion which I put forth in connection with the "Pan-Britannic" scheme, that the sixth day of the gathering should be a general holiday throughout the empire, and, if possible, throughout the English-speaking world. The Council of the Royal Colonial Institute prayed (I quote from the annual

report) that one day in the year should be set apart for the purpose throughout all her Majesty's dominions, or at least, throughout all portions of those inhabited by people of our race and language, and further suggested that no day in the year would be so popular and appropriate for such a celebration as the birthday of the Queen. Lord Rosebery, however, stated in reply that he thought the matter one in which the community generally should take action, rather than the executive Government; that so far as the public departments in England were concerned, the day in question was already kept as a holiday; that her Majesty's birthday usually falls about the same time as Whit Monday, which is already a recognised bank holiday; and that there are obvious objections to appointing another public holiday at that season. This petition, it is admitted, emphasises the want of a day on which the whole empire and race may holiday together. If the several features of the "Pan-Britannic" scheme are carried out by the Governments, it is a natural deduction that the morning of the Saturday afternoon of the festival week might be added to the usual Saturday afternoon holiday, now a common custom throughout the empire and the United States; and as the time suggested for the gathering in the first full week of July is midway between Whitsuntide and August Bank Holiday, the ex-Premier's objection will not hold good in case of my suggestion being carried out. If the proposed gathering did grow beyond imperial limits, and our kinsfolk of the United States did join heartily in the celebration, the holiday might be called *Reunion Day*.

There is a great deal of useful matter in Mr. Cooper's article which is very well worth reading.

THE OPINIONS OF TWO PRIME MINISTERS.

Among other things he has stowed away the opinions of Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury on his scheme as a whole:—

Perhaps it is fitting here to add that a much more detailed scheme than I have yet put before the public has been submitted to a large number of leading men, and that the ex-Premier is among those who heartily support its general scope, and he is sure that the general passion for athletics, and for closer communication between the Anglo-Saxon race, might well take such a form as that which I contemplate. Lord Salisbury, while approving of some parts of the scheme, thinks they are much more likely to be carried out as separate entities than in a concentrated . . . and as a perfect whole, which is my object. The present Premier, in his further criticism of the scheme, lays stress upon the fact that one of the most conspicuous features about it would be the fact that it includes the American people, and would involve, if he chose to accept it, great honour to the President of the United States. Such then is a brief summary of the portion of the scheme in which not only the empire, but the whole English-speaking race might take part at the fourth yearly and chief celebration.

ROYALTY AND ATHLETICS.

Putting on one side for a moment the suggestion to invite Americans to participate in the Pan-Britannic festival, Mr. Cooper has another suggestion to make which is limited to the area of the British Empire:—

What I suggest is that, at certain intervals which will elapse between the first and fourth year of the gathering, the sovereign, or the deputed representative of the sovereign, should visit one of the chief self-governing colonies of the empire and be present amid State surroundings at the celebration, say, of the Canadian games, the Australian games, and the South African games. An occasional visit is, however, not what I advocate, but a regular visit at certain intervals of time, accompanied with all the impressiveness which a State ceremony can give. Two or three months of every year thus spent in such a visit, voyage included, would not be wasted on the imperial dominions in Australia, or Canada, or South Africa. This proposed departure would inaugurate a new era in monarchical government, and would be a strong connecting link between the colonies and the mother country. If these visits were seriously and definitely arranged, and terms of an alliance for military and naval purposes concluded between the colonies

and the mother country, I do not see what further union of a legislative and federative character would be required to uphold imperial interests.

Reverting to the proposed reunion of America and Britain, Mr. Cooper suggests—

that the gathering should be held alternately every fourth year in England and in America, the head of the political constitution for the time being presiding over it. I also urged that on the seventh day of the festival a State ceremony should be held at Westminster Abbey, and in all cathedrals and places of worship in the empire (and the United States if possible), with special service and reference to the distinguishing qualities of the race and its great men.

The Archbishop of Canterbury approves of this suggestion, and it would no doubt meet with very wide support. There are some people, however, who will shudder in their shoes on reading the list of great men of the race for whom Mr. Cooper proposes that we should thank God on the Festival Day. Imagine Mr. Labouchere's feelings on finding the list close with the name of Cecil Rhodes! Mr. Cooper mentions incidentally that the Bishop of Durham is about to hold a local festival for the commemoration of the great men who have played a worthy part in the history of that diocese.

Some Facts about Furs.

In the *Minster* for September, Mr. Norman Hurst publishes an interesting article based upon an interview with Mr. Jay, of the International Fur Store, who, since 1880, has spent a good deal of his time among traders for the purpose of getting to know all about furs. Mr. Jay says that it is a popular delusion that much cruelty is practised in obtaining furs. This is not the case. It is only in winter time that animal fur can be obtained that is worth anything. Twenty thousand ermine skins come annually into the English market, and only 2,000 sables. A single robe lined with sable has sometimes been valued at one thousand guineas; but there are upwards of 3,000 skins of various animals annually imported into England, and used as sables, which resemble sable so perfectly that only experts can tell the difference. Five hundred thousand skins of the mink are brought every year to England from Canada; but even this number is exceeded by the skunk, of whose skins 760,000 are sold every year. The British Army uses up very nearly 25,000 black bear skins every year.

Directors in Parliament.

The Investor's Review for September gives us some calculations as to the number of directors in the House of Commons. To this is appended a directory of all members who are pluralists. The following figures will be useful:—

The House of Commons embraces 670 members, and we find that 264 of them, or 39·4 per cent., are members of boards of directors. This is a smaller proportion than might have been expected, but still a sufficiently large one to be of great importance in determining the character and moral standpoint of Parliament as a whole. And its significance is enhanced by analysis. These 264 individuals, for example, help to direct no less than 667 different companies, and that although 111 of them are members of one Board only. It follows that "guinea-pigging" must prevail to a considerable extent among the remaining 153 men who divide the other 556 companies among them. And it does, although it is difficult, perhaps, to say just where fair and honest company-directing ends and the profession of the "guinea-pig" begins. Proceeding with our analysis, we find that 61 members of Parliament have seats on 2 Boards, 40 on 3, 15 on 4, 17 on 5, 8 on 6, 4 on 7, and 3 on 8. Then follow 5 individuals whose directorial labours embrace no less than 69 companies. One sits on 9 Boards, 1 on 10, 1 on 14, 1 on 16, and 1 on 20. This is magnificent.

THE GENERAL ELECTION—AND AFTERWARDS.

VARIOUS MORALS BY VARIOUS MORALISERS.

In the *National Review* there are three papers bearing more or less upon the General Election. Mr. Stuart-Wortley, taking a general view, writes commonplace. He sums up the result of the election as follows:—

It has now been found that Liberal doctrines are not, as a matter of course, popular doctrines. Religious equality is seen to be a platitude. New Unionism to be a New Tyranny. Home Rule, like other autonomies and devolutions, looks too like abdication. Best of all, the people seem to have found out the politicians who promise blessings that the people have never asked for. Political science is no longer supposed to consist in "going one better" than everyone else.

Lady Frances Balfour, writing from a Scotch point of view, says that the Unionists gained ground almost entirely because of the improvement in their organisation. A great deal more remains to be done, she thinks, before that organisation can compare with that which exists in England, but when the Scotch Association is properly organised they are going to win for themselves a place which the Liberal Party has so long held at the North of the Tweed.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

Of course, it is natural that the advocates of proportional representation will make themselves heard. Mr. Leonard Courtney, in the *National Review*, publishes a letter which he has sent to the Proportional Representation Society at Saratoga Springs. It is written in a more free-and-easy style than is usual to Mr. Courtney, but it sets forth the deepest convictions on the subject of proportional representation. At the recent Conference he says:—

The districts that we fought make up together a sufficiently large community, and what was the experience of the contests? The party that numbered an aggregate of 1,800,000 voters as against 1,775,000 given to their opponents secured only 202 seats against no less than 279 captured by the minority. It may be presumed that the balance of voters in uncontested seats somehow corrected this falsification, but the bare fact of experience is enough to demonstrate the utter untrustworthiness of our electoral methods. What a jolly awakening there will be some few years hence, when the inevitable argument of experience will show us a nation contradicting itself through the voices of its chosen representatives.

DROP HOME RULE.

The writer of the political article in *Macmillan's Magazine* recommends the party to give up Home Rule, and to seek to reconstitute themselves on their old lines:—

The whole future of Liberalism indeed hangs upon the action of the Party led by Lord Rosebery. If they are prepared honestly and frankly to recognise the national verdict, if they will at last see that one question and one alone keeps Liberalism divided and helpless, and seek some reasonable ground upon which the Party may again in course of time be united, well and good. If not, they must be content to play, and not for one or two administrations only, the humble part which the Jacobites played under Walpole, helplessly watching others preside over the national destinies, impotent themselves to influence them either for good or evil.

THE FUTURE OF THE INDEPENDENT LABOUR PARTY.

Mr. J. Louis Garvin, whoever he may be, writes upon the Independent Labour Party in the *Fortnightly Review* as the party with a future. He vigorously combats the theory that since the last General Election the Independent Labour Party may be regarded as an extinct force. He says:—

When the results of the General Election in the

constituencies contested by Socialist candidates are brought together, looked at steadily, and seen whole, two facts will appear. It will appear that in several great constituencies, now represented or only narrowly lost by Unionists, the Socialists are a stronger minority relatively than were the Unionists ten years ago. And it will appear that in a distinct majority of the Socialist candidatures—in no less than twenty great industrial constituencies—the Labour Party achieved an average poll of over 2,200 votes! In the simple arithmetic and the simple politics of the matter, that seems the central fact, which points not to the elimination of the Independent Labour Party from practical politics, but to its assured permanence as an increasingly powerful and disturbing factor. If seats were allotted to parties in accordance with an analysis of the national aggregate-poll, the 50,000 Socialist votes would return ten Socialist members to the House of Commons.

LORD SALISBURY'S POLICY.

Mr. H. D. Traill in the same Review endeavours to reassure Conservatives who are somewhat alarmed as to the possible Josephizing of the policy of the new Ministry. He does not believe that Lord Salisbury will allow Mr. Chamberlain to lead him in any such Socialistic-Radical direction as that of free education. Mr. Traill says:—

A policy summed up in the two sentences, "Abroad be up and stirring; at home rest and be thankful," may safely be regarded as the one most likely to commend itself to the present Prime Minister, as it seems to be the one to which the Government as a body, whatever temporary signs of restlessness individual members of the Cabinet may display, will in course of time contentedly and most wisely settle down. It is a mistake to suppose that a Cabinet Minister is stronger than a wire-puller of Cabinets; on the contrary, he is weaker, as much weaker as responsible always is than irresponsible power. Mr. Chamberlain outside the Government and with a small but indispensable band of followers was in reality a much more powerful person than Mr. Chamberlain as a member of an Administration which he might shake but would not break by retiring from it, and at the head of a party which, even if they would all of them follow him into secession—a very improbable assumption—might secede in a body and yet leave the Conservatives in a majority of seventy over all other parties taken together. The leader of the Liberal Unionists has in fact given ample recognisances for his good behaviour by the mere acceptance of office.

A RADICAL ELECTORAL REFORM.

Mr. W. Laird Clowes in the *Contemporary Review* forsakes his usual studies in naval tactics for his scheme of electoral reform, which he thinks would remove all the absurdities and anomalies of the present system. His scheme is too elaborate for explanation in the limits of our space. He would, however, create a Returning Officer General for the whole of the United Kingdom, who would receive all nominations and distribute all electoral bulletins through the post. Every elector would have the opportunity of voting for any candidate definitely, or he would be allowed to transfer the vote to another party. By this means Mr. Clowes thinks that the wasted votes would be reduced to less than one per cent. of the whole number polled. Under the present system the waste is over thirty per cent., and would be over fifty but for the fact that large numbers are prevented from voting at all.

IT WAS ALL THESE SOCIALISTS!

In the *New Review* Mr. James Annand, late editor of the *Newcastle Daily Leader*, writes on "The Demoralisation of Liberalism." According to Mr. Annand, the General Election was lost chiefly owing to the extent to which the *Daily Chronicle* and the Fabian Society were able to engender suspicion in the popular mind as to the labour policy of the Liberal Party. The Eight

Hours' Day was the touchstone which revealed the cloven hoof, and the nation recoiled from the Party which appeared to favour this extension of State interference with the liberty of adults. Mr. Annand says of the eight hours men—

They have thus alienated Liberals who are faithful to their principles on the one side, and they have got no support from the other to balance the loss. The result has been that Labour so-called has won nothing, and that Liberalism so-called has lost all. Statesmen who have allowed themselves to be influenced by the two men and a boy in London who call themselves Fabians, and by the Girton girls who edit the *Daily Chronicle*, owe some apology to posterity.

By-the-bye, who are the Girton girls who edit the *Daily Chronicle*? Mr. Massingham's appearance is somewhat girlish, but he was never at Girton. Mr. Annand lays some stress upon the loss which the party suffered from the absence of any leader to direct its forces in the strife. He says :—

The chief evil was done before the hosts were set in battle array, and no leader, however powerful, and no voice, however resonant, could have prevailed against the demoralisation that Liberalism had already suffered at the hands of its friends, or rescued it from the consequences of its own actions. I say all this in full recognition of the admirable administrative work done in the various departments, and the new spirit which Ministers had infused into the management of national affairs.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE FOR THE FARMER?

By MR. W. E. BEAR.

MR. W. E. BEAR, in the *Fortnightly Review* for September, says that agriculture in England has reached the very climax of disaster. He runs over briefly the causes which have been sending our land out of cultivation, and records how the farmers were on the verge of despair when prices began to rise last year :—

It really appeared at last, then, that the farmers of the United Kingdom had at least a year of comparative prosperity before them.

Unfortunately this consolation has vanished. A prolonged drought followed by a wet harvest has brought the landed interest to the verge of ruin, and Mr. Bear declares :—

Under these circumstances, it is impossible to look forward to the coming winter without the dread of a great catastrophe in the fortunes of all who are connected with the land. At present the net returns of a great number of estates in the corn-growing counties are reduced to a mere pittance, so that, unless such relief as is suggested be granted, any considerable reduction of the extremely small rents now obtained in those parts of the country would bring the owners to bankruptcy. As a mere measure of justice, the burdens on land ought to be reduced to a ratio somewhat more nearly commensurate with the diminished returns of land than they are at present.

Something must be done and that speedily. The first thing which is necessary is to put our prejudices in our pockets and to provide immediate and effective relief for the landowners. He says :—

No mere tinkering with local taxation will suffice to redress the grievances of the overburdened owners and occupiers of land or to save them from threatened disaster.

But even that is but the beginning of things, and Mr. Bear demands that a session should be devoted almost exclusively to the greatest of our national industries :—

After the land has been relieved of a great portion of its burdens, other disabilities which prevent the British agriculturist from competing fairly with his foreign and colonial competitors will require to be removed. The absolute

prevention of preference railway rates on imported goods is of the utmost importance, and so is the general and substantial reduction of railway charges, which should be made even if it would be necessary to nationalise the railways in order to make it. A compulsory law to prevent the sale of adulterated produce as genuine is also of urgent importance, to replace the permissive measures which local authorities are too indolent, too penurious, or too corrupt to administer effectually. Stringent legislation for preventing the sale of imported produce as British or Irish is another reasonable demand made by agriculturists. The abolition of market monopolies, to allow of free trade in home products, is also a reasonable recommendation. A change in the method of taxing beer, to do away with the pecuniary advantage at present accruing to the use of malt and hop substitutes, is yet another demand which deserves attention.

After the removal of the impediments to the free and fair competition of British and Irish farmers with producers in countries where land is extremely cheap and almost exempt from taxation, and railway charges are very low, measures calculated to stimulate the improved cultivation of the land may be considered. For this purpose a thorough-going Tenant Right Bill is essential; and when the great relief to landowners suggested above comes under discussion in Parliament, an undertaking might be required of the representatives of landlords to the effect that, if they are granted such relief, they will not oppose a Bill to be subsequently introduced for the purpose of thoroughly securing to tenant-farmers their fair interest in their improvements. Indeed, in order to take from them the power—which some of them might abuse—of absorbing the greater portion of the advantages conferred upon agriculture by the reforms suggested above, it would not be unreasonable to require them to accept land courts to value rents and settle disputes between landlord and tenant, with or without the free sale of improvements by the tenant, and certainly with freedom of cultivation and sale of produce.

As Mr. Bear believes that these things are necessary and should be done at once, it is easy to imagine with what despair he looks upon the action of the present Government in allowing this session to run out without making any attempt to cope with the difficulties of the landed interest.

OBJECT LESSONS IN HISTORY.

THE RESTORATION OF BATTLEFIELDS.

In the *Century Magazine* there is a very interesting account of the work which has been done by the United States Government in preserving the site of the battlefield of Chickamauga as a military park, in which the whole of the operations of the opposing forces in one of the bloodiest battles of the civil war are marked out so as to be followed without difficulty by any visitor. The paper is illustrated by maps. The writer says :—

For this extended government work Congress has already appropriated \$725,000. The States have added \$400,000 for monuments and the expenses of their commissions. It is not a park in the sense of being an ornamented pleasure-ground. Its objects are simply the restoration of battlefields, so far as possible, to their condition at the time of the engagements, and the erection along the lines of actual fighting, of such comprehensive historical tablets, monuments, and other markers as shall make it possible for a visitor to trace the movements of every organisation down to the units of regiments and batteries, from the opening to the close of the engagements. When it is considered that the great operations thus fully illustrated embraced the crossing of a wide river and three mountain ranges in the enemy's country, scaling a lofty mountain held by the enemy in force, assaulting and carrying a formidable ridge five miles in length, much fighting in the open field, engagements in force in extensive forests, Longstreet's assaults on Snodgrass Hill (lasting throughout an afternoon), the opening of river communication (which had been closed by the

enemy posted on Lookout Mountain), the siege of a city, and the raising of that, siege by defeating the investing army, it will be seen that such an object-lesson illustrating actual battle has never before been set up on the world's theatre of war.

Union and Confederate lines are marked with equal care. The same exhaustive study is given to the positions and movements of the one as to those of the other. There are historical tablets for armies, wings, corps, divisions, brigades, and batteries. Upon these plates appear the names of the commanders of each organisation, and text setting forth the movements at all points where they were engaged. An impressive feature of marking the lines is the restoration of the field batteries on each side at the several points where each was engaged. The guns are such as were actually used in the war, and those selected for each battery are of the same patterns as the guns which composed it. These are mounted on cast-iron carriages which in design are a reproduction of those used on the field. Including the duplication of batteries which fought at several positions, there will be over four hundred guns thus mounted on the Chickamauga field alone. Siege-pieces will be put up on Lookout Mountain and at several points about Chattanooga.

Imposing markers of large shells are erected on the spots where those exercising the command of a general officer were killed. These are eight in number, four for Union and four for Confederate officers. Three lofty steel observation towers rise above the forests on the Chickamauga field at its most prominent elevations. These are in sight of one another and of Lookout Mountain, and of two similar towers on Missionary Ridge. Thus the relative positions of all points of the great field are seen at a glance, as well as the mountain ranges and the rivers which reveal the outlines of the grand strategy of each army.

Mr. Maurice Thompson, who writes the ballad of Chickamauga, thus concludes his verses in praise of the heroes of the great battle:—

Two days they fought, and evermore those days shall stand apart,
Key-notes of epic-chivalry within the nation's heart.
Come, come, and set the carven rocks to mark this glorious spot;
Here let the deeds of heroes live, their hatreds be forgot.
Build, build, but never monument of stone shall last as long
As one old soldier's ballad borne on breath of battle-song.

HOW TO TEACH ART TO THE MASSES.

HINTS FROM THE UNITED STATES.

THERE were recently three interesting papers in the *Forum* entitled "How to Teach Art to the Masses." The first is written by Mr. Hamlin Garland, and describes what has been done in Chicago. He says:—

The Central Art Association of America was formed a year ago. It took for its motto "For the promotion of good art and its dispersion among the people." The original idea was a sort of Chautauqua-system for the study of art, but the idea was broadened to include the exhibition of works of art, and the encouragement of art-collections. Its objects are: To associate the artist and the lovers of art in a common league; to connect the various art-clubs and "study-clubs" into one central association for mutual aid; to arrange courses of study in American art and also in modern French and English art; to furnish exhibitions of American sculpture and painting at the bare cost of moving, insuring, and housing its pictures; to encourage, by friendly and frank criticism, and by special exhibitions, original and characteristic American art, and to encourage the sale of pictures to American families, to the end that the artist shall receive his reward and the American home be made more beautiful and refined; to supply lecturers of sound and progressive views at special rates.

A TRAVELLING ART GALLERY.

The work of the Association was manifold. It gave lectures by eminent artists on music, painting, sculpture, architecture and interior decoration. A bureau of criti-

cism is to be founded, to which young artists in isolated towns may send their work for friendly criticism without any other expense excepting that of transportation. Prizes are to be offered for the member's work in various lines of art. Native art is to be stimulated by the forming of circulating exhibitions. Circuits are to be formed so that towns of ten thousand inhabitants may have one to four exhibitions every year. Exhibitions have already been held in a dozen towns. The subscription for membership is only one dollar:—

The method of the circulating exhibition is this: The Association agrees to furnish the exhibit, whether large or small, at cost to any town, provided it has an affiliated league of at least thirty members. With all large exhibits, the Association will send a man to look after the packing. It will send a lecturer if desired. The local leagues may charge a small fee if they feel it necessary, but no commissions are allowed on sales. Cheques are made out direct to the artist, for the Association wishes to be clear of all suspicion of money-making.

ITS ADVANTAGES.

Mr. Garland is very sanguine as to the results of this Central Art Association. He says:—

To the artist, the circulating exhibition, the study clubs, and the lectures of the Central Art Association are of immense value. By them the painter's reputation can become national in scope. His work can be brought before thousands of people who would not otherwise know even his name. If we can convince the people of our towns of the necessity for a permanent exhibition-place for paintings and sculpture, the circulating exhibition becomes an easy matter.

It is good to come upon so cheerful an optimist as Mr. Garland, and to read the emphatic assertion with which he concludes his article:—

The creative impulse abroad in America has never been greater. There is a generation of men and women between twenty and thirty-five years of age whose work will put America in the front rank of artistic nations before the century goes out. There is no end-of-the-century dejection in their productions.

PICTURES IN THE SLUMS.

The second paper, Mr. Burnheim's account of picture exhibitions in lower New York, is interesting chiefly because it shows how the example of Toynbee Hall has made itself felt on the other side of the Atlantic. The exhibition of pictures at Toynbee Hall, and afterwards at the Guildhall, has led to the establishment of similar exhibitions not less popular in New York. At first it was opposed by the Socialists, but, says Mr. Burnheim:—

Mr. King, who is one of the truest champions of labour, says: "The result was that the most bitter and radical of the Socialists became our firmest friends, and worked incessantly as 'runners,' guiding droves of people to the exhibition, evening after evening—and the right kind of people, too—by the 'laws of natural selection.' Night after night, their leaders might have been heard explaining, in glowing terms, the special merit of this masterpiece and that particular school of painting, to groups of earnest listeners." The popularity and success of these exhibitions have been demonstrated beyond a possible doubt.

CIRCULATING PICTURES.

There is a third paper contributed by Miss Addams, the philanthropic genius who presides over Hull House in Chicago. She describes the art work done by Hull House. It has many branches, but there is one which might be followed with advantage here. It is thus described by Miss Addams:—

A small circulating loan collection of pictures has proved a satisfactory part of the attempt to make art a means of education. The collection numbers, at present, not more than seventy pictures, and very little more than one hundred dollars

have been expended upon it. The pictures are for the most part photographs selected with great care, from choice things only, whether modern or old, and with a view to variety of appeal to the interest and taste of the borrowers. Some water-colour sketches have been given and lent, and the collection contains an Arundel print, and several coloured prints of Fra Angelico's angels. The latter are so popular as to be engaged in advance. The loan and return of each picture is recorded, with the date, and the name and address of the borrower, upon a card. It is expected that the picture will be either exchanged or renewed at the end of two weeks. The borrowers frequently become attached to them, and prefer to keep the old one longer rather than to have a new one.

Recently a small picture of Gainsborough's was sold for £11,000. If a lover of art, who was also a lover of the common people, would spend £11,000 in endowing a National Circulating Gallery on the lines of Hull House, what an incalculable greater influence for good it would be than the mere enjoyment of seeing the Gainsborough on the walls of your picture gallery.

THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

"THE SOLUTION OF WAR"!

IN the *North American Review* for August, the Rev. Dr. Mendes has an article entitled "The Solution of War." No one would imagine from the title the nature of the essay. What Dr. Mendes writes about is the favourite theme of many commentators on the prophecies of the Old Testament, namely, the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. This, Dr. Mendes thinks, would, among other things, lead to the solution of the difficulties which threaten the peace of Europe. The subject is one which has great fascination for many minds, especially in America. When I was in Chicago two years ago, I was told that an enterprising citizen of Chicago had for some years been buying up real estate on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, expecting to make a fortune by land speculation when the Jews came to their own again. Dr. Mendes sets forth, with due detail of chapter and verse, the reasons why he thinks the Jews ought to go back:—

The restoration of Palestine to the Hebrew nation means:—
(a) The solution of the vexed Eastern question, the political rivalries and jealousies in the East.

(b) The solution of religious rivalries and jealousies which affect the three great religious worlds of Catholic, Protestant, and Greek Church. None can afford to have the other supreme in the land whose very dust is so sacred to all.

(c) The erection of the Hebrew nation by the Powers into a neutral state, its boundaries prescribed by the Bible limitation (Gen. xv. 18-21; Deut. xi. 24).

(d) The opening up of a vast commerce, for which the Hebrews are peculiarly qualified by commercial genius, and for which they are prepared by their commercial establishments in all countries, which would be maintained and continued (see Isa. lxi. 9). Palestine, geographically, is the natural converging point of the trade routes between two continents, Europe and Africa on one side, and two continents, Asia and Australia, on the other. Tyre, Sidon, Elath, Ezion-Geber, Beyrout, Haifa, and Acre among her ports would speedily become the London, Marseilles, New York, or Hamburg of the East.

(e) It would mean the solution of the so-called Jewish question, whether it is Russian Pan-Slav policy or Franco-German anti-Semitism which propounds it.

(f) And it would mean the fulfilment of two Bible ideals of vital importance to humanity. The one is "a house of prayer for all nations" (Isa. lvi. 7). This would mean the quickening of the idea of the Brotherhood of man, recognising the Father of all of us.

And the other ideal would be the institution of a world's court of arbitration, when "out of Zion shall go forth law, and He will judge between the nations and reprove many peoples;

and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation will not lift up sword against nation, neither will they learn war any more" (Isa. ii. 3, 4; Micah iv. 2, 3).

If the codification of international law by the chief jurists of the world is the first step towards the solution of war and the education of public opinion to the cost, the injustice, the horror, and the shame of war is the second, this creation of an international court of arbitration is the final step and the guarantee of peace and its blessings. It would be based upon such codification, its force would rest secure in public opinion. The administration of international law would be intrusted to the said court, each member of which would be a graduate in international law, high in rank among the learned of the Hebrew nation, esteemed as an authority on the polity of nations by the world at large, and known to be in life *sans peur et sans reproche*.

This is all very fine; but, in the first case, Dr. Mendes does not seem to know his Jews, who certainly do not wish to return to their ancient possessions; and, secondly, he entirely ignores the extent to which the Jews are mistrusted throughout Europe. Imagine French Socialists, or Russian Churchmen, accepting the decision of a tribunal of Jews as "the final step and guarantee to peace and its blessings!"

How Water Makes Land.

THERE is an interesting paper by W. H. Wheeler in *Longman's Magazine* for August on "The Transporting Power of Water and the Making of Land." In it he gives a great many interesting facts as to the way in which water is continually reshaping the face of the earth. He calculates that six and a half million tons of solid matter is annually carried down to the sea by the rivers of Great Britain. At the present rate the whole of the island will be washed away to the sea level in eleven billion years. While the rain alone will wash England away in eleven billion years, the tide and the waves will eat it away in less than half that time. The Trent and the Ouse carry a greater quantity of solid matter than any of the other rivers. They deposit on the low-lying lands adjacent to their banks as much as two or three inches of alluvial matter in a single tide. In the course of two or three years this amounts to six or seven feet. By this means thirty thousand acres have been converted from worthless land into the richest soil in England. The Thames is continually enriching Essex at the expense of Gloucester and Oxford. Every year it carries down sufficient solid matter to create twenty-four acres of good land six feet deep at the mouth of its estuary. Great Britain has had 65,000 acres of land added to it by the Wash in 1,700 years. The whole of the Netherlands, or 30,000 square miles, was carried down by the Rhine and the Meuse from France, Belgium, and Germany. The Mississippi carries down to the Gulf of Mexico 362 millions of tons of soil every year. If these had been carried in boats at a tenth of a penny per mile over an average of half the length of the river it would have cost 233 million pounds sterling a year.

THE *Minster* publishes chats with Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. Forbes, under the title of "The Coming Romeo and Juliet."

IAN MACLAREN, who has won his spurs as the teller of short stories, is about to venture into fresh fields by publishing in the new volume of the *Woman at Home* a serial story entitled "Kate Carnegie." For the most part the story breaks new ground, although some of his old characters will appear again.

STAMBULOFF.

A CHARACTER SKETCH BY MR. HENRY CUST.

MR. CUST, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, recently made a flying visit to Constantinople, and interviewed on his way Prince Ferdinand and M. Stambuloff. He came back loathing Ferdinand and idolising Stambuloff. When Stambuloff was killed Mr. Cust lifted up his voice and wept copiously in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and now in the *New Review* we have a very characteristic discourse in praise of the despot of Bulgaria. It is a good article, and will be read with interest by those even who dissent from its conclusions.

HIS FIERY YOUTH.

Mr. Cust says:—

Stepan Stambuloff was born in 1854, and was bred as potboy, tailor, theological student, expulsee, pedlar. The relative enlightenment of the Ottoman Government in the days of his youth served to make life harder for the subject state. Midhat Pasha was seeking by law and method to Ottomanise European Turkey, and Stambuloff's school was closed. The grace of Russia gave him an opening at Odessa in 1870, but the joys of Nihilism and cellar-meetings sent him out of the country with the police behind him in 1872. From that year he set himself body and soul to be the servant, saviour, and lover of Bulgaria; and from that year no failure, triumph, glory, or despair could ever serve to divert or to diminish the master-bias of his soul. To this single purpose he gave all his life. Where there was trouble, there was Stambuloff in the midst. Where there was none, there was he to beget it. Disaster dogged his feet. His very countrymen for whom he wrought grew weary. The debasement of secular slavery was manifest in the betrayal of Bulgarian by Bulgarian, and the long pride of rule shone out in the loyalty of the Turkish peasants who never in one case turned traitors to the laws of hospitality and charity. Stambuloff flashed through and through the Balkans like a fiery cross. Where a match was to be lit, or a knife to be sharpened, Stambuloff scratched the box, and whetted the stone. But his back once turned, the matches flickered out, and the knives were thrown away. By infinite effort it was planned that seven thousand daring patriots should meet at dawn and fling themselves upon the Turks. Of all that host, Stambuloff and his personal following of thirty men alone were faithful to the trust. Flying for his life through snow and spies and enemies, he swore with tears that never more would he stir finger or risk life for such a faithless generation. He broke his oath next morning. After such long failures a scapegoat was demanded; and the patriot-leaders, who lived at Bucharest in safe, snug fatness, pronounced him anathema, and in literal truth he gnawed the crust of starvation, and drank the bitter waters of contempt.

Stambuloff fought through the Russo-Turkish war, and at its close practised as a lawyer without meddling in politics for some time. He soon, however, came to the front, and became a conspicuous figure in the closing years of Prince Alexander's reign.

DICTATOR OF BULGARIA.

When Alexander abdicated, Stambuloff was virtually dictator:—

Stambuloff was now thirty-two years old, and was absolute master of the country he belonged to. His first enterprise embodied his dearest wish. On his own authority he offered to add Bulgaria to the crown of Roumania. Between the two countries there had ever existed a near sympathy, and their union under a wise king would, it seemed to the regent, form such a block of power in the Balkans as should bar the southward path of Russia for ever, and paralyse any poaching tendencies on the part of Austria. Unluckily the two great powers saw as clearly as Stambuloff himself the probable issue of the suggestion. Before their joint pressure the scheme fell to the ground. He offered to the Sultan the actual principedom of Bulgaria, provided, first, that within the principality he acted only on the windy side of the written constitution, and, next, that he granted to the Bulgarians of Macedonia equal

constitutional rights, while maintaining his military system in the latter province. But the plan was bolder than the Sultan. He is a man who dare not put more than two per cent. to the touch. So he declined.

THE COBURGER.

Stambuloff was almost at his wit's end to find a prince and at last in an unlucky moment he hit upon the Coburger, Prince Ferdinand, of whom Mr. Cust speaks in terms of the strongest reprobation. He says:—

That he was and is a weak, vain, fatuous, unstable, and ungrateful nature we strenuously assert. To see him uncontrolled upon the throne of the Bulgarians is to see a lob-worm or a monkey at the head of a population of men.

With all Europe to choose from it is curious that Mr. Cust does not see how grave a reflection it is upon his hero to describe as a lob-worm and a monkey the Prince whom he insisted upon making the nominal ruler of Bulgaria. For although Prince Ferdinand was on the throne, it was Stambuloff who was in the saddle. Mr. Cust admits that frankly enough:—

That Stambuloff ruled in high-handed and peremptory fashion he never denied. His own theory was that, while the exigencies of the nineteenth century made liberty a conventional necessity, liberty in the hands of the Bulgarians of to-day was as a knife and a box of matches in the hands of a child. Therefore while he loved he chastened, and he did both with a will. When people did what he thought wrong he shot them. When elections were like to go wrong for him he saw to it that they went right.

THE PRINCE AND HIS FALLEN MINISTER.

At last, after enduring this high-handed tyranny for a time, the Bulgarians, with Prince Ferdinand at their head, dispensed with the services of Stambuloff:—

In a few weeks twenty-one Prefects out of twenty-four, seventy Magistrates out of eighty-four, fifteen hundred Mayors, were kicked into the gutter. Bulgaria was in chaos once more, and ever since has stayed there. All brigands were amnestied, and to the worst of them were given lodgings opposite the ex-Minister's door.

Stambuloff wished to leave Bulgaria, but he was kept at Sofia in order to answer charges which were brought against him. Mr. Cust says bitterly:—

He was almost dying of natural causes, and a foreign cure alone might save him. Might he go? He knew too much truth, and was, as he told myself and others, kept at Sofia to be killed. For the Government had rigged an unconstitutional commission to inquire by unconstitutional methods into breaches of the constitution. When I saw this small, strong, onyx-eyed man last May he was living in a simplicity near to poverty. Bitter he was, but in the bitterness of righteousness. For very life's sake he had not left his house for months. One day later he went to the club, three hundred yards, but to get him back safe it needed the escort of all the members. He went again, and coming home, was chopped with knives into quite small pieces, hands and eyes and odds and ends of him all about the street. And the entire responsibility of that unequalled crime lies without any doubt of any kind upon Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

WAS FERDINAND RESPONSIBLE?

There is a little too much straining after effect in this article, and it is fortunate for Mr. Cust that ruling sovereigns do not bring actions for libel against accusing journalists, otherwise under cross-examination in the witness-box Mr. Cust would probably find that statement about the entire responsibility for Stambuloff's murder without any doubt of any kind resting upon Prince Ferdinand very difficult to justify. Speaking of Stambuloff's life work, Mr. Cust says:—

Roughly speaking, he created in a mass of inorganic matter both a muscle and a nerve-centre. He found a heap and he left

a figure. He informed that figure with a sense of national life, both defensive and aggressive.

MR. E. DICEY'S ESTIMATE.

Mr. Edward Dicey in a long article on "Stambuloff's Fall" in the *Fortnightly Review*, explains many things which have hitherto been difficult to understand. Mr. Dicey's estimate of Stambuloff and Prince Ferdinand is much less sharply defined than that of Mr. Cust, but in the main they agree. After describing his interview with Prince Ferdinand, Mr. Dicey says:—

The impression left on my mind by the Prince was not that of a man with any great original ability, but of a man very quick in appropriating the ideas of others, possessing considerable insight into human character, especially in its lower and less worthy aspects, and capable, notwithstanding his seeming frivolousness, of pursuing his own ends with pertinacity and adroitness.

He pays a high tribute to Stambuloff's ability, and thinks that on the whole he was genuinely popular in Bulgaria. He says:—

From all I could learn, I have no doubt that in so far as there is any genuine public opinion in Bulgaria, that opinion was then, and probably is still, in favour of Stambuloff's policy.

THE CAUSE OF STAMBULOFF'S FALL.

It is curious to know that Ferdinand was nothing more than a puppet in Stambuloff's hands until his baby was born. The advent of the little stranger changed everything:—

The fact that for the first time for many centuries a Bulgarian prince had been born on Bulgarian soil, bearing the name of the national hero of Bulgarian legend, seemed to the mind of the Bulgarian peasantry a certain sign and symbol of the restoration of the ancient Bulgarian empire. From that time Prince Ferdinand felt with some amount of justice that his title to the throne rested on grounds independent of Stambuloff's support and favour.

The chief difference of opinion between Ferdinand and Stambuloff was as to the importance of securing the Prince's recognition by the Tzar. Upon this point they were irreconcilable. Mr. Dicey says:—

The Prince dwelt strongly upon the importance of his formal recognition by the European Powers in the interest of Bulgaria and of the peace of Europe. Only a short time before Stambuloff and Grekoff, the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, had assured me that far from desiring the recognition of the Prince they had taken no steps to secure this recognition and should regard its accordance, in so far as Russia was concerned, as a national calamity. If once, they asserted, the Tzar agreed to accept Prince Ferdinand as the legitimate sovereign of the Principality, Bulgaria would lose and not gain.

THE PRINCE'S RESPONSIBILITY.

Unlike Mr. Cust, Mr. Dicey does not believe that Prince Ferdinand should be held directly responsible for the assassination of Stambuloff, but he says:—

There can be no reasonable doubt that Prince Ferdinand had made up his mind to get rid of Stambuloff as soon as he could find a decent excuse for doing so, and that he had so determined because he believed, or had been led to believe, that by so doing he would remove the chief obstacle to his recognition by Russia, as a Prince *de jure* as well as *de facto*. To assert that His Highness instigated or even contemplated the persecution to which Stambuloff fell a victim, would be an act of injustice. On the other hand, it is impossible to deny that Prince Ferdinand tacitly sanctioned a persecution which he must have known was cruel and unjust, and which he ought to have known might be attended with fatal consequences to its victim. The explanation of his conduct is, I believe, to be found in the fact that he was led to believe by the Russophil party in Bulgaria, which was mainly composed of Stambuloff's personal enemies, that to sever himself from

Stambuloff was the essential condition of his recognition by the Tzar. He stood aside, therefore, when Stambuloff implored his intercession to save him from his enemies. This refusal to risk his own prospects of reconciliation with St. Petersburg, in order to save the Minister who had served him so faithfully and so long, was according to the well-known saying, "worse than a crime, a blunder;" and for blunders of this kind there is no place left for repentance.

IS CRIME BENEFICIAL?

"PROBABLY." ANSWERS DR. LOMBROSO.

At the foot of the page which Professor Lombroso dedicated to this subject in a recent number of the *Nouvelle Revue*, the editress has appended a note remarking that if all the efforts of the science of observation lead to criminal conclusions, she would more and more regret the popular rebellion against those dogmatic formulas which declare the necessary victory of good over evil. Lombroso himself begins by asking pardon of his readers for the paradoxical and even immoral title which he has chosen, saying that as we are frequently wounded by the triumphs of crime and vice in practical life, it were much to be desired that literature and science could preserve their ancient elevation. But, he continues, there is already a school of thinkers, of which M. Dourckheim is the exponent, who have proclaimed the necessity and usefulness of crime. The Darwinian theory declares that no institution or organ could possibly survive unless it possessed a special utility.

Lombroso is in opposition to Herbert Spencer, who says that civilisation tends to diminish crime; he thinks, on the contrary, that the more people are civilised the worse they become, and is thus led to suspect that crime must possess some useful function. "Everywhere," says Lombroso, "we meet with the most horrible actions performed in view of political results. The massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the terrible Algerian massacres carried out by General Bugeaud, the cruelties of American and Portuguese against Red Indians, the Parliamentary corruption under Walpole and Guizot, the scandals of the Panama Canal—all these demonstrate abundantly that among many very civilised people political morality is very different from that demanded in private life. The anarchist considers crime as a legitimate weapon, and the whole of diplomacy reposes upon very questionable moral methods.

"England," says Lombroso, "is now free from political corruption, but it is not so very long since the days of Bacon and of Pitt; while Gladstone was overthrown for wishing to tax alcoholic liquor and to put an end to the miseries of Ireland." Usury is now qualified as ignoble, but it nevertheless served to create the first accumulations of capital, without which the gigantic enterprises of civilisation could never have been carried out.

In great political rebellions the bad elements constantly rise to the top; the fleet of which England is so proud was built up by piracy, and standing armies are the result of the worst passions of humanity, and incessantly perpetuate the same. As an example of evil producing good, he quotes the awful retribution called Lynch law, which has given tranquillity to California. Lombroso considers that in Europe a third of the income of any honest man is absorbed by institutions destined to the repression of crime, and he winds up by saying that evil is so knit up with the fabric of our social life that it certainly could not have existed for so many centuries if at bottom it did not serve some useful purpose which secretly prevented the uprising of strong determination on the part of good people to root it up at once and for ever.

THE NEXT EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

A SKETCH OF ARCHDUKE KARL LUDWIG.

MISS EDITH SELLERS in *Temple Bar* gives the best account which has appeared in the English press on Archduke Karl Ludwig, who, if Francis Joseph were to be called to his fathers, would be Emperor of Austria. The next Emperor of Austria is, like Mr. Chamberlain, a man who has been thrice married; but he seems to have been a man whose life has been much more dominated by his wives than has that of Mr. Chamberlain. Miss Sellers gives the following summary of his life:—

HIS YOUTH.

Karl Ludwig was born at Schönbrunn, in 1833. His father, the Archduke Franz Karl, who thought much more of orthodoxy than of science, handed him over in very early days to the care of the Jesuits. The voice of the Church is to him as the voice of God: at its command he would plunge a nation into civil war without a scruple, or lead the most hopeless of Crusades. In 1853 he was sent to Galicia as a sort of unofficial Viceroy, that he might have an opportunity of learning something of the science of ruling. He made such good use of his time while there, that, at the end of two years, the Emperor was able to appoint him to the Governorship of Tyrol. At that time the Archduke was two and twenty, full of life and vigour, and he threw himself into the duties of his position with an energy that spread consternation among the somewhat sleepy officials by whom he was surrounded. He was in Tyrol to rule, and rule he did, and on the whole wisely and well. He worked indefatigably, performing all the functions of his office with the most scrupulous exactitude.

HIS FIRST WIDOWHOOD.

When in 1856 the Archduke brought his bride home to Tyrol, he was welcomed by the whole population with an enthusiasm which excited no little astonishment in Vienna. But the people of Monza tell how, one September day in 1858, they saw their Viceroy enter the palace, laughing and talking with those around him, *la joie de vivre* in person. Within a week they saw him again, and he had the face of a haggard old man. The castle flag was flying half-mast high, for the Archduchess Margarethe was dead. She died after a few hours' illness, in the eighteenth year of her age. Karl Ludwig's grief was terrible. For the time being he was distraught. If the Italian war had not come when it did, he would probably now be a monk. But he is not the man to desert his country when the enemy is at the gate. As soon as it was known that war was imminent, the Archduke hastened back to Tyrol, where the people rallied around him with enthusiasm. They were sorely troubled, however, at the change that had come over their young Viceroy. Not only was he careworn and sorrow-bound, but he seemed to have lost all touch with life. It was noticed, too, that wherever he went there was always a priest within hail.

HIS SECOND WIFE.

Notwithstanding that he had lost all touch of life, he consented, in deference to the exigencies of the dynasty, to take a second wife in order to rear up an heir to the Austrian throne. Miss Sellers says:—

He merely accepted, and none too gratefully, the bride his family provided for him. Nevertheless, the marriage proved a fairly happy one. The new Archduchess, Annunziata of Naples, was a sensible good-natured woman, who adapted herself with admirable tact to her difficult position.

After the war of 1866, great poverty and distress prevailed in Austria, which the Archduke set himself to relieve:—

Before long he was at the head of every important philanthropic undertaking in the Empire. He is the possessor of great wealth inherited from the Italian branch of his family; and he distributes it among the needy with a generous hand. Nor is it only money that he gives. Every appeal to him for help receives his personal consideration; and he devotes

endless time and thought to devising schemes for the prevention of pauperism as well as for its relief. He is always on the alert, too, to give a helping hand to those who to beg are ashamed; and he seems to know instinctively when and how to give it.

HIS THIRD WIFE.

In 1871, the Archduchess Annunziata died, to the sincere regret of her husband, to whom she had been a devoted friend and true helpmate. Two years later, to the astonishment both of the world and his own family, Karl Ludwig announced his intention of marrying again. This time he had found a bride for himself, and a very charming one too. She is a daughter of Don Miguel, the Portuguese Pretender, and was only seventeen at the time of her marriage. She is exceedingly beautiful, brilliantly clever, and has most winning manners—an odd combination of royal stateliness and almost childlike simplicity.

In Vienna every one would be delighted to see his wife Empress, but there are grave doubts as to the Archduke, whose intense clericalism fills the politicians with dismay:—

Oddly enough the populace are immensely proud of his grand seigneur bearing. The only grievance they have against him is that he has too many priests around him. In Hungary, the general feeling with regard to the Archduke is much less friendly than in the other divisions of the Empire; for the Liberal Magyars have no sympathy whatever with the antediluvian.

The Imperial Mission of the Drunkard.

MR. A. J. WILSON, in the *Investor's Review*, is mightily satirical this month upon the high Imperial functions of the drunkard. He says:—

Within the last quarter of a century, to go no further back, we have spent nearly eight hundred million pounds on our army and navy, including the cost of little wars not paid for by the Indian ryot—patient animal that he is—fat votes of credit for the delectation of our bureaucracy, and such oddments. And the national revenue from drink has in the same period of time come to within about twenty million pounds of this overwhelming sum. The drunkards, therefore, have been the true guardians of our Empire and upholders of the brotherly goodwill which subsists between nations, and gets itself emphasised at all military parades and naval shows throughout Europe. Behold then the secret of our greatness. If the stability of our Empire had depended on the income-tax, or on a poll-tax, on a land-tax, on "inhabited house duty," or on "five shillings a quarter upon imported grain," or on all of these together, it would have long since come to naught. Resting on our magnificent drinking capacity, it has not only endured, but increased in splendour unto this hour—witness the army and navy estimates *passim*. From this point of view we have always regarded the drunkard as the noblest of national benefactors and greatest mainstay of the constitution. Upon the highest grounds of Imperial interests, then, we plead for the liberty of all Englishmen to get drunk as often as seems to them good. Their noble thirst brings the Exchequer and the local rates even now a good four-and-thirty millions a year.

The Cultivation of Invention.

MR. W. H. SMYTH, in a paper in the *Engineering Magazine* for August, pleads for the recognition of the cultivation of invention as one of the first tasks to be undertaken in the kindergarten. He thinks that a great deal might be done if we were early taught:—

1. Accurate and methodical observation. 2. Cultivation of memory, including the faculty of association. 3. Cultivation of clear visualisation. 4. Logical reasoning from actual observations. Particular importance should be attached to accurate observation, inasmuch as this is the indispensable foundation of all real education.

THE NAVAL WAR OF THE FUTURE.

A DREAM OF AUTOMATIC WAR.

MR. JAMES EASTWICK contributes to *Longman's Magazine* for September a brightly-written description of naval warfare as he believes it will be when all ships are fought by automatic guns, utilising the recoil in such a way as to obviate the necessity of having any man exposed to the enemy's fire. Mr. Eastwick maintains that the fumes of the melinite shells will suffocate more men than the splinters of the shells will kill or wound, and therefore he describes, in the form of a tale entitled "The New *Centurion*," the kind of fighting ship which he thinks will supersede all other types.

THE IRONCLAD OF THE FUTURE.

He tells us what he thinks ought to be done by narrating as an historian the changes which were made in the *Centurion* :—

Her old boilers have been taken out and replaced by new water-tube boilers, and her engines improved to match: she is said to log her nineteen knots easily now. Her old 12" and 4" belts have been taken off, and in their place she has a belt of a uniform thickness of 8" Harveyed steel. Inside this there has been built a sort of turtle-back over her engines, boilers, and magazines, but it is not a turtle-back exactly, for two reasons. First, it does not come quite to the sides, the space left affording room for excellent shoots between the upper and lower bunkers, so that we shall have no trouble about getting the coal to the furnaces. The second curious thing is that over the passage between the longitudinal bulkheads there is no armour at all; the turtle-back, instead of being continuous, is as it were split open, and turned up into two solid combings along the line of the bulkheads, which are carried up above these combings as far as the main-deck. The passage itself, instead of having two decks, has three, the lowest of all being a magazine-deck, that immediately above it being fitted with electric gear which I could not make out, while above this again is a more grating clear of fittings, but communicating with the upper works by broad and easy stairs. Forward and aft are of course the barbettes. They had been rebuilt, and were smaller at the base than they had been. Our old 23 ton guns are gone, and in their place we have two pairs of much longer and heavier pieces, presumably the new 46-ton guns. They have made a clean sweep of every other gun on board—guns, casemates, shields and all, and in their place have given us an array of Maxims, 3-prs. and 12-prs., without any sort of protection whatsoever. Even our old military masts have gone, and in their place we have two light masts, not very unlike those of a Castle liner, with three Maxims in each top, but no shields. The decks or flats along the passage between the central bulkheads, in close action, will hold the bulk of the ship's company, and from there the Maxims are to be fought by electric gear.

A NAVAL DUEL.

In the present paper we have only the first part of the adventures of the *Centurion*. She attacks and destroys two French *torpilleurs*, and then intercepts the *Depuis de Lôme* as she was pursuing an English passenger steamer. For some time previous, all the ship's company had been trained to exercise their guns from below water-line, the sights being fixed by the aid of mirrors. When the fight came on, however, the narrator, for the purposes of the story rather than from any necessity, obtained leave to fight his gun from above, and this is what he saw. He was standing in the mainhole telephoning to his subs below to load and work the guns while he held the fire lever in his hand. He says :—

"Engage as your guns bear," said the tiny voice of the telephone from the conning house close to my ear. The words came, "Fire upon the enemy," and I fired. Her broadsides sounded at the same moment as our guns, and there was a crash and a rattle somewhere about our decks. All that I knew or

could think of was the task of watching those sights and firing as they bore. The French ironclad swept quickly past, and it was not easy to see one's mark with the bright blaze and drifting smoke of the two great guns always before one's eyes, and the reeking fumes of the cordite eddying round one every time that a breech was opened. Presently there came a pause in our fire, and at that moment she vanished from my sight behind the bridge, though I now could hear the Maxims roaring like rushing water and the boom of C—'s guns thundering every five seconds or so like the taps of a big drum. We were in firing gear again just as the ship stood well across the enemy's stern, and brought my guns once more to bear. I was actually pulling down the firing-lever when the tiny voice at my ear said "Cease firing." Then I looked at the enemy and saw that her colours were gone. Her foremast had been shot away and had fallen all along her decks. Her great funnel had been wrecked, either by our fire or by the fall of the foremast, and her upper works had been frightfully cut up. Boats were called away and the first lieutenant boarded her, and soon we saw the white ensign flying over the tricolour.

THE RESULT OF QUICK FIRING.

As we neared her we cast off the lines and then boarded her, with a great deal of difficulty, for she was almost out of control, and the heavy seas breaking on her sides made it dangerous work to go near her. Once on board we stood dismayed at the ruin that those brief seconds had wrought. Of the destruction of her upper works we had all seen something, but of the state of her main-deck we had entertained no conception. She is clad all over, as you may know, with four-inch armour—not thick enough to be of the slightest use against our heavy guns, but just thick enough to make every shell unfailingly burst inboard. And certainly every shell that hit had burst with awful effect. Spar and main decks were started; every turret was wrecked; not a man seemed to have escaped from her main-deck; those on her spar deck had been mown down by the Maxims as by fiery scythes. She was leaking all along her water-line, notwithstanding her cofferdams, and, indeed, if no help had been near, she must soon have foundered. Our prize crew had got to work already to rig a jury funnel, and as soon as that was done the first lieutenant was confident that he could get the steam-pumps to work and manage to keep her afloat.

This frightful damage had been inflicted on the Frenchmen without the *Centurion* suffering anything beyond two or three shells having burst on board. Two or three Maxims had been displaced, and but for the traces of the shells they might never have been in action at all. The story goes on to tell how the *Centurion* engaged three line of battle ships off Gibraltar; but the end of the story is reserved for next month.

In the *New England Magazine* there are a series of the best photographs that I have yet seen, showing the Flagstaff photographs of Mars. The pictures represent twelve views, showing the whole surface of the planet Mars in November, 1894.

MR. ANDREW REID, in an article in the *Humanitarian*, entitled "Free Trade in Children," pleads for his old-new policy :—

It is time for those who love England, and the children, and women and men of her valleys—have we not all been suckled upon her one bosom?—to form the New Party—the British Party—which shall protect her people from this wild trade. What shall be the principles of this Humanitarian Party? That there is a science of life, and that trade must be subjected to that science or go. That men and women are of equal value, and that the female body requires as much wages and nourishment as the male body. That age and sex shall be respected, and that the factory is not the right place for the child, or the workhouse the right place for the aged.

THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

BY THE COMMANDER OF THE CHINESE IRONCLAD.

ONE of the most interesting articles in last month's magazines is that which Captain Philo N. McGiffin, the American Commander of the Chinese Ironclad *Chen Yuen*, contributes to the *Century Magazine* for August. The battle of the Yalu was fought on September 19, 1894, off the Yalu River. It lasted five hours, and Captain McGiffin was in the thick of it all the time. His paper gives what is probably the best description of a naval action fought under modern conditions that has yet been published.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

On the morning of the day of battle the Chinese ships cleared for action and exercised the crews at the guns, without any suspicion that before the day was over they would go into action in grim earnest. The ships had all been painted an invisible gray. Sand bags were piled along both sides three feet deep and four feet high. All the woodwork, rigging, etc., that could be moved was taken away, and all boats were left behind. There were ten Chinese ships and twelve Japanese. The Japanese had great superiority in quick-firing guns, but the Chinese had two ironclads of 7,400 tons, nearly twice as large as the best of the Japanese, and five of the Chinese vessels were heavily armoured. The cooks were preparing dinner when the fleet of the Japanese was sighted from the masthead. The Chinese crews were in excellent spirits, and the fleet went into action, with the exception of defective ammunition, as well prepared as it was humanly possible to be with the same officers and men, handicapped by official corruption and treachery ashore.

GOING INTO ACTION.

The following is Captain McGiffin's description of the scene on board his ship as she went into action:—

Dark-skinned men, with queues tightly coiled around their heads and with arms bare to the elbow, clustered along the decks in groups at the guns, waiting impatiently to kill and be killed. Sand was sprinkled on the decks, and more was kept handy against the time when they might become slippery. In the superstructures and down out of sight in the bowels of the ship were men at the shell-whips and ammunition-hoists, in torpedo-rooms, etc. Here and there a man lay flat on deck, with a charge of powder—fifty pounds or more—in his arms, waiting to spring up and pass it on when it should be wanted. These men were stationed at intervals to serve the guns quickly; for charges must not be massed along the deck, lest a shell drop in and make trouble. The nerves of the men below deck were in extreme tension. On deck one could see the approaching enemy, but below nothing was known, save that any moment might begin the action, and bring a shell in through the side. Once the battle had begun, they were all right, but at first the strain was intense.

THE FIRST SHOT.

The fleets closed on each other rapidly. My crew was silent. The sub-lieutenant in the military foretop was taking sextant angles and announcing the range, and exhibiting an appropriate small signal flag. As each range was called the men at the guns would lower the sight-bars, each gun captain, lanyard in hand, keeping his gun trained on the enemy. Through the ventilators could be heard the beats of the steam-pumps; for all the lines of hose were joined up and sporting water, so that in case of fire no time need be lost. The range was about four miles, and decreasing fast. "Six thousand metres!" "Five thousand eight hundred"—"six hundred"—"five hundred"—"five hundred"! "Five thousand four hundred"! The crisis was rapidly approaching. Every man's nerves were in a state of tension, which was greatly relieved as a huge cloud of white

smoke, belching from the *Ting Yuen's* starboard barbette, "opened the ball." Just as the projectile threw up a column of white water a little short of the *Yoshino*, a roar from the *Chen Yuen's* battery seconded the flag-ship's motion. It was exactly 12.20 P.M. The range, as found on the *Chen Yuen*, was 5,200 metres; on the *Ting Yuen* it was assumed to be 5,300.

UNDER FIRE.

On our side the firing now became general from the main batteries, but it was about five minutes before the Japanese replied. As they opened fire, the Chinese quick-firing Hotchkiss and Maxim-Nordenfolt, 3- and 6-pounders, joined in, and thenceforward the conflict was almost incessant. Like ours, the enemy's first shots fell short; but with an exultant chuckle we noted that a shot from one of our 12-inch guns had struck one of the Japanese leading ships. The bridge of the *Chen Yuen*, although some thirty feet above the water, was very soon soaked, as was, indeed, the entire exposed surface on the engaged side, by spray thrown up by line shots that struck the water a little short. Many of the men at the guns on deck were wet through, and indeed the water was flung on board with such violence as to sting the face and hands like hail. Every one in the conning-tower had his ears stopped with cotton, yet the din made by projectiles rattling up against the outside of its 10-inch armour was a serious annoyance.

THE BATTLE.

At the beginning of the battle the Chinese ship *Tsi Yuen* bolted after one shot had struck her. Another Chinese ship followed the *Tsi Yuen's* example, but in steaming away her commander ran her on a reef, where she was left. The Chinese fleet was therefore reduced to eight vessels. The Japanese cruisers steamed along the Chinese front from left to right at perhaps double the Chinese speed. Two old-fashioned cruisers were early set on fire by the Japanese shells, and the draft down the passageways at once turned them into alleys of roaring flame. The deck became untenable, and the guns could not be worked. They, therefore, were run ashore. The Japanese vessel *Akagi*, having ventured at close range, had her masthead shot off, her battery disabled, and her commander and many of her crew killed. The Chinese formation was broken up into an irregular group, while the Japanese kept regular station, placing the Chinese between two fires. Their principal squadron ignored the four smaller vessels, its five ships steamed around the two Chinese ironclads, pouring in a storm of shells:—

Time and again fires broke out, but, with one notable exception, the flames were subdued without much trouble. Some of the enemy's ships used melinite shells, the noxious fumes from which could at once be distinguished from those of powder. One ship, for a time, practised "broadside firing by director"—i.e., each gun is laid by its crew on the object, and the entire battery, joined in one electric circuit, is fired by pressing a key. This system, though doubtless hard on the structure of the ship using it, was most effective—the result of so many shot striking at once, and producing perhaps several fires, being very annoying.

AN IRONCLAD SUNK.

During the confusion of our line consequent upon being out-maneuvred, the *Chih Yuen* passed under our stern and joined the *Lai Yuen* and surviving ships of the right wing. The *Ping Yuen* and *Kuang Ping*, now coming up, threatened the *Akagi* and *Saikio*. Signals were made on the *Matsushima*, and the Flying Squadron manœuvred to cover the endangered vessels. About this time the *Chih Yuen* boldly, if somewhat foolhardily, bore down on the Flying Squadron's line, possibly to attack the two mentioned vessels. Just what happened no one seems to know, but apparently she was struck below the water-line by a heavy shell—either a ten-inch or a thirteen-inch. Be that as it may, she took a heavy list, and, thus fatally injured, her commander, Tang Shi Chang, a most courageous albeit somewhat obstinate officer, resolved at least

to avenge himself, and charged one of the largest vessels, intending to ram. A hurricane of projectiles from both heavy and machine guns swept down upon his ship, the list became more pronounced, and just before getting home to his intended victim his ship rolled over and then plunged, bows first, into the depths, righting herself as she sank, her screws whirling in the air (as did the *Victoria's*), and carrying down all hands, including the chief engineer, Mr. Purvis, a gentleman and a most efficient officer, who was shut up in the engine-room.

At about three o'clock the Japanese flagship was struck with a twelve-inch shell, carrying a charge of about ninety pounds of powder. By this shell forty-nine officers and men were killed, and over fifty wounded, and their big thirteen-inch gun was disabled.

THE END OF THE FIGHT.

The following is Captain McGiffin's account of the end of the fight:—

Soon afterwards the Principal Squadron withdrew toward the south-east, seemingly having had enough of fighting. Our two ironclads followed them, firing. When they had gone a distance of two or three miles the Principal Squadron turned, and, circling about us, poured in perhaps the most destructive fire we received during the day. We had now used up all of our 6-inch ammunition, having fired 148 projectiles of that calibre. There were left for the 12-inch guns (one of which was disabled) only some 25 steel shot, and no shell. The *Ting Yuen* was in a similar plight. In half-an-hour we would have none left, and be at the mercy of the enemy; for to ram agile, well-handled ships of 17½ knots' speed with our slower ships was out of the question. We fired carefully, but having no shell, comparatively little damage was done. It was now nearly five o'clock. After about a half-hour's cannonade the enemy again withdrew, we firing our last shot at them, save three left in the guns for the last moment. This withdrawal at about 5.30 p.m. has always been a mystery. It would seem that the Japanese could scarcely help noting that our bow and stern 6-inch guns were silent, and that our fire was slowly delivered from the barbettes. Had they stayed with us a quarter of an hour more, our guns would have been silent and the ships defenceless. The enemy, apparently, were not in want of ammunition, as their firing up to the last had been animated.

A STANDSTILL.

We now turned back and gathered up the surviving ships of the fleet. These vessels had fared badly at the hands of the Flying Squadron. After covering the *Saikio*, *Hiyei*, and *Akagi*, the van bore down on the *King Yuen*, which had been burning for some time, and the *Yoshino* with her next astern engaged the *King Yuen* at close range (less than 2000 metres). A heavy fire from the *Yoshino's* three 6-inch quick-firing bow guns told upon her with terrible effect. One after another of the 100-pound shells tore up her sides, and after yawing about wildly, as if her steering-gear was useless, she burst into flame and sank.

During this time the three crippled Japanese vessels had withdrawn toward Ping Yang. After the sinking of the *King Yuen*, the Flying Squadron were recalled by signal from the Principal Squadron, else the *Lai Yuen* and others could hardly have escaped destruction, since the ironclads, having no more ammunition, could not have succoured them. As the sun was setting the *Ting Yuen*, with the battered *Chen Yuen*, the *Lai Yuen* (still desperately fighting the flames that threatened to devour her), the *Ching Yuen*, *Ping Yuen*, and *Kwang Ping*, set course for Port Arthur. As darkness set in the flames from the still burning *Chao Yung* showed luridly across the moonlit sea. The Japanese Principal Squadron of five vessels kept in sight on our port beam until darkness set in, but made no effort to re-engage. In fact, both fleets had fought themselves to a standstill.

WHY THE JAPANESE WON.

The question is often asked, Why did the Japanese win? I reply, because the Japanese had better ships, more of them

better and larger supplies of ammunition, better officers, and as good men. As to the practice, it was on both sides bad; but, as the Japanese have admitted, the Chinese excelled. The Japanese percentage of hits (excluding 6-pounder and lighter projectiles) was about twelve; the Chinese perhaps twenty. But the latter had only three quick-firing guns in action—viz., the *Kwang Ping's* 50-pounders. An enormous number of projectiles could have been fired by the enemy. It must not be forgotten that the Japanese had twelve ships against our eight, as the *Tai Yuen* and *Kuan Chia* ran away almost without having fired a shot, while the *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei* were in flames before they had time to do much more.

Various suggestions which Captain McGiffin makes for improving the armament and defences of ironclads are too long and too technical to quote here.

"PER MARE" (F. T. Jane's illustrated Shilling Naval Annual), the first number of which appeared in July, contains a chat with Commander McGiffin, entitled "Personal Experiences of the Battle of Yalu." Commander McGiffin was in London in March, and was interviewed by Mr. Jane. His account of the battle in the interview is more realistic and interesting than that which Commander McGiffin has written himself. The Naval Annual is hardly a serious publication, but "The Battle of Yalu" is a paper which ought to be sufficient to secure it success.

DANGER IN THE TOY "NOAH'S ARK"!

PRECISIANS are making havoc of the joys of the nursery. Sticklers for peace would banish every toy-soldier and rifle and sword. The whole arsenal of military mimicry is, they insist, to be cleared out, lest the young idea be taught too literally to shoot. And now sticklers for truth will not leave us the one Sunday amusement of our childhood, the peaceable, comical, scriptural "Zoo," the toy Noah's Ark. This is no mean trick of the "Higher Criticism;" it is deliberately advanced in the pages of the orthodox *Homiletic Review*. Rev. Dr. Balgarnie, who is responsible for the suggestion, is afraid of a sceptic-breeding power in the toy:—

The seeds of infidelity are often sown in the nursery. The little "Noah's Ark," with its multifarious collection of zoological specimens, is a mendacious imposture. Equally so were the old Bible pictures of our youth. Elephants from the tropics, lions from Numidia, tigers from Bengal, kangaroos from New South Wales, bears from Siberia, giraffes, snakes, vultures from afar, along with a few sheep and cattle, are seen walking in solemn procession toward the door of a vessel no larger than an average parish church, and, on another page, coming out again, sleek and frisky after a twelvemonth's imprisonment on board the famous ark! What is childish imagination to make of this? What is the outcome but incipient scepticism? The legend in that shape is simply incredible. A couple of elephants would have swamped the vessel in an hour.

Dr. Balgarnie thinks the Biblical account perfectly credible. The deluge was occasioned by the falling in of "a comparatively small portion of the earth's crust,"—about the size of the present Turkish Empire. The ark was but a temple-ship:—

Domestic animals, those used in husbandry and for the food and service of man, and these only, were collected and preserved in the ark. Bears and lions were left to growl and fight in the water. Jehovah brought the animals to Noah in the sense in which Jacob found his "venison."

Enterprising toymakers should consult the learned doctor, and with his help bring out a "Noah's Ark" up to date. Until this is done, the children might be left in peace with their old friends.

THE HARNESSING OF NIAGARA.

BY ONE WHO HAS DONE IT.

ONE of the most interesting papers in the September magazines is Professor Forbes's account in *Blackwood's Magazine* of the work which he has done in carrying out the utilisation of the Falls of Niagara. Professor Forbes, unlike most eminent scientific men of the present day, can write, and write well. Explaining his point, he says:—

There are two great mistakes commonly made as to Americans. One is, that they are original inventors; the other is, that they are humorous. Neither of these propositions is true. It is true that, if asked to create a knitting-machine, or a type-writer, or a reaper, they will put together well-known mechanical devices to accomplish the result. But this is designing, not inventing; and the cause of so much work of this kind being done in America is the high price of labour, which must be replaced by steam and machinery.

One of the most interesting facts which Mr. Forbes brings out in his paper is that Lord Kelvin, although the oldest and most esteemed scientific friend, threw the whole weight of his authority, not once or twice, but repeatedly, when he was not asked, against the adoption of the alternating in place of the continuous current. Lord Kelvin, who it may be remembered was equally sceptical concerning psychic phenomena, persisted in his declaration that Professor Forbes was making a fatal mistake even so far back as November, 1894, when his work was practically completed. Very shortly after that Professor Forbes was able to assure the directors that they had finished—

a work which for successful working, security against break-downs, high efficiency, and low cost, was ahead of anything that had hitherto been even dreamt of, and that I was confident of a great success from a commercial point of view.

The following is Professor Forbes's account of what has been accomplished:—

The tunnel of which I spoke is 21 ft. high and 19 ft. broad, and is horseshoe-shaped. It was expected that no lining would be necessary, but at the outset the roof began to fall in, and it had to be lined with four courses of bricks, increasing the cost largely and diminishing the capacity from 120,000 to 100,000 horse-power. The tunnel is 7,000 ft. long, mostly on a slope of 7 ft. in 1,000 ft. At the mouth there is a curved surface of iron for the water to flow over smoothly. The level of the water below the Falls varies a good deal. Sometimes it is far below the tunnel-mouth, at other times it is several feet above. The plan of having a separate shaft for a mill has been adopted in only one case, the largest paper-mill in the country, where at present 3,300 horse-power is being used. The paper is made out of wood-pulp, and trunks of trees have to be ground down for this purpose. This accounts for the large amount of power used. It is intended to supply all the rest of the power from a great power-house where electricity is generated. Within this building a slot in the ground, communicating with the tunnel, has been excavated to a depth of 150 ft. It is 20 ft. wide and some 150 ft. long. Parallel with this slot there is a canal of great width taking in water from the river. From the canal to the slot there are water-passages from which iron pipes 7½ ft. diameter descend to the bottom of the slot. At the bottom of these the water passes into the casing of the turbines, and in passing through these develops power to the extent of 5,000 horse-power for each unit. Three of these are in place. The power is given to a vertical shaft 2½ ft. in diameter except at the three bearings, where it is less. This steel shaft extends right up to the surface of the ground, and is attached at the top to the revolving part of the dynamo, which generates the electric current. Two designs of these turbines or water-wheels had been received from Swiss makers, and the selection of the best was intrusted to another English engineer.

Speaking of the use that can be made of a force which has now been harnessed to the use of man, Professor Forbes says:—

The directors have no present desire to send the current to great distances. It will pay better to create a smokeless manufacturing town in the neighbourhood. If required, the power could be sent much more than a hundred miles, and still be more economical than steam, even though coal is cheap there. In countries where power is much wanted, but very costly, the electrical transmission will be successful at distances of many hundreds of miles. Such cases occur in many places where there are valuable mines but no fuel.

In conclusion, I may say that the work done at Niagara is the forerunner of much more, and already I have in hand the preparation of plans of schemes nearly as important.

WORK FOR SIR JOHN GORST.

In the *Westminster Review* for September Mr. Joseph J. Davies writes on Sir John Gorst as the new Minister of Education. He thinks well of Sir John, and by way of proving how high is his opinion of him he specifies in advance several things which the teachers hope to receive from him. He says:—

The appointment of Sir John Gorst as Vice-President of the Council has given hearty satisfaction to practical educationalists. The appointment of so honest and able a statesman as Sir John Gorst is a guarantee for the continuity of this policy of progress and thorough efficiency. In Sir John Gorst the children have a valiant champion. He has demonstrated his determination to strive his utmost to promote their physical, moral, and intellectual welfare.

The first question before Sir John Gorst will be the increasing of the subsidies to the voluntary schools:—

The contention, he says, that increased official requirements should be accompanied by increased financial aid, whether State or rate, must receive primary consideration. It is the equitable adjustment of this financial and managerial difficulty which will at the outset tax the energies of the Vice-President. The teachers will undoubtedly find in the new "First Schoolmaster of the Land," a sympathetic chief, and to him will, in all likelihood, be allotted the pleasant duty of piloting through the House of Commons a Bill for the Superannuation of Teachers, based on the recommendations of the Committee recently presented. Another question, personal to teachers, and more important in its bearing on education than is generally supposed, is that of reasonable security of tenure. At the earliest opportunity this will be brought under the notice of Sir John Gorst.

Sir John is also expected to abolish overtime, and free the teacher from being sweated. He must also deal with the discontent among the rural teachers, which is very acute:—

The Educational Minister is in no wise responsible for the low salaries, but he can protect the helpless teacher against himself. He can make his duties free from the imposition of extraneous tasks, many of which almost any good teacher would willingly perform voluntarily, but which, forced upon him, as they so often now are, as part and parcel of his routine work, cannot but degrade him, and bring the work itself into ungracious repute. Essentially State servants, even the humblest teachers have a right to have their professional independence safeguarded by the State, and their important office thereby magnified. These teachers will look to Sir John Gorst to be, not the glorified and autocratic superintendent of an Educational Detective Department, but the jealous and vigilant guardian of educational efficiency, and the powerful and sympathetic protector of their civic and professional liberties. We believe they will not look to him in vain. He has the opportunity, moreover, of removing a disability which has been too long overlooked—that, namely, of abolishing the absurd age-qualification for the Assistant Inspectorate. At present this office is closed to all above the age of thirty-five.

THE POPE AND THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

A MESSAGE FROM THE VATICAN.

THE REV. J. A. ZAHM has an article in the *North American Review* for August entitled "Leo XIII. and the Social Question," in which he embodies the special message from the Vatican to the American public. He says:—

In a private audience, with which I was favoured not long since, the social question was introduced and discussed at some length. I ventured to tell his Holiness that the editor of the *North American Review* had requested me to write an article on this subject, and that the people of America, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, were always pleased to give respectful and reverent attention to his utterances, and especially to all those in any wise bearing on the condition of the labouring classes.

LEO'S MESSAGE TO THE AMERICANS.

"Ah, yes," he said, "the Americans are a noble people. I love them greatly. I am aware of the deep interest they take in social problems and was gratified to learn that they received so kindly my encyclical on the condition of labour. You may tell the people of the United States, through the *North American Review*, that I shall always be ready to contribute to the fullest extent of my power towards their well-being and happiness, and especially towards the well-being and happiness of the wage-earners of their great republic.

"The social question," continued the venerable Pontiff, his eyes beaming with light and intelligence as he discoursed on the subject to which he attaches so much importance—"the social question is the great question of the future. *La question sociale, c'est la question de l'avenir*. It is a question in which all should be interested, and each one should contribute his quota towards lessening and removing the difficulties with which it is at present beset. It is particularly desirable that ecclesiastics should be thoroughly conversant with the subject, and that they should take an active part in every discussion and in every movement that looks toward the betterment of the social condition of humanity, and especially the social condition of that major portion which must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow."

THE MAINSPRING OF THE POPE'S ACTION.

Mr. Zahm then proceeds to dilate upon the text thus furnished him by the Pontiff, and gives a very interesting sketch of the forces which are at work to produce the pontifical declaration in favour of what may be called Christian Sociology:—

"It is necessary," said Leo XIII. to Castelar, the Spanish Republican, "to bring back the Church to its original traditions." In this declaration are revealed at once the historic mind and the originality of Leo XIII. In it are disclosed his greatness and the unity and majestic co-ordination of all his acts and all his teachings.

Economically and socially, the Renaissance, the resurrection of pagan law, the cult of exaggerated individualism, the philosophy which issued in Darwinism, have again brought back and made general both the pride and the slavery of ancient Rome. Absolute and pagan theories regarding property, exaltation of liberty, which, while it is the honour of the human mind in the domain of politics, is folly in the domain of economic science, substitution of an artificial mechanism for the normal organism, rupture with industrial organizations and the atomization of society—in a word, all the miseries of our modern world have proceeded from these sources. Our age is, indeed, but a walled-in field of battle, in which egotism, individual interests and passions are engaged in homicidal combat. Formerly society was an edifice, in which each social floor had its protection, its right, its security, its well-being. It was, to employ another figure, a vast organism, in which each member, while it was subject to the

law governing the whole, had its proper function and its full life.

It is this thought, eminently Christian and eminently evangelic—a thought reposing on justice and love—which is the mainspring of the social action of the Holy Father.

THE GENESIS OF THE ENCYCLICAL ON LABOUR.

The encyclical on the condition of labour and other similar acts of Pope Leo XIII. are the official and permanent consecration of the labours and the teachings of the most devoted Catholics of this century in respect of the social question.

In 1887, when the memorial concerning the Knights of Labour was forwarded to Rome, the Christian world still hesitated. But this document was the trumpet note which settled the issue. Rome spoke, the encyclical *Rerum Novarum* was promulgated, and timid, Catholic Europe breathed a sigh of relief.

Such, then, are the origin, the character and the history of the social idea of Rome. Leo XIII. has been the grand resultant of an historical movement. It is because he was obedient to the laws of history, and because he understood the social needs of his time, that he deserves to be known for ever as the Pope of the working men and the great high-priest of our century.

THE COMING BANKRUPTCY OF INDIA.

MR. A. J. WILSON in the *Investors' Review* writes upon Indian finance in his accustomed fashion. He deplores what he considers to be the extravagant imperial annexationist policy of the successive Indian Governments, and declares that we are digging the grave of our own empire with perverse persistency. After describing the extreme poverty of the people of India, he says:—

Upon this substructure of poverty, we repeat, has the magnificently extravagant imperial power of England in India been built up. It is a power that has meant well many a time, and which has done well in not a few instances; but all its merits are eclipsed by its abominable waste, and its end must be that of all empires which have preceded it. Should it not die from internal convulsions, or from foreign wars, it will dwindle and perish with the exhaustion of the people it rules and sucks dry of their life's substance, or it will collapse smothered in its debts. A spirit of true economy might have prolonged its existence for centuries,—caused it to fade away into the great self-governing nation of which Indian philanthropists and reformers dream. Dominated as its rulers now are by a spirit of conquest, a mania for spending the substance of the people in things that profit not, it is liable to founder in the first storm which succeeds in breaking the united web of credit by which the world is held bound to the usurer.

The mind cannot contemplate a future so full of risks and sinister probabilities without sadness. So much good has been meant to India, so much good done by its English masters, that we could hope still for the future were their ideals even now changed. Were real economy to give place to the present system of pillage; were the interests of the people studied first, and our own imperialist follies and vanities put out of sight for ever; were the abuses of the India Office in London and its hideous robberies abated or swept away; were the cost of the army brought down to the limits necessary to keep our present territory in order, and all conquests henceforth chewed; were the internal administration opened more fully to natives, so that the swarms of Europeans now eating up the land as officials or pensioners might be diminished; were the burdens of interest involved by the railways gradually diminished, and in all directions economy and retrenchment enforced—our away over India might even now be consolidated and made enduring. But the refusal to take this path and the continuance of our present habits and policy mean that our power in India is digging its own grave. And all the glory of our mighty Empire hangs by our prosperous continuance there.

THE PERILS OF CYCLING.

BY SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON contributes to the *North American Review* for August a very interesting paper on what to avoid in cycling. His paper may be summed up in two lines—do not cycle too much until you are twenty-one, and if you are twenty-one, avoid excess. Sir Benjamin summarises the dangers which attend too much cycling in early youth under four heads: excessive juvenile cycling injures the bones, the heart, the muscles, the nervous system, and when all that is done, there is very little of the body free from injury. This is Sir Benjamin's explanation of his warning as to the dangers of cycling:—

The first is the danger of teaching the practice to subjects who are too young. Properly, cycling should not be carried on with any ardour while the body is undergoing its development—while the skeleton, that is to say, is as yet imperfectly developed. The skeleton is not completely matured until twenty-one years of life have been given to it. The spinal column is particularly apt to be injured by too early riding, and the exquisite curve of the spinal column, which gives to that column when it is natural such easy and graceful attitudes for standing erect, stooping, and bending, is too often distorted by its rigidity or want of resiliency. When that is the case the limbs share in the injury. They do not properly support the trunk of the body, and pedestrian exercise, thereupon, becomes clumsy, irregular, and ungraceful. The column becomes distorted, and through the whole life affects the movements of the body. There are further injuries done to the youth, male or female, through other organs of the body and especially through the heart. Dr. Kolb, as well as myself, has found that it is the heart which is principally exercised during cycling. Cycling develops one set of muscles at the expense of the other. It does not develop the chest muscles properly; it does not develop the arm muscles properly; it does not develop the abdominal muscles properly; it does not essentially develop the muscles of the back; but it does develop the muscles of the lower limbs, and that out of proportion to all the rest.

Lastly, in the young, cycling often tells unfavourably on the nervous function. The brain and nervous system, like skeleton and muscle, have to be slowly nurtured up to maturity, and if they be called upon to do too much while they are in the immature state, if the senses of sight and hearing and touch have to be too much exercised, even though by such exercise danger from collisions may be skilfully averted, perhaps to the admiration of lookers-on, there is a tax put upon those organs which makes them prematurely old and unfitted for the more delicate tasks that have afterwards to be performed.

When adults cycle, they are less exposed to peril than those who pursue the practice in their youth, but if the adult practises cycling in excess, forgetful of wise moderation, many evil things happen to him:—

There is often developed in the cyclist a general vibratory condition of the body which is mischievous and is shown in various acts of movement and thought. It is within the range of my experience to have known general injury in nervous subjects brought on by a too great stress of observation in riding, such as is induced by the fear of collision in crowded thoroughfares, too rapid a motion in descending hills, or too severe a trial in overcoming obstacles that caused the danger of a fall.

The *Lady Cyclist* is a sprightly little threepenny monthly edited by Mr. Charles P. Sisley. From the reader's point of view it is rather overdone with advertisements, which are interleaved with almost every page. It is brightly written, carefully edited, and full of interesting items for lady cyclists. The particular lady cyclist selected for interview and description in the September number is Miss Bacon, the hon. secretary of the

Mowbray House Cycling Association. Miss Earland has a paper deprecating juvenile cycling. Miss N. Albiston, of Brand Hall, The Quinton, near Birmingham, writes the following letter on the subject of Camp Clubs for Ladies:—

I think that Mr. Stead's idea of tents is a capital one; in these hard times very many girls who possess bicycles are unable to stay any time out on a holiday excursion, on account of the expense; it would be so easy for some ladies' club to buy a little tent, camp furniture, etc., and leave it in charge of some cottager on the outskirts of some pleasant seaside resort, and keep it for parties of five or six of their club, drawing lots, if necessary, for first occupation; a well-trained St. Bernard, as a watch-dog, would be very useful. With the aid of a little Willesden rot-proof cardboard, a large tent might be partitioned off and made most cosy. For those ladies who prefer a solitary bed-chamber, and to avail themselves of the large tent as a dining-room, second-hand army bell-tents, 40 ft. in circumference, can be purchased at very low prices. I should be glad to render any assistance, and would receive the names of any ladies (references required) willing to form such a club.

Mark Twain's Serious Stories.

IN *Harper's Magazine* for September, Mark Twain gives us another instalment of his psychic experiences, in continuation of his paper on "Mental Telegraphy," which was published in *Harper's* some years ago. His new experiences are not so remarkable. The first has nothing to do with telepathy, but is the familiar phenomenon of the double. At Montreal, Mark Twain, at a reception one afternoon, saw an old friend of his, Mrs. R.—saw her perfectly distinctly, side view and front view, until she got within twenty-five feet of him, when he lost sight of her. In the evening, before his lecture, he met the same lady, and learned that at the time he had seen her at the lecture-room she was on the railway train on her way back from Quebec. His next story is one in which Mr. Smythe, lecture agent at Melbourne, answered on December 17th a letter which Mark Twain wrote on the 6th of the following February. His third story describes how Mark Twain proposed that he should be made an honorary member of the Lotus Club. At their last meeting they had decided to do this, and the letter announcing the fact was on its way to him, but he had not received it when the idea entered into his mind as an original suggestion of his own. The last story is only one of coincidence—the revival of the memory of a story which he attributes either to an accident or to the proximity of a young girl who was connected with the incident, and who, unknown to him, was at that moment in the near neighbourhood.

Longman's Magazine for September publishes five additional fables by Robert Louis Stevenson, thus completing the collection.

THE following announcement appears over the name of Mr. J. M. Robertson, who has until now edited the *Free Review*:—

I have to intimate to the readers of the *Free Review* that on the issue of this number it will pass into the hands of a new proprietor and editor, Mr. George A. Singer, M.A., who I trust will be able greatly to extend its usefulness. In his hands the *Review* will be managed on the same lines on which it has hitherto been conducted, and I shall have the pleasure of remaining associated with it as contributor. The valued colleagues who have constituted its main strength during the two years of its existence will also continue to write for it, and I earnestly trust that all who have thus far befriended it will give their support to the new management.

A NEW VIEW OF THE BIBLE.

AN ALLEGORY OF THE SEX RELATION!

In the *Twentieth Century* for August there is rather a remarkable article by Mr. G. M. McCrie, entitled "At the Close of the Century." Mr. McCrie says many things in his paper, the most notable of which, however, is his announcement that, after all these years, he has at last discovered the real meaning of the Scriptures. He says:—

It is a Book, which, though found in every cottage home, is one of the inner and hidden significance of which nine-tenths of modern Englishmen are themselves profoundly ignorant. For, read between the lines, and with competent reference to conditions of authorship, this selfsame volume, Old and New Testament alike, is known, though it be only to the few even in this educated age, as primarily and designedly not a Revelation of Deity, not a present-day guide of Life, not an Evangel, but an Allegory throughout—an allegory, mainly, of the *Sex Relation*! Of course, it is easy to miss this aspect entirely.

THE RECORD AND TESTIMONY OF SCRIPTURE.

Which, no doubt, is true, seeing that it has practically been left to this man in the last decade of the nineteenth century to proclaim it to the world. Mr. McCrie has, however, no doubts on the subject. He says:—

As a record and a testimony of the primal sex relationships, however, these Scriptures, in common with many other Chronicles of Ancient Wisdom, enshrine for us a transcendent truth which otherwise might have been hopelessly lost. Fortunately, nothing is so imperishable as teaching disguised in the garb of allegory; it is passed on unconsciously by generation after generation, who know nothing beyond the surface meaning.

There is little of easily accessible literature dealing with this transcendent subject. For the benefit of the popular reader, perhaps the latter works of the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant may be recommended. They contain a copious list of authorities which may be further consulted.

WORK FOR THE COMING PROPHET.

The lessons to be learned must be translated into being, must pass into practice. For such a task the coming prophet alone is sufficient. It will be for him to reveal how transcendently the sex question, in respect of human well-being, dominates all others; how this fact comes down to us only in the form of dim lingering traditions, legends of a time in the remote past, when mankind were not sexually separate as now; of a primal sexbiunity, from which we have, in apparently halting, but after all designedly mystical language, the record of a *Fall*—a degradation, call it what you will; of an old time sex-union which the marriage bond only faintly typifies, and of which all earthly affection here and now is but the shadow. He will speak of "the mystery" which Paul says was made known to him—the mystery hid from ages and generations—not the mystery of the Cross (save in the sense of dim allusion), but that deeper mystery still of the primal sex relation, and of the higher and lower worlds; of the Pneuma, blowing where it listeth, breathing into dull humanity its Eternal Life from Eden to the Pentecostal Day—in a word, of the Mystery of the Ages—a record of which runs, like a silver thread, through our Scriptures from Genesis to the Apocalyptic vision.

THE SUB-SURFACE INTERPRETATION.

For the benefit of those who may not have ready access to the Kabbala, and such like records, reference may here be made to some of the manifestly sexual allusions of our English Bible. For example *inter alia multa*, to the mention, in Genesis, of the sons of God, and daughters of men; to the, otherwise, wholly unintelligible episode in connection with the visit to the Cities of the Plain—grievously misunderstood by most commentators, traces, these, of the irruption of a lower animal and separately sexed creation into an upper sphere; to the wrestling "with a man" of Jacob at Peniel (popularly

misconstrued into wrestling in prayer); to the appearance of visitants from above—called men—to the patriarchs; to the unburied body of Moses and the subsequently recorded dispute for its possession; to the history of Elijah's "translation," the mention of Melchisedec as fatherless and motherless, and to many other Old Testament passages which suggest themselves, and are possessed of a sub-surface meaning missed by the casual reader. In the New Testament again the narrative of John the Baptist, of Christ's virgin birth, His seamless robe, his refusing to allow Mary to touch Him in the garden, though according that privilege later to Thomas; the rending of the temple veil, etc., all point the same way. But these allusions are completely missed by the casual reader,—as was intended should be the case.

THE NEW HEAVEN AND NEW EARTH.

He says that every competent Hebraist knows this. But every learned Hebraist is not a prophet. Nor, it may be conjectured, will it be from the Israelitish race that the prophet of the future will spring, however highly privileged to participate in mystic knowledge that race has undoubtedly been. But the sex problem—the burning question, now, as always, will bear in its bosom the conditions of its solution, will bring forth one, be he who he may, who will testify to us of our "lost estate" and point the way for its regainment.

A transfigured sex relationship, born of revolt from animalism, will be a new heaven upon earth, the true "second coming," before which all visionary dreams of "fulfilled prophecy" grow dim and fade. Not without deep significance is the Virgin worship of the Roman Church, enshrining a meaning long ago distorted and maimed, but still *there*: for in woman only—in woman, who either raises man to the highest heavens or drags him to the lowest hell—in woman transfigured and reunited with man in mystical union, there is Paradise—once lost, and yet to be regained. In the moving words, the significance of which, though long travestied and blurred, still remains, "The Pneuma and the Bride say come!"

Pending the arrival of the expected prophet, possibly Mr. McCrie may give us a little more light upon this mysterious and abstruse subject. There is no doubt ample room for improvement in the relations to which he alludes, but it is not quite clear to the uninstructed intelligence of the average man in the street how the mystery is solved by substituting the word "pneuma" for "spirit."

A STATISTIC OF COMPARATIVE MORALITY.

THE *Medical Magazine* publishes a table which gives a curious insight into a question of comparative morality. None of the Governments of the four countries named are particularly scrupulous about the liberty of the subject, or the restrictions which have been placed upon medical science by moral and philanthropic considerations in this country. It is probable that a proportion of disease does stand in some direct ratio to the quantity of immorality in the armies in question. It is satisfactory to notice that the proportion of disease from this cause is decreasing in Germany, France, and Austria. In Italy only is it rising.

Years.	No. of Admissions per 1000 on Account of Venereal Disease.			
	Germany.	France.	Austria.	Italy.
1883-84	34.5	58.9	73.3	102
1884-85	32.6	52.1	73.5	95
1885-86	29.7	50.6	69.0	86
1886-87	28.6	49.7	65.8	82
1887-88	26.3	51.6	64.4	84
1888-89	26.7	46.7	65.4	79
1889-90	26.7	45.8	65.3	99
1890		43.8	65.4	104

CHARLES KINGSLEY AND HIS WORK.

AN ESTIMATE BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE interesting series of literary appreciations which Mr. Frederic Harrison is contributing to the *Forum* has Charles Kingsley as its latest subject. It is in no way below the very high standard of Mr. Harrison's literary work. He recognises that Kingsley was not one of the first-class novelists, but he maintains that as one of those who influenced the minds of the men of his own generation he well deserves attention:—

Charles Kingsley has such a place—not by reason of any great work or any very rare quality of his own, but by virtue of his versatility, his *verve*, his fecundity, his irrepressible gift of breaking out in some new line, his strong and reckless sympathy, and above all by real literary brilliance. Where he failed to impress, to teach, to inspire—almost even though he stirred men to anger or laughter—Charles Kingsley for a generation continued to interest the public, to scatter amongst them ideas or problems; he made many people think, and gave many people delight. He woke them up in all sorts of ways, about all sorts of things. He wrote lyrics, songs, dramas, romances, sermons, Platonic dialogues, newspaper articles, children's fairy books, scientific manuals, philosophical essays, lectures, extravaganzas, and theological polemics. Hardly any of these were quite in the first rank, and some of them were thin, flashy, and almost silly. But most of them had the saving gift of getting home to the interests, ideas, and tastes of the great public, and he made them think even when he was very wrong himself. Such activity, such keenness, such command of literary resources, has to be reckoned with in a man of warm feeling and generous impulses; and thus, if Charles Kingsley is no longer with very many either prophet or master, he was a literary influence of at least the second rank in his own generation.

HIS HISTORICAL NOVELS.

Nearly every one of Kingsley's imaginative works was polemical, full of controversy, theological, political, social, and racial; and this alone prevented them from being great works. Interesting works they are; full of vigour, beauty, and ardent conception; and it is wonderful that so much art and fancy could be thrown into what is in substance polemical pamphleteering. Of them all "Hypatia" is the best known and the best conceived. "Westward Ho!" shares with "Hypatia" the merit of being a successful historical romance. It is free from many of the faults of "Hypatia," it is more mature, more carefully written. Without pretending that Kingsley is a great novelist, there are scenes, especially descriptive scenes, in "Hypatia," in "Westward Ho!" which belong to the very highest order of literary painting, and have hardly any superior in the romances of our era. "Two Years Ago" has some vigorous scenes, but it has neither the merits nor the defects of Kingsley in historical romance. Its scene is too near for his fine imagination to work poetically, and it is too much of a sermon and pamphlet to be worth a second or a third reading; and as to "Hereward the Wake," I must confess to not having been able to complete even a first reading, and that after sundry trials. Of Kingsley's remaining fanciful pieces it is enough to say that "The Heroes" still remains, after forty years, the child's introduction to Greek mythology, and is still the best book of its class.

HIS POLITICAL NOVELS.

All Kingsley's novels are more or less political and polemical, but his "Yeast" or "Alton Locke" are social-political pamphlets in the shape of romances:—

"Yeast" is interesting and effective, and contains some of Kingsley's best work. It has some of his most striking verses, some of his finest pictures of scenery, many of his most eloquent thoughts, all his solid ideas, the passion of his youth, and the first glow of his enthusiasm. I am inclined to rank "Yeast" as Kingsley's typical performance in prose. It is more a work of art than "Alton Locke," for it is much shorter, less akin to journalism, less spasmodic, and more full of poetry.

"Yeast" deals with the country—which Kingsley knew better and loved more than he did the town. It deals with real, permanent, deep social evils, and it paints no fancy portrait of the labourer, the squire, the poacher, or the village parson. Kingsley there speaks of what he knows, and he describes that which he felt with the soul of a poet. The hunting scenes in "Yeast," the river vignettes, the village revel, are exquisite pieces of painting. And the difficulties overcome in the book are extreme. To fuse together a Platonic dialogue and a Carlyle latter-day pamphlet, and to mould this compound into a rural romance in the style of "Silas Marner," heightened with extracts from University pulpit sermons, with some ringing ballads, and political diatribes in the vein of Cobbett's appeals to the People—this was to show wonderful literary versatility and animation. And, after forty-five years, "Yeast" can be read and re-read still! "Alton Locke" was no doubt more popular, more passionately in earnest, more definite and intelligible than "Yeast"; and if I fail to hold it quite as the equal of "Yeast" in literary merit, it is because these very qualities necessarily impair it as a work of art.

KINGSLEY AS A POET.

Mr. Harrison speaks favourably of Kingsley's poetical work, and accords high praise to his songs:—

He has written songs which, as songs for the voice, have hardly been surpassed by Tennyson himself. "The Sands of Dee" and "The Three Fishers," if not poetry of quite perfect kind, have that incommunicable and indescribable element of the *cantabile* which fits them to the wail of a sympathetic voice perhaps even better than any songs of the most finished poetry.

In the last fifteen years of his life he wrote much, but the quality of his writings is not equal to their quantity. Mr. Harrison says:—

For fifteen years he poured out lectures, sermons, tales, travels, poems, dialogues, children's books, and historical, philosophical, theological, social, scientific, and sanitary essays—but the Charles Kingsley of "Yeast," of "Alton Locke," of "Hypatia," of "Westward Ho!" of the ballads and poems, we never knew again. He burnt out his fiery spirit at last, at the age of fifty-five, in a series of restless enterprises and a vehement outpouring of miscellaneous eloquence.

Mr. Harrison sums up the matter by saying that Charles Kingsley was a man of genius, half poet, half controversialist, and the combination was not always a happy one.

The Shifting Fashions of Collecting.

IN *Cassell's Family Magazine* there is a very interesting paper describing Mr. Jamrach's collection of wild beasts in the east of London. In concluding his sketch the writer says:—

Still, clever dealer though he was, Old Jamrach had a weakness. He was a conchologist. As a youth he took lessons in conchology, and all his life he was an enthusiastic collector of shells. He spent several thousands in sending men out to collect for him, not satisfied with the shoals that were ever being brought to his own doors. At one time Old Jamrach's collection of shells was reputed to be worth £10,000. Since his death, three years ago, they were a perfect nuisance, till last September, when Mr. A. E. Jamrach found a customer for them at £100. Even so, the customer got tired carting them away and left thirty loads. These the dustman was engaged to remove at 3s. a load. Thus, what less than a quarter of a century ago was so highly valued, is to-day treated as rubbish. Let collectors of postage stamps take warning.

MR. W. J. GORDON, in his paper in the *Leisure Hour* on "The World's Treasure Fields," says that England works up £1,700,000 every year into jewellery. This amounts to one-third of the world's smiths' work.

THE RIDDLE OF EXISTENCE.

By PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

In the *North American Review* for August, Professor Goldwin Smith contributes an article on "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," which is an examination of Professor's Drummond's "Ascent of Man," Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution," and Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief." Professor Goldwin Smith describes what each of these has to say as to the problem of the universe, and finds them of small value. Speaking of Professor Drummond's "Ascent of Man," he says that its solution is incomplete, but it is not on that account worthless:—

Mr. Drummond's solution may have value. The only moral excellence of which we have any experience or can form a distinct idea, is that produced by moral effort. If we try to form an idea of moral excellence unproduced by effort, the only result is seraphic insipidity. This may seem to afford a glimpse of possible reconciliation between evolution and our moral instincts. If upward struggle towards perfection, rather than perfection created by fiat, is the law of the universe, we may see in it, at all events, something analogous to the law of our moral nature.

Mr. Smith then expounds Mr. Kidd's theory, and after criticising it in some detail, concludes his criticism as follows:—

Mr. Kidd's theory is that man owes his progress to his having acted against his reason in obedience to a supernatural and extra-rational sanction of action which is identified with religion. The interest of the individual and that of society, Mr. Kidd holds to be radically opposed to each other. Reason bids the individual prefer his own interest. The supernatural and extra-rational sanction bids him prefer the interest of society, which is assumed to be paramount, and thus civilisation advances. The practical conclusion is that the churches are the greatest instruments of human progress. Of humanity, desire of improvement is the motive power. There is no need, therefore, of importing the language, fast becoming a jargon, of evolution into our general treatment of history. Bees, ants, and beavers are marvels of nature in their way. But they show no desire for improvement, and make no effort to improve. Man alone aspires. The aspiration is weak in the lower races of men, strong in the higher. Of its existence and of the different degrees in which it exists, science may be able to give an account. But it certainly is not the offspring of unreason, nor can it be aided in any way by superstition or by any rejection of truth.

Passing on to Mr. Balfour's book, he thinks that, as a founder, he is more likely to found scepticism than faith:—

Most of us will be content to look on while Mr. Balfour's metaphysical blade, flashing to the right and left, disposes of "Naturalism" on the one hand and of Transcendentalism on the other. We have only to put in a gentle *careat* against any idea of driving the world back through general scepticism to faith. Scepticism, not only general, but universal, is more likely to be the ultimate result, and any faith which is not spontaneous, whether it be begotten of ecclesiastical pressure or intellectual despair, is, and in the end will show itself to be, merely veiled unbelief.

Professor Smith's last words are as follows:—

There can be no hope, apparently, of laying new foundations for a rational theology in any direction excepting that of the study of the universe and of humanity as manifestations of the supreme power in that spirit of thorough-going intellectual honesty of which Huxley, who has just been taken from us, is truly said to have been an illustrious example. That we are made and intended to pursue knowledge is as certain as that we are made and intended to strive for the improvement of our estate, and we cannot tell how far or to what revelations the pursuit may lead us. If revelation is lost to us, manifestation remains, and great manifestations appear to be opening on our view. Agnosticism is right, if it is a counsel of honesty, but ought not to be heard if it is a counsel of despair.

BY BALLOON TO THE NORTH POLE.

THERE is an interesting article in the *Windsor Magazine* for August upon "How to Reach the North Pole." It is copiously illustrated, is written by Flora Klickmann, and describes the various methods that are at present being adopted for the purpose of solving the great mystery of the North. Miss Klickmann gives some interesting facts concerning the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition; but the most interesting part of her paper is her explanation of the scheme by which M. Andrée proposes to reach the North Pole with the balloon. She says:—

M. Andrée informs me that, starting from Norsk Islands, off Spitzbergen, travelling at the same rate as on some of his previous balloon expeditions, and given a favourable wind, he ought to reach the North Pole in *ten hours*. But even if he does not travel more than twenty-seven kilometres per hour—which is the mean speed of the wind at the particular elevation he proposes to adopt—forty-three hours should suffice to carry him to the coveted goal. So far as the Polar regions are concerned, the natural characteristics which are detrimental to exploring on the earth's surface, serve to facilitate balloon exploration. The total absence of vegetation enables the balloon to travel steadily, there being no danger of its towlines becoming entangled in trees. This consideration is of great importance, seeing that photographs are to be taken during the whole of the voyage, and constant jerks would be disastrous to the work on board. The continual sunshine serves to maintain an evenness of temperature, and consequently the variations in the carrying power of the balloon will be very slight. The snowfall in the summer is not heavy, and there is no likelihood of the balloon encountering thunderstorms, as in warmer regions.

"All these points unmistakably indicate the superiority of a balloon over a boat or sledge for exploring such a country," said M. Andrée, "and they are not merely scientific deductions, but the result of personal experiments, therefore I feel I am justified in putting them forward."

M. Andrée proposes to start, with two others, in the early summer of 1896. He will take the balloon as far as the Norsk Islands, where a large shed will be erected in which the balloon will be filled with gas; here he will await a favourable wind to start into the unknown. The car will contain a dark room for photography, and well-protected sleeping accommodation for the three travellers. The roof of the rooms will be boarded to form the floor of the upper story, which will have a balustrade, and serve as a promenade. Photography being an important feature, 3000 plates will be taken, though these will not be developed till they arrive home again. The balloon will be provisioned for four months, and it will also carry canvas boats, sledge, tent, life-saving apparatus in case of any mishap, scientific instruments, an electric battery, also an electric cooking-stove. The explorers hope that a favourable wind will carry them right across the Pole. M. Andrée has already experimented in the matter of steering a balloon, and has so far succeeded that he can divert its course to the extent of over 27 degrees from the direction the wind is taking. This may be an immense advantage to him.

Railway Construction in the United States.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON, writing on "The Signs of the Times" in the *Engineering Magazine*, gives us a forecast of great industrial activity in the United States, especially in the matter of railway building. He says:—

Dating from January 1st, 1896, it will become necessary to add railroad mileage to our present service at the rate of not less than 5,000 or 6,000 miles a year for many years to come, in order to give a partly adequate service to these very productive areas of our national domain which are now suffering from their own discredit. Not less than 100,000 miles of new railroad must be constructed in the next fifteen or twenty years. This extension will not consist of great through lines, which may be called the warp of our system, but of cross lines and connections, which make the weft.

THE ENGLISH WOMEN OF TO-DAY

AS SEEN THROUGH FRENCH EYE-GLASSES.

IN a recent number of the *Revue de Paris*, M. Filon, a well-known authority on all that concerns England and English literature, gives a lengthy account of the part played in Socialism by the Englishwoman. "To see ourselves as others see us" is not always given to the leaders of a great movement, and those concerned and connected with the woman's movement will do well to read this curious article, which really deals with the whole woman's question rather than the part played in English Socialism by feminine influence. The writer begins by recalling his having once heard Miss Jex Blake "with her brilliant black eyes, her quiet smile and dimpled cheeks," tell a large London audience how she had been insulted by the Edinburgh University, the students and professors, and then recount the story of her final triumph.

ENGLISH WOMEN AND SOCIALISM.

He declares that those women who are engaged in helping the Independent Labour Party are injuring themselves, and points out that most of the Labour members in the last Parliament made it their one endeavour to obtain legislation against the freedom of labour for women; he also blames Lady Henry Somerset for having upheld in the *Woman's Signal* Sir William Harcourt's bill. M. Filon puts on record the fact that he has had ten volumes printed by women, and he says that in France the feminine compositors, readers, and so on have an acknowledged place; "while in London, a stupendous city containing five million souls, there are but two printing houses that employ women."

MRS. WEBB AS MADAME ROLAND.

As is natural, M. Filon devotes a considerable amount of space to the Fabian Society, which is, he declares, really managed by three people, of whom one, Miss Beatrice Potter (Mrs. Sidney Webb), he styles the Madame Roland of the Social Evolution. "Absolutely charming, without the slightest apparent touch of masculinity or eccentricity; Herbert Spencer, who knew her as a child, early foresaw her fine philosophical gifts." Workmen, he adds, will owe much to Mrs. Webb; but what will women workers owe her? His answer is, little or nothing. "Happily and respectably married, she has never preached by precept or example against marriage. I may be mistaken, but I fancy that the Fabian Society has hesitated to pronounce on the great marriage question, owing to the more or less direct influence of Mrs. Webb."

DIVORCE IN ENGLAND.

M. Filon has examined the English divorce and suicide registers, but he found that though Englishwomen often kill themselves for love, they very rarely put an end to their existence through poverty. "In England, divorce is a luxury—an accessory to the existence only of the wealthy; that is why there is only one divorce for every five hundred and seventy-seven marriages, and in France, one divorce to seventy-eight marriages, and in Paris, one divorce to every thirteen marriages! And yet," says the French writer, "nowhere is marriage as an institution more attacked, both from the inside and outside, than in England," and to prove this he quotes Sydney Grundy's "New Woman," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and Grant Allen's "Woman who Did," which book he describes as being "noble and sad, treating chastely a delicate question." He quotes a couple of sentences out of "The

Ideal Husband," but apparently without understanding the true meaning of a very charming episode.

MARRIAGE WITH US,

M. Filon does not approve of long engagements. "I have often seen two English young people united at the altar who had already become mortally sick of one another." He also criticises severely our large families; "when the children are young there is a nurse and under-nurse, as they grow older they are sent off to a distant school, only coming back for the holidays. . . . As for the children of the People, they grow up as they can in the gutter and the street. With us (that is in France) not unfrequently a man and his wife, who have begun by being indifferent to each other, will become truly united owing to their love for their children;" and he proceeds to give a roseate account of what continental matrimony really implies.

AND IN FRANCE.

"In France, marriages are, I think, seldom made through love; how many other things good and evil enter into the question of this life-long association! Sometimes vanity, sometimes ambition, not unfrequently mutual interests. Once married, with what energy the young couple work with a view of building a nest for their little ones. The wife is as often as not an excellent business woman; she is frequently superior to her husband, and ends by becoming master. During the marriage ceremony the man promises to protect and the woman promises to obey, but we all know how many husbands obey their wives and how many wives protect their husbands!" And then he continues: "I have never seen anything of the kind among the middle-class Englishwomen, they know rather how to spend than to save or make money, few of them know how to sew, still fewer how to cook; their rooms are untidy, and they are at the mercy of their servants; rarely are they to be found in their 'home, sweet home.' They spend their days shopping, or seeing their friends, and walking in the park."

He gives a very unfair account of London Women's Clubs, notably of the Pioneer, which he evidently describes at second hand. M. Filon is on the whole not unjust to the British Woman movement, though we note with surprise that he hardly touches on the suffrage question.

Chapman's Magazine of Fiction publishes Professor Brander Matthews's short story, "The Twinkling of an Eye," which won the second prize in a competition out of three thousand competitors for the best detective story. It is interesting to note that the Christmas number will consist of short complete tales dealing with the supernatural and fantastic aspects of life. There is a short story of considerable power, but somewhat sad and sombre, by Mark Sale, entitled "How Hepzibah Shut the Gates of Paradise."

MR. F. W. HAYES, in a paper in the *Humanitarian*, on "National Disability Insurance," suggests that the poor rate should be converted into an insurance rate; that it should be reformed in its incidence to spread over an enlarged taxable area, and relieve charges it has no business to bear. Under the suggested system all pauper relief would cease to exist:—

In many thousands of cases, a pension about equal to the average cost of pauper maintenance per head would meet all the requirements of old married couples and of aged or incapacitated parents, with children or other relatives associated with them who would all at present be maintained out of the rates.

CROMWELL'S MAJOR-GENERALS,**OR, ENGLAND UNDER MILITARY GOVERNMENT.**

MR. DAVID WATSON RANNIE in the *English Historical Review* for July gives the best account which I have seen of the way in which England was governed by Cromwell's major-generals. His paper is very carefully compiled, and gives a very vivid picture of the most determined effort which has ever been made to place England under coercion in the interests of law, order, and Puritanism.

CROMWELL'S ARMED POLICE.

The scheme was an elaborate and carefully thought-out attempt to use arbitrary power in order to raise the moral and social condition of the people. Mr. Rannie says:—

For the full recognition and explanation of the executive functions of the major-generals we must turn to twenty-one Instructions which were issued to them at a somewhat later date, and then published in the newspapers. Taken together with the Declaration they represent the full idea of the institution as it left Cromwell's brain, while in themselves they are the completion of the partial instructions issued from time to time by the council during the summer and early autumn. In these Instructions the military aspect of the institution is made almost entirely subordinate to the administrative: in the course of the twenty-one clauses the major-generals are ordered to act practically as police, with a military force to assist them if necessary. The document, in fact, indicates a scheme of local government conformed to a puritan standard of public morals. No very special or temporary danger to the state was assumed to exist; it was only assumed that plenty of the influences which make for bad or loose government are abroad and active in England and Wales. In particular it was assumed that there had hitherto been too great carelessness as to the loyalty of large households in country districts, and also that the land swarmed with vagrants, native and foreign, whose movements, so long as they were unaccounted for, were a source of risk to the public peace.

THEIR WORK AND HOW THEY DID IT.

There were thirteen major-generals and three deputies. England was divided out between them. They seem to have done their work well. Mr. Rannie says:—

On the whole the evidence of the correspondence goes to show that the major-generals were high-minded and conscientious men, aware that their functions were novel, and at many points lacking in legal definition, and eager, therefore, that these drawbacks should be met by tact and wisdom at headquarters.

Mr. Rannie divides the duties of the major-generals under six heads:—

- (1) Taxation, (2) general conservation of the peace, (3) religion and morals, (4) poor law, (5) registration, (6) licensing.

THEIR INSTRUCTIONS.

Mr. Rannie then enters into particulars under each of these heads:—

(1) *Taxation*.—The financial duties of the major-generals, which do not appear at all in the Instructions, make a very great show in the correspondence. An income tax of ten per cent. was imposed on all Royalists possessing estates in land of the value of £100 a year and upwards, or personal property amounting to £1,500; and on the major-generals lay, first, the inquisitory duty of determining who in their respective districts were Royalists within the prescribed limits of means; secondly, the duty of collecting the tax from them; thirdly, the duty of paying the militia out of the proceeds.

(2) *General Conservation of the Peace*.—The major-generals were instructed to suppress insurrections and unlawful assemblies, and to repel invasions. They were to see that all Papists, rebels, and dangerous persons were disarmed, and their arms confiscated. They were to provide police protection for the highways and roads, especially near London, and to insist on

the prosecution of robbers, highwaymen, etc., and the punishment of their abettors.

(3) *Religion and Morals*.—The major-generals were instructed to prevent horse-racing, cock-fighting, bear-baiting, and the performance of stage plays within their districts, because of the danger of general evil and wickedness, as well as of hatching treason and rebellion. They were to report upon the character of teachers and preachers, and to secure the execution of the ordinance for the ejection of insufficient ministers and schoolmasters. By their behaviour they were to promote godliness and virtue, and to co-operate with justices of the peace, ministers, and officers intrusted with the care of such things to secure the execution of the laws against drunkenness, blasphemy, swearing, plays, profaning the Lord's day, etc. They were to seek out and suppress all gaming houses and houses of ill-fame in London and Westminster. There is some evidence that efforts were made to distinguish what was immoral from what was inexpedient. Thus in March, 1656, the spring races at Lincoln fell due, and the Earl of Exeter asked Major-General Whalley whether Lady Grantham's cup might be run for. Whalley gave permission; and he reported to Cromwell, "I assured him that it was not your highness's intention in the suppressing of horse races to abridge gentlemen of their sport, but to prevent the great confluences of irreconcilable enemies." Against wickedness, profaneness, etc., the major-generals worked steadily. Against swearing they were especially severe. Butler fined a certain Mr. Burton £6 for saying "God damn me," and protested that it should have been £10 if the culprit's horse would have fetched as much. Attempts were made to prevent the profanation of Sunday by preventing markets from being held on Saturday or Monday. In some places "base books" were suppressed; and a raid was made against illegal marriages. The most direct efforts in behalf of religion were those to carry out the ordinance for the ejection of insufficient ministers and schoolmasters, and generally to regulate churches and schools.

(4) *Poor Law*.—The major-generals were instructed to see that unemployed persons were either made to work or sent out of the Commonwealth; to consider the case of the poor, and to report upon it to the Lord Protector and his council: meanwhile they were to insist upon the execution of the laws bearing on such cases.

(5) *Registration*.—The major-generals were instructed that every householder in their respective districts must give security by his bond that his servants should keep the peace of the Commonwealth while in his service, during which time he must be ready to appear before the major-general, or his deputy or agent, whensoever and wheresoever, and as often as he should appoint, on notice left at his house. Besides the bond for the household entered into by its head, there was a *personal* bond bearing on four classes of persons, viz., (1) those who had borne arms against the Commonwealth; (2) those who lived dissolutely; (3) those without a calling; (4) those apparently living beyond their means. Every member of those four classes was to give bond with two sureties, with condition that, if "the above bounden A. B." should (1) henceforth live peaceably, etc., (2) reveal to the authorities any knowledge of plots against the Government, (3) be ready to appear before the major-general whenever called upon, (4) formally notify any change of address, (5) on going to London comply with rules for registration there, (6) refrain from ever using a false name, the obligation should be void.

(6) *Licensing*.—The major-generals were instructed to suppress all *solitary* alehouses. All alehouses were to be carefully regulated both as to numbers and character. Under this head the major-generals seem to have done their work briskly. There was a good deal to be done. By Tudor legislation the licensing of public-houses was put into the hands of the justices of the peace, and they showed themselves more careful for the relief of thirst than for the prevention of drunkenness. There were also many unlicensed houses. The constables of Coventry, for example, reported that there were fifty unlicensed alehouses in the town. Whalley wrote from Coventry on December 1st, 1655, that both there and in Lincoln, owing to the want of co-operation on the part of the civic magistrates, alehouses were no sooner put down than

THE EVOLUTION OF A MODERN PAGAN.

THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW" ON MR. SYMONDS.

In the current number of the *Quarterly Review* there is an elaborate article entitled "Modern Paganism," which is a consideration of the Life and Letters of Mr. J. Addington Symonds and Walter Pater's "Marius the Epicurean." Both subjects are treated as samples of modern Paganism. The reviewer says:—

Two biographies lately published—the one real, the other imaginary yet in some sense no fiction—enable us to survey in detail that æsthetic movement which has been with us these thirty years, and the principles of which run up into Paganism, Cyrenaic, or Stoic, but avowedly pre-Christian.

EDUCATION AND HEREDITY.

The best part of the article is, however, devoted to Mr. J. A. Symonds, of whom the reviewer says many interesting things. Speaking of Mr. Symonds's education, he says:—

Unlike many children of genius, he was the heir of a noble estate in intellect, with circumstances of gentle nurture, domestic happiness, friends of name, and the doors into public life open. Six generations of Puritans—whose letters he should one day burn—had bequeathed to him a tradition of strenuous piety, transfigured or filed down in his father—a successful and art-loving physician, Liberal and Broad Church—to moralities and modern progress.

The Roundheads, however, prevailed in shaping Symonds's childhood, despite his free-thinking parent. He is full of indignation at the hard noviciate that he endured in their Bethedas and Blind Asylums, thanks to his grandmother Sykes, the Plymouth sister, and her "motley crew of preachers and missionaries, trades-people and cripples." That lady held all things pleasant to be of the Evil One. Her ailing grandson was haunted by a morbid sense of sin; and when the cholera broke out, prayed feverishly that he might not catch it. Religious to this extent he was—no more. Of the Gospel, in these pools where pietism lay stagnant, he heard nothing.

THE INFLUENCE OF OXFORD.

When he went to the university he lost even the small hold which he had upon the Christian religion:—

Languid days, long agonies of doubt, suicidal fancies, prepare us for the announcement that he, who never had been a Christian by training or temper, had lost all belief in the Supernatural. He wanted guidance, but none was vouchsafed. The Oxford of thirty-five years ago, he says, made men rhetoricians and sophists, who would come out brilliantly in the *Saturday Review*, and if they fell under Jowett's influence, were sceptics. But it gave them no principles beyond a vague sense of duty; they were taught, instead of philosophy, mere literature.

SPIRITUAL BANKRUPTCY.

His health failed him, he went abroad bankrupt in body and soul. The reviewer thus describes the process by which he arrived at the ultimate conclusion upon which he modelled what remained of his life:—

The maladies of the spirit seize him while wintering in Cannes; there, as Teufelsdrück would say, he wrestles with the Everlasting No, and is almost overthrown. "Hours too black for human language pass by": the soul comes forth, living but scarred; and now he will shape his "rule of conduct" in one single axiom. Out of the "devil's cauldron"—his own word—he has emerged; and it is a day of conversion on which he moves into "Stoical acceptance of his place in the world, combined with Epicurean indulgence." A combination, indeed! "These two motives," he observes, "restored me to comparative health, gave me religion, and enabled me, in spite of broken nerves and diseased lungs, to do what I have done in literature."

DILETTANTISM AS THE ULTIMATE.

Not once, but intermittently, suicide came within his view. "It offers no solution," he said, and waved the tempter from him. And the solution which he did accept? Was it "some clear faith in things that are pure and eternal?" Or "a definite conception of Deity"? Not so. In the vacuum of abstractions—thus his biographer sums up—he could no longer breathe. It was impossible to find the Absolute. He turned then from thoughts to things, from ideals to sensations, like a second Doctor Faustus; and while his state of "entire negation" became, as it were, crystallised by so deliberate a choice, in action he was henceforth the dilettante, curious and impassioned, who looks not for to-morrow. All moods of existence, if they be pleasurable, are justified to him. When they give pain, resignation is the wisest course.

THE MORAL OF IT ALL.

The following are the meditations of the *Quarterly* reviewer over the outcome of modern Paganism:—

It is clear that when Paganism takes a certain large sweep, art, which was once its finest flower, may wither on its stem. But life, unless it falls to drift and dross, will demand a standard. We look for it eagerly in this immense correspondence, in the essays, poems, histories, flung out to us by the unwearied invalid. There is none. Talk we find of human service; abstract worship of Law; hymns recommending the "cosmic enthusiasm." But a rule of conduct, or grounds of hope—these Symonds cannot give; and he makes known his poverty with a frankness which cuts to the heart, as we read him.

Culture without principle is a wrecker's light. Dilettantism, regardless of ethics, that is to say, of the something which makes us human, turns the finest knowledge, and the natural desire of man to embellish and sweeten existence, into a subtle poison,—“art after art goes out, and all is night.” Had there been no Pagan Renaissance, Europe might have spared itself a Puritan Reformation. It was the men who despised Religion that ruined art, and furnished an excuse for banishing innocent joy.

The same danger, and a not unlike dilemma, threatens now. It cannot be denied that shallow young men, whose acquaintance with Greek and Latin would not bear half-an-hour's examination, and whose passion for the fine arts is obviously affected, have learnt their false Platonism from teachers no less cultivated than Symonds, and as reserved in style as Pater. The stream of tendency has caught them; and not a few are drifting downwards,—some have been already swept away. They begin with Aristippus; they end, as Leopardi ended: the next world fades into darkness, lighted by no sun or star. Most miserable of all, the sacred name of friendship is profaned on the abused authority of Plato; and a savour of death lurks in the most unselfish of relations, now disengaged from its human and ethical meaning. Yet Plato has warned them repeatedly, in words not unbecoming a Hebrew prophet—"Ut quid diligitis vanitatem, et queritis mendacium?"—that the penalty of mistaken ends is ruin.

THE *Critical Review* for July is chiefly noticeable for two articles. Principal Whitehouse, in a eulogy of Cheyne's "Introduction to Isaiah," holds that the Canon betrays a tendency to underrate the intellectual and spiritual possibilities of the great prophetic leaders of Israel before the exile. Canon Cheyne contributes a very appreciative review of a work on Hebrew mythology by the rising young German Professor, Gunckel. He endorses Gunckel's demand that archaeology and the history of religions should have more recognition than has hitherto been accorded them in the field of Old Testament research. Gunckel's contribution to the Higher Criticism is, that he says right out that the close of the literary arrangements in the Jahvist is to be placed in the seventh century, but most of the legends are very old.

WHAT LORD RANDOLPH TRIED TO DO.

By MR. ESCOTT.

IN the *Twentieth Century* for August, Mr. Escott sets forth what, in his opinion, was the real lifework of Lord Randolph Churchill.

TO FOUND A NATIONAL PARTY

Briefly stated, that lifework was the destruction of both the Whig and Tory parties in order to found the National party made in the image of Lord Randolph on the ruins of both :—

Randolph Churchill, during his Parliamentary infancy, had witnessed the complete failure of Conservative bureaucracy and the unexpected triumph of electoral Home Rule, whose moving spirits were not fettered by venal allegiance to party wire-pullers at Westminster. The conclusion to which he found himself thus early led was irresistible—namely, that Conservative victories in the future would result not from the mechanical execution of local orders from Whitehall, but from the full development of the constitutional instinct born in all Englishmen, after the manner best adapted to the peculiarities and needs, the history and prejudices, of particular districts, each to be dealt with separately, according to its wants. The true founder of Unionism was, therefore, paradox though it may sound, a great party leader just in proportion as he defied and despised party conventions and party platitudes. Health and life were alone wanting to enable him to bring his ideas to a perfect test. But he was not prevented altogether from applying the touchstone of experience to his views.

WITH RELIGION AS A CATCHWORD

Lord Randolph very soon after his return to Parliament began to carry out his policy, creating great scandal by so doing in the Conservative ranks; but, according to Mr. Escott, although Mr. Disraeli found fault with him officially, he refused in a very marked fashion to put the screw upon the insubordinate young man effectively :—

Mr. Disraeli refused to exercise the disciplinary control that he had not yet formally relinquished, which his colleague in the generalship of the Representative Chamber had just reason to expect would have been asserted in his own interests. Thus encouraged, the politician of whom we are now speaking took an important step further in execution of his deliberate project for superseding the two conventional factions by a combination genuinely national, and not exposed to partisanship's suspicion. He had at this time, by many crucial experiments, satisfied himself that, in whatever camp they might ostensibly be ranged, the composition of all English crowds and individuals included at least as many Conservative as Liberal affinities. The chance of an appeal to this Tory residuum in the name of religion, but with the real purpose of advancing the process of party disintegration, was not to be lost. Such an opportunity he found providentially granted him by the Bradlaugh episode.

AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN AS AN ALLY.

There is something cynical about Mr. Escott's use of the word Providence. When a party politician decided to make religion a stalking horse in order to promote the ends of his own faction, the occurrence may be opportune, but he is going somewhat far in calling it providential. Opportune or providential, or whatever we may call it, Lord Randolph made the best of the opportunity afforded him by the Bradlaugh episode; at the same time, we are told, he set himself to detach Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain from their allegiance to Mr. Gladstone. Here racing helped him with the Duke of Devonshire, but, says Mr. Escott,

Churchill's great conquest was Mr. Chamberlain. From the moment that these two first became acquainted with each other, there was developed between them a surprising identity of common tastes as well as of reciprocal interests

both at Westminster and elsewhere. Mr. Chamberlain, as an observer of his age, visited society in the same temper he might have gone to the play. Naturally he preferred a stage-box, or a front stall for his survey, to a place in the pit or a perch in the gallery. Nor did he like the Tory democrat the less because his company passed him automatically to that post of advantage. Paying to Mr. Chamberlain, whose political methods at Birmingham he admired profoundly, that most effective compliment, the flattery of imitation, Churchill had the satisfaction of noticing the Birmingham autocrat desert by insensible degrees his Gladstonian allegiance, and approximate to a point at which the only difference between the two democrats was the accident of one calling himself a Liberal while the other preferred the epithet Conservative. Such is the sincere, if secret, history of the first secession from Liberalism consummated by Mr. Chamberlain.

HIS REWARD.

The Conservatives were not grateful to Lord Randolph for what he did for them, but in this Mr. Escott sees nothing at which to be surprised :—

The man who between 1874 and 1886 destroyed two parties, replacing them by one of his own creation, was rewarded by vexation while he lived, and, with the single exception noted above, has been pursued by misrepresentation or abuse ever since he has been dead. The Conservatives are never long happy unless they are worrying some one to death.

One would have thought that the eulogist of the man who worried poor Lord Idlesleigh to death is not exactly the person to write the preceding sentence. Mr. Escott sums up his paper thus :—

In exactly two years more than a decade after his programme of disintegrating Liberalism, and so driving a nail into the coffin of party had been announced, Churchill witnessed the triumphant execution of his life-long plot. This is the real work at which Churchill laboured throughout his course, and in which he fulfilled his idea entirely.

THE BLACKMAILING JOURNALISTS OF PARIS.

A RESIDENT in Paris, writing on "French Journalism" in the *National Review* for September, gives some curious details as to the venality of the French journals :—

When, a short time ago, several Paris journalists were arrested for blackmailing, the director of a circle, named Isidore Bloch, testified that, when asked for money by certain of the accused, he understood their advances simply as an effort to form an advertising syndicate to be paid *pro rata* by the clubs as the Paris newspapers were already paid by Monaco. Though it has long been known that the Press was thus subsidised, almost without exception, this is the first instance in which an avowal of the fact has been made by a competent witness. The sums paid to several of the most important organs of public opinion have been stated approximately at different times, as, for instance, 300,000 francs a year to the journal that boasts the largest circulation in the world, and 200,000 to a Conservative sheet circulating largely in the upper circles of society. Other organs of the Press are paid according to their presumed circulation or influence.

The amount distributed in the form of subsidies by the Panama Canal among the French Press, that of Paris taking the lion's share, has commonly been estimated, in the absence of precise information, at 25,000,000 francs. The sums paid to individual newspapers have been published, and range from 50,000 to 300,000 francs, more or less, the amount given often depending rather on the avidity and tenacity of the claimant than on the influence of the organ he represented. When the Panama scandal was undergoing investigation by a Parliamentary Committee, a well-known editor, being asked if he had received money from the company, replied that he had, and added haughtily, "I have the right to sell my publicity, have I not?"

The transition from the sale of a journal's opinions and influence to the use of those opinions and of that influence as a

means of extorting money is easy and natural. Where this traffic is the rule, and the list of newspapers struggling for existence is long, the offence must necessarily be common. In fact, when six or eight Parisian journalists were arrested on this charge a few months ago, it was intimated in various quarters that the number of the accused might with justice have been doubled or tripled. The editorial blackmailer who aims highest, and runs the least risk, is he who virulently and persistently attacks the Ministers in power, with the hope of drawing on the secret-service fund, or obtaining other less tangible immunities or advantages. Wealthy candidates, as elsewhere, are threatened with untimely revelations affecting their private record, or simply with a journal's opposition.

The worst feature of this sort of journalism is its intervention in the case of persons arrested or threatened with arrest. Then the accused, or someone of his family, is offered the journal's "publicity," which will take the form, as circumstances may demand, of a judicious silence, or such a statement of the case as may dispose the public to believe that no offence has been committed, and may influence, in some manner not explained, the court and jury. When Captain Dreyfus was arrested for treason, his family, which is wealthy, is said to have been approached in this manner by the representatives of several newspapers. Similar offers were made not long ago to a firm of army contractors accused of fraud. These are isolated instances of what is of frequent occurrence. The campaign of General Boulanger was a mine of riches to a great number of journalists, who cared much for their personal profit, and little for the troubles they might bring upon their country.

A SWEDISH "ALAN'S WIFE."

SOME four years ago there was reviewed in these pages a short but stirring story entitled "Released!" by the

Swedish authoress, Elin Ameen. The *motif* was painfully tragic. A young wife, in the spring-glory of wedded happiness, her heart full of proud ecstasy in the quickening of her firstborn beneath it, stands at the door of her pretty little cottage, awaiting with rapturous impatience the return of her stalwart, worshipped, workman-husband. At last he comes; but not, as was his wont, with glad footstep and ringing greeting, in the flush of splendid, healthy manhood, but—borne on a



MISS AMEEN.

bier; silent for ever; mangled to death! The young wife's anguish is terrible. The very sunshine seems to turn away abashed, and Fate looks on her handiwork alone, cold and immovable. But her living victim is too strong, too brave; she cannot die of grief. And, by-and-by, the hopes she builds on the tender life she holds within her, soften her despair. The heavens smile again. God is good to her, she feels gratefully, as she muses with a sweet pride on her coming motherhood. But, alas!

though God is good, indeed, and pities, He has made Nature goddess supreme of earth-life, and He does not go back on her. The child is born a hopeless cripple. The broken-hearted mother, robbed of every happiness, looks down dry-eyed upon the little mite drinking, in baby content and unconsciousness, a bitter life from her breast. She sees the joylessness of its childhood, the heartaches and gloom of its youth and manhood—that season, oh, pitiless Nature, of love and hope, and brave resolves and dreams of prowess!—the awful barrenness of its whole existence. And so at last, her mother-love conquering all other feelings, she gently and mercifully snuffs out the little life. And ever after, through all the sadness and the anguish that must henceforth be her portion, rings out the triumph-cry of mother-love, "But I released my child!"

It was this stirring story, "Released!" which appealed so strongly to Miss Elizabeth Robins, that she founded, or caused to be founded, upon it the dramatic study, "Alan's Wife," which made so deep an impression on the memorable night on which it was played at the Independent Theatre. Those who witnessed Miss Robins' unforgettable performance will be interested to learn that Miss Elin Ameen has now herself dramatised "Released!" under the title "A Mother," and that this Swedish version of "Alan's Wife" has so revived the enthusiasm of the talented young *tragédienne* that there is every possibility that she will, when opportunity favours, produce Miss Ameen's own dramatic study. Based as they both are on the motive of "Released!" it is natural that "Alan's Wife" and "A Mother" should differ but slightly in situation and dialogue. In the last scene, however, they differ entirely, Miss Ameen's conception being the better of the two. In one or two other respects, Miss Ameen's play is an improvement upon "Alan's Wife," the first of these being its much more appropriate and expressive title. The title "Alan's Wife" is mischievously misleading, for if we regard Jean Creyke as Alan's wife, rather than as a mother, we are led to believe that her aversion to physical weakness and deformity was a potent, if not the chief, factor in her deed, and the aspect of it is wholly altered. In "Released!" the heroine is certainly a worshipper of strength and beauty, but this is merely a phase of her healthy, glowing individuality, and could have no influence on her mother-love. Miss Ameen's play is now being translated into French by the Russian Count de Prozor.

In the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. John Fiske has a long article describing Captain John Smith, the hero beloved by Pocahontas. The new serial by Charles E. Craddock, entitled "The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain," is begun in this number.

THE *Revista Brasileira* of Rio de Janeiro is certainly an acquisition to Portuguese literature. It is the third review of the name. The first was a quarterly, and appeared from 1857 to 1861. The second lived for three years—1879, 1880 and 1881. The present *Revista Brasileira* is bi-monthly, and promises to have a longer life than its predecessors.

In the *Engineering Magazine* for August there are some unpublished historical facts concerning Robert Fulton and his steamboats. It is followed by another article on James Rumsey, who was an American, born of Scotch parents in Maryland, who built a steamship and propelled it at the rate of five miles an hour twenty years before Fulton knew how to do it.

A PHILOSOPHER OF THE SECOND CENTURY.

BY PROF. MAX MÜLLER.

IN the opinion of Professor Max Müller, the Parliament of Religions at Chicago was the most important event of the year 1893-4, yet so little had been heard of it on the Continent that the editors of the Vienna *Fremdenblatt* not long ago deemed it necessary to explain what this Parliament was. Similarly, when the Professor was asked what from his point of view would be the most desirable discovery of the coming year, and he replied, the discovery of the original text of the *Sermo Verus*, or *Logos Alethes* of Celsus, this work also seemed so little known that the editors again considered it necessary to add some explanation.

WHO IS CELSUS?

For the enlightenment of German, and assuredly of many English, readers, Professor Müller tells us, in the July *Deutsche Rundschau*, something of this second-century philosopher, author of the "*Sermo Verus*," the first noteworthy polemic against Christianity. But, unhappily, the original text of the work of Celsus has perished, or at any rate has not yet been recovered, and all we know of it consists of fragments given by Origen as quotations in his answer, "*Contra Celsum*," in eight books. The Professor is not without hope that the lost book may be restored, seeing that the most recent discoveries of old Greek writings in Egypt were made in the coffins of mummies, and it is not impossible that the work of Celsus may have been rolled up and used as a cushion for a mummy in like manner.

THE SERMO VERUS.

But why concern ourselves with the *Sermo Verus* at all? In the first, second, and even third centuries after Christ, we know practically nothing of the history of Christianity beyond what we have in the Bible, and it is now an old rule that much may be learnt from a presentment of the other side of the case. Celsus was distinctly hostile to the doctrines of Christianity, and it would be most interesting to hear how the new religion appeared to the cultured man of the second century, especially as he believed in the philosophical views of the Christian community. But to him it is self-contradiction for men who had once adopted the *Logos* idea to couple with it belief in Christ as the materialised *Logos*. For him the Christian religion is something objective; in all other writings of the first three centuries it is mostly subjective. He is the only non-Christian and non-Jewish writer of the second century who was acquainted with representatives both of Judaism and of Christianity, and had himself read carefully portions of the Old and New Testament; in fact, he boasts of knowing more about these religions than many of their devotees.

ORIGEN'S REPLY.

Little else is at present known of Celsus. Origen says scarcely anything about him personally, and we are not even clear as to his date. He is believed to have been the friend of Lucian, but Celsus is a common name, and Origen himself speaks of two of the name, both Epicureans. It is strange, however, that Origen should have taken so little pains to ascertain some particulars of his opponent. He leaves us in doubt whether it is the same Celsus who wrote two other books against the Christians, for at the end of his work he refers to Celsus as though he was a contemporary, and declares his intention of replying equally fully to another book by Celsus against the Christians as soon as it reaches him.

Why did Origen answer Celsus at such length? Undoubtedly because Celsus was not only well acquainted

with the chief philosophical schools of antiquity, but had studied very extensively the religions of the ancient world. Celsus is referred to as having written about the doctrines of the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Jews, the Persians, the Eleusinians, and other nations with religious and philosophical systems, for he believed that all these systems bore a certain relationship to each other.

THE NEW LIFE.

There is no doubt that the lower classes among the Jews and Greeks welcomed the new religion. The great multitudes were without a practical religion. True, the Greek thinkers had their systems of philosophy and morals, but their ancient religion was no more. Similarly the old belief of the Jews had become a meaningless temple worship, with neither comfort nor hope to offer to the weak human heart. In the eyes of the majority of philosophers of that time, every religion was a passing superstition good enough for the masses, but unworthy of the attention of the cultured. That Celsus should have thought the new religion an object worthy of attack only proves how important Christianity—quite independently of Judaism—had become. In fact, heathen philosophers had come to regard it as something dangerous which must be combated with philosophical weapons.

Christianity was, in the first place, much more a new life than a new religion. Its first disciples were Jews, and remained Jews in the eyes of the world. Celsus reproached the Christians with having chosen as Apostles men of bad character, and Origen replies that herein consists the divine power of the personality and teaching of Christ, that men who had been deep in sin could come to a new life. Christ resembled Buddha in describing himself as a physician who had not come to heal the whole, but the sick.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE LOGOS.

But Christianity could not long avoid metaphysical discussions. Such learned Greeks as adopted the new faith soon found themselves obliged to defend their position, hence the so-called Apologies. The bridge between Greek philosophy and Christianity was the *Logos*. Professor Müller now deals with this fundamental doctrine of Christianity, which was soon driven into the background, and seems little understood even in the present day. In Christian antiquity it was probably in consequence of the practical and political development of the new religion, but with it was cut off the life-nerve of the Christian religion. First, the dogma was misunderstood; then an explanation for it was sought in mythology. But in modern times the *Logos* doctrine has been persistently neglected, and to lose it is to take away the most important ground from under the feet of Christianity, for therewith vanishes the historic justification of Christianity, its living connection with Greek antiquity. He who reads "In the beginning was the Word," without troubling further about its inner meaning, forgets that a religion requires thought as well as faith. A religion does not need to be a philosophy, but it must be able to answer philosophy; and, however little we may now emphasise the *Logos* dogma, we must remember it was the centre, the life of the whole Christian teaching. Celsus says he has nothing against the *Logos* idea; but how philosophical heads could accept an incarnation of this *Logos* was beyond his comprehension. In conclusion, Professor Müller gives the history and various shades of meaning of the term *Logos*, which outside Greece he would have regarded as a Greek word or Hellenic thought, a *terminus technicus* of Greek philosophy not to be translated.

GEORG JOSEF VOGLER,

PRIEST AND MUSICIAN.

How many people have read with delight Browning's poem "Abt Vogler," and yet how few have any clear notion of the man to whom Browning pays such noble tribute by putting into his mouth his own ideas of music and its message! The *Deutsche Revue* of August comes to the rescue with an article on Vogler by A. von Winterfeld, and from it the following biographical particulars are taken.

IN ITALY.

If fame among contemporaries alone could be counted as the true test of the worth and importance of a man, Georg Josef Vogler must be numbered among the greatest of musical geniuses. He was admired as a great and original composer, as a musical reformer, as an indefatigable researcher, as a great pianist and still greater organist, and as a teacher whom it was impossible to excel, and at whose feet sat the greatest musicians of his time. He was honoured, moreover, as an earnest priest who never failed to carry with him the blessings of religion, even into the remotest districts of his travels.

Vogler was born at Würzburg, and was the son of a violin-maker. He had his first musical instruction from his father. He also studied theology and philosophy, but with his remarkable musical gifts it is not surprising that he resolved to devote himself to music. Mannheim, then called "the musicians' Paradise," attracted him, but the Elector, recognising his ability, sent him to Father Martini at Bologna, and to Valotti at Padua, that he might continue his studies. At Bologna he also studied theology, and when he went to Rome he received the honours of priesthood from the Pope.

AT MANNHEIM.

After three years in Italy, he made his way back to Mannheim, no longer a humble student, but a master of music and a prelate. His priestly dignity, which he combined with "worldly" manners, made him an imposing figure, and the ladies at the Court were fascinated by his brilliant conversation, and found even the tone of his voice irresistible. Under these circumstances the Elector could not do less than appoint him Vice-Kapellmeister and Court Chaplain. Vogler now founded a music school, gave lessons and public lectures on music, edited a musical monthly, and published a work on music and composition. But while he was looked up to at the Court, the people of Mannheim regarded him as an intriguing interloper, and refused to sympathise with a man who had adopted the double profession of music and religion. With the exception of Peter Winter, who afterwards became a composer of merit, Vogler also had the whole orchestra against him.

It is interesting to learn that about this time fate took Mozart to Mannheim, but Vogler did not find much grace with him. In letters to his father, Mozart criticised him as a composer, theorist, and performer, and Vogler never quite forgave him.

When the Court was removed to Munich, Vogler followed and produced his opera "Albert III.," but he quarrelled with the Jesuit Father Frank, and so left Munich in 1781.

IN SWEDEN.

Vogler then set out on long travels through Germany to France, England, Italy, Greece, Palestine, and Egypt, and thus acquired world-wide fame as musician, organist, and teacher. While in these countries he took great trouble to collect their national melodies. In Paris and London he distinguished himself by his performances on the orchestration, a portable organ which he invented and

always carried about with him; but he had less success with his opera "La Kermesse," which he produced at Paris in 1783. In 1786, Gustavus III. made him "Chef de la Musique du Roi," and for thirteen years Vogler carried on his musical work at Stockholm, where he founded his second school. He did not forget his religious work either, but sought out the Catholics and took them under his special care. From Sweden he managed many journeys to London, Paris, Hamburg, etc., and thus contrived to maintain the reputation he had previously acquired.

DISILLUSIONMENT.

In 1793 he quitted Sweden with a life pension, and after producing his opera, "Hermann von Unna," at Berlin, returned to Würzburg. He was soon called to the University of Prague, where, however, he was to meet with a great disillusionment. His opera, "Castor and Pollux," was a fiasco, his recitals on the orchestration, with his realistic tone-painting, excited nothing but derision, and his lectures did not meet with the approval of the Professors at the University. Only his playing on the piano and organ, and his improvements in organ-building, had due recognition.

BEETHOVEN AND WEBER.

Turning his back on this ungrateful city, he went to Vienna in 1802, to be received with flattery and to engage in a musical duel with Beethoven in the composition of an opera. Vogler's "Samori" had great success, while Beethoven's "Fidelio" had but a cool reception. Vienna was altogether sympathetic towards Vogler, and here he celebrated with great pomp the thirtieth anniversary of his ordination. In 1803, when he may be said to have reached the zenith of his fame, Weber, a youth of seventeen, found his way to Vienna and became one of Vogler's favourite pupils. But the war drove Vogler away in 1805, and we again find him at Munich, where his "Castor and Pollux" was the opera selected for a festival performance.

His latter days were spent at Darmstadt, where another Protestant ruler provided him with an influential position. Ludwig I., Grand Duke of Hesse, was his own Kapellmeister, so that Vogler's office was very much of a sinecure. But the old musician now founded his third school, and pupils soon crowded round him, among them young Meyerbeer. Others followed him from Vienna, and even Weber betook himself to Darmstadt for more instruction. With so much young talent about him, the Abt became quite young again, and never tired of imparting the knowledge he had acquired to his enthusiastic pupils. He died suddenly in 1814.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

It is, no doubt, a very difficult matter to write an accurate account of Vogler and his work. The biography of "Papa," which Weber is generally believed to have had in hand, has never been forthcoming, and there are now very few sources from which to get reliable information. In Grove's "Dictionary of Music" the Rev. John Henry Mee names the authorities from whom he derived his knowledge, and appends a list of Vogler's operas, masses, and instrumental works, and his contributions to musical literature. The only reference in the "Annual Index" between 1890 and 1894 is an article which appeared in the *New England Magazine* of December, 1893. Mr. Kenyon West, the writer, was evidently indebted to Mr. Mee's article for many of his facts. In a note in *Poet Lore*, January, 1890, Miss Helen A. Clarke gives a musical explanation of the allusions in the last stanza of Browning's poem. In June, 1890, a monument to Vogler was erected at Darmstadt.

SOME LONDON SETTLEMENTS.

THE Rev. T. C. Collings in the *Leisure Hour* describes two Settlements which have been founded in South London by the Wesleyans and Congregationalists. The first is that of Bermondsey, which is established in the midst of a population of 150,000 under the presidency of Rev. J. Scott-Lidgett. At Bermondsey the session of the working man's college commences in October. There were about 800 students last year who came from all parts of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe. Bermondsey Settlement, I should have mentioned, is situated in Farncomb Road, off Jamaica Street. University Extension lectures are held. There is also a musical society. While Oxford House and Toynbee Hall rely more upon the spoken word, the Wesleyans of Bermondsey prefer the attraction of music. The warden and two lady residents are members of the local board of guardians. Every Saturday a party of children selected from the six nearest schools in turn are taken by young ladies to visit the Tower, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the museums, or for rambles in the parks. Happy evenings for girls are conducted in the winter-time in the nearest board schools. A lady, Miss Crawford, organised games in the playground of the Settlement, and also in those of the neighbouring board schools. She taught the children to play rounders and many other games; but unfortunately was drowned during a summer holiday in Switzerland.

THE MINISTRY OF PLAY.

The following passage from the warden's report may be taken to heart elsewhere than in Bermondsey:—

"Many a time I come home saddened, and ashamed of what I have seen and heard from the groups of children for whose play-hours no one cares. Yet how easy to remedy this! There stand the schools, which would become better places for learning if they suggested, not only thoughts of lessons, but also of joyful play; and all round us in prosperous homes are multitudes of youths and maidens, full of joy and fun, of zest in all kinds of sport, wanting only the highest happiness, that of sharing their joy with the little brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ whose pale faces, rough voices, and horseplay in the streets tell us how little brotherly and sisterly love they have known. Multitudes of other little ones there are, whose voices are never heard in the streets, who are screened by thoughtful parents from contamination; but great is the price of dulness paid for security from harm. Many well-to-do young people shrug their shoulders at what seems to them the restless meddling of philanthropists, or at least feel that they themselves are not qualified to *work* for others. But can you not *play* with them, and for them, I ask? Scatter the gloom of our philanthropy by spreading the brightness of your laughter. There is Christ's work for you. I see unbounded possibilities of every kind of good if the children of the rich would come down to our courts and alleys to share their play, and hand it on before they are tired of it to the children of the poor."

THE METHOD OF OCCUPATION.

Residents come for a year, or shorter periods, and take part in the work. These gentlemen are provided with accommodation at the Settlement, the tariff of charges for which is: For two rooms, use of common rooms, and board, 28s. weekly; for one combination room, with ditto and board, 24s. weekly; for bedroom with ditto and board, 21s. weekly. Besides the residents there is a large staff of helpers, most of whom come for a day or evening each week. There are now about fifty workers, without counting old inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who in many of the enterprises are giving their hearty support. The Women's Settlement is also progressing very favourably, and at the date of the publication of their last report the Resident's house was fully occupied. All the agencies of a vigorous evangelical work in the midst of a poor population are being actively carried on. Three companies of

the Boys' Brigade meet in the neighbourhood—one at Silver Street, one at Southwark School, and one at the Settlement. Besides military drill, they learn swimming, football, and cricket. In the summer a seaside camp is a great attraction. The boys are watched in business and sickness. Every Tuesday evening a training-class for officers is held. The Southwark Pupil Teachers' Association also meets here, and every Saturday fifty of them are taught gymnastics, and then entertained to tea. A factory-girls' club, a local Parliament, a private labour agency, and a theological guild, also do good work.

Last May a city firm having bought up some house property in West Lane, near the Settlement, found themselves in possession of a public-house. One of the partners having conscientious objections to maintaining the license sacrificed it and paid compensation for the diminished value of the estate. The public-house was then opened—without intoxicating drinks, gambling, Sunday games or politics—as the St. George Social Club.

Mr. Collings's sketch of the new Social Settlement at Robert Browning Hall, Walworth, gives evidence of owing more to imagination than to knowledge. The result is a somewhat grotesque travesty of the facts. One of many misleading suggestions may be pointed out. The Settlement is not, as Mr. Collings seems to imagine, managed by "members of the brotherhood of local labour;" it is like other Settlements, "under the guidance of graduates."

TWO GARRISONS OF WOMEN.

In *Good Words*, Mrs. Mace has a very brief paper describing some Women's Settlements in Bethnal Green. There are two of them—one, Mayfield House, established by Cheltenham Ladies' College, and the other St. Margaret's:—

The residents in these two Settlements are ladies who give themselves voluntarily to the work for longer or shorter periods, paying from 20s. to 25s. a week for board and lodging. The houses can accommodate about ten residents each, and are nearly always full. The ladies have districts to visit in the surrounding parishes; they hold Mothers' Meetings, manage Bands of Hope and Girls' Clubs; they teach in Sunday-schools and have Bible-classes for men and women. They have classes for nursing and first-aid for mothers; cooking and dress-making classes, for which the County Council provides teachers; classes for home industries, e.g. woodcarving, brass and ironwork, painting and art-needlework. They have classes for singing, and elocution, and debating, for young pupil teachers and others. Some of the ladies give nearly all their time to Charity Organisation work; others read to the inmates of the workhouse, and visit the patients in the hospitals. Forlorn and neglected children are gathered in from the streets to a weekly class, where the simple curriculum includes, "Needlework, a Bible-story, hymn-singing, and good romping games;" a pleasant resting-place this for many a little pilgrim along life's rugged ways, where he may pause to gather strength and courage before setting forth upon what we may hope will prove an upward climb. At Mayfield House there is another class each week for invalid children who cannot go to school.

The interest which foreigners are beginning to show in these Settlements is attested afresh by the *Schweizerische Zeitschrift für Gemeinnützigkeit*, the organ of the Swiss League of Social Service, which publishes an article by Mr. Joseph King descriptive of University Settlements in England, and in especial of Mansfield House in Canning Town.

In *Temple Bar* there is a discourse upon the country of Ingoldsby and the Ingoldsby Legends. The article on "The Future Emperor-King" is noticed elsewhere. Mr. Whishaw's paper on "Paul the Eccentric" gossips pleasantly about the Russian mad emperor Paul.

CAN WHITE MEN COLONISE THE TROPICS?

MR. FREDERICK BOYLE writes in the *New Review* for September an interesting paper, in which he maintains, contrary to the almost universal opinion, that white men can colonise and cultivate tropical countries. Indeed, he expresses a strong opinion that it is precisely by peopling the tropics with white races that we are going to bring about the millennium. He admits that such colonies as those established in Ceylon and other hot countries where white men go out to employ coloured labour have no future before them. He says:—

It is not such a colony that I propose, but one of the earlier pattern, in which men settle to make a home by the labour of their hands—each in his plot of soil which he cultivates.

Mr. Boyle quotes a remarkable passage from Mr. Bates's book, "The Naturalist on the Amazon," to the following effect:—

I hold to the opinion that, though humanity can reach an advanced degree of culture only by battling with the inclemencies of nature in high latitudes, it is under the equator alone that the race of the future will attain to complete fruition of man's beautiful heritage, the earth.

But Mr. Boyle is not satisfied with Mr. Bates's declaration; he goes one step further than Mr. Bates, and says:—

In brief, it is my conviction that man the animal, like all other living things, attains his highest development in the tropics. And I am well assured that Mr. Bates is exact in foretelling that the perfected race of the future will appear in those latitudes.

Speaking of his proposed colony and its site, he says:—

Shortly, it would be—at the beginning—a wooded upland, sparsely peopled, of which the inhabitants could be bought out mostly; they might return when things were settled. There are hundreds of such districts. I would have the settlement compact above all. Strict power of discipline should be granted to the authorities—it is well to repeat, "at the beginning": strict as were possessed by the founders of New England, Cape Colony, and all other emigrations which have been conducted reasonably, and so have flourished in a wholesome way. These authorities should have no more right to meddle in private affairs than has a magistrate at home. But they would be empowered to deal with any public act, conduct, or behaviour detrimental to the well-being of the community at large. Idleness, for example, would be a misdemeanour, because, if unchecked, it must lead to vagrancy, and this to trouble with the natives. The incorrigible would be expelled.

He asks the question:—

Can white men labour in the tropics regularly, day by day, hard enough to gain their livelihood? To a question like that one best replies by citing examples. But in this age of the world they are not easily produced, owing to circumstances. Individual cases abound, but they will not do.

He calls attention to the success with which white men have worked and work to this day in Costa Rica, the history of which he hopes is a foreshadowing of that of his own tropical colony:—

For it is to be observed that these Costa Ricans tend their own plot of banana and cacao in the damp heat of the *Tierra caliente*. But they are working for their own interest, not for wages. So are those individual Europeans scattered up and down in tropical America. And it is my impression that a great secret lies here. A man will keep his health and spirits when he is tilling his own land under conditions which would prostrate him if he were toiling for another. The belief that white men degenerate in the tropics is founded especially on the case of the Portuguese. It will not bear scrutiny.

For this obvious reason among others, that the Portuguese have deteriorated in their own country quite

as much as abroad. Mr. Boyle maintains that the finest races in the world live in the hottest countries. There is no finer race than the Sikhs, or more full of physical vitality than our friend Fuzzywuzzy of the Soudan. He has even a good word to say for the Eurasians. If Mr. Boyle could convince the Queenslanders that Northern Australia could be cultivated by white men who would live and thrive and breed under the tropical sun, he will certainly contribute considerably to the solution of one of the great questions that trouble the peace of mind of our kinsmen at the Antipodes.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR KING DEMOS.

MR. W. H. ROBINSON, writing in the *Westminster Review* for August, maintains that now that King Demos has firmly established himself on his throne he should set about making reforms which are sadly needed. He could reform procedure to begin with, and insist that all questions in the House should be answered in writing. Having done this he should go on to legislate, and legislate in many different directions which are not usually talked of by politicians. He thinks that something should be done to bring our children under control:—

If society has regard to the safety, welfare, and happiness of its child, society thereby wins the right to control and curb the waywardness of its child. In New York children are forbidden to smoke in any public place. There is much to be said for refusing to permit children to witness the performance of the society play. And surely nothing but good could result if the State were to make it impossible for mere boys to frequent the resorts of the strange woman. It might even be well if the children's charter were supplemented by a children's curfew. Moreover, it is high time that the Education Act of 1870 was revised and supplemented. It is time, too, that an Intermediate Act was passed, and that the education imparted in the Endowed schools and small Grammar schools was systematised and co-ordinated with the existing education of the elementary schools. Furthermore, this last requires emendation also. Technical instruction and natural science should be part of the education of all. And every boy ought to be taught a trade.

Mr. Robinson then proceeds to suggest that the reading provided for young people should be placed under a censorship:—

The State would do well also to exercise control over the books which its children read. The lending departments of the free libraries cater chiefly for the young, who read fiction; and neither a surfeit of Miss Braddon nor yet a course of Sarah Grand is a good thing for children in their teens. Besides, there is another evil. The worst matter procurable in the libraries is harmless compared with literature that can be had of any newsagent for a penny. Let Demos awake and see to it that the State undertakes the censorship of his children.

The National Church, he thinks, will go by the board unless it can be made a National Church in fact as well as in name. This must be brought about by repealing tests:—

Demos, at any rate, may be trusted not to spend his money in subsidising rival Churches. In truth, there is only one way, and that is to widen the basis of the English Church. Reunion and reorganisation must precede re-endowment. But if reunion is to come about, there must be no iron rigidity in modes of worship or in forms of thought.

Mr. Robinson says finally:—

And there are other questions to which Demos, and only Demos, can supply the answer. Such are, the question of the hours of adult labour, the question of the position of labour in the partnership between Labour and Capital, and the question of the duty of the State towards the submerged tenth.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE *Nineteenth Century* is like the rest of the magazines this month—nothing very particular. The most useful article, Mr. Astley Cooper's, on the "Pan-Britannic Festival" is noticed elsewhere.

HOW RUSSIA STANDS TO-DAY.

Prince Krapotkin has an article upon the present position of Russia, which is somewhat disappointing. He insists upon the extreme poverty of the peasants, of which he gives many illustrations, and declares that there is a general feeling in Russia that there must be some change in the existing state of things. But this impression has prevailed often before and nothing has come of it. However, Prince Krapotkin says:—

Wherever we turn our eyes we see an immense problem rising before us, and imperatively demanding an immediate solution. Russia stands now in the same position as it stood after the Crimean catastrophe, when all bases of its economical and political life had to be revised from top to bottom. And all the problem at issue now merge into one great question which dominates all the others: Will Russia—the Russia which lives in the villages and towns scattered on its territory—have the possibility of taking into its own hands, in every village, province, and territory, the task of responding to the daily growing needs of the population? It is not a mere question of political rights, because the question of daily bread for four months every year for the great mass of the population stands foremost.

A BUDDHIST BIBLE IN WHITE MARBLE.

Under the title "The Kutho-Daw," Professor Max Müller gives some account of the extraordinary discovery which has been made in Burma:—

The Kutho-Daw is a Buddhist monument near Mandalay in Burma, consisting of about seven hundred temples, each containing a slab of white marble, on which the whole of the Buddhist Bible, the whole of these eight millions of syllables, has been carefully engraved. The alphabet is Burmese, the language is Pali, the language supposed to have been spoken by Buddha. Well may the Buddhists say that such a Bible on white marble cannot be matched in the whole world.

The Kutho-Daw is not an ancient monument. It was erected in 1857 by Mindon-min, the predecessor of King Thebaw, the last King of Burma. No one seems ever to have described this marvellous pile, and I confess that unless my correspondent, Mr. Ferrars, had sent me photographs of it, I should have found it difficult to believe in this extraordinary monument of Buddhist piety and Buddhist folly.

NEW MARKETS IN AFRICA.

Captain Lugard writing on New British Markets, discusses the possibility of opening new markets for British goods in tropical Africa:—

New and vast markets there are and will be in tropical Africa and in Egypt too. Let those who doubt such forecasts recall the condition of Europe itself half a century ago, when the difficulties of labour and transport could not be met by the resources now at our disposal. Or to speak of events of a more recent date, how many years is it since the present granaries of the Punjab and North India were mere sun-baked deserts, devoid of vegetation, or the grain fields of N.W. Canada a pathless prairie?

Mr. Silva White, in an article entitled "Africanists in Council," discusses the papers read at the recent Geographical Congress as to the possibility of colonising tropical Africa. His verdict is adverse:—

In Tropical Africa, however, there can be no talk of Europeans displacing the negro: because colonisation by the

white races is impossible, and the feeble forms of administration to be set up in the future must depend largely on the co-operation of the negro. Nature has, in short, marked off Tropical Africa as the abiding home of the negro and indigenous tribes. The bulk of the continent is still untouched, though not untainted, by Western civilisation. I cannot, therefore, believe that Tropical Africa will ever be brought within the pale of Western progress.

PERMANENT DOMINION IN ASIA.

Sir Alfred Lyall writes a thoughtful paper suggested by the Japanese victories and the late Mr. Pearson's book. He says:—

It seems to me that those who believe the tide of European predominance in Asia to be still rising must take into account the growth of various forces and circumstances which hold it in check and throw it backward. The paramount fact that all the temperate zone is virtually occupied by firmly planted nationalities or strong governments, has altered and is transforming the course and character of the vicissitudes of dominion. But this same ascendancy which has closed the migratory period has substituted a new species of dominion for the old rulerships that rested, as I have said, on invasion, settlement, intermarriage, and acclimatisation. The new European dominion rests on no such foundations: it relies entirely on superiority in arms, on skilful administration, and on commerce. The fundamental characteristic which differentiates it from Asiatic and American dominion of the old type is that the European possessions in Asia are retained as dependencies of an alien race and a distant metropolis.

As to the future of China, he expresses himself very guardedly, but gives many reasons, which in his opinion suggest that:—

The present predicament of the Chinese Government—weak, unwieldy, battered by Japan, and perhaps on the brink of some tremendous disaster—does not yet warrant the conclusion that Pearson's prediction is receiving signal disproof, still less that his general theory as to the profound instability affecting the rulership of races that cannot acclimatise is shaken.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Justice Ameer Ali, writing on "Islam and its Critics," repels very vehemently the attacks which have been made upon the Mohammedan faith by some controversialists who have used the Turkish atrocities in Armenia as a text for inveighing against Mohammedanism in general. Mr. Swinburne discourses upon the romance and contemporary plays of Thomas Heywood. Count de Calonne writes on the relations between Leonardo da Vinci and the lady who sat for Joconde. Mr. Roberts sums up the results of the picture sales of 1895. Mr. H. C. Lowther gives an interesting account of hunting in Somaliland, and Mr. Sidney Low takes up his old parable and discourses in favour of the appointment of a Foreign Affairs Committee on American lines to look after foreign policy in the Imperial Parliament.

THE *Geographical Magazine* reports at length in its September number Captain Lugard's paper on his expedition to Borgu on the Niger, and the subsequent discussion. There is a paper by Mr. J. T. Last giving an account of the little-known western side of Madagascar. Both papers are illustrated by maps. There is a very brief—disappointingly brief—summary of the proceedings of the Sixth International Geographical Congress.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary Review* for September is an average number.

MACEDONIA AND THE MACEDONIANS.

Dr. Dillon seems to have passed from Armenia to the Balkan Peninsula, and in an anonymous article sets forth the case which Macedonia can present against the Anglo-Austrian policy which dismembered Bulgaria and thrust Macedonia back under the heel of the Turk. Dr. Dillon—if it be he, and he writes with characteristic vigour and grasp of his subject—sets forth the salient features of the hideous national crime which was committed when Lord Salisbury and Lord Beaconsfield brought back “Peace with Honour” from Berlin. As he says, for seventeen years the Turk has been allowed to do exactly as he pleases in the territory which was handed back to him by the direct action of England, with the result that he has governed in Macedonia as he has governed in Armenia.

NO ONE HELPS THE MACEDONIANS.

For there is no one willing to espouse the cause of the Macedonians, who are powerless to help themselves. And yet the Powers who signed the Berlin Treaty are responsible for this intolerable situation. When Russia rescued the population and gave it a chance of independence and prosperity as an integral part of Bulgaria, the Powers cancelled the act of emancipation, but solemnly promised that the people would at least be treated in future as men and Christians. And now that it is clear that they are being dealt with as beasts, the Powers refuse to interfere and redeem their promise.

If the Turk is still to be kept in Europe, the reforms promised in the twenty-third clause of the Treaty of Berlin should be carried out as quickly as possible under the direct supervision of a responsible European Commission.

WAR OFFICE REFORM.

A veteran, writing on “War Office Reform,” makes some very strong statements as to the way in which the Treasury is allowed to interfere with the administration of the army. He says:—

It would, however, be unjust to the great Department of Prigdom to pretend that it often condescends to offer explanations. It was notorious that a late head of the Treasury made it a practice to keep all questions referred to him from the War Office lying for months unanswered on his table, and that they might at least as well have been returned at once, for the Papal answer never even took the form of the historic *non possumus*. It invariably was shaped into the briefer English “No.” It is hardly worth while to maintain a vast and expensive department merely to keep other offices of State waiting for a decision which could be given with equal effect by a hall porter or a printed placard. I only hope that some one may dare to challenge the exact accuracy of these statements, and to court investigation. The result would amaze the world.

THE VENEZUELA FRONTIER DISPUTE.

In an article entitled “Jingoism in America” I state briefly the British view of the controversy which has existed for some time on the frontier between Venezuela and British Guiana. The difficulty according to the view of our Colonial Office is due entirely to the encroachment of the Venezuelans on territory which was ceded to us when the colony was taken over from the Dutch. As to the proposed reference of the dispute to arbitration I say:—

The United States has suggested, more or less formally, that the dispute as to the frontier should be submitted to arbitration. To this Great Britain has replied that she is quite ready to arbitrate on territory that can legitimately be said to be in dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana.

All that we have refused to do is to arbitrate upon the claim which, judging from Venezuelan sharp practice, might suddenly be extended to cover the whole of the colony of British Guiana. Now, while we are willing and ready to go to arbitration upon a frontier question, we are not prepared to go to arbitration upon the question whether we are to be allowed to exist in the country at all. It is quite impossible to believe that the United States in urging arbitration can mean any such arbitration as would involve the question not merely as to how the boundary should be drawn between the watershed of the Orinoco and the Cuyuni, but whether or not the whole of British Guiana should be handed over to the Republic of Venezuela.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE CHURCH.

Canon Barnett writes upon the Church's opportunity in the present crisis, and makes suggestions as to how that organisation whose aim is a righteous nation, whose methods are worship, teaching, and charity, can bring together rich and poor, raise the fallen and the distressed. The article is divided into three heads: first, means of worship; secondly, the teachers; thirdly, charitable agencies. Canon Barnett is a Utopian of the Utopians, as may be inferred from his suggestion that bishops should set candidates for orders reading modern books, and in their examination test their power to observe the signs of the times. He gives much good advice to the Church urging her to take public action in public affairs, to encourage her best men to serve on boards and councils, and to co-operate with the State instead of running rival shows of her own. In conclusion, he says:—

For the moment the Church has its opportunity. By means of worship suited to the new needs of the time, by teachers who will make Christ understood as a contemporary, by spiritualising State and municipal action, the Church might help to do away with some of those troubles which come from the mute or expressed antagonism of rich and poor.

MR. MORETON FREWEN'S LATEST PARADOX.

Writing on “A Visit to Broken Hill,” the great silver mine which produces nearly ten per cent. of the world's silver, Mr. Moreton Frewen declares that the logical consequence of the modern anti-silver craze requires that Parliament should vote twenty million sterling to buy up and close Broken Hill and the silver mines of Mexico and the Rockies:—

The present loss by the Government of India on exchange, if capitalised at three per cent., is about £300,000,000 sterling, a sum far larger than all the profits made in silver mining since the Spaniards landed in America. Clearly, then, a mere £20,000,000 sterling would be well expended in damming the sources of supply, and thus completing the outlawry of silver by legislation.

THE CONCEIVABILITY OF A CREATOR.

Professor Weismann replies to Herbert Spencer in an article entitled “Heredity Once More.” It would be difficult even to summarise his paper here, but the following remarks with which Weismann concludes as to the conceivability of a Creator will be read with interest by many others than scientific men:—

The scientific man may not assume the existence of a designing force, as Lord Salisbury suggests, for by so doing he would surrender the presupposition of his research—the comprehensibility of Nature. On the other hand, his concern is with Nature only—that is, with the mechanism of the universe, not with the origin of the mechanism, nor with its ultimate cause. It is, indeed, to him inconceivable that a Creator should designedly interfere in the course of Nature—inconceivable that he should, so to speak, intervene to supplement the forces of Nature just where they break down. But, at the same time, there is nothing to prevent our conceiving (if conception be the right term to use in such a context) of a Creator as lying behind or within the forces of Nature and being their ultimate cause.

SIGNOR CRISPI.

Vincenzo Riccio defends Signor Crispi from Miss Zimmern's denunciations. He ridicules the theory that Crispi is a despot, and paints him in attractive colours as a genuine reformer:—

The last time that he was in power he accomplished many and radical reforms in the true democratic sense, and the extension of the suffrage in the communes and the provinces, the elective syndicates in the great cities, and the personal responsibility of administrative officers, are due to him. Under his Ministry penal legislation was codified; a reform in judicial processes was introduced; the administration of charitable institutions was regulated, and the rights of citizens were guaranteed against the oppressions and abuses of the State. To Crispi is due the abolition of the laws regulating prostitution, against which eloquent voices had been raised throughout Europe, and especially in England. The reforms which he carried through during his last Ministry were numerous, and others are now in preparation. Already it is announced that when Parliament resumes its labours a Bill will be introduced establishing the *scrutin de liste* in the provinces—a democratic reform which will release the Deputies from the yoke of local influences. There will also be proposed a law for the payment of Deputies, a measure which will permit men rich in intellect, but poor in fortune, to share actively in the work of legislation. Francesco Crispi is firmly attached to his old programme, with its important democratic reforms in domestic administration.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Herbert Spencer traces the steps by which the man of letters has been gradually evolved. Vernon Lee writes at some length upon literary construction. In the course of her remarks she says:—

I believe that the characters in a novel which seem to us particularly vital are those that to all appearance have never been previously analysed or rationally understood by the author, but are, on the contrary, those which, connected always by a sort of similar emotional atmosphere, have come to him as realities—realities emotionally borne in upon his innermost sense.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

I NOTICE elsewhere the political articles.

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA.

Mr. M. Rees Davies writes on this subject. He says:—

I think a railway to make the interior accessible, and so to increase the facilities for trade by working into the hands of the steamers, which will also penetrate into the inner land, cannot be much longer deferred. It would be the most important agent of all in the solution of the Chinese problem. It might or might not—for there is doubt whether the people, by reason of their passiveness, would after all be equal to the task—prove the death-blow of the dynasty. If it should, that also could not fail to be a blessing for the country. And a railway system would assuredly do more than any other single force for the ultimate salvation of China. This is looking ahead a little. In the meantime we may await with confidence the beneficial, if tardy, outcome of the concessions obtained for the nations by the treaty of Simonoseki, for which, I repeat, Japan deserves our thanks.

WHY NOT MAKE LORD ROBERTS GOVERNOR-GENERAL?

Mr. E. K. Robinson makes a very violent attack upon the late Government for their appointment of Lord Elgin as Viceroy. He maintains that the proper man to have succeeded Lord Lansdowne was Lord Roberts. He says:—

It is not Lord Elgin's fault that by his appointment the office of Viceroy has, for the first time, been made an object almost of ridicule in India.

He insists that Lord Elgin should quit the Viceroyalty either by resignation or dismissal:—

However it is brought about, the departure of Lord Elgin will not be regretted in India; and—failing a member of the Royal family—the appointment of Lord Roberts would be hailed in India as the best that could be made, because it would show that the wishes of India had been regarded, that the fittest man available had been selected, and that the office of Viceroy was no longer to be a reward for Party services to Ministers at home. Lord Roberts's appointment as Viceroy would be the best guarantee that in every detail of policy, internal and external, the good work of the past should be carried steadily forward to completion, and also that England should in the end possess an India tranquil within its borders, unassailable upon them, and respected beyond them—such an India, in fact, as is worthy of the hopes of the British nation.

DENOMINATIONAL SCIENCE.

Mr. St. George Mivart has been roused by Dr. Haeckel's recent lecture on Monism to protest against what he calls denominational science. He says:—

Our main object in this paper, however, is not to call attention to the ethics or the social and political results of the doctrines of Weismann, Haeckel and Pearson, but rather to point out how the mischief of it springs from an unconscious slavery of the intellect to the mere faculty of the imagination, and the consequent presentment of shallow and illogical imaginary phantasms as deep and far-reaching intellectual truths in the form of the baseless dogmas of "denominational science."

Professor Haeckel in the same review has an article on Thomas Huxley and Karl Vogt, in which he vindicates Huxley against the criticisms of Virchow and others who have been disposed to exalt Vogt over the English scientist.

OTHER ARTICLES.

There is an essay by N. C. Smith, entitled "Coleridge and his Critics," the aim of which, according to this author, is:—

To serve, if I may so express it, as *Prolegomena* to the life of Coleridge; to show some cause why we have had to wait sixty years for that life; to illustrate the literary gossip of a by-gone generation; and, finally, to place, it may be, some candid reader at a standpoint from which he may make his estimate of Coleridge with a view undimmed by the shifting mists of a vague tradition, and freed alike from the prejudices of the scorner and the pleadings of the apologist.

Friedrich Nietzsche attacks Wagner. He says that "when a musician cannot count more than three he becomes dramatic, he becomes Wagnerian." Mr. Spencer Walpole discourses on the Queen's Prime Ministers. Professor Raleigh writes on Tudor Translations. Mrs. W. K. Clifford has a short story entitled "In Case of Discovery," which is by no means pleasant reading. It describes how a man who had robbed a peeress of her jewels compelled her friend under threat of murder to keep them concealed until he called for them.

THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

The *United Service Magazine* this month is a good number.

COULD THE TURKS FIGHT TO-DAY?

The most important article is that in which Captain Norman gives us his opinion as to the part which Turkey will be able to play in case of European war. Captain Norman was the *Times* correspondent in Armenia during the last Russo-Turkish war, and I remember him well in those days as being an intelligent and painstaking observer. It is interesting to learn that he thinks that the Turks are in a better position to-day to take the field than they were in 1877. He says:—

Within the last ten years much has been done to remedy the abuses which existed in 1877, and which were acknow-

ledged to exist by enlightened Turkish officers. A little leaven leaveneth the whole. In every battalion are to be found young officers from the Pancaldi school, and very soon Mustafa Zekki Pacha hopes to introduce examination for promotion, which will ensure the knowledge imparted at Pancaldi being kept up in after years. I notice a marked improvement in the drill and bearing of regimental officers and men, due in a very great measure to the painstaking care of the Marshal Von der Goltz and the other able officers in the Sultan's service. In 1877 Turkey was absolutely dependent on foreign countries for her *matériel* of war. Now she is practically self-supporting. The energy of Zekki Pacha has supplied her with foundries for rifle, cannon, and steel shells, with arsenal for small arms, with factories for cartridges and smokeless powders. Financially, Turkey is not prepared for war, and she has no intention of provoking a conflict; but should the integrity of her empire be threatened or the Sultan's authority put on one side, she could even yet give a very good account of any probable assailant.

That is all very well; but Captain Norman somehow seems to ignore the fact that in 1877 the Turkish fleet held the sea, whereas the Turkish fleet is now practically non-existent.

WANTED, A NAVAL REFORMER.

"An Accountant," R.N., has the first place in the magazine with an article under the above title. He says:—

Oh, that we had a Dundonald! To rescue the navy from the present chaos, to properly educate the executive officers, to adequately man the fleet with trained men in all its departments, to amend the Naval Discipline Act now so out of date, to satisfy the legitimate demands of the engineers and so induce them to pull together with the deck officers, to abolish the accountant branch as non-combatant, to have nothing of the civilian aboard, these comprise his necessary ambition.

THE RUSSIAN ARTILLERY AT PLEVNA.

Major May discusses the question, "Why Did the Russian Artillery Fail at Plevna?" and answers it as follows:—

The sources of the artillery failure at Plevna can be traced clearly enough, and they are to be found to lie even deeper than in mere deficiencies of *matériel*. The whole spirit and instinct which animated the direction of the guns was contemptible, and the best weapons would have been useless when the ideas of those who led them were so mistaken. The guns failed because they did not deserve to succeed.

FRENCH PROGRESS IN MADAGASCAR.

Captain Oliver continues his account of the French operations in Madagascar, giving a very *couleur de rose* account of the triumphant advance of the French forces. He says:—

The French troops highly invigorated by the mountain air, at from 2,000 ft. to 3,250 ft. elevation above the sea, during the very height of the driest, best, and most healthy season of all the year, and by this time in good training—the race up the mountain at Beritza was an excellent illustration of their improved health and spirits—there is every prospect now of a steady but enjoyable advance, with a cheerful prospect of a fight and a glorious victory when they get to the end of their splendid promenade.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The other articles are a letter describing the storming of the Malakund Pass, a medical paper on the sanitary condition of the Indian cantonments, and some miscellaneous articles relating to both branches of the service.

In the *Bibliothèque Universelle* of July and August M. Edouard Tallichet has two instalments of what promises to be a valuable survey of the railway system of Switzerland. In the August number Colonel Lecomte also discusses the question of military revision in Switzerland.

THE NEW REVIEW.

MRS. LYNN LINTON puts in a word in season in favour of her beloved zenana. She evidently thinks that it serves missionaries and missionaries' wives right if they are massacred for interfering with the sacred peace of the Eastern harem by their teachings about Christian principles and human rights. There is a somewhat laboured short story by Mr. C. E. Raimond, caricaturing the young lady of the present day who writes risky novels taken from the French, in defiance of Mrs. Grundy. Mr. Martin Morris writes on "American Traits" with the sweet simplicity of an observer, who can actually repeat that ancient tarradiddle that to tip an American is to insult him. Mr. Morris must never have been in an American hotel. The Rev. T. E. Brown gossips upon "The Life of Robert Burton," Mr. Oldknow discourses upon "Engineering in the Navy," and Mr. Marriott Watson gives us another instalment of "Tyburnian Romance."

THE ITALIAN MAGAZINES.

DANTE students should not miss an article on the Florentine poet in the *Nuova Antologia* (August 15th), from the pen of a veteran poet of our own day, Giosuè Carducci. The same number contains a well-informed article—unhappily disfigured by an appalling array of misprints—on the recent General Election in England, from the pen of Signor E. Arbib, who writes throughout from the Conservative standpoint. He sums up the position of the Liberal party before the contest as "destitute of a capable leader, disorganised among themselves, torn in two by internal dissensions, and weakened by innumerable errors committed before the battle." What surprises our Italian critic most is that neither party could or did attempt to bring official influence to bear on the electors, and secondly, that in a matter of such primary national importance the choice of the day of election should be left to the various constituencies. It seems to him a crowning proof of our national hatred of uniformity.

M. Alfred Naquet, the French deputy, writing on Anti-Semitism in the *Riforma Sociale*, ascribes its sudden uprising within the last fifteen years to the result of combined socialistic and clerical bigotry. He expects to see it spread both in Italy and in England, but he believes that the anti-Jewish fever will quickly burn itself out.

THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEWS.

In our July number, page 54, we noticed an article on "How to Write English" in the June number of the *Educational Review*. This very practical paper has attracted great attention, and many of our readers have wished to buy the review referred to in order to read the article in its entirety. Unfortunately we omitted to state that it was the *Educational Review* of America from which we quoted, and our readers omitted to refer to the Monthly Index and Table of Contents, where they would have learnt it was not an English publication, and consequently there must have been quite a run on the *Educational Review* of London, which is quite a distinct periodical. The American *Educational Review* is published by Henry Holt and Co., of New York, and may be had through F. Norgate and Co., 7, King Street, Covent Garden, at 1s. 8d. per number. It does not appear in July and August.

The London *Educational Review*, which rarely reaches us in time for notice, is published at 27, Chancery Lane, and the price is 6d. net. It is the organ of the Headmasters' Association.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE *National Review* for September is a fairly average number. Some of the articles are noticed elsewhere.

THE ELEPHANT IN POLITICS.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey has an article of somewhat elephantine humour, entitled "The Elephant in Politics," the elephant, of course, being Sir William Harcourt, popularly known as Jumbo. Mr. Strachey's text is however supplied by Lord Coke, who said long ago:—

It appeareth in a Parliament roll, that the Parliament being, as hath been said, called *commune concilium*, every member of the House being a counsellor, should have three properties of the elephant: first, that he hath no gall; secondly, that he is inflexible, and cannot bow; thirdly, that he is of a most ripe and perfect memory; which properties as there it is said, ought to be in every member of the great council of Parliament.

In addition to those three properties, the Parliamentary man must, like the elephant, be sociable, and love those animals which go in companies, and he must also be of a philanthropic disposition. It is easy to see the kind of a parallel which Mr. Strachey constructs between the elephant and Sir William. At its close, he says:—

So much for Lord Coke's five properties of the elephant. I should like to add one other which he has forgotten. The elephant, as we know from Milton's "Paradise Lost," wreathed his lithe proboscis to make sport for Adam and Eve. Surely this is a property of the elephant that every Parliament man ought to have. Without question Sir William Harcourt has it. He is never better than when he is wreathing his lithe proboscis to make sport for the House of Commons.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

Mr. Bernard Holland, in a paper entitled "A View of Roman Catholicism," contrasts the religious faith of Sir James Leslie Stephen and that of Cardinal Newman. Mr. Holland makes the following statement:—

In his own way Sir James Stephen was a man of deep religious faith. He held with all the grip of a strong nature to the two great and essential realities, the existence of a living God and that of an immortal individual soul in man. He was strong, good, and kind; he loved justice and hated iniquity. "Be strong and of good courage" was his favourite text. He would have approved of the Islamite saying, "To despair of the goodness of God is the greatest of infidelities."

There is something wrong here. Whatever Sir Leslie Stephen may have thought concerning the immortal individual soul of man, he could not be said to have had much grip on the doctrine of existence of a living God, unless, of course, a living God is to be sublimated into a mere recognition of a law of the universe such as evolution. So far from believing in the living God, Sir Leslie Stephen held that it was impossible to be a theist, and accept the Darwinian doctrine, and those who pretended to do so were either fools or liars.

THE NEW COUNCIL OF DEFENCE.

Mr. Arnold Forster explains and defends the new departure which has been made by the new Administration in this respect. What he expects from the Council he thus states:—

We shall now know that, if expenditure is recommended or declined, Ministers have acted in consultation with the highest naval and military authorities of the Empire, and are acting in pursuance of a defined and coherent scheme of national defence. Such, at any rate, is the ideal result to be hoped for.

THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF PHILISTIA.

Mrs. Lynn Linton figures in a somewhat new capacity, as, in her article on "The Philistine's Coming Triumph," she struts and flaunts herself about as if she were the anointed high priestess of Philistia. She proclaims the

coming triumph of the Philistine chiefly, it seems, on the imprisonment of Oscar Wilde, and, characteristically enough, in the midst of her jubilation she is filled with misgivings. Hence the following remarks:—

Hence, though we welcome his approaching triumph as the return of the reign of decency, sobriety, and good morals, we shall have to keep a sharp look-out on our Philistine, and to take care that, honest man as he is, and valuable as a common-sense guardian of our best traditions, he is not to be the tyrant he once was. He must not stifle Art and clip the wings of Poetry, save where these are self-degraded by hiring themselves out to the service of filth and abomination. He may banish the Pandemos, but the Anadyomene is sacred; and when he attempts to drive out Nature with a pitchfork his hands must be tied behind his back. He is to be our chairman but not our tyrant; and should he desire to ride us too hard it will be our duty to dismount him and see if we cannot find a better combination to put in his place.

THE BOARD OF TRADE AND JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.

Mr. Hartley Withers, in an article entitled "The Investor's Last Hope," discusses, in a somewhat depreciatory mood, the report of the Board of Trade Committee on Joint Stock enterprise.

To sum the matter up, the Committee have presented the world with a discussion on company law which is of great interest from an academic point of view, and whenever they gave themselves a free hand, their suggestions are eminently sensible and practical. But they limited the scope of their reforms so strictly by the roseate view that they took of joint-stock enterprise as it is, and by their terror of frightening honest men by making fraud too difficult, that if their recommendations become law as they stand, investors will find that the old pitfalls are practically as deep as ever, and will be well advised if they stick to Consols.

OTHER ARTICLES.

"Contemplation," by Miss Walpole, is a poem written in Kensington Gardens. Colonel Ward writes pleasantly on his Residence at the Court of the Begum of Bhopal. Mr. F. H. Hill points out what he considers to be "Gaps in Agnostic Evolution"; Miss H. Dendy criticises the "Propaganda of Socialism," and there is a short story by M. E. Francis.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, besides the article on "Capital Punishment," which is noted elsewhere, there are three or four articles well written and full of out-of-the-way information. One of these is by Mr. James Platt on "Chinese London and its Opium Dens." The writer says that at different times extending over a long series of years he has made many trips to Chinatown, and these visits enabled him to publish what he considers the most complete account of the opium dens of London that have ever been made public. It seems the opium den described by Dickens was situated in New Court, Victoria Street, and has now been destroyed to make a school board playground. Mr. Platt gives an interesting account of Chinese gambling and of the habits of our Oriental visitors: but we do not gather from the article how many there are of them and how extensive is Chinatown. Mr. Herford embodies in a paper the results of five months' study in an old military library to be found in Jesus College, Cambridge. Mr. Richard Greeno endeavours to resuscitate the memory of Jean Cavalier, who died at Chelsea in 1745. He describes him as almost a forgotten man; he might have been regarded as an entirely forgotten man. Mr. W. C. Sydney writes on "Durham and Bishops Palatine," and Mr. J. W. Sherer puts on record some reminiscences of Bulwer Lytton.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

THE *Westminster Review* for September publishes an article on "The Minister of Education," which is noticed elsewhere. It gives the first place to a paper on "The Cause of Collapse," a Radical rallying cry, which is written by Mr. A. Withy, who is a strong advocate for the nationalisation of the land. He says:—

The primary cause of the collapse was, in my opinion, the want of a thoroughly Democratic Budget.

Mr. G. T. Denison, of Toronto, trounces Mr. Goldwin Smith under the title of "Canada and Her Relations to the Empire." He says:—

It is a matter of most serious import to Canada, that the public mind in England should understand somewhat of Canadian feeling and Canadian interests. The great Empire built up by our fathers can only be held together by mutual confidence, by kindly feeling, by national pride, and by common interest. Misunderstandings must be avoided. Canada in the past has suffered great and irreparable injury by the want of knowledge among English statesmen and people of the condition of affairs on this continent.

There is an article on San Marino, entitled "The Smallest Republic in the World," and a paper by Mr. J. Armsden, under the title of "George and Spencer," which he calls a liberty search-light on the land question. He thinks that Herbert Spencer was weakest wherein he supported land nationalisation, and the strongest when he recoiled at the measures proposed by the land nationalisers. He says:—

Spencershrank from countenancing such retrograde measures, and declared that, whatever might be the ideal conditions of land ownership, no system has yet been set forth that would warrant us in disturbing the actual possessors by State interference.

There is a curious article by Charles Ford upon "The Ethical Solution of our Social Problem." He thinks that political solution is impossible, religious solution not possible, and ethical solution is alone possible, and asks:—

What practical steps can be taken for the cultivation and application of ethics necessary to solve our social problem? We must confine ourselves to two points: (1) More friendly co-operation between religious and ethical ideas and teachers; (2) the formation of an association for applying ethics to practical life.

There is a somewhat odd paper by Mrs. Simpson, entitled "Huxley and Sunday Observance," from which I extract one passage:—

I attended one of Huxley's lectures to ladies on physiology at South Kensington, and I certainly felt that I had never spent half-a-crown to better purpose. His "Elementary Physiology" is a book worth its weight in gold to women, and might well lead to a memorial from women in the shape of an institution where physiology would be taught as a necessary part of the education of responsible beings.

There are two rather ambitious poems, one entitled "The Ebb and Flow of the Tide," the other devoted to the Vision of Caxton when he started his printing press at Westminster Abbey in 1480:—

Awe-thrill'd he stands
With firm-clasp'd hands,
A figure radiant in the dawn-tide fair.
His forehead, ridg'd with thought,
A halo deep has caught
From that effulgence spreading everywhere:
His features bright though pale,
Transfigur'd by the glow
Which as a shining veil
O'er their rapt grandeur flow,
Reflect the hopes his flashing eyes declare,
And his soul's proud desire
That all mankind shall share
The vision'd splendours that his brain now fire.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Blackwood publishes a short story by Ian Maclaren, entitled "A Master of Deceit." The first place is given to an account of the Japanese *imbroglio* from a correspondent in the East, who takes the gloomiest possible view of British diplomacy in those regions. He sums up as the net result of our policy of non-interference under the following four heads:—

British influence in China gone, and Russia installed as protector. German commerce given an incalculable advantage.

Japan weakened *vis-à-vis* Russia.

Russian antagonism deeply accentuated.

France excited, and Egypt thrown into the melting-pot.

An Indian correspondent describes "Why we Went to Chitral," and concludes his paper as follows:—

One conclusion alone may be deduced from the foregoing sketch of our relations with this distant State; whatever our future policy there may be, it is to be hoped that we may never again endeavour to keep so weak and isolated an outpost, without direct and assured means of communication with a more efficient base than can be supplied by the frontier station at Gilgit. Either let us withdraw from the country entirely, or else hold it in sufficient strength, and with a sufficiently assured line of communication, to prevent the recurrence of such a state of affairs as has lately cost the Empire so much in money and in valuable lives.

A political writer who discusses politics under the title of "The New Day" asks of the results of the General Election:—

Are we not justified in saying that the Unionist majority is not a declaration only against Home Rule, but even more decidedly a declaration against Radicalism? We say, in fact, that Home Rule had comparatively little to do with it. It is on this conviction that we base our theory of a new day. If this conviction is mistaken the theory collapses.

There is an interesting account of "Benjamin Constant," based upon his "Journal Intime." Mr. Thomas Speedy writes on "Deer Stalking," and Andrew Lang discusses the "Mystery of 'The Queen's Marie.'" There is also the usual mixture of fiction and poetry.

THE ARENA.

THE *Arena* for August is very strenuous and full of solid articles bearing upon vital human issues. The first place is occupied by Helen Gardener's story of the victories gained in New York, Arizona, and Idaho for the raising of the age of consent, which is raised from sixteen to eighteen in New York, and from fourteen to eighteen in Arizona and Idaho. The form in which the American Acts are passed is to declare intercourse with a girl under eighteen to be rape, which can be punished with imprisonment for life. Professor Frank Parsons continues his elaborate demonstration of the advantages accruing to communities when they are public-spirited enough to own and operate their own electric lamps. The article on Napoleon Bonaparte is written by some one who keeps one eye all the time upon the millionaires of the United States. There are more women's papers upon the "Single Tax." A member of the order of Brotherhood of India replies to Mr. Hensoldt, whose authority, however, as a serious writer has been somewhat discounted owing to the way in which he dresses up his Ceylon stories. The rest of the magazine is devoted to the usual mixture of fiction, theology, and politics.

ANOTHER step in the progress of the canonisation of Mrs. Booth of the Salvation Army may be noted in the publication of a service of song in *All the World* for September, composed of scenes from the life of Mrs. Booth, which opens with the mothers of Salem and closes with a prayer meeting.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE *North American Review* for August contains several interesting articles which are noticed elsewhere, such as Major Griffiths's "Female Criminals," Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson's "What to Avoid in Cycling," Professor Goldwin Smith's "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," and the Rev. J. A. Zahm on "Leo XIII. and Social Questions."

THE PAPARCHY.

The President of the American Protective Association, or anti-papal society, contributes a paper on "The Menace of Romanism," which contrasts oddly enough with the paper by the Rev. J. A. Zahm on "Leo XIII. and the Social Question," which appears in the same number of the *Review*. For the "Charity which thinketh no evil," we have the suspicion which sees no good, and the Pope's utterance upon the labour question is regarded as but one more proof of the diabolic ingenuity of the Papal See which it delights this gentleman to call the Paparchy. He says:—

The evident object of the encyclical is to unify the papist labour of the United States, in order that it may secure the same advantages in the labour market as in politics the papist vote until recently held in the City of New York and other large cities, and eventually, under the leadership of the priesthood, grasp the balance of power in the commercial and labour world. That the papacy has been in politics quite active in the past, and that her influence in the political world has been almost twice as powerful as that of all other sects combined, the enormous appropriations granted to her by the Government for the alleged education of the Indians will indicate, while the large number of special privileges enjoyed by her under State governments demonstrate conclusively that her political organisation is as perfect locally as it is nationally. The course pursued by the popes in Europe during the last century is being duplicated here with variations. The paparchy is a law unto herself and will accept no other.

REVOLVERS FOR CAVALRY.

There is a very short paper by Major W. P. Hall entitled "Revolver or Sabre," which may be respectfully commended to the attention of the new Commander-in-Chief. Major Hall thinks the sabre is as antiquated a weapon as the bow and arrow, and he mentions some interesting instances of the annihilation of a cavalry armed with sabres by horsemen capable of making dead shots when riding at full gallop, holding the reins in their mouths, and firing their revolvers with both hands. Major Hall says:—

The modern cavalry soldier should be trained to the highest degree of individual excellence in the management of his horse and revolver; he should be armed with a carbine and at least two revolvers, and have the useless, clanking, and antiquated sabre consigned to some spot from which it could have no resurrection. The cavalryman should be practised with the revolver till he could fire five shots in four seconds, and be able to hit, two out of three times, an object the size of a man, at a distance of ten yards, with horse at a full run.

HOW TO REFORM WOMEN'S DRESS.

Mr. C. H. Crandall would reform it rapidly with a pair of scissors. His expedient is very simple. He would simply cut off the average skirt ten inches shorter. He says:—

The gain, for instance, that would accrue to the race in the way of increased health and happiness, and lessened pain and doctors' bills, if the average skirt was cut ten inches shorter, would be tremendous. By that one simple surgical stroke of the scissors, quick and painless, think how many hundreds of tons of mud-bedraggled dry-goods would drop from the over-weighted hips of womanhood!

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

The Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, writing upon the industrial figures of last year in the United States, says:—

The industrial prospects had brightened, and, last of all, trade rises in volume under the stimulus of manufacturing demands, wider markets, and better prices. 1894 will be known as a panic year; 1895 will mark the turning of the tide from depression toward prosperity, absolute as well as comparative.

MR. ANDREW LANG ON THE SEX-NOVEL.

Writing on "'Tendencies' in Fiction," Mr. Andrew Lang says:—

Hysterics really seem to be the chief literary motive of some strangely popular lady authors. The tendency represented in their novels is the revolt of some women against the Nature of Things, and especially against the nature of their sex. They want to have all the freedom which men exercise, even that which they exercise contrary to the acknowledged laws of Christian morals. Licentiousness, the claim "to enjoy," as lady novelists call it, at random, is bad enough in men, but in men it does not cause a breakup of the family, and a reduction of society to something much below the state of the Digger Indians. For women "to enjoy," that is, to behave like the nymphs of Otaheite in the *Antijacobin*, is, manifestly, to leave the new generation in the posture of young cuckoos bereft even of the comforts of a thrush's or a sparrow's nest. This obvious fact in natural history has always been regarded as a bar to the indiscriminate license of women. But some of the hysterical ladies maintain their assertion of feminine equality in these matters. Though their works make a talk, and are devoured as stolen fruit, it is not likely that this particular "tendency" will do much harm. "Offences must needs come," but scandals about girls are not, perhaps, so numerous now as they have been in several other less earnest periods.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The Assistant-Secretary of the Navy writes on "The Yacht as a Naval Auxiliary;" Mr. Vandam describes the glory of the *demi-monde* under the Third Empire; and Mr. F. L. Oswald has an interesting paper on "Historical Nicknames."

THE FORUM.

THE *Forum* for August is a good number, and I have noticed elsewhere Maurus Jokai's Literary Recollections, and Justice H. B. Brown's paper on "The Twentieth Century."

CHAUTAUQUA: ITS AIMS AND INFLUENCE.

Professor A. S. Cook, of Yale University, gives us a readable and appreciative notice of the work done by Chautauqua. He describes the aim of its founder as that of—

a fraternal, enthusiastic, methodical, and sustained attempt to elevate, enrich, and inspire the individual life in its entirety, by an appeal to the curiosity, hopefulness, and ambition of those who would otherwise be debarred from the greatest opportunities of culture and spiritual advancement. To this end, all uplifting and stimulating forces, whether secular or religious, are made to conspire in their impact upon the person whose weal is sought.

Its success has been very great; it has spread far and wide:—

Besides the Catholic and Jewish adaptations, besides the Reading Unions of England and Australia, there are now fifty-nine Summer Assemblies on the pattern of Chautauqua in America alone.

THE DRIFT CITYWARDS.

Mr. H. J. Fletcher discusses the drifting into cities, which is quite as strongly marked in the United States

as in the United Kingdom, and suggests that, after a time, the tendency may be checked:—

Is it not possible that the fierceness of the rage for wealth will one day abate, and the people begin to look about them for the sweetness and serenity which human nature longs for in its highest moments, and which are best found under a pure sky, amid the quietness of nature? When the farmer and villager begin to study more how to enrich and beautify farm and village life, when perfect roads, daily mails, the telephone, the electric railway, the manual training school, shall have carried into the remotest corners the blessings of the new civilisation, it may be that the incentive to live in cities will be largely removed. If the dwellers in the smaller towns and country want to counteract the existing tendencies they must be alert to seize and appropriate the agencies which are now transforming modern life.

AN APPEAL TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Christina Goodwin, in an article under this heading, points out very many ways in which mistresses of houses might make domestic service more tolerable to their servants than it is at present. It is a very good sermon preached upon the following text:—

Let us try to create this home atmosphere for all our household, for our servants as well as for our children, by recognising and praising their good work, by avoiding names and regulations which are distasteful to them, and by sympathy with them as women and fellow-beings.

CHEAP CANAL MAKING.

Mr. E. V. Smalley, in a paper entitled "The Deep Waterways Problem," mentions some facts concerning the cheapening of the canals which I do not remember having seen before in print. He says:—

Such remarkable improvements and inventions have been made in machinery for excavating earth and rock and removing material taken from canal-beds, that Chicago is constructing her drainage canal for less than two-thirds the cost per cubic foot of material handled that Manchester paid for her ship canal. This great cheapening in the cost of canal-digging is a factor of prime importance in the problem of a deep waterway from the lakes to the sea. In fact it has given a fresh stimulus to the whole movement. Its significance will be apparent from a single statement. The estimates of a few years ago, of \$130,000,000 for deepening the Welland and St. Lawrence canals to twenty feet, made by the Canadian Government, have recently been cut down to \$50,000,000.

HOW GOETHE WROTE.

Professor Eric Schmidt, of the University of Berlin, in a paper on "The Goethe Archives," gives us an interesting glimpse into the astonishing amount of work which has been done in arriving at the finally corrected text of Goethe's voluminous writings. Professor Schmidt says of the way in which Goethe worked:—

The popular impression of the method of his dictation is altogether false, and it has been engendered by the statue of Rauch, who represents him in a long dressing-gown, his hands clasped comfortably behind his back, promenading majestically up and down, dictating with hesitancy to the inspiration of genies. On the contrary, Goethe prepared a draft of every letter he signed, arriving at some poetical image of friendship or politeness only through the purgatory of various development and expression, before he gave it to his secretary to copy. Repeated inspiration certainly afforded the hoary poet a frequent and rapid flow of unalterably beautiful rhythm, but the numberless scraps of paper hurriedly covered with pencil-marks, or slowly traced with the pen, show us how intimately genius is joined to the unwearying industry which perpetually seeks improvement. Goethe was never satisfied with his own exertions. To file some little roughness away, he would subject a clean copy to repeated revision. Bethinking the wider development of some too rapid *motif* after "Faust" was

sealed like a testament, he opened and revised it during the last few weeks of his life.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Dr. J. M. Rice, writes on the "Substitution of Teacher for Text-book." Mr. A. B. Hepburn describes the excellent work of the "Bond Syndicate," and Mr. W. H. Mallock discourses in his familiar strain on the question whether or not the income tax is socialistic.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

THE third number of Mr. William Graham's monthly review, the *Twentieth Century*, contains eighteen articles, of which three or four are worth noticing. The review, as a whole, is rather too scrappy for a half-crown review, and I doubt whether experience will show that it has within it power to survive. I notice elsewhere Mr. Escott's article on the "Real Lord Randolph," and Mr. McCrie's paper on the Bible as an allegory of the sex relation.

MR. CARLYLE'S POLITICAL PRESCRIPTION.

Mr. O'Grady, writing on "Carlyle as a Politician," calls attention to the fact that Thomas Carlyle was a very practical man, and had very clear views as to what should be done in politics, although, unfortunately, no one would listen to him. His fundamental doctrine, says Mr. O'Grady, may thus be stated:—

"Abolish your Poor Law, enlist your paupers, and employ them under conditions strict as soldiering on useful national works at home or abroad. That is the first step. Till you take that you will make no progress, only stumble on from bad to worse, till the mutinous masses led by mutinous talent overthrow your State, precipitate revolution, and inaugurate anarchy and the reign of terror."

The difficulty of applying this prescription is that Mr. Carlyle assumed that the paupers who were maintained by the Poor Law were able-bodied men, who could be employed on national works at home and abroad. If Mr. O'Grady were to go to any workhouse in the kingdom, and endeavour to recruit a regiment of industrials, he would very soon find that in reality our workhouses are more hospitals than anything else.

THE CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY IN FRANCE.

Mr. Stuart Henry has an article on the "Religious Situation in France," which he discusses in an interesting and suggestive fashion. He contemplates the evolution of a new kind of improved national Gallicanism, a kind of French Catholicism, which will, among other things, abolish the celibacy of the clergy. Upon this point, Mr. Henry says some things worthy of notice. For instance:—

I have yet to talk with a Frenchman, or a Frenchwoman, of any class, high or low, who did not say that the priests should be allowed to marry. "*Mais, que voulez-vous? Les prêtres ne sont que des hommes,*" is the phrase which almost invariably excuses in France, among both sexes, any examples of sacerdotal indiscretion or incontinence. I have heard it a hundred times from French lips. Père Perraud, the eloquent orator-priest of the Madeleine, who died recently, said in 1883, *apropos* of the marriage of Père Hyacinthe: "Ten years ago this subject was under ban in the aristocratic families of the Faubourg Saint-Germain; but to-day it is not only a theme of common conversation in the salons of that quarter, but at every fireside and in every sacristy in France. I am convinced that nine-tenths of the priests, nine-tenths of the fathers, and one-half of the mothers of France favour the marriage of the clergy." For my own part, I do not believe that the distinctly moral sentiment has ever been so disposed in modern times to develop in France as at present.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of August 1st, the first place is given to M. E. Faguet's second article on "Auguste Comte: his Morality and his Religion."

THE COMTIST MORALITY.

"Comte," says he, "enunciated the principle that morality consists of shedding off successively the animal nature, the childish or undeveloped nature, and finally the selfish or individual nature, and he arrived finally at a social morality which looks on the individual as hardly worth considering, and the species as existing solely by a sort of right divine. For a man to confound his own interests with that of his species, to live for and in it alone, to think of nothing but its progress, and to consider himself simply as a cell forming part of this great body—this, according to Comte, is true morality. Humanity must further be considered in its relation to time from the beginning of days to the furthest future of which the human being can form a conception, and this humanity is presented to us as an object of legitimate worship to whom all our thoughts and all our acts are due. Such was the religion of Comte seen apart from the liturgical mechanism with which he somewhat absurdly overlaid it."

AN AMERICAN HEROINE.

Madame Th. Bentzon continues her account of "Woman in the United States," and in this instalment deals with the Southern States, where, perhaps, as a Frenchwoman she is more at home than in Massachusetts. She was much impressed with the absolute separation between the whites and the blacks, but she noted that although every little village has two schoolhouses, the negro is pressing onwards towards the higher studies, the means of doing so being largely provided by the North, which not only gives its money, but lends the services of its professors. The first statue raised in America in honour of a woman is to be seen in New Orleans; it is that of a certain Margaret Haughery, who was born in poverty and began life as a milk-seller, to which she added the sale of bread, finally becoming a baker on a very large scale. She made a considerable fortune, which she devoted to the poor, and was popularly known as "The Orphan's Friend." Nothing more profoundly touched Madame Bentzon than this homage paid by the aristocratic town of Orleans to a woman who did not know how to read or write.

IN PRAISE OF WAR.

M. de Sizeranne writes of war from the æsthetic or pictorial point of view, from the famous "Rêve" of Detaille to the marble warriors in the museums of Europe, and from the Elgin marbles to the "Dying Gladiator." "War," says he, "has its fine incidents and its poetic side. Peace, if it once takes possession of the world, will have to replace this by sacrifices of another kind. Humanity needs a stimulus greater than that of material well-being."

The essay upon "Goethe and the Romantic Crisis," by M. E. Rod, goes over ground long familiar to English students; and that upon "Jean Jacques Rousseau," by M. de Vogüé, is more interesting, especially as the writer considers that the rôle played by Rousseau in modern thought tends to become, as time goes on, more precise and more influential.

NIETZSCHE.

The first article in the second number of the *Revue* deals with individualism and anarchy in literature, as exemplified by Frederick Nietzsche and his philosophy, and is by M. E. Schuré. Saxon by birth, and son of a pastor, Nietzsche had in him the making of a writer of

the first quality, and of a great moralist. He possessed a capacity both for profound thought and for genial satire, and was called by his natural gifts to be a thinker useful in his generation, for he had genius and a goodly supply of poetic imagery. His philosophical romance "*Lavathoustra*" describes as its hero a philosopher who lived for ten years in a cave enjoying his own intellect, without regret or lassitude, in perfect happiness. Needless to say this philosopher saw and sought for nothing beyond. The creator of this intellectual spectre himself went mad and died. Nietzsche has disciples who hold him up as the prophet of the future.

OTHER ARTICLES.

In "The Organisation of Universal Suffrage," C. Benoist seeks to ascertain how best to obviate the impending crisis of the modern state. He does not write hopefully or in a liberal spirit, for he would seek to create moral dykes and ditches round the great flood of uneducated voters; and he thinks some sort of reform in the way of retrogression necessary if the world of the future is to be freed from anarchy.

M. Filon's account of the contemporary drama in England should be read, marked, and inwardly digested by those belonging either to the old or new schools of criticism, for it is well to sometimes see ourselves as others see us, and the French writer is evidently enthusiastically absorbed in his somewhat wide subject. He gives a really excellent account of the part played by Sir H. Irving, and devotes not a little space to the late laureate's contributions to the British stage. His analysis of William Archer and the "New Criticism" is not without unconscious humour. It is to be hoped that M. Filon will not conclude this series without giving his readers a glimpse of the wide influence wielded in England by Ibsen. Other articles deal with the Czech question, expounded at some length by M. P. Daresté. M. Valbert discusses a work lately published on Napoleon's youth. M. Michel contributes some charming pages on the family of Rubens, and under the title of "A Musical Pilgrimage" M. de Wyzewa describes the Handel Festival at Mayence.

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

We have noticed elsewhere the first instalment of Renan's correspondence with his sister Henriette.

THE MADAGASCAR EXPEDITION.

An anonymous article on the Madagascar expedition contains the frankest exposition that has yet appeared in France of the real facts of the case. "Lieut.-Colonel K." does not spare his words, and, in fact, tells his compatriots plainly that it is of no use trying to colonise unless there are colonists ready to occupy the fresh fields and pastures new opened out to them by European enterprise. The article forms a severe indictment of the present French Government, and more particularly of each separate Ministry. The author recalls some of the more disastrous blunders of the Tonkin expedition, and declares that not a few of the mistakes made in the past and present are due to the deep antagonism existing between the French army and navy. "But when some poor fellow belonging to the expedition dies of fever, it matters little what uniform he wears; be he sailor or soldier, he leaves a French mother sonless."

HOW ROCHEFORT WORKED.

Those interested in European journalism and journalists will find much to amuse and instruct them in M. Talmeyr's fragmentary recollections of the Paris press world. Here is what he says of Rochefort, whom he first met some twenty years ago, when the redoubtable jour-

nalist-politician was still on the right side of fifty: "He seldom spent more than half an hour a day in the office of his paper, for then as now he was devoted to art, literature, and the drama. Every evening his chief assistant-editor telephoned to him the news contained in the latest telegrams, and a summary of all that had occurred during the day. Rochefort jotted down what he thought would serve his purpose, and within two hours the leader which was to electrify Paris next morning was in proof."

M. Pasquet attributes the defeat of the Liberal party at the late elections to the fact that Lord Rosebery and his followers went to the polls on a purely political programme, whilst their rivals promised certain practical advantages.

LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA.

Most valuable from an historical point of view are the delightfully graphic letters written from the Crimea by Marshal Saint Arnaud to his wife. They afford a vivid picture of the beginnings of the campaign, and incidentally give a pleasing glimpse of the famous soldier's private life. He considered no detail too small or too unimportant to tell his "adored Isette," and when expecting the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Raglan, and Lord Ross to dinner, he begged her to send him some fresh vegetables, strawberries, cherries, and gooseberries in order to entertain them in a worthy manner. At this dinner he informed his wife that the Duke of Cambridge "always excellent" drank the absent lady's health. He gives an amusing account of a dinner on board the *Bellerophon*, where Lord Paulet, his host, had his own troupe of comedians on board. These letters confirm fully all that has been said as to the terrible lack of organisation, especially as regards the catering, which led to the loss of so many lives, including that of Arnaud himself, for it will be remembered that he gave over the command to Canrobert on the 26th September, 1854, and died four days later when only a few hours' sail from Therapia, where his wife was awaiting him.

GOUNOD'S REMINISCENCES.

In the same number are continued Gounod's reminiscences containing the composer's impressions of the Germany and Austria of his youth. At Leipzig he spent some unforgettable hours with Mendelssohn, who played to him, on Bach's organ, many of the latter's finest compositions. Gounod's views as to what conduces to the popular success or failure of an opera are of value. "The first performance of 'Faust' produced no great impression, yet it has exceeded in popularity all my other compositions. An immediate effect may often be produced by the apparent brilliancy of a work, but only solid qualities tell in the long run." Gounod probably destroyed the last portion of his memoirs, but the *Revue de Paris* hopes shortly to publish some extracts from his correspondence.

Other articles deal with Icelandic politics, "The Life and Career of Theodore Aubernal," and "The Why and Wherefore of Modern Strikes."

THE NOUVELLE REVIEW.

We have noticed elsewhere the account of his private observatory by the famous astronomer Flammarion.

Mme. Adam still devotes much of the space at her disposal to service matters, and in a further instalment of the able though anonymous account of "The French Navy and its Strategic Rôle" Admiral — lays great stress on the increased need for torpedo boats, and declares that immediate attention should be paid to the French coast defences.

THE WASTE OF THE WORLD.

In curious contrast is M. Paulhan's striking paper on the moral and intellectual waste existing to-day. He discusses the inefficiency of educational methods, and points out the waste existing in modern life and industry of the lives of women and children: the waste of ideas, which, when enunciated, fall like stones in water, creating widening circles, which subside and pass away; and the waste of human intelligence in the writing of innumerable books, of which the vast majority are forgotten very few years after their publication. The theme is discussed with great ingenuity, and ever-shifting generations of men are depicted as furnishing the detritus on which their successors nevertheless thrive.

M. Commetant analyses in a fashion that should delight those interested in folk-lore, the national melodies of Iceland, lately collected by M. Pilet, a member of the Paris Bar, who likewise visited Guatemala with the same intention and result.

THE CONSERVATOIRE.

Those thinking of studying music in Paris will find much to interest them in M. G. Dubor's account of the Conservatoire, an institution of wide fame, established by Lulli in the seventeenth century, and which has become the leading school of singing and declamation in the world. In the unique collection of musical instruments to be found in the old-world building, is a harp which once belonged to Marie Antoinette, the viol played by Henry IV., and a spinet presented to Maria-Theresa by Louis XIV. The Conservatoire Library is also well worth a visit, the more so that since 1839 a copy of every musical composition published in France has to be sent there before being placed on sale.

ROCHEFORT'S LETTERS FROM PRISON.

The most interesting article in the second number of the *Nouvelle Revue* is composed of the letters written by Henri Rochefort when imprisoned after the Commune in 1871. They were addressed to M. and Madame Adam, and are remarkable for the simplicity of their language and total absence of expletives, and show the writer in a new light. He alludes to his children, who came from England to see him in his Versailles prison. Henry and Noemi he describes as charming children, much better looking than Bibi, who appears to have been left in Mme. Adam's care. "Not that any one has the right to say that Bibi is absolutely ugly," says the tender parent; "I myself have always been frightful, and yet I have only produced fine children; they have been my best works, and the sole ones which have procured me anything but annoyance." Rochefort was at that time under sentence of death, afterwards commuted to transportation.

MISCELLANEA.

Georges Hugo, in his "Recollections of a Sailor," gives a picturesque glimpse of Syria and the coast of Asia Minor. T. F. Brentano's paper on "Gold Mine Speculations" describes with scathless severity some of the methods pursued in some of the South African mining districts, though the writer admits that the mining towns created by a mob of adventurers drawn together from all parts of the world will disappear as soon as the interests which made them vanish away. M. Lecomte's description of latter-day Tangiers is not without topical interest.

M. Engerrand's account of the life led by our forefathers at the various spas and watering-places famed during the eighteenth century for their health-giving properties, should amuse those who yearly proceed to Schwalbach, Wiesbaden and Spa.

SOME ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* contains several Idylls by Grant Allen. There is a brief but interesting account of the Crown Prince of Siam, who is being educated with his brother at North Lodge, Ascot, under the governorship of Mr. Basil Thomson, son of the late Archbishop Thomson of York. Miss Banks discourses upon the life of a London sempstress, and Mr. Pask tells of the life led by Essex farm folk. Short stories are contributed by Max Pemberton, Lilian Quiller Couch, Stanley Weyman, and others.

Harper's Magazine.

Harper's Magazine is a very good number. There is exceptional interest in the first travel paper, owing to the fact that Mr. Davis, its writer, describes the journey he took in company with young Somerset through Honduras. Mr. Davis is a pleasant writer, and his account of this little Central American journey is brightly illustrated, although the title—"Three Gringos in Central America"—is rather obscure. Ian Maclaren contributes a short story, entitled "Jamie," from which it would seem that the Scotch short story has become acclimatised on the other side of the Atlantic. Edwin Lord Weeks has a well illustrated paper on "Notes on Indian Art," but the best article in the magazine is Owen Wister's "Evolution of the Cow-Puncher." The cowboy of the plains is treated by Mr. Wister as the latest descendant of the knight-errants. Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Launcelot, and others were all in the line of his descent. The knight and the cowboy are nothing but the same Saxon of different environments. The cowboy, however, has not yet found his inspired bard or story-teller in the shape of a Sir Thomas Malory.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE *Pall Mall Magazine* for September has only one coloured picture, entitled "Off Cowes, 1895," which can hardly be considered to be a success. There is, however, a very charming frontispiece in photogravure. Two-thirds of the magazine is fiction, but Mr. Story gossips concerning the country round Bolton Abbey. Mr. Grant Allen continues his papers on the "Evolution of Early Italian Art." Judge O'Connor Morris concludes his paper on the campaign of Trafalgar. Nelson's death mask, which forms the tailpiece of the article, has a curious superficial resemblance to John Morley. The poetry and illustrations are very good.

The Century Magazine.

In the *Century* the Napoleonic mania spreads more and more. This month we have not only thirty pages devoted to a life of Napoleon Bonaparte, but we have twenty pages devoted to an account of life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire. That is to say, fifty pages, or nearly one-third of the whole of this American magazine, are devoted to describing the doings of the first and third Napoleons. There is a useful paper which may be read with advantage by all owners of parks in England as well as in America, describing aquatic gardening. It is illustrated, and is a small treatise upon water plant culture in the estate, the garden and the house. There is an interesting paper by a lady upon the hunting

customs of the Omaha Indians. There are three poems of rather more than average merit. There is also an article containing recollections of Henry Clay, and the usual amount of fiction.

The Windsor Magazine.

THE *Windsor* continues to keep up its high standard. In the August number there are several articles of more than ordinary interest. The article on "The Art Treasures of the Provinces" is devoted to the pictures at Liverpool. There is an account of "A Holiday in Manxland," and a somewhat painful paper upon the realities of prison life. Miss O'Connor Eccles gossips pleasantly on "Men's Influence on Women's Dress," and the article on "The Houses of Celebrated People" keeps up the interest of the first number.

The Idler.

THE *Idler* contains another instalment of "Tales of Our Coast" by Mr. Crockett, a "Chat with Sara Jeannette Duncan" and a first article upon Mr. Raven Hill, the comic illustrator. There is a paper by Miss Belloc describing the art and mystery of becoming a first-class cook. The *Idlers' Club* is devoted to the profitable discussion whether or not man should be woman's god. The editor is strongly of opinion that he should. Mr. Alden, however, writing sarcastically, points out that it is too late to discuss that question. In a moment of amiable weakness man taught women to write and read, this not only enabled her to widen her knowledge of men but in time led her to think. The result of that thinking was to entirely destroy the illusions which alone made it possible for her to make a god of man. It is curious to note that most of the papers take it for granted that the distinctive note of the new woman is cycling and cigarette smoking. As to that I should be inclined to say cycling, yes; cigarette smoking, certainly not; but they are curiously classed together in these papers.

Scribner's Magazine.

Scribner's Magazine contains few articles which are of special interest to English readers. The history of the last quarter of a century of the United States brings the narrative down to the assassination of General Garfield. The article upon "Country Clubs and Hunt Clubs" is well illustrated and describes hunting life in the United States.

The Badminton Magazine.

THE *Badminton Magazine*, No. 2, is an improvement on No. 1. The illustrations are excellently done. The magazine opens with an account of pig-sticking as the sport of rajahs, then follows a very pleasantly written paper on "Sport in the New Forest." There is a paper on "Ascot Reminiscences," while Lord Walsingham writes on partridge shooting. The secretaries of the M.C.C. and the Surrey C.C. write on the subject of the best elevens. There is also an illustrated paper on fencing as a sport for women. Two French academicians are quoted who declared that more is seen of a man or woman in a ten minutes' fencing match than in weeks of intercourse. Among all athletic exercises that of fencing is peculiarly suited for women, as strength is not so necessary to make a good fencer as quickness of eye, suppleness of body, and a certain delicacy in the play of the foil.

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

In *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, Mr. Julian Hawthorne contributes a poem of three stanzas, entitled "The Trilogy." The first tells of the first kiss, the second of an estrangement, and the third of a reconciliation. I quote the second and the third:—

By strife disheartened (half a lifetime since),
The fretful consequence of wayward wrongs
Done each to each, or fancied to be done,
There fell a day, we scarce knew how or whence,
When (that sweet reverence which to love belongs
No longer rendered), Love himself seemed gone,
And we, lovers no longer, needs must part.
But lo! some holier oracle of the heart
Spake suddenly: "Forgive!
Wrongs die: by love ye live:
Kiss, be no more faithless, but believe."

A lifetime past; aye, but a lifetime won!
Not lightly may love's depth and height be spanned.
Sweet was young love's first kiss amongst the flowers;
Yet sweeter, purer, after frost begun,
The kiss that melted summer back, and bann'd
The demon, pride; but ah! these latest hours
Prophecy joys of love transfigured far
Above what all incarnate were or are.
Time fades:—Belov'd, thy lips!
Oh, balm, in earth's eclipse,
The immortal kiss of love's apocalypse!

In the same magazine, W. D. Howells contributes several pages of verse, of varying degrees of merit. I quote the last, which is entitled "Statistics":—

So many men on such a date of May,
Despaired and took their hopeless lives away
In such an area, year after year;
In such another place, it would appear
The assassinations averaged so and so
Through August after August, scarce below
A given range; and in another one,
March after March, it seems there were undone
So many women, still about the same,
With little varying circumstance in their shame;
Burglaries, arsons, thefts, and forgeries
Had their own averages as well as these;
And from these figures science can discern
The future in the past. We but return
Upon our steps, although they seem so free.
The thing that has been is that which shall be.

Dark prophet, yes! But still somehow the round
Is spiral, and the race's feet have found
The path rise under them which they have trod.
Your facts are facts, yet somewhere there is God.

THERE are three poems of more than average merit in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. One by Kate Lee on Love, another on Sand Castles by James Mew, and a third by J. A. Middleton on Fidelity:—

I do not want you when your feet
With buoyant footsteps tread on air,
And you can smile on all you meet,
And banish care;
But when the road is long and cold,
And cruel seem the ways of men,
And you are weary, sad, and old—
Come then.

I do not want you when your name
From lip to lip is proudly rolled,
I do not want you when your fame
Has brought you gold;
But when you fight and strive and press,
And no one reads the song you pen,
And life is full of loneliness—
Come then.

In the *Canadian Magazine* for July, which is as usual rather strong in verse, D. McCaig contributes a poem on the "Microbe," which expresses what many of us have often felt:—

Your microbe meets me everywhere;
No chink nor crevice, brain nor bone,
But he has seized, and revels there,—
A king of undisputed throne.
Around my porridge bowl he skips;
My ham is honey-combed all through;
He whets his fangs and smacks his lips
When smelling at my Irish stew.

I heed not thee; some nobler things
Than steak or trout or sausage balls
Cool Science to the devil flings,
And leaves us but the empty stalls
Where Peace and Pity sold their doves
And white-robed Innocence lies slain,
Where friendship's tears, nor boyhood loves,
Shall ever make us fools again!

We thought, Ah well! what matter how
We thought or felt, in part or whole,
Since Right or Wrong or Conscience now,
Is but some microbe in the soul!—
We thought that strain from viol or lute,
Were spirit notes of higher things.
Alas! 'twas but some gay galoot,
That kicked and hopped among the strings.

Oh leave me, Science, let me sleep
And turn my face unto the wall;
I've nothing now to guard or keep,
You've left me bankrupt, taken all.

THE REV. T. E. BROWN contributes to the *New Review* for August a rather remarkable poem for a reverend gentleman to write, entitled "Woman, Woman." The Rev. Mr. Brown raves in dithyrambic verse over the charms of the various Roman women, beginning with one whose "eyes swooped into mine," causing him to exclaim:—

What lust.
August.
No wonder
If abated thunder
Sleeps in her silken lashes,
If flashes
Of awful splendour light the purple mud
That clogs the sphered depths palatial;
No wonder if a blotch of blood
Lies murd'rous in the centre of the ball.

He sees a good many other women, most of them less disreputable, but all tempting from his point of view, until he comes upon "My Lady Margaret," an English woman on the Pincian Hill, and he asks her, "Pray what have you to set against splendour such as these?" "No, I don't love you, and I never can, Pretentious woman on the Pincian." Then he winds up as follows:—

Ah well, you did us service in your station;
And how the progress of our civilisation
Has made you quite so terrible
It boots not ask: for still
You gave us stalwart scions,
Suckled the young sea-lions,
And smiled infrequent glacial smiles
Upon the sulky isles—
For this and all His mercies—stay at home—
Here are the passion-flowers!
Here are the sunny hours!
O Pincian woman, do not come to Rome.

THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE WINTER.

THE approach of winter with its long nights and its inclement weather, which render out-door sports impossible, will naturally give an impetus to the establishment of circulating libraries in the villages. There are many people who read in the winter time, and the success which has already been achieved by the REVIEW OF REVIEWS Loan Library Boxes, even in summer time, is the best augury for the wider development of their usefulness in the reading half of the year. I have received reports from most of the centres which have had boxes of books for one quarter, and the information which has been obtained is valuable in issuing the new boxes which will be demanded in the next six months.

There are of course here and there exceptions where, from one cause or another, the boxes did not meet with the local appreciation which was expected, but in the immense majority of cases the subscribers have assured me that the boxes were highly valued and much read. Some two dozen boxes have been returned at the conclusion of their first quarter, and on the whole the books have been very well cared for and largely read. In the first twelve boxes which were returned, containing rather more than five hundred books, each book had been out on an average in the quarter once a month. That is to say, the circulation of the books in the twelve boxes was about sixteen hundred, a percentage considerably higher than that which prevails in many more imposing circulating libraries.

From Northumberland, where Lord Grey has four boxes in circulation, "I have received the most gratifying reports of the interest taken in the books. The following is an extract from the report of one of the centres:—

I am glad to submit to you some proof of the success of the Circulating Library and its benefit to us here. Our subscribers include quarrymen, agricultural labourers, cottagers, and the small tradespeople of our village, schoolboys and their masters, farmers, our Vicar, etc. One, an agriculturist, makes use of his half-holiday to come on bicycle some sixteen miles, and take out a new book, occasionally, when the weather is bad having the greater part to walk; the following are within his selection of books:—"Laws of Everyday Life" (A. Forster), "Round the Empire" (G. Z. Parkins), "The Coming Race" (Lord Lytton), his regret being very keen that the "Ascent of Man," and "Descent of Man" were constantly bespoken. I am quite sure there is a demand amongst our villagers for "deep" reading, the discussions and remarks made when changing books are very animated indeed. Our railway men, too, are regular subscribers. Others, including our medical doctor, five miles off, very willingly have their books sent and returned by train or post.

Another centre in the eastern counties reports that among its subscribers are the Baptist minister, the schoolmaster, private schoolmistress, doctor, chemist, grocer, and ironmonger, and many others. So popular has the library been that they are going to have a second box for the winter months. This centre also reports that the *Illustrated London News* is most popular. It was borrowed the first night and has been out ever since. The reports from the other centres prove that the magazines are a most popular feature of the scheme.

One of our Gloucester centres reports that the library has proved very successful. The secretary writes:—

The subscribers beg to render you thanks of one and all. A glance at the issue card will show you the circulation has

been fairly good. The books have been much appreciated; and when we remember that the past three months have been those when most of the leisure of our busy people has been spent in the open air, there is great cause for satisfaction.

The secretary of one of our Welsh centres has written to suggest that I should include Welsh books in the boxes which are sent to the Principality. He thinks that the library would be much more popular in Wales if from six to twelve books in the Welsh language were included. From practical experience he had found that he would have been able to obtain many more subscribers to his box of books had it contained books in both languages. I am therefore prepared to issue boxes of books containing, say, a dozen Welsh books besides those in English, provided I receive orders for twelve boxes. I am having a list of suitable Welsh books prepared, but should be glad of any suggestion from intending subscribers.

I have received a letter from an employer of labour who thinks that a great deal of good might be done if employers would take boxes of books for circulation among their workpeople. As he says, there are a great number of establishments who employ hundreds of men, but make no provision for the literary education of their workers. Employers who wish to encourage reading among their workpeople will probably find our circulating library the most convenient way of doing so.

My friend Mr. Garrett, of the *Cape Times*, has written to me from Cape Town, expressing his wish to establish branches of the Circulating Library in South Africa. Correspondence on the subject is going forward, and I hope in a month or two to report progress. Several of the Epworth League, in Bermuda, are proposing to become subscribers to the scheme. These would take several boxes of books and interchange them amongst themselves, returning them to London at the end of the year. I have also received applications for boxes from St. Helena and Vancouver Island. Intending subscribers abroad should endeavour to secure at least four centres, amongst which the boxes could be interchanged without being returned to London every quarter.

Thirteen new centres were formed last month in England, Scotland and Wales. This brings the number of boxes at present in circulation up to over ninety.

In view of the probability that many other centres may desire to avail themselves of the boxes in the ensuing quarters, the following are the terms on which boxes can be obtained:—

Boxes of books containing from forty-five to fifty volumes are supplied every quarter at a charge of 30s. per quarter or £6 a year, paid in advance.

Boxes of books with the same number of volumes are supplied half-yearly at a charge of 50s. or £5 a year.

Cheaper boxes of books can be supplied half-yearly at a charge of 30s., or £3 a year.

Special terms are arranged for centres taking several boxes and interchanging them locally, and also for boxes going abroad.

Each box of books contains about twenty new and standard novels, ten bound volumes of the most popular illustrated magazines, as well as books of travel and adventure, biographies, histories, etc. The cheaper boxes contain about eighty complete works in sixty volumes. Each box has over forty standard novels besides other books and magazines.

THE PENNY POETS AND POETS' CORNER.

THE demand for "The Penny Poets," I am glad to say, continues unabated. The number printed of No. 1 is approaching 200,000, while 100,000 are printed every week of each successive number. The series has now reached its thirteenth part, and there seems to be no abatement in the popular demand.

Of the Poets' Corner I have now issued three parts containing portraits of Macaulay, Scott, Byron, Lowell, Shakespeare, Milton, Longfellow, Whittier, Campbell, Mrs. Browning, William Morris, and Burns. Four of these portraits, which are eleven inches by fifteen, are printed in chromo and suitable for framing, will be forwarded post free for one-and-fourpence, with a volume of 240 pages of poetry.

The favourite box for storing "The Penny Poets" is the one with four partitions, which will contain the whole series. This is supplied at one shilling, post free, and it will be found invaluable for preventing the loss or straying of the weekly numbers. Of the other boxes, the 7s. 6d. plain and 10s. painted are most in request.

I continue to receive letters from many parts of the country, all or most of which express the gratitude of the subscribers for the Masterpiece Library. Only two criticisms have reached me deprecating the selection made from the poets. One good man in the North of England, who informed me that he had actually found "Romeo and Juliet" in the hands of a young girl, sent the offending number back to me and insisted that I should at once withdraw it from circulation. Another correspondent in the South of England lamented that so much was said about undressed women in "The Earthly Paradise." But with these exceptions I have received no complaints.

I am anxious to publish a Welsh number of the Masterpiece Library, and I am at present embarrassed by the variety of suggestions that have been made. Personally, I incline to the publication of Welsh masterpieces accompanied with English translations, but there seems to be some doubt as to the existence of any translations worthy of the originals.

Moore's Irish melodies, with his ballads and songs, and some miscellaneous poems, supply the first Irish contribution to this library.

The *Leeds Mercury* devoted a leading article to the Penny Poets, from which I quote the following passages:—

Mr. W. T. Stead, who in his time has inaugurated many remarkable movements not always regarded by the conventional and orthodox with favour, has in his last venture achieved a success which will certainly be hailed with satisfaction by everybody. "The Penny Poets" series has already become famous, and people who never read poetry before are now reading it at its best in weekly instalments. Surely nothing in this age of cheapness could possibly be cheaper than the little books which Mr. Stead is sending out. To get "Paradise Lost" and "Childe Harold" for a penny seem marvellous, while to introduce the vast majority of readers to recent work like Mr. William Morris's "Earthly Paradise" at the same ridiculous price is a distinct benefit to the nation. Literature at a penny per volume means, in short, that every cottage in the kingdom can have its own library. There will be no more excuse for the man who pleads poverty. A penny per week is a sum that few people in this country cannot afford to pay. Even the tramp who prefers vagabondage in the summer months to residence in a stifling town may if he be so inclined carry Mr. Stead's little books with him, and study Shakespeare or Milton, Burns or Byron, under the hedgerow's shade or behind the sheltering haystack.

What are the people to read? Obviously, they must read the best. All that is highest and most lasting in our literature must be put in their way, and it is because this must be, if we are desirous of ensuring our future greatness, that such enterprise as that of Mr. Stead in his "Penny Poets" series ought to be welcomed on every hand.

There is all the more reason to encourage the cheapening of good literature when we remember that cheapness in production is apt to work for evil as well as for good. At the present moment the country is flooded with cheap prints, none of them of any literary merit, and most of them decidedly lowering in scope and character, which are bought and eagerly read by the younger members of the community. The servant-girl who weeps over the loves of Lord Adolphus and the Lady Corisande is wasting her time just as badly as the schoolboy who gets up a breathless excitement over the doings of Deadwood Dick. But both must have something to read, and neither, we fear, would be altogether satisfied by Mr. Stead's "Penny Poets." Mr. Stead's enterprise is splendid—it deserves to succeed, and will doubtless do so. But it ought to be only the beginning of a long series of similar enterprises, the aim of which should be to drive out all literary rubbish from the field and replace it with the best and highest productions.

The *Church Times* of August 23 thus notices the Masterpiece Library:—

"Reading maketh a full man," so Lord Bacon tells us; but there are many who cannot afford to read the best literature because of its price. So, to meet this difficulty, it entered into the fertile brain of Mr. W. T. Stead to present some of the gems of our literature in so cheap a form that he who toiled might read "and weariness be balanced with delight." It is a noble aim and nobly carried out in the series under review. One after another have the singers of the days gone by been laid under tribute—the trumpet notes of Scott and Macaulay, the sweet-voiced vision of the blind bard, Milton, Scott, Campbell and Burns, Shakespeare and Byron; while, from across the sea, Lowell and Longfellow have been drawn to brighten the thoughts and ennoble the aims of some of our English toilers—and for this deed of his, far better than the task one time essayed (like Psyche's task of separating the two kinds of seeds), Mr. Stead is worthy to rank with his predecessors who have laboured in the same field—W. Knight and the Brothers Chambers. And if in no other way than this he has answered the question in Lowell's poem, "Extreme Unction," which, he says, was the inspiration of his life:—

Now here I gasp: What lose my kind
When this fast ebbing breath shall part?
What bands of love and service bind
This being to the world's sad heart?

For when, for him, the sounds of earth's calls shall be hushed and still, many a heart will remember him gratefully as having put within his reach sweet-sounding words that carried noble thoughts, thus avoiding the fate of King Acrisius, of whom Mr. Morris sings in "The Earthly Paradise"—

He died, and in his place was set his son;
He died, and in a few days everyone
Went on their way as though he had not been.

Correspondents have written to various provincial papers calling attention to the value of the series. Mr. F. R. Swan, for instance, writes to the *Western Mercury*:—

The opportunity to obtain the finest poems in the English language is so unique and special that some who at present are ignorant of this boon may be induced to buy for themselves. For the sum of one penny weekly any person may become possessor of a poet's corner—of a splendid library. No one can deny that the circulation of such a series is of immense moral and educational benefit. Next to the Bible the poets stand first in the supremacy of their teaching. In too many cases poems are sold at prohibitive prices. Thousands of homes are deprived of them. But these appeal to the million. With such a chance no one need be without them.

THE NATIONAL SOCIAL UNION.

MR. PLUNKETT'S SUGGESTED IRISH COMMITTEE.

THE principle of the National Social Union, namely the agreement to act for the attainment of objects upon which all are at one, while adjourning, for the moment, questions which divide, has received an unexpected recognition last month. Ireland is unfortunately a country which most needs the application of this principle, and has heretofore shown the least inclination to apply it. It was, therefore, with a profound feeling of relief that we read the proposal which Mr. Horace Plunkett forwarded to the Irish papers last month. Mr. Horace Plunkett is an Irish Conservative member of Parliament, honourably distinguished by his public spirit and patriotic devotion to Ireland—a devotion which cannot be denied even by those who lament that he should be found in the Unionist rather than the Home Rule camp. His proposal is equivalent to the establishment of a National Social Union for Ireland for the promotion of the interests of Irish national government. Of course he does not give it that name. What he suggests is that a committee should be formed on which Home Rulers and Unionists should be represented. He proposed that there should be four Nationalists, two Parnellites, and two Unionists. This committee, he thought, might, during the recess, devote itself to secure the formation of an Irish Board of Agriculture and the drafting of a Technical Education Bill. It was a happy inspiration which led Mr. Plunkett to choose these two subjects. The first and last impression which I brought away from Ireland was that whatever might be said about Ireland being a nation there was no doubt at all that first and foremost Ireland was a farm, and that under whatever form of national government, a Board of Agriculture should be by far the most important government department. Upon this Whig and Tory can all agree. There is the same agreement as to the need for technical education, especially technical agricultural education. There is reason to believe that an efficient system of agricultural schools would make more money for the Irish tenant in ten years than all the savings which could be effected by the paring of his landlord's rent.

There are other questions with which this committee could deal, which will suggest themselves at once to those who know the needs of the country. The *Freeman's Journal*, which usually represents the views of Archbishop Walsh, welcomed Mr. Plunkett's suggestion with consideration and courtesy, but of course the Independents, the Thersites and Shimeis of the Irish party, would have none of it. It is probable that if Mr. Redmond continues his opposition, the Nationalists will probably be afraid to take part in such a National Social Union for fear they should render themselves liable to be represented as less thoroughgoing than their rivals. Nevertheless, although the scheme may fail, it counts for righteousness that it should have been put forward. The idea of a national committee on which both Unionists and Home Rulers should sit and assist in preparing measures in the recess to be submitted to Parliament when it reassembles, is a conception which having once been realised in thought may be materialised into practical action. Even if Mr. Redmond and Mr. Healy stand aloof it ought not to be impossible to secure an influential committee on Mr. Plunkett's lines, especially if it were not limited to M.P.'s. Every sensible Home Ruler must see

in Mr. Plunkett's suggestion an approximation to the conception of Home Rule, and there is no doubt that if any such committee could be got together and made to work, it could practically dictate the shape of the more important non-contentious Irish measures which will be submitted to Parliament next year.

WORK FOR THE COUNTY COUNCILS.

A SUGGESTION FROM LORD WINCHILSEA.

THE first place in the *Humanitarian* for September is devoted to an interesting interview with Lord Winchilsea, the president of the National Agricultural Union, as to the present condition of the British peasant, and what can be done to improve it. Lord Winchilsea says many wise things, and his whole conversation is luminous with intelligence and experience. Lord Winchilsea suggests that a good deal could be done by improving technical education. He says:—

There seems to me to be a great want of method in the instruction given by the County Councils. There is no system running through it. Now as to the way in which this want affects the agricultural labourer. Abroad, a very important source of income to those corresponding in position to agricultural labourers, is the rearing of poultry, and the growing of vegetables and market-garden produce, all of which, in fact, could be done on an allotment. When ready for market, they are enabled to get their produce conveyed there cheaply, and to obtain a good price for it, because they are intelligently combined for its collection, despatch, and distribution, and taught how to perform their part. This, however, is totally wanting in England; and it is to supply this want that I am now engaged in promoting an Association which is coming out in the autumn under the auspices of the National Agricultural Union. We hope by means of this Association to introduce a system of packing and delivering goods and produce, for the disposal of which our own salesmen will be put in the markets.

And here I should like to say a few more words about women and agriculture. The Association would encourage the employment of women by making an opening for them to engage in suitable rural industries in the villages, especially in winter time, when it is unsuitable for them to be employed in the fields. The packing of goods is one such opening, and a very important one. Supposing that you have the best outlet for your produce, you will find that agricultural labourers and their wives do not understand preparing and packing it for market. I was talking to the managing director of Messrs. Crosbie and Blackwell's the other day, and he said that they are obliged to buy much of their best produce from abroad because it is better packed, and it is necessary in dealing with large quantities of produce that it should be properly and systematically packed. It seems to me that it would be a step in the right direction if the technical education given by the County Councils included instruction of this sort. The man in the cottage and on the allotment must know how to prepare and pack his fruit and goods, so that they are not damaged on the way to market. He should know how to prepare his chickens so that they do not look like vultures. The whole *modus operandi* is simple, the appliances cost 2s., they are easily used, and the result is to add 9d. a head to the value of the fowls. By disseminating knowledge of this kind, the County Councils might do some real good. In Canada there is a very good system of technical instruction for the farmers and labourers. What they do is this:—The farmers wanted to learn cheese-making. The Government immediately engaged a man who understood the thing from beginning to end, and who, instead of giving lectures, went to a farm-house, collected the neighbours round him, and did not leave that house until they could make a cheese as well as he could himself. That is my idea of technical instruction.

A MANUAL OF PEOPLE'S BANKS.

MANY of our readers may have been interested by the notices which have appeared from time to time of the good work done by village banks, and will be glad to know that Mr. Henry W. Wolff has written, and Messrs. P. S. King and Co. of Westminster have published, a sixpenny manual under the title of "A People's Bank Manual." The object of the People's Bank, as has frequently been explained, is to secure to the poor man something approaching the advantages which are offered to the rich men by the banks. The following extract from Mr. Wolff's Preface explains this very clearly:—

Accident has in this country given the start to rural loan societies, or village banks. However, urban people's banks have not lagged long behind. At the time of writing two such have already been formed, within the space of about six months. And more seemed destined soon to take their places beside these first pioneer institutions.

It is an utter mistake to suppose that because in our towns ordinary banking facilities are comparatively many and employment of labour in large workshops is the general rule, therefore no credit institutions are needed. The flourishing self-help societies of St. Pancras and Soho and other parishes tell a different tale. So do loan societies, funding clubs, slate clubs, all of them carrying on their work in populous centres, all of them sought after by the very class of people for whom people's banks are intended, and all of them institutions designed to do the same work, or at any rate part of the same work, which People's Banks are meant to accomplish, and doing it in a less perfect and less effective manner. The experiences of such places as the town of Verviers, and the country of Switzerland, again, tell a different tale. Verviers is an industrial town like our own manufacturing centres, a Leeds or Manchester on a small scale. It has practically no small trade. Its working population are nearly all employed in large workshops. Nevertheless, the rapid increase of its roll of members has made the People's Bank of Verviers, in point of numbers, the premier People's Bank of Belgium. A population of somewhere about 50,000 has supplied more than 2,600 members to the People's Bank, and the Bank is doing well. If there is a country in which ample facilities appear provided for small credit it is Switzerland, where small credit institutions are numerous and mortgage credit is so cheap that mortgage loans are freely contracted down to the figure of £6. There seems little room there now for co-operative agricultural credit. But the co-operative "Swiss People's Bank" has grown, and keeps growing, so fast, that it looks as if it were destined shortly to acquire banking supremacy over all the little Republic.

There is room, surely, among ourselves for the same popular banking which flourishes abroad, not least in large trading centres—Leipzig and Milan, Liège and Marseilles, and, since recently, also in Paris. The rules and the suggestions here offered will, I hope, prove of service to those whose desire to benefit their neighbours in the most legitimate, and really the most effective and kindest way, by helping them to help themselves, may lead them to apply to their case the approved method of popular and co-operative, self-supported and self-governed, credit institutions.

A PLEA FOR CO-OPERATIVE BANKING.

THE *Gentleman's Magazine* for August publishes a valuable paper by Mrs. Lynch on the subject of "Rural Banks." Mrs. Lynch, who has long paid great attention to the subject, writes as follows:—

Rural Co-operative Banks have been accepted as useful institutions for nearly half a century in Germany. Italian opinion has been completely conquered in their favour of late years, and the *Casse Rurali* are doing splendid work in Lombardy. In England, where the subject is new, accounts of

Co-operative Banking seem less puzzling if the matter be presented as a tale of small beginnings. Rural Banks are but late introductions into France, where there has seemed to be a local influence obnoxious to the whole subject of Co-operative Credit. The considerations which have converted Frenchmen may influence equally backward English opinion; I have therefore made the following free translation of the greater part of "Le Crédit agricole pratique," by Monsieur Charles Rayneri, manager of the People's Bank at Mentone, and Vice-President of the Central Office of French Co-operative Credit.

Then follows eighteen pages of a very carefully written *précis* of M. Rayneri's article, at the close of which Mrs. Lynch asks the following pertinent question:—

Switzerland, Belgium, Scandinavia, Austria, and even Russia, have all done more in Co-operative Finance than France has yet achieved. How long will the British Isles lag behind France?

CITIZEN'S SUNDAY.

THE London Reform Union has issued the following appeal to ministers of religion in the metropolis in the hope of securing an even wider response to their proposal of a Citizen Sunday than they succeeded in eliciting last year:—

Dear Sir,—Last year, upon the suggestion of many of the clergy and ministers of religion in all denominations, the London Reform Union proposed the institution of a "Citizen Sunday," an occasion for bringing simultaneously to the notice of all the congregations of the metropolis the manifold problems presented by the existence of so great a city. The suggestion was, as you will be aware, cordially received on all sides, and in many hundreds of churches and chapels, comprising every religious body, special reference was made to the duty of citizenship and the obligation of active participation in civic life. It is proposed to fix Sunday, October 27th, as the "Citizen Sunday" for 1895. We shall be glad to know whether you will allow your name to be added to the list of those who have already signified their acceptance of the proposal.

Last year, when several important elections were impending, it was felt by some clergymen and ministers that the "Citizen Sunday" ran the risk of being made an instrument of party politics. Experience showed that, as the obligations of civic duty lie above and beyond all political parties, they could usefully be treated without any reference to any of them. On the present occasion, when the elections are over, it will be even easier to make clear that what is suggested is no partisan appeal. Nor is any offortory or collection of subscriptions asked for. The great need of London is a more general knowledge of and a wider interest in its municipal affairs. The machinery by which these are administered is exceptionally complicated and obscure, and, more perhaps than that of any other city, it requires, for its effective working the intelligent co-operation of the householders themselves. Many thousands of well-intentioned citizens have hitherto confined their citizenship to paying the rates and obeying the law. Yet it is not too much to say that the good government of London, with all the momentous issues that hang on the proper housing, sanitation, education, and recreation of five millions of people, depends not only upon the existence of a vigilant and instructed public opinion but also upon the personal participation of all its citizens in public affairs.

More, too, than any other city, London calls for the best efforts of its citizens. It needs the help of men and women who can give study and thought to the problems presented by its huge aggregation of poverty, degradation and vice—its tens of thousands of insanitary and over-crowded dwellings, its demoralising irregularity of employment, its fateful segregation of the rich and the poor, the ravages of drunkenness, vice, and crime among the ill-fed, badly-housed, and casually employed denizens of its slums, the special difficulties arising from the transformation of its wives and mothers into wage-earners and its homes into workshops; and, above all, the squalor, coarseness, and neglect which are destroying the character and intelligence of so many thousands

of its children. All these, and many other problems, require for their solution more than purity and efficiency in our paid administrators. They make a demand for study and thought, and render it especially desirable to enlist, for London's administrative problems, the sober judgment and active help of the ministers of religion and of all devoutly-minded people.

It will greatly facilitate the arrangements if you would favour us with an early intimation of your willingness to co-operate in the proposed "Citizen Sunday."—Yours very truly,

J. H. CARDWELL,
JOHN CLIFFORD,
W. M. CROOK,
ROBERT EYTON,
H. SCOTT HOLLAND,
J. E. HAND,

HUGH PRICE HUGHES,
H. C. SHUTTLEWORTH,
W. HARVEY SMITH,
W. T. STEAD,
E. T. SLATER,
BEATRICE WEBB,

Citizen
Sunday
Com-
mittee.

J. PASSMORE EDWARDS, President.
THOS. LOUGH, Chairman.
SYDNEY BUXTON, Treasurer.

London Reform Union, 3, Arundel-street, W.C.,
August 31, 1895.

The suggestion is a good one, and I am sure will commend itself to all those who are in earnest about civic reform. It would be well if the local Social Unions in their cities were to issue somewhat similar appeals to their own ministers.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

LAST month the first International Alliance Congress was held in London under the Presidency of Lord Grey. The proceedings, which lasted for three days, were brought to a close by a festival in the Crystal Palace. The proceedings were harmonious and enthusiastic throughout. The chief business of the congress was the establishment of an international co-operative alliance for the following purposes:—

(a) To make known the co-operators of each country and their work to the co-operators of all other countries by congresses, the publication of literature, and other suitable means; (b) to elucidate by international discussion and correspondence the nature of true co-operative principles; and (c) to establish commercial relations between the co-operators of different countries for their mutual advantage.

Congresses are to be held at intervals of not more than three years, the affairs in the meantime being managed by a central committee in each country. The Provisional Central Committee is composed of the following members:—

Earl Grey, Messrs. E. de Boyve (France), Enea Cavallieri (Italy), Cruger (Germany), E. O. Greening (England), J. C. Gray (England), Luigi Luzzatti (Italy), Micha (Belgium), N. O. Nelson (United States of America), Charles Robert (France), Aneurin Williams (England), and H. W. Wolff (England).

The Congress brought out very clearly the extraordinary development of the distributive store movement and the comparative failure of the productive associations. The co-operative stores organised for distribution have a capital of £18,000,000, and their sales in 1894 amounted to £50,000,000, showing a profit of £5,000,000, for £53,000 had been devoted to education and charity. This is a long way short of the tithe that was recognised by the old Jewish legislator as the true basis for one distribution of profits. If these co-operative stores had £500,000 to dispose of in education or in developing the productive branch of their own enterprises things would have been different to-day. Resolutions were passed in favour of an attempt to meet the existing agricultural depression by an attempt to extend co-operative enterprises of this nature on the land.

MODEL LODGING HOUSES.

I AM delighted to see that the success which has attended Lord Rowton's model lodging house in South London has led to the creation of a limited liability company for the purpose of extending the work. Lord Rowton, it will be remembered, invested £30,000 in putting up a plain, commodious, sanitary building in Vauxhall. Lord Rowton, being of opinion that the felt want of the homeless workman of London could be met, not as a matter of charity, but as a matter of business, put his faith to the test by sinking the sum above mentioned in the Vauxhall House. The success has exceeded his expectations, and as a result a still larger model lodging house is going up in the King's Cross Road, near the site of the Coldbath Fields Prison. In this new establishment, which is to be called Rowton House, there will be accommodation for seven hundred inmates. The capital has been raised by a company of which Lord Rowton is the chairman, with Mr. Cecil Ashley, Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Farrant as co-directors. The new house, which will be lighted throughout by electricity, will probably be opened in May.

The need for supplying clean, healthy lodging houses for the immense horde of workmen who drift hither and thither without family connections in all great cities is enormous. In Chicago Mr. Lammorris, who for some time had managed a very profitable establishment of this kind, was preparing to erect a gigantic structure that would accommodate twelve hundred persons, every one of whom according to the plan of the building was to have a window on the street. I do not know whether Mr. Lammorris's lodging house has yet materialised, but if carried out as proposed it would be even larger than Rowton House. The great truth that underlies all these experiments is that there is such a thing as philanthropy and 5 per cent., and that there is quite as much money to be made, and much more safely made, by meeting the clamant needs of our fellow-countrymen at home as in exporting Manchester shirting to African negroes.

FREE INSURANCE FOR SAILORS.

THE Shipping Federation three years ago started a system of free insurance for sailors which was one of the inducements held out to seamen to join the federation. The scheme was invented as one of the methods to induce unionist seamen to sail with blacklegs. Any master, superior officer, or sailor, who took out his federation ticket, which cost one shilling, and thereby pledged himself to work with either unionists or non-unionists, received in return an insurance policy which guaranteed him the following advantages:—

Accidental death or total disablement—the master, £100; chief officer, chief engineer, surgeon, or purser, £75; second officer, second engineer, or master of steam vessel of 100 tons gross or under, £50; any other executive officer (on articles), £40; petty officers, chief stewards, and cooks, £35; sailors, firemen, and all other members of the crew, £25; Asiatic seamen, £12 10s. The allowance, under the second table, in case of accidents, ranged from 40s. per week for masters to 5s. per week for Asiatic seamen.

The scheme has now been in operation for three and one-half years, and the *Times* publishes an interesting report as to the way it has worked:—

The total number of insurance books issued under this scheme is 45,970, of which 14,824 have been taken out by masters, officers, and engineers, and 31,146 by petty officers and men. These figures are now being swollen at the rate of 800 or 900 a month. Regarded as an insurance line, the amounts of the

risk incurred by the federation are—insurance against accidental death or total disablement, £921,706; ditto against accident, £992,728; total, £1,914,434. The actual number of claims paid is 1,217, of which 295 have been for death, and four for total disablement, representing a sum of £10,303; and 918 for injuries, representing £3,412; making a total of £13,715. Second claims on the funds have been made by 23 men, and in one instance, a third claim in respect to injury was made. The total number of insured, although substantial, is not regarded as being so great as it should be in view of the fact that the British Mercantile Marine amounts (including 30,000 Lascars) to about 250,000 officers and men.

This system of free insurance is but a tentative effort towards a more permanent and loyal relation between masters and men. It may be denounced by Unionists as an attempt to obtain by bribery what could not be achieved by bullying, but even taking it at that it marks a distinct step in the recognition of the position of the working man.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE IN GERMANY.

MR. HENRY W. WOLFF writes in the *Economic Review* for July one of those fact-crammed, well-balanced articles which give him such a prominent position among those who deal with sociological questions in periodical literature. He is much enamoured with the German system of insuring workmen against accidents. He says:—

Briefly summarised, German accident insurance is as follows: The law decrees the formation of self-governing corporations to deal with compensation cases. These bodies are composed entirely of employers. The whole burden falls upon them. Every person employing labour is compelled under the law to become a member of some such corporation, and to bear his own share of the burden. The men are insured as a matter of course. They have no notice to give, no premium to pay. Upon an accident occurring, claim or no claim, the corporation is at once advised, and their Committee promptly inquires into it. There are representatives and doctors in every district. The Committee awards a compensation. Should either the employer or the workman be dissatisfied, an appeal lies to a Court of Arbitration on which both parties are represented. From that Court a second appeal is permitted to a tribunal of the Central Office at Berlin, on which, again, employer and employed alike are represented. Whatever cost arises is provided by the employers, in a fixed ratio, calculated according to the amount of wages paid, and the peculiar degree of risk incurred. The Employers' Corporation have full power to deal with their own members according as these observe or disregard regulations. In the case of repeated neglect they may fine them and raise their quota, subject to an appeal to the Central Board. Since it is their interest to keep down outgoings, they deal with their members in respect of precautionary measures with a degree of rigour altogether beyond the reach of a public department. And they do this with all the authority of experts. There is a whole library of regulations respecting precautionary appliances and practices which they prescribe each in its proper trade. Employers have had their contributions raised, in very bad cases, by 500 per cent. There is no wrong in this, and employers cannot, and do not, complain: for it is their own elected body which exercises these disciplinary powers.

No voluntary insurance could ever come near similar results. It is self-government rather than State-supervision, self-government by experts, which makes this method so effective—so employers themselves have testified. The application is faulty in more respects than one. But its defects do not lie in the direction in which they are generally sought for by opponents, with a persistency which pays no heed to refutation.

That measure has been in operation some time, and it has given satisfaction. The employers are satisfied with it, and,

generally speaking, so are the workmen. There are defects in the law, no doubt. I myself have very recently criticised such very freely, though not perhaps exhaustively. But in the main its principles have shown themselves sound. Their practical application is clearly qualified to bring about the two results which are the most essential for the solution of our problem—to reduce the burden upon the employer to a minimum, while giving the workman the best security for justice to be done to him. No voluntary insurance body can possibly spread the weight of insurance over an equally large number of persons, and therefore so greatly minimise the cost. No voluntary insurance body can to the same extent bring home responsibility and give a guarantee for its ability to pay.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE AGED POOR.

SUGGESTIONS FROM AUSTRIA.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Miss Edith Sellers describes the Old-Age Homes of Austria, which seem to be very well managed, and which supply many hints for the improvement of our almshouses for veterans of industry. Miss Sellers says:—

All persons who have a right of settlement in Vienna—i.e., about 36 per cent. of the inhabitants—may, on or after their sixtieth birthday, claim either a pension, or admission to an Old-Age Home, always providing they cannot support themselves, and have no relatives who are bound legally to support them. As, however, there is room in these institutions for only some 4,600 persons, and there are usually more than four times that number who wish to live there—the pensions are now miserably small—the Poor Law authorities are vested with a certain discretionary power in deciding who shall, and who shall not, be admitted. And so far as possible the preference is given to persons of good characters, to those whose destitution is the result of their misfortune, not their heedlessness or extravagance. The great majority of the inmates of these homes, therefore, belong to the respectable poor class. Thus no disgrace is attached to going there.

Within certain limits its clients may choose their own hours for their meals; but breakfasts are not served after nine o'clock; dinners, only between eleven and two; and no one is allowed to linger over his supper later than eight o'clock in winter, or nine in summer. They make their way to their dinners in twos and threes as a rule—a husband and wife, perhaps, and a friend. They choose their table and then settle themselves down to a careful consideration of the *menu*. The relative merits of the soups and puddings are anxiously balanced, and much heart-searching is gone through as to whether a cup of coffee at three kreuzers, or a glass of wine at four, is the better worth having. When they have made up their minds on these and cognate points, they give their orders, and with quite a lordly air, too, as befits persons who have money in hand to pay for what they wish. The choosing and ordering of their own dinners is to most of these old people a source of intense delight: the mere fact of having money to spend gives them a feeling of independence and self-importance which lightens many a burden they have to bear. If the Poor Law Department were to offer them regular board, with three luxurious meals a day, instead of their meagre little twenty-six kreuzers, the majority of them would certainly reject it with scorn.

These little allowances are valued, too, for another reason: they are a proof of trustworthiness on the part of those who receive them. When a man enters an Old-Age Home his twenty-six kreuzers a day are handed to him as a matter of course.

One of the features which distinguishes the Austrian Old-Age Home from the English Workhouse is the greater liberty allowed to the inmates, especially in the matter of food. A popular restaurant is attached to each home, where good food is supplied at a minimum of cost. If, however, a man spends his money foolishly—for instance, if he spends so much for tobacco or drink that he has not enough for food—he is cautioned, and if he

persists, he ceases to receive the twenty-six kreuzers, and is only supplied with food. On the whole, Miss Sellers, summing up her observations, says:—

For the main lines on which the homes are organised, they certainly are admirable. The Austrian Poor-law authorities recognise the fact—and herein show their wisdom—that as a man is at sixty, so he will remain to the end. They therefore waste no time on a vain endeavour to induce their *protégés* in the Old-Age Homes to reform their ways; all they try to do is to keep them out of the reach of harm, and make them as happy and comfortable as possible. And in this, as we have seen, they succeed—succeed, too, without any lavish expenditure of money. It is noteworthy that the very arrangements which contribute most to the comfort of these old Austrians involve no outlay whatever. The little dinners over which the inmates of the Old-Age Homes linger with such keen enjoyment do not cost much more than the midday meals supplied in our workhouses. Workmen's ordinary clothes are not one whit more expensive than uniform; nor does the fact of paupers being allowed to see their friends every day entail any sacrifice on ratepayers. In the Vienna Old-Age Homes the average cost per head is fifty-seven kreuzers (about 11d.) a day; in the London workhouses, it is some 1s. 4½d. Still, it is not without reason, it must be admitted, that rigid economists look somewhat askance on these homes; for the respectable poor, when their working days are over, go there gladly. Old men and women have been known to die of slow starvation rather than enter a workhouse.

In connection with this article it is well to read Mr. Edwin Cannan's very interesting paper on "The Stigma of Pauperism," in the *Economic Review* for July. Mr. Cannan maintains, and goes far to prove his case, that the stigma of pauperism should not attach to any person receiving poor relief, if by that means public opinion is satisfied that that person's destitution was not owing to culpable misconduct or inability. But he doubts whether, as a matter of fact, any such satisfaction can be given to public opinion. Therefore if we have to remove the stigma of pauperism it must be by giving to those not destitute free libraries, public parks, free education, a universal pension in old age—which could all be given without pauperising anybody. Mr. Cannan says:—

It is quite true that the principle is capable of considerable extension. Without "pauperising" any one, the State might, if the State doctors and hospitals were really popular, undertake the whole charge of the sick, either curing or burying the people free of expense to themselves or their relations. It might too, without pauperising any one, undertake, as France may have to do before another century passes, most of the expense of rearing children, as well as of teaching them book learning. It might even, if it could afford it, without pauperising any one, give a fixed equal pension to every able-bodied adult. All these proposals have merits and demerits which require careful consideration. They cannot be profitably dismissed with the assertion that they "would make paupers of us all," since in one sense that assertion is a truism and in another a falsehood.

Mr. Cannan's summary of the Blue Books and Parliamentary Papers is, as usual, first class.

THE RIGHTS OF THE UNBORN.

MR. B. O. FLOWER in the *Arena* continues to discourse month after month with vehemence and enthusiastic eloquence in favour of a great crusade against the crass apathy which is shown by men and women to the rights of the unborn generation. He has a paper in the *Arena* for July which is full of accounts of the consequences of neglect to study the effect of prenatal influences upon children. One of his stories is as follows:—

A marked instance of prenatal influence is found in the family of a leading actor and actress, who are also great

students of economic and philosophical problems. During the nine months preceding the birth of one of their little girls the mother became engrossed in Herbert Spencer's writings and other deep literature. She lived in a kind of mental intoxication. The child reflects the mother's mental condition in a most striking manner; she is one of the finest reasoners I have known among children, a born philosopher, and a poet and story-writer of great promise.

The regeneration of society, Mr. Flower believes, will date from the day on which a league is formed for the protection of the rights of the unborn, which will war to the death against practices which are, in Mr. Flower's opinion, as horrible as those of the cannibal:—

It is impossible to make the cannibal appreciate the horror we feel for his frightful practice, and so I believe that in a future purer and brighter day the race will look back upon the long night of triumphant animalism, with its generations of children of passion, with much the same feeling of loathing and disgust with which we view the cannibal. In the presence of the great wrong being committed silence is a crime. But agitation and the dissemination of facts alone will not suffice; we must make a direct appeal to the individual conscience.

If one hundred young men and women in this land, realising the solemn import of this question, enter the marriage relation attracted by pure love, untainted by base or sordid considerations, and recognising the great moral responsibility they assume to the society of to-morrow, no less than the sacred obligation they owe to the unborn, we should have from these true, pure, and ideal unions children who would, I believe, inaugurate an ethical reformation that would awaken the moral energies of civilisation and lead to a higher and truer order of life, a revolution which would include the lofty teachings of Socrates, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, the exalted ethics of the Golden Rule, the moral fervour which characterised the early church before she became corrupted, the courage and daring of the leaders of the Reformation. Such a revolution must come. Civilisation waits upon its advent.

And when the new evangel of duty, justice, and a higher civilisation is preached, it will electrify and morally energeise the masses; it will awaken the sleeping conscience in millions of brains; it will flood the minds of men and women with the light of a new hope, born of recognition of an urgent truth; it will exalt life, giving to it a dignity and divinity which is not as yet realised by society; and it will so reinforce the highest aspirations of multitudes struggling under the bondage of hereditary and prenatal influences, that they will be able to subdue passion, appetite, and sordid selfishness which hold their souls in thrall.

WHY NOT ADOPT THE ARTEL?

A HINT FROM RUSSIA.

A VERY interesting report on the associations of working-men known as *Artels*, which was published last month by the Foreign Office, reminds us how much even the advanced nations of the West may have to learn from the Russian peasant. The *Artel*, which Mr. Carnegie of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg describes in his interesting report, is a co-operative association for productive purposes. Our co-operative associations are almost all for distribution. The *Times*, which summarises Mr. Carnegie's report, expresses its surprise that there should be so many free associations in Russia, enjoying such complete freedom from legislative control. There are, however, many things in Russia of a similar kind, and it would be well if our people would spend a little more time in studying things Russian instead of inflaming their imaginations by brooding over fantastic tales of Russian oppression. The Cossacks started the *Artels* as far back as the tenth century, and from that time to this they have been a

great institution in Russia. At present there are Artels in almost every trade and occupation, members of which are guided by old customs and regulations which have been handed down from father to son.

The whole system is based upon the following fundamental principles:—(1) Each member of the association has an equal share in the duties and work; (2) each member receives an equal share of the profits; and (3) all the members are mutually responsible for the work and conduct of each. For the most part women are not admitted; but women form their own associations, as in the case of the artels engaged in the cultivation of tobacco in the province of Tchernigoff, which consist almost exclusively of women, who elect their own elder and entirely conduct their own affairs themselves. The wealthiest and best organised of the artels, however, are the "exchange" artels of St. Petersburg, so called because when the men forming them first assembled there, during the building of the city by Peter the Great, they had their headquarters where the Exchange now stands. There are some thirty of these exchange artels, of which one was formed in 1714, and more than half were founded in the eighteenth century. Their present membership is about three thousand. They constitute two distinct groups—those engaged in the loading, unloading, and safe custody of merchandise at ports or railway stations, or in the town itself, and those employed as clerks or messengers in banks, commercial establishments, and the railway administration. To so high a degree are the artelshiks (that is, the members of the artels) considered worthy of trust that often large sums of money destined for commercial transactions in distant parts of the Empire are intrusted to their keeping, the artel itself indemnifying the employer for any loss that may be sustained owing to the default or neglect of the member employed on the mission. A bank or commercial establishment cannot, however, enter into negotiations directly with an artelshik. These must be arranged with the elder (starosta), who, with the secretary, is appointed annually by not less than one-third of the artel, and must himself arrange which member or members shall be employed on the work in question. Some years ago the gross annual earnings of the St. Petersburg artels represented the sum of £125,000.

The consent of all the members of an artel is necessary for the election of a new member, and a good deal of jealousy is shown as to the admission of strangers; but this is not surprising considering that the mutual responsibility of the members for damage or loss is absolute. The entrance fee may range from 6d. to £100 or more, according to the importance of the artel. It is forfeited in case of expulsion, but otherwise is returned, with interest and share of the profits, when a member leaves, as he is free to do at any time. A strict supervision is kept over the work of each artelshik, and note is made should he be earning less than the proper amount, in which case he receives a proportionately smaller share in the division of profits. Fines, too, are levied for absence from work, unpunctuality, drunkenness, etc.; but, on the other hand, if an artelshik falls ill, he receives, all the same, his share of the profits for one year, and his name is retained on the books for three years, when, in case of continued absence, his membership ceases. Four capitals are usually kept—a working capital, a reserve capital, a guarantee capital (in case large indemnities may have to be paid for unfulfilled contracts), and a charity capital (for sick pay, old age pensions, etc.). The division of profits takes place generally twice a year, but extra hands called in to assist the artel in case of an excess of work, when navigation, for instance, is opened in the summer, receive wages only, and no profits. One fault found with the artels is, indeed, that they are too much given to "sweating" these assistant labourers.

Besides the permanent artels in the large towns there are many temporary ones in the country districts. Towards the end of winter a certain number of the peasants in a village or group of villages form themselves into an artel, and elect their elder, who arranges with a contractor in a neighbouring town for work to be done the following year. This is commenced soon after Easter, and the contracts generally end in October,

when the peasants return to the villages, where they pass the long winter in sleeping and wood-cutting. The work, whether harvesting or minding sheep, is paid for in hay or corn, which is sold, the proceeds being divided among the artelshiks. Artels are also formed for, among other purposes, facilitating the postal and conveyance services in Russia, for promoting cottage industries, and for carrying on factory work, mines, etc. There is, too, an artel of waiters, who are all natives of the same part of the country, and are by origin Tatars, or Tartars. "They come," we read, "from the Kazan government, and are Mussulmans by religion. As such they profess to drink neither wine nor spirits, which, no doubt, is one of their chief recommendations to the restaurant proprietor. They are clean, obliging, and excellent servants. At certain fixed periods—about every two years—they are ordered by their elders to return for a time to their homes to visit the wives and children they have left behind."

Mr. Carnegie thinks that the artel system undoubtedly leads to the performance of better work, because it is to the interest of each member to see that the others perform their full share and are not unpunctual, dishonest, or drunken, while the members are sure of a certain salary for a fixed period. There is also every incentive for a labourer to behave well and prove himself a good worker, otherwise he would never be admitted into an artel, or, if elected, would soon be expelled.

The possibility of developing our Trade Unions into Artels is a subject which might more properly have been discussed at the Trades Unions Congress than many of the subjects which disturbed the minds of our representative workmen.

THE *Sunday Magazine* publishes a description of Mr. Baring Gould's house in Devonshire, and reports an interview with the popular novelist. Mr. Baring Gould has no sympathy with those novelists whose sensationalism differs from his own:—

I regard the "sensational novel" of the day with great disgust; if it does no other mischief, it wastes the time both of author and reader. I have been accused of love of sensationalism myself, but I can honestly say that I have never written simply with the view to arouse feeling, or to pander to unhealthy cravings.

In *Macmillan's Magazine* there is a description of a journey in a war balloon from Aldershot to the neighbourhood of Droitwich. Another interesting article is a sketch of the blind Hussite leader, John Zizka, who, to the writer, seems one of the great soldiers of history. He fought countless actions, without a single defeat, against superior troops, winning the greatest victories after he was blind.

THE chief feature in the *Annals of the American Academy* for July is the article on "The Evolution of French Government," which claims separate notice. T. N. Carver discourses on "The Ethical Basis of Distribution," which he finds in "distribution according to service or the amount of value produced." He would, "on the whole," continue "the present system in so far as it allows each individual to receive the products of his own labour and also of the capital and land which he acquires by his own industry, frugality and foresight." For fear of disturbing the solidarity of the family, he would leave "direct inheritance" undisturbed. But he would totally absorb collateral inheritances for the benefit of the community, a step which could affect the accumulation of capital very little, and the increase of population not at all. On the principle of "the least evil to the least number" he would approve a moderately progressive income tax. The notes which close the magazine on municipal government and sociology give a valuable review of the civic progress of the world.

BABY AND MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE.

3 THINK there is little doubt but that any daily or weekly newspaper which chose to make a baby and matrimonial exchange one of its departments would do a very good thing. A monthly magazine which goes to press a fortnight before it is issued is somewhat too cumbrous a medium for working either of these adjuncts to journalism. Great care of course would have to be exercised to prevent the Baby Exchange from reproducing all the evils of the Foundling Asylum, so far at least as that institution relieves parents of the responsibility of parentage. I have, for instance, a list of thirteen babies whose mothers are willing to make them over for good and all to any one who will give them a decent home and adopt them for their own. Of these thirteen, seven are illegitimate. One is sorry for the unfortunate children who, through no fault of their own, are brought into the world in this fashion; but the establishment of an agency by means of which the children of illicit unions can be provided for would tend to weaken one of the deterrents which at present serve to keep down the percentage of illegitimacy. At the same time the children exist, and the question is, What is to be done with them? Baby-farming is in most cases a synonym for death by slow torture, a method which is considerably less humane than that of the Chinese, who have almost exalted infanticide to the dignity of a virtue. The following list of babies offering brings the question to a practical issue:—

1. A little boy, 2½ years of age. He is a "sweet little fellow," with dark blue eyes and brown hair. Very refined in appearance. Probably illegitimate, deserted by his mother. Has been brought up by a sailor's wife, who is now unable to maintain him longer, as she has become a widow.

2. A little boy, 1 year and 9 months old. Fair, with flaxen hair; a nice healthy little fellow. Illegitimate.

3. A little boy, born July 28th last; more particulars not given, but correspondence with any one wishing to adopt a child offered.

4. A little boy; illegitimate. All information easily obtained if necessary.

5. A little boy. His mother died when he was one month old. No relatives able to help. Father alive, but in very poor circumstances, yet wishes to keep out of the workhouse. Guardians will not take the child unless the father comes into the House with it.

6. A little girl. Particulars to be had from a Gloucestershire clergyman.

7. A little girl. Her mother would give up all claims on her if she found foster-parents willing to adopt her, as her husband is abroad and she wishes to join him and cannot take the baby with her. Will give all particulars if necessary.

8. A little girl, "very pretty child, dark, a dear little baby." Her mother has been deserted by her husband for months. This baby was born 14th of July this year.

9. A little girl, "quite a lovely child" and very healthy. Illegitimate. Born in the beginning of July.

10. A baby. Not stated whether boy or girl. Illegitimate. Born in April. It is a very fine, healthy, fair child.

11. A little girl, fair hair, blue eyes, one year old on September 5th. Illegitimate. "Mother young, good-looking, and very musical."

12. A little boy, six weeks old. "Healthy, well-made little fellow." Illegitimate. Mother pianoforte teacher, and cannot afford to keep the child.

13. Little baby girl, one year old, "curly hair, strong, healthy, intelligent, and pretty."

What is to be done with these children? In almost every case the mothers declare they cannot keep them; in some the attempt to do so would land both mother and child into the workhouse, which certainly cannot be regarded as an ideal training place for children. The maternal instinct is well developed in women who are capable of maintaining children, but who have either never married or who have no children of their own. Is it not reasonable to expect that, instead of lavishing their affection upon pups and cats, these childless women whose maternal instincts are running to waste should take some of these little ones and rear them as their own?

There are at present six foster-parents seeking to adopt babies. Three of these prefer girls to boys. Correspondence is now going on which will, I hope, result in the removal of some of these children to the homes of those who wish to adopt a child.

With regard to the Matrimonial Bureau, I regret to say that I received no applications in response to the advertisement which I inserted in the last number. I have, however, received many communications expressing cordial approval of the scheme, and two applications from men who want wives. But in both cases they will not be content with women who come empty handed. A clergyman of the Church of England writes, asking me to get him a wife with £400 a year—such wives are in demand!

Another correspondent sends me the following curious letter:—

I quite think if you could establish a respectable, genuine matrimonial agency, you would be doing a good turn to many hundreds of individuals, who, like myself, have wandered into middle age, and on looking round, find themselves minus a wife, and not from their own acquaintances able to find one. Thoroughly genuine as I am in every respect, I should like to meet with a lady that is so in every respect too. Sometimes I get in despair of ever doing so, but with your aid in the *Review of Reviews* I see a hope; and I most earnestly hope you will try for me. I have enclosed a few particulars for announcement, and six penny stamps for postage, if you would kindly allow replies to pass through your office. As you appear to be in doubt as to how such should be worked, I would suggest you do not allow agents, in any shape or form, to make use of your columns. Make that a prominent announcement; also reserve to yourself the right to open any letters passing through your office, and anything in shape of agencies or of improper nature put into your waste-paper basket, and not send on to the addressee. I have not the least doubt you would have extremely large patronage, if you can raise and elevate a matrimonial exchange far away above these disreputable vampires, matrimonial agents. I most earnestly hope and trust you will give my case a trial, and please not mention my name nor place of residence in the announcement, as some of my friends are readers of *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

An even-tempered, home-loving, middle-aged bachelor, of temperate habits, with an income of £150, desires, with a view to matrimony, to correspond with a similar lady having an income of £200 and up. Every investigation will be made and offered. Apply, first instance, to ALPHA, *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* Office, London.

Some day this suggestion will be taken up and worked. At present I can only print these few letters as an indication of the existence of a "felt want."

OUR MONTHLY PARCEL OF BOOKS.

DEAR MR. SMURTHWAYT,—But a few years ago there were two publishing seasons—the autumn and the spring—and the height of summer saw very few new books of any importance; while at the bookshops nothing was sold but the lightest of light fiction. Times change, and although October and November still keep their old ascendancy, the division is far less marked. In the month that has just passed, for instance, the most assiduous reader of publishers' advertisements could complain neither of the lack of novelty nor of variety. Novels, of course, held the chief place, and they hold the chief place in the following list of what has been selling best during August:—

The Time Machine: an Invention. By H. G. Wells. 1s. 6d.

An Imaginative Man. By Robert S. Hichens. 6s.

Advance, Japan: a Nation thoroughly in Earnest. By J. Morris. 12s. 6d.

Joan Haste. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s.

M. Stambuloff. By A. Hulme Beaman. 3s. 6d.

Malay Sketches. By Frank Athelstane Swettenham. 5s. net.

"The Time Machine" (Heinemann, 1s. 6d.), deserves its place. It is an "invention" in every sense of the word: its motive is thoroughly original and its treatment shows imagination of no common order. Mr. Wells's rise into popularity has been by leaps and bounds. It is not many months since the *Pall Mall Budget* published his first short

stories (stories of so fresh and absorbing a character that I am glad to see that Messrs. Methuen announce their collection in book form), and now "The Time Machine" is the talk of the town, and his "Select Conversations with an Uncle" (Lane, 3s. 6d. net), reclaimed from among the diverse Wares of Autolycus, has been amusing that smaller circle who can appreciate wit and satire, even when directed against the dearest follies of their every-day life. It is a slight little book, and, to tell the truth, its material is slight too—slight to attenuation. Its merits are, that it puts briefly and brightly what all the least stereotyped of us have occasionally thought, and jibes genially at the most pregnable of our social institutions; its defect, that here and there it refines and labours too palpably on a point already made obvious. But if the result is

sometimes "thin," it is readable and even suggestive. The next book, Mr. Hichens's "An Imaginative Man" (Heinemann, 6s.), suffers in a kindred way from an over-emphasis of one of its qualities. The author of that brilliant (and unwelcome) *roman à clef*, "The Green Carnation," has surprised me and will surprise you by the clearness with which he realises his characters; but after he has succeeded in making his hero, the

"imaginative man" of the title, live in the reader's mind, he goes a good way to ruining an interesting if not particularly wholesome story by overdoing his analysis. Henry Denison is too introspective by half. One is convinced of the reality of his temperament and of the possibility of his falling in love with the Sphinx (whose secret, he declared, was the only one left for him to discover), long before his creator will allow the action to proceed. The Egyptian atmosphere of the book is admirably reproduced, and the writing is some way towards being distinguished. But still the presentment of gradual madness of this particular type is not very edifying. Now that he has twice shocked the Philistine perhaps Mr. Hichens will show us what he can really do.

Mr. J. Morris's "Advance, Japan: a Nation thoroughly in Earnest" (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.), is one of the best and most interesting of the many books which the recent contest has called into

being. They have been so plentiful that I have had to exercise a careful selection as to what I should send you. Mr. Morris, "formerly of the Public Works Department, Tokio," succeeds in his object of showing those characteristics of the Japanese and their undertakings which have made of them "a nation to be honoured." He treats as thoroughly as his space will allow of every department of the national life, and his chapter on Japan's future and the appendices in which appear statistics and figures of the greatest illustrative value, you are sure to read with unusual attention. The maps showing the positions of the fleets in the recent battles, and the railway and telegraph services, and the reproductions from photographs and from drawings by R. Isayama, military artist of the Buzen Clan—whatever that may be—are excellent; and the volume has an index! Another



book on Japan I send you is one the like of which you have not had before, and which you will certainly not be able to get at your bookseller's. It is "A Concise History of the War between Japan and China," a very daintily got up Japanese book, of which I reproduce the coloured cover and one of the illustrations as well as I can in black and white. The writer, Mr. Jaikichi Inouye, has compiled it at Tokio from the Japanese newspapers, and it is a concise narrative of the remarkable campaign which opened with a dispute about Korea, and closed with the capture of Wei-hai-wei. Apart from the intrinsic importance of the events recorded, the book is a literary curiosity which you will be glad to add to your collection. And yet another work on "the Britain of the Pacific" that I may as well mention here, is Canon Tristram's "Rambles in Japan, the Land of the Rising Sun" (R. T. S., 10s. 6d.), whose chief value is the attention that it gives to the position of missionary work in that country and to the working of Buddhism there as compared to the Buddhism of China and Ceylon. It is a handsome volume and well illustrated, and if in its descriptions of places and people it does not break any new ground, it is always readable. The phrase "the Britain of the Pacific" conveys Canon Tristram's prophecy of the future of Japan when it has embraced Christianity.

The appearance of Mr. Rider Haggard's new book on the list was inevitable. He at least is a favourite whom the public show no signs of abandoning. And that is the more odd, in that he has always had two distinct styles—the bloody and wonderful, as exemplified in the Quatermain cycle, and the ordinarily sensational, as in "Jess" and "Colonel Quaritch, V.C." "Joan Haste" (Longmans, 6s.) is an example of the latter. Possibly you read it during its serial appearance in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, whence, together with a score of Mr. Wilson's illustrations, it is now reprinted. It is a story of English life whose interest grips you from the first chapter, for the characters live and the plot is ingenious and powerfully carried out.

The Public Men of To-Day Series has been very fortunate in the opportune appearance of its volumes. The first were devoted to the Ameer and Li Hung Chang, and now Mr. A. Hulme Beaman's "M. Stambuloff" (Bliss, 3s. 6d.) is issued just in the nick of time—indeed, the ink on the proof-sheets was hardly dry when news arrived of the Bulgarian statesman's assassination; and it was still possible for the author to add a brief postscript recording the last tragic events, and quoting almost the whole of what was probably the last letter Stambuloff ever wrote, dealing with the situation in Sofia, and in some measure forecasting his own end. Mr. Beaman is the *Standard's* correspondent in Bulgaria, and he has done his work admirably. His book is sure to be in the hands of every reader for whom the movement of events in Eastern Europe has any interest. The portraits of the Stambuloffs and of Ferdinand and his wife enhance its value.

The last book of the six is "Malay Sketches" (Lane, 5s. net), by Mr. F. A. Swettenham, the British Resident



JAPANESE CAVALRY SCOUTS.

(From "A Concise History of the War between Japan and China.")

at Perak, who has spent the best part of his life among the scenes and people he describes, and whose knowledge of their strange, exotic character is certainly unsurpassed. He specially and rightly disclaims having produced a book of travel. He has simply reproduced, with admirable literary skill, in a series of brief sketches, the "inner life" of the people of Malaya, the land of the pirate and the *âmok*; he has pictured their amusements, their bickerings, their blood-feuds, and their romances; he has recorded their superstitions and the wonders of their magicians (their "pawang" holding a *kris* in his bare arms will draw water from the point of its steel blade!). You will find it indeed a most fascinating book, unique of its kind, for the Malay Archipelago is almost an unknown land to the reader. I know of only one other book which in any way approaches its peculiar quality, and that is a work of fiction—Mr. Joseph Conrad's Javanese "Almayer's Folly," which I sent you in June. Mr. Swettenham himself shows again and again that he is possessed of the power of telling a story vividly and clearly; but whether he gives us fiction or fact it is to be hoped that this is not the last Malayan volume from his pen. By the way, after "Malay Sketches" we must no longer write of "running amuck"—the word is "âmok."

To come now to the contents of the parcel apart from these "books most in demand." Of history, as distinguished from historical biography, I have nothing to send you this month; but you could hardly have a better example of the latter than the new volume of the English Men of Action Series—Professor J. K. Laughton's "Nelson" (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.), a monograph which all the authorities agree has entirely superseded Southey's famous "Life." That book, however, will still be read for its literary interest; and the reader has, too, the choice of Mr. Clark Russell's volume. Still Professor Laughton has qualities as a historian which neither of these of his predecessors had, and his "Nelson" will rank both as a work of real literature and as one of the best historical biographies we have, a credit to a series already admirable. But I cannot help

regretting that he claims to have disposed once for all of the famous story of Nelson clapping his telescope to his blind eye at the battle of Copenhagen. And yet another series of historical biography has started, under the editorship of Sir Henry Roscoe—the Century Science Series—of which I send you two volumes. The first, "John Dalton and the Rise of Modern Chemistry" (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), is by the editor himself; for the second, "Major James Rennell and the Rise of Modern English Geography" (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), Mr. Clements R. Markham is responsible. More capable and valuable monographs of their kind it would be difficult to find. When every publisher has half-a-dozen series of his own, Messrs. Cassell deserve credit for so useful an inauguration. Literary history is represented by another and far longer biography—Mr. John Charles Tarver's "Gustave Flaubert as Seen in His Works and Correspondence" (Constable, 14s.). The author of "Madame Bovary" has yet to find a completely satisfactory French biographer, so that it cannot be said that Mr. Tarver's work is unnecessary. His aim has been to place "the personality" of his subject vividly before his readers, and, relying for his authority almost entirely on Flaubert's own works and letters, avoiding as far as possible mere gossip about his private life, it must be said that he has succeeded to a very creditable degree. As the story of man's life and work, the volume is exceedingly interesting. Flaubert's example has had so immense an influence on both French and English fiction in recent years that you are sure to read the chronicle of his struggles with unusual attention. Mr. Tarver, if not always satisfactory as a critic of literature, makes a discriminating biographer within certain limits. He has planned and executed his work in the best possible manner, and the presence of a comprehensive index is a great boon to the reader.

I send you three new volumes of social and political interest, but no one of them is of very great importance. Mr. H. W. Wolff's "People's Bank Manual" (King, 6d) may be useful to you; the new issue of the "The New House of Commons" (Macmillan, 1s), a pocket volume containing biographical notices of its members, polls, statistical comparisons, etc., is sure to be useful; and in a month barren of more authoritative political speculation, you may care to read Mr. Uriel H. Crocker's "The Cause of Hard Times" (Low, 3s.). And I can mention here the new edition of Professor Fowler's "Progressive Morality: an Essay in Ethics" (Macmillan, 3s. net), which, first published in 1884, is now issued in a corrected and enlarged form. I dare say you have already among your books the same author's "The Principles of Morals," to which large work this essay stands in the relation of a more practical and popular treatment of the same subject. Certainly the book gives an admirably clear and concise statement of "a scientific conception of morality in a popular form," its practical application, of the need for an independent science of morality apart from religious and theological considerations, and of the relations between such a science and the sanctions imposed by religion. As an introduction to its subject, generally so overweighted with abstract discussion and theoretical puzzles, the book could not be bettered.

The literature of ornithology has received an important if popular addition in Mr. W. H. Hudson's "British Birds" (Longmans, 12s. 6d.). The author of "A Naturalist in La Plata" has the advantage of the assistance of Mr. F. E. Beddard, whose introductory chapter on structure and classification is, of course,

authoritative, and complete in all essential particulars. The aim of the book being popular rather than technical, Mr. Hudson has confined his work to a brief account of the appearance, language (he devotes unusual attention to song birds, and in this respect, I believe, his volume is unique), and life-habits of all the species that reside permanently, or for a part of each year, within the limit of the British Isles. The illustrations in a work of this sort are hardly second in importance to the text. Eight coloured plates are from drawings by Mr. Thorburn, and there are over a hundred black and white figures by Mr. G. E. Lodge. Living as you do in the country, this is a book to which you will no doubt have constantly to refer. Natural history of a different sort, with a far different aim, is the new volume of the Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes—Mr. John Bickerdyke's "See Fishing" (Longmans, 10s. 6d.), to which the illustrations (nearly two hundred in number) are as truly illustrative as in the previous volumes of the series, Mr. Napier Hemy being responsible for nearly a score of full page plates. Mr. Bickerdyke's own work is supplemented by Mr. W. Senior, who writes on "Antipodean and Foreign Fish"; Mr. A. C. Harmsworth on "Tarpon," and Sir H. W. Gore-Booth, Bart., with an exciting article on "Whaling."

I will not insult Mr. Jeremiah Curtin's "Tales of the Fairies and of the Ghost World" (Nutt, 3s. 6d.) by including it among the fiction that I send. It is the most fascinating collection of stories taken down by the author himself, from the speech of the natives of South-West Munster, a part of Ireland where ten per cent. of the population will declare their belief in fairies, and where another fifty per cent. are "believers without profession . . . men without the courage of their convictions." Mr. Curtin was lucky enough to get some of the peasants to tell the stories in which they believe, and in some of which, indeed, they believed themselves to be actors. They make delightful and extremely valuable and suggestive reading, and in their transcription they seem to have lost no whit of their vividness and characteristic simplicity. They are real fairy and ghost tales, a little mine of folk-lore and supernatural tradition. As their collector says, they show "how vivid the belief of the people is yet, and will prove that fairies are not for all men personages of the past, but are as real for some persons as any other fact in life in this last decade of the nineteenth century."

Nor will I include among the fiction (although there is quite as much reason for so doing as there is in the case of Mr. Curtin's book) Mr. Gilbert Burgess's resuscitation of "The Love-Letters of Mr. H. and Miss R., 1775-1779" (Heinemann, 5s.). Authentic or not, however, the love-letter is not so common in literature that one can afford to pass a volume that in its writing at least bears so intimate a stamp of reality. In the spring of 1779, when they were first published in a garbled form, they "excited," Mr. Burgess says, "widespread attention and sympathy," but his preface does not convince me of their genuineness. As it is, the interest they arouse is the interest of fiction, but the unity of their design makes them more convincing and in a way more enthralling than any but the best novels. The unhappy Mr. Hackman and Miss Reay become very real before much of their passionate correspondence has been read.

Somewhat belatedly I send you a book I have just been reading, and which, if I am not greatly mistaken as to your taste, is sure to charm you. "Persian Pictures: a Book of Travel" (Bentley, 6s.), it is called; and the title-page bears no author's name. But it is no more a

book of travel than is, for instance, "Malay Sketches." It is simply a series of small pictures, cameos, of Persian life and scenery written with a charm and with a sense of the value of words that no recent work of the kind can equal. It makes the land of Omar, the strange, picturesque, indolent life of Teheran and its country, plain as no other more pretentious volume has succeeded in doing. As a sympathetic, intimate picture of a people foreign and almost unknown to the English reader, of a country different from England as the poles apart, "Persian Pictures" would always have its use; but to many it will have a further literary value which will not willingly allow it to pass into oblivion, with so many other books of its kind. If you are fond of good spirits, practical joking and anecdotes of theatrical life of the kind that the reminiscences of Corney Grain, Mr. Toole and Mr. George Grossmith have familiarised us with, you will get some amusement from the new volume of the Bristol Library, "The Adventures of Arthur Roberts by Rail, Road, and River" (Arrow-smith, Bristol, 1s.) It is very much the kind of compilation one would expect, but it does not lack certain entertaining qualities, although they are certainly not of the most subtle kind.

Of all the fiction that I send you I will mention first Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age" (Lane, 3s. 6d. net). Praise a book as I may, it is very seldom, I think, that I am able to declare it literature, but it is the word which I make bold to use about these fascinating descriptions of child-life. A year or two ago Mr. Grahame published a little volume, "Pagan Papers," which, in addition to some very clever essays, held the sketches which form the backbone of this new book. Every discriminating reader knew at once their value. They are reprinted here from that volume with a considerable number of fresh sketches, and I do not know whether to praise most the new or the old. "The Golden Age" is the age of childhood. In eighteen short stories, written in the first person, from the point of view of a little boy, the doings and adventures of a family of youngsters are described in a manner so consistent and so faithful that one can only wonder at the author's skill and art. No line in the whole book seems out of the picture. It is all "make-believe" — "make-believe" of the healthiest, jolliest sort. Here is an instance of the whimsical, pleasant fancy of the book — "Harold, accustomed, as the youngest, to lonely antics and to sports that asked no sympathy, was absorbed in 'clubmen': a performance consisting in a measured progress round the room arm-in-arm with an imaginary companion of reverend years, with occasional halts at imaginary clubs, where—imaginary steps being leisurely ascended—imaginary papers were glanced at, imaginary scandal was discussed with elderly shakings of the head, and—regrettable to say—imaginary glasses were lifted lipwards. Heaven only knows how the germ of this dreary pastime first found way into his small-boyish being. It was his own invention, and he was proportionately proud of it." This is only one instance out of many of the book's delightful humour, but it will serve as an example, and it shows too how admirably Mr. Grahame writes. Don't run away with the idea that his book is only for children. I am not even sure that children will appreciate it, and certainly they will not appreciate to the full its more exquisite qualities of sympathy and humour. It is certainly a book for every lover of literature and every lover of children.

Mr. Hubert Crackenthorpe's "Sentimental Studies" (Heinemann, 6s.) marks a very great advance on "Wreck-age," his previous collection of short stories. The method

is the same, but the style and view of life have perceptibly matured; and, displaying himself more sympathetic comprehension in the treatment of his characters, he gains far more readily the reader's sympathetic comprehension for their actions. But Mr. Crackenthorpe remains still the pupil of Maupassant, and both in his choice of subjects and in their management he shows how thoroughly he has steeped himself in the traditions of which the author of "Bel-Ami" was the best known exponent. The first and second stories in particular seem to me eminently successful experiments in psychological analysis, in parts admirably written. "A Set of Village Tales," with which the volume concludes, are ambitious failures. It is a good book, seriously written, but it is not exactly *virginibus puerisque*.

Mr. Robert W. Chambers's collection of short stories, "The King in Yellow" (Chatto, 2s. 6d.), is, of the other volumes of fiction I send, the one that has interested me most. The first stories, American in subject — Mr. Chambers is an American, and his book has already gained some popularity in the States — are weird, vaguely impressive, and certainly original; the later ones deal with Paris, with the siege, and with student life, and they too are very clever, and if their subjects are sometimes of a rather delicate nature, they are delicately treated. This division of interest makes the collection less of a book than it should be; but as it is, it contains some of the best examples of the American short story, not of the rural kind, that I have read. Of the "woman novel," luckily, I have to send few examples. The first, Miss Victoria Crosse's "The Woman Who Didn't" (Lane, 3s. 6d. net), is, frankly, about the most silly and ill-written of the whole batch of books called forth by the merited success of "The Heavenly Twins." But Miss Crosse has made so illegitimate a use of the title of Mr. Grant Allen's book that you are sure to want to see her story, and so I send it, bad though it is. The heroine here, it is true, resists temptation, and is all for the sanctity and the nobility of marriage, but one is not convinced of her reality, nor, as in Mr. Grant Allen's case, of the reality of her creator's convictions. Another and a better written if not a more healthy volume of the Keynotes Series is Mr. Stanley V. Makower's "The Mirror of Music" (Lane, 3s. 6d. net), a study of gradual feminine insanity in which musical obsession plays some part. It is in the form of a young girl's diary, and one traces step by step in her self-recorded actions and reflections the slow decay of her mind. Mr. George Barlow's "Woman Regained" (Roxburghe Press, 6s.) is undoubtedly clever, but it too is thoroughly disagreeable in subject, although one could hardly call it morbid. It is the story, rather pretentiously introduced, of the life of an artist—the kind of artist who thinks that the possession of some sort of genius exempts him from all the ordinary moral laws. Ultimately one of the women he has wronged shoots him, and the reader utters a sigh of relief. The best "woman novel" of the lot I send is Mr. C. E. Francis's "Every-Day's News" (Unwin, 1s. 6d.), a new volume of the Pseudonym Library, rather reminiscent of Mr. C. E. Raimond's "George Mandeville's Husband," which had such a success last year. It is written from a point of view that nowadays may be called "old-fashioned," and is, in fact, a quiet satire, written with admirable restraint, on the woman writer of the baser sort. That Mr. Francis ("Mr.") should be "Miss," I think) shirks the conclusion of a story which promises to be a tragedy, is regrettable; but still his little book is as well worth reading as any volume in the Pseudonym Library, — which is saying a deal, you must confess.

A FAIRY TALE OF CENTRAL AMERICAN TRAVEL.

HOW CAIN AND ABEL WERE FOUND IN THE LOST ATLANTIS.

THE following paper, written by Mr. D. R. O'Sullivan, gives an account in popular language of the extraordinary discoveries which he informs us have been made by M. and Madame le Plongeon in the obscure recesses of Central America. It is hardly right to describe M. le Plongeon's book, which at present only exists in MS., as the book of the month, but there is nothing like being prompt, and in the absence of any notable published book my readers will excuse this anticipatory account of a work which, when it does appear, will undoubtedly create a profound sensation. Mr. O'Sullivan, who is now serving the Empire as H.B.M. Vice-Consul at Pemba, is a personal friend of the explorer whose discoveries he describes so enthusiastically, and he alone must bear the responsibility of the statements contained in his paper. Even if the whole story had been a romance it would be interesting, and most ingenious. But M. le Plongeon and his interpreter, Mr. O'Sullivan, have at least convinced themselves of the authenticity of their finds, and I gladly afford them an opportunity of testifying to the faith that is in them, and of illustrating their discoveries by photographs of the wonderful ruins which M. and Madame le Plongeon have unearthed in Yucatan. Of course no one will expect me to express any opinion upon the theory that the tomb of Abel has been discovered in Central America. Neither will my readers expect me to endorse M. le Plongeon's discovery that the Greek alphabet is an ancient poem describing the submersion of the lost Atlantis. But I confess to a certain pleasurable feeling in publishing so audacious and so ingenious a speculation. It was certain that our ambitious and enterprising kinsmen across the Atlantic would not long be content to be classed among the parvenus of the world. We see their millionaires discovering their right to armorial bearings, and before long heraldry will be more studied in the United States than in Europe. But the New World felt itself hideously new, compared with the august antiquity of the Eastern hemisphere. Columbus was but of yesterday, and the American mind chafed against the comparative rawness of things American. Now, however, America is vindicated. M. le Plongeon comes forward and proves incontrovertibly to his own satisfaction that America is the real cradle of the race, and that Europe, Asia, and Africa must humbly fall in behind their elder sister. Cain and Abel, he triumphantly informs us, were American citizens residing in Yucatan at the time when the unfortunate dispute arose which gave Abel an immortality of fame. In proof whereof he is willing to show us the mausoleum of the murdered man with all the inscriptions complete standing in Yucatan at this hour. Having put his hand to the plough, he does not leave it in mid-furrow. Egypt, it seems, was colonised from Yucatan; the Sphinx was a monument erected to the memory of Abel by his disconsolate widow; the ancient Egyptian mysteries were transplanted bodily from Yucatan; and the Greek alphabet is simply a Yucatanese version of the destruction of the lost Atlantis. Here, indeed, is a discovery which dwarfs the audacity of the Spanish grandee who showed the quarterings of his family on the roof of Noah's Ark. M. le Plongeon says nothing about Adam—probably because he has long ago been proved to be a Scotchman. There would have been wigs on the green if he had planted him in Yucatan. But speaking seriously, the sooner M. le Plongeon gets the results of his astonishing researches published, with all the illustrations, diagrams, and confirmatory matter, the better. At present the reader will half suspect that he is being made the victim of a stupendous practical joke. But M. le Plongeon is in very serious earnest, and, even apart from his theories as to the bearing of his discoveries on the past, he seems to have materials for a book of travels and explorations which would transfer the interest of the civilised world from the heart of Africa to the lost cities of Yucatan. After this prefatory introduction, I leave Mr. O'Sullivan to speak for himself and his friend M. le Plongeon.

THE CRADLE OF MAN'S PRIMITIVE TRADITIONS.

THE reproduction at the World's Fair of some of the Yucatan ruins will have served, it may be hoped, to direct public attention to that most interesting land, and to awaken widespread interest in the startling facts connected with its vanished civilisation which have been brought to light by the researches of Dr. Augustus le Plongeon, the eminent American explorer and archaeologist. This gentleman has devoted twelve years of his life to the exploration of Central America, to a close and laborious study of its ruined monuments, and to the task of deciphering the inscriptions which cover the walls of these ancient buildings—a task which he has at length successfully accomplished. Dr. le Plongeon's devoted and enthusiastic companion during all that long period of hardship and of danger was his intrepid wife. Madame le Plongeon is the only woman who has lived amongst those deserted cities, and in recognition of her services to science, the Geographical Society of Paris has paid her the high and well-merited compliment of placing her portrait in its album of celebrated travellers.

For the majority of people, and even for many of those who deem themselves to be well informed, Central America is indeed an unknown land. The few persons

who have interested themselves in the matter at all by perusing the works of Stevens, Norman, and other tourists who paid hurried visits to the ruins, have merely a vague idea that there exist, hidden amidst the depths of the forests, the remains of stone buildings which were erected at some period anterior to the advent of the Spanish invaders by a race of people who had attained to a certain crude civilisation, but from a study of whose handiwork nothing is to be gleaned that has any direct bearing upon the history of human progress. So far, however, from this being the case, it appears to be highly probable, in the light of Dr. le Plongeon's researches, that this now neglected country was the veritable cradle of human civilisation, and that a knowledge of the history of the primitive dwellers in those "lands of the west" will help to raise the veil which for so many centuries has concealed the origin of the first traditions of mankind.

For the materials of this article I am entirely indebted to Dr. le Plongeon, through whose courtesy I am thus enabled to present to English readers some facts connected with this deeply interesting subject.



DR. LE PLONGEON AND CHACMOOL.

YUCATAN.

A few words, first, about the country of Yucatan itself. It is practically a peninsula which divides the Gulf of Mexico from the Caribbean Sea; it is comprised between the parallels of $17^{\circ} 30'$ and $21^{\circ} 50'$ of north latitude, and of 88° and 91° of west longitude; its length is 260 miles from north to south, its breadth is 180 miles from east to west, and its general shape is practically that of a rectangle. The whole country is composed of fossiliferous limestone, which is covered with loam of extraordinary fertility; it is uniformly flat, but slightly elevated above the level of the sea, and its entire surface is covered with well high impenetrable forests.

Scattered throughout these forests are the ruins and remains of large cities and of stupendous edifices, once upon a time the temples of the gods and the palaces of the kings, the walls of which are covered with inscriptions, bas-reliefs, and sculptures which surpass in harmony of design and excellence of execution those of Egypt and of Babylon. The exquisite proportions of those colossal buildings, and the beauty of the mural decorations, attest the high civilisation of their builders, and inspire the spectator with feelings of admiration and amazement.

THE YUCATANESE.

A vivid idea of the difficulties encountered by the explorers is conveyed in Madame le Plongeon's description:—"Arrived in Yucatan," she writes, "we found there was an immense amount of work to be done, the greater part of it in dangerous places. A few words will make this clear: it is notorious that the Spanish conquerors and their successors treated the unhappy aborigines with shameful cruelty and tyranny. Risings occurred from time to time since the period of the conquest, and in 1847 the natives of Yucatan made a

bold effort to shake off the yoke of their Mexican oppressors. After a long and bitter struggle, a few thousands freed themselves completely from the white man's control, and built a stronghold in the south-west part of the peninsula. Not only do they still maintain their liberty, but they are a terror to the white man and to those Indians yet in his service, and their war cry is 'death to the white monkey.' They have destroyed cities, towns and villages, driving those under Mexican authority to the north and most arid part of the land. Unfortunately many of the ancient ruins are on the territory of those hostile Indians."

THE LOST CITIES OF A DEAD RACE.

"It would be a waste of precious time to dwell upon our dangers and hardships, illness and hunger, but a few words must be said about our work. We were truly amazed at the perfection of sculpture found in the old cities of Chichin-Itza, and we heartily wish that it were in our power not only to save from further destruction, but to rebuild the edifices crumbling before us. That being out of the question, what was the next best thing? Surely to obtain what would enable us to make a facsimile of their measurements—photographs and moulds—and for this we toiled. Our Indian labourers could not understand why we wanted to measure pyramids and terraces, stairs, doorways and walls, and they could not be



MADAME LE PLONGEON.

trusted to hold the end of the measuring tape exactly where we desired, so we two had to do all that work, and some of the terraces were hundreds of feet long, cumbered by felled trees and stones of all shapes, beneath which venomous vipers lurked, while the tropical heat made us dizzy, and the wood ticks worked their way into our skin. Taking photographs was not much easier, and though we are well versed in that art, we spoiled about ten plates for every perfect one obtained; true, we wanted them very perfect. Many of the sculptures had to be photographed from the top of a ladder supported only by sticks on the edge of a very steep and broken up terrace or pyramid. The longest task was, however, the mould-making, because we would not content ourselves with mere squeezes; the result of our work, however, is

found. The next step was to determine the language of the inscriptions. Knowing how excessively conservative are the aborigines of Yucatan in all respects, Dr. le Plongeon inferred that, probably, the language spoken by them at the present day might have at least some affinity with that of the mysterious writings on the walls. To satisfy himself on this head, he devoted himself to a patient study of the living tongue as spoken by the fierce and warlike tribes known as the Quiches, who dwell amidst the fastnesses of the mountains in Guatemala, and who have maintained their independence against all invaders. These tribes are the direct descendants of the ancient Mayas, and, as Dr. le Plongeon discovered, they have retained the ancient language of their ancestors in almost its pristine purity.



DR. LE PLONGEON TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS.

all that could be wished, and we can now build in any part of the world a Maya palace or temple which might be converted into a museum of American antiquities." This was actually done at the Chicago Exhibition, as already stated.

RECOVERING THE LOST LANGUAGE.

In the first place it was obviously necessary to find, if possible, a key to the hieroglyphics in which the mural inscriptions are written, and to the solution of this problem Dr. le Plongeon directed all his efforts. For a long time his attempts in this direction were futile, and it was only after the most prolonged and careful analysis of the characters that he at length stumbled upon a clue. The discovery came about in this way: he happened to observe that certain signs carved on the walls of one of the buildings, closely resembled those of the ancient Egyptian alphabet with which he was familiar; this led him to seek for further points of resemblance, which he also

THE OLDEST LANGUAGE OF MAN.

This Maya language is one of the very oldest tongues known to us, quite as old as Sanskrit if not still more ancient. By giving to the mural characters the same phonetic value which they possess in the language of the Quiches, the doctor found that they formed intelligible words and phrases, and he quickly then perceived that the language of the inscriptions was identical with that still spoken by the aborigines. The construction of the entire alphabet followed, and with that key Dr. le Plongeon has succeeded in fully deciphering those hitherto incomprehensible hieroglyphics. The comparison of the hieratic alphabet of the Mayas with that of the ancient Egyptians, reveals a similitude which amounts practically to identity. Dr. le Plongeon furthermore points out that there exists a singularly close resemblance between the grammatical forms and the syntax of the two tongues, many of the words and characters having a precise meaning in the two languages. Stranger still, the meaning of

the Maya names for the various objects which constitute the Egyptian alphabet are the very letters so represented; from this it would seem, therefore, that both of those people acquired the art of writing from the same source, or that one of them taught the art to the other.

THE LAND OF MAYAX.

Dr. le Plongeon next turned his attention to the few known MSS. of the Mayas which escaped destruction at the hands of fanatical Bishop Landa, who accompanied the Spanish invaders. Those MSS. are written on sheets of parchment prepared from deerskin, in the coloured characters of an alphabet which is supposed to have been formulated after the invasion of the Nahautls in the early centuries of the Christian era. The Mayas are also known to have made a species of paper from the bark of the mulberry tree by a process similar to that employed by the Egyptians in preparing the papyrus. Of the extant MSS., the most important is that known as the Troano MS., which is in the British Museum; it is a very ancient work dealing mainly with the subjects of geology and history, and it is furnished with numerous illustrations. This MS. Dr. le Plongeon has succeeded in translating, and from it we learn that in ancient times the peninsula of Yucatan was called "Mayax," meaning the "first or primitive land." It gave its name to the whole empire of the Mayas, which extended from Tehuantepec on the north to the Isthmus of Darien on the south, and thus comprised all these countries which to-day constitute Central America. The two chief cities were Uxmal, which was the seat of government, and Chichin-Itza, which was the great metropolis and the centre of the ancient Maya civilisation, whither came men of learning from all parts of the world. In the illustrations of the Troano MS. some of those visitors are depicted as bearded men like the ancient Assyrians. The ruins of those cities still exist, and to them Dr. le Plongeon devoted his chief attention.

The name "Maya" is met with in many countries of Asia, Africa and Europe, and always with the meaning of "power" and "wisdom" attached to it; wherever it occurs there also are found vestiges of the language, of the customs, and of the religious and cosmogonical traditions of the Mayas as discovered by Dr. le Plongeon.

THE ORIGINAL CAIN AND ABEL.

We read in the Book of Genesis an account of a tragedy which is stated to have occurred at a very early period in the history of our race, viz., how a certain man was murdered by his brother through motives of jealousy; the murderer's name was Cain, and that of his victim was Abel. This story, as is well known, tallies exactly with the account given by the Egyptian priests of the murder of Osiris by his brother Set, through jealousy; but concerning the esoteric meaning of the episode little or nothing is to be gleaned from ancient historians. Herodotus, that confirmed old babbler, always excuses himself from speaking on this subject, although he takes care to inform us that he was well versed in all that pertained to the mysteries. We likewise find a detailed, if somewhat inflated, account of a man being murdered by his brother for a similar motive, in Valmiki's ancient Sanskrit poem "The Ramayana," the victim in this instance being named Bâli and his murderer Sougriva. Valmiki does not enlighten us as to the source whence he obtained the story, but we have it on his authority that colonists from the land of Mayax in remote ages seized and settled in that portion of the Indo-Chinese peninsula known to us to-day as the Dekkan, and that

"Maya," the terrible warrior, magician and architect of the Davana, was a great navigator whose ships sailed from the western to the eastern ocean. Davana, it may be remarked, means, in the Maya language, "he who has his house upon salt waters."

DISCOVERED IN YUCATAN.

Let us see what light can be thrown upon these narratives by consulting the Yucatan records.

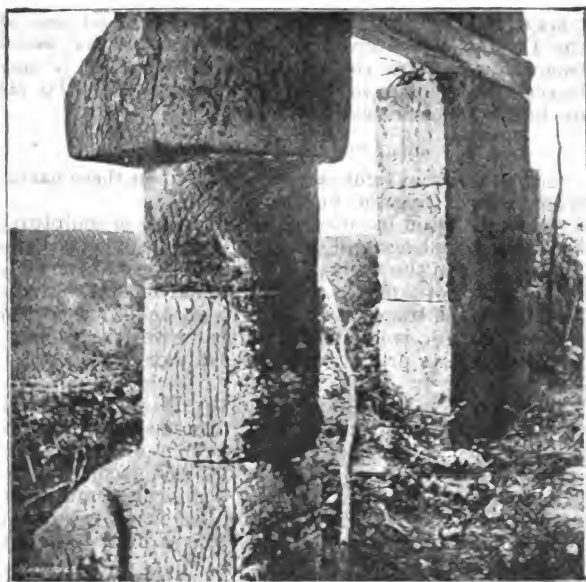
Dr. le Plongeon has discovered in a series of sculptures and mural paintings still existing in a state of good preservation upon the walls of certain buildings at Chichin-Itza, the record of an exactly similar event, and the account of the tragedy, as set forth in the second part of the Troano MS., is identical with that given by Valmiki, by the Egyptian priests, and by the author of the Book of Genesis.

The Mayan colonists alluded to by Valmiki naturally imported with them the language, customs, and folk-lore of their own country, and amongst their numerous traditions was undoubtedly that one which recorded how, in remote ages, the son of one of their rulers murdered his own brother through jealousy, in order to become possessed at the same time of the wife of his victim and of the supreme power.

From the sculptures and mural paintings just alluded to we learn that King *Can* (serpent), who appears to have been the founder or restorer of the ancient cities of Yucatan, had three sons named respectively *Cay* (fish), *Aac* (turtle), and *Coh* (leopard), and two daughters, *Moo* (macaw) and *Nicté* (flower). I must here point out that the names borne by all personages in ancient Mayax represented each one some animal, bird, fish or reptile, and that it was the custom to depict the person symbolically under the form of his or her figure-name or totem.

HOW COH (ABEL) WAS KILLED BY AAC (CAIN).

It was decreed according to the Maya laws that the youngest brother should espouse the eldest sister. A similar custom is known to have obtained amongst the Egyptians from the earliest times, likewise amongst the Ethiopians, the Greeks, and the inhabitants of Mesopotamia in the time of the patriarchs. Prince *Coh*, the youngest brother, was a warrior, fearless and successful, who had greatly extended the boundaries of the Maya kingdom, and *Moo* was proud of his achievements, and loved him dearly. After the death of King *Can*, the kingdom was divided amongst his children, and *Moo* became Queen of Chichin-Itza, while to *Aac*, the second son, was left the ancient city of Uxmal, where his statue is visible to this day on the façade over the main entrance to the palace. Prince *Aac* was deeply envious of his brother *Coh*—envious of the latter's fame, of his popularity and, above all, of the possession by him of his sister-wife, with whom *Aac* was deeply enamoured. Urged on by his evil passions, *Aac* instigated a conspiracy against his brother. In the carvings on the wooden lintels over the entrance to the mausoleum of Prince *Coh*, which Dr. le Plongeon has discovered and explored, and in the fresco paintings which adorn its walls, this particular event is portrayed, *Aac* being represented as armed with three spears and in violent altercation with *Coh*. From other portions of the sculptured records upon the mausoleum we further learn that *Coh* was murdered by being treacherously stabbed thrice in the back by his brother *Aac*, and this is fully corroborated by the illustrated account of the occurrence given by the author of the Troano MS.



ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE—INTERIOR VIEW.

THE DISCOVERY OF ABEL'S TOMB.

Dr. le Plongeon disinterred from this mausoleum, not only a statue of Prince *Coh* with his name inscribed on tablets occupying the place of the ears, but likewise a flint spearhead and an urn which contained the partially cremated remains of what, presumably, had been part of the viscera—most probably the heart—of the victim. One of the mural paintings represents the body of *Coh* laid out, eviscerated, and surrounded by his wife, his sister, his mother and his children. It is to be noted that in the case of Egyptians of high rank, whose bodies were embalmed according to the most costly process, the internal portions of the body, after having been removed, were cleansed, embalmed, and then deposited in four vases, which were subsequently placed in the tomb with the coffin. The account of the famous fratricide, as related in Genesis, in the Ramayana, and in the papyri of Egypt, is simply, therefore, the story of the feud between the sons of King *Can*; and thus we find in far-off Yucatan the true origin of this, one of our very earliest traditions. Nowhere except in Mayax, as Dr. le Plongeon points out, do we find this story forming part of the history of the nation, and nowhere else do we find the portraits of the actual actors in that grim tragedy; but in Mayax there are still to be seen not only their portraits on the walls of the mausoleum of the victim, and their statues carved in stone and in wood, but also the very weapon employed in the crime, and even the mortal remains of the ill-fated Prince *Coh*.

THE HISTORIC ABEL AND OSIRIS.

It must be noted also, and the significance of the fact is manifest, that in the various accounts of the fratricide, the names of the personages mentioned are either identical or are words which have the same meaning in the Maya language; thus Abel, Abal, Bâl-i and Balam are identical words. "A," contraction of "ah," is the Maya masculine article "the," "Bal" is the radical of Bal-am, and Balam is even at the present day one of the names given by the aborigines of Yucatan to the *Fumil Kaax*, the "Lord

of the Fields," the leopard, which they also call *Coh*. The leopard, as I have pointed out, was the totem of *Aac's* victim, and as such it figures in the various mural paintings and bas-reliefs. As regards the name *Osiris*, it would seem to be a corruption of one of the titles given to Prince *Coh* on account of the marked love shown to him by his sisters and by his people in general, and it is derived, according to Dr. le Plongeon, from a Maya verb "ozil," meaning "to love," or "to desire greatly"; the noun "osir" or "ozir" would therefore mean "he who was much desired," or "the well-beloved." The names *Cain*, *Set*, *Sougriva* and *Aac* all convey in the Maya language the idea of something belonging to, or with an affinity for, water; thus *Cain*, by apocope *Cay*, means in Maya, a fish, and *Sougriva* is composed of three Maya primitives: *zue* (quiet or tranquil), *lib* (to ascend) and *ha* (water), "something which quietly rises to the surface of the water," as the turtle (*Aac*) does. *Set* is a cognate word of the Maya "ze," meaning "to ill-treat with blows," a fitting designation truly for one who killed his brother with three thrusts of a spear, as *Aac* is represented in the Troano MS. as having done.

Isis, again, the name of the wife of *Osiris*, is also derived from a Maya word meaning sister. In Egypt she was frequently called *Mau*, and her totem there was a vulture; moreover, one of her titles was "royal wife and sister," all of which proves her identity with the Maya queen *Moo*, whose totem was a macaw. *Osiris* in Egypt, *Abel* in Chaldea, *Bâlî* in India, are myths; *Coh* in Mayax was a reality—a warrior whose mausoleum Dr. le Plongeon has opened, whose weapons and ornaments he has in his possession, whose statue, with his name inscribed on the tables occupying the place of the ears, he has unearthed, and which is now in the National Museum of the city of Mexico, and portions of whose mortal remains he has submitted to chemical analysis.

HOW CAIN WOODED ABEL'S WIDOW.

After the death of Prince *Coh*, the kingdom of Mayax, as we learn from the Troano MS., became involved in civil war; *Aac*, at the head of his faction, striving to seize the reins of government, and the friends of the



"HEADS OF THE PEOPLE."

murdered *Coh* rallying round the widowed queen. *Aac*, failing to effect his purpose by force of arms, has recourse to diplomacy; he renews his suit for the hand of Queen *Moo* and sends envoys to her with a present of fruit. This episode is vividly portrayed in the mural paintings, and the tableau is of the highest interest, inasmuch as it furnishes a perfectly natural explanation of the myth of the temptation of the woman in the Garden of Eden. Queen *Moo* is represented as seated in a house in the midst of a garden or enclosure; at her feet, but outside the house, to indicate that she does not accept it, is a basket filled with oranges. Her extended left hand shows that she declines to listen to the envoy who stands before her in a supplicating attitude, while *Aac* is depicted on a lower plane making an obeisance. Over his head is a serpent, typical of his family name 'Can, and this serpent is gazing at a macaw, the totem of Queen *Moo*, which is perched on the top of a tree above the figure of the Queen. The tree is guarded by a monkey which in Mayan, as in Egypt, was the symbol of wisdom, and in this case it represents the wise preceptor. The true meaning of the writer of *Genesis* is thus clear when he tells us that the serpent spoke to the woman and tempted her with fruit.

In connection with the tableau of the scene in the garden, it is most interesting to note that even at this present day amongst the aborigines of Yucatan when a youth wishes to make a proposal of marriage to a girl, he sends her, through a friend, a present of fruit, flowers, or sweetmeats—so persistent amongst these people are the customs of their forefathers—and if the girl accepts the proffered gift, it is a sign that she looks with favour upon his suit, and they are betrothed; whereas refusal on her part signifies that the proposal is rejected.

THE SPHINX A MONUMENT TO ABEL!

Queen *Moo*, after the death of her husband, erected to his memory the magnificent mausoleum explored by Dr. le Plongeon, and upon its summit she caused to be placed the figure of a leopard with the head and face of a dying man, and with three holes in the back, significant of the manner in which Prince *Coh* had been treacherously done to death.

From the Troano MS. again we learn that Queen *Moo* subsequently migrated to Egypt, where also she caused to be erected to the memory of her husband a similar

monument, none other indeed than the famous sphinx, with its sad and inscrutable expression. This Egyptian sphinx is clearly, therefore, a copy of the older and original one, which was erected remote ages ago in the far-off "lands of the west" by the disconsolate Queen *Moo* to perpetuate the memory of her murdered husband.

In Egypt, moreover, the spotted skin of a leopard, generally without the head, was invariably suspended near the images of Osiris, and a leopard's skin also formed portion of the dress of the priests, as is shown by the paintings on the tombs at Thebes. Furthermore, when the Egyptians desired to represent Osiris as king of Amenti (the west), the symbol which they employed was always a crouching leopard with an open eye above it.

The leopard's skin was also used in the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries; and curiously enough, M. Paul du Chailly relates that a leopard's skin is worn to this day by African warriors as a charm where-with to render themselves invulnerable to spear thrusts. From this it would seem as if the tradition of the manner in which Prince *Coh* met his death had come down to them also as a tradition from their ancestors, and that they regard his totem as being a charm against a similar fate. That such a tradition should have been handed down to the modern negro is not so improbable in view of the fact that the inhabitants of Africa appear certainly to have had communication with the people of the western continent up to the time

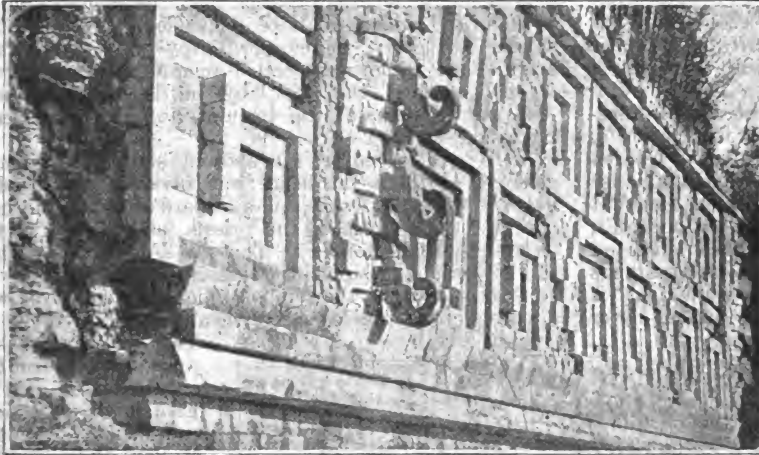
of the destruction of Atlantis, concerning which event Dr. le Plongeon has much to tell us.

THE STORY OF THE DELUGE.

Of the traditions relating to events which happened, or were supposed to have happened, during the very early days of the human race upon the earth, none was more widely spread, nor more generally credited by civilised nations of antiquity, than the story of a great deluge, such as we read of in the scriptural narrative. The Egyptian priests, it is true, who from time immemorial had kept in the archives of their temples a faithful record of all notable events and occurrences throughout the world, disbelieved in the universality of the flood, and they derided the Greek philosophers who held that the entire human race had perished in the deluge of Deucalion. They informed Solon, however, when he visited them six hundred years before the Christian era, that



CHACMOOL EATING A HEART.



ORNAMENTATION OF WEST FACADE OF GOVERNOR'S PALACE AT UXMAL.

The destruction of the land of Mú was an event so stupendous and so terrible that the Mayas thereafter altered all their computations of time in order to commemorate it. Following their example, we find that the Greeks and other Eastern nations ever afterwards regarded 13 as an unlucky number, since the final destruction of Mú took place on the 13th day of the Maya month of Zac, which corresponded with our month of February, and the same superstitious belief has descended to ourselves.

It is very interesting to note that the author of the Troano MS. symbolises the vanished land by the figure of a black man of the negro type, thereby indicating that the inhabitants of the land of Mú were a black-skinned race; and figures clearly meant to represent negroes are also found depicted in the mural paintings at Chichin-Itza. It

will be remembered that the early Spanish adventurers found, on their arrival in America, a black-skinned population closely akin to the African negroes inhabiting the Isthmus of Panama and other portions of the western continent; those black people doubtless represented the descendants of the inhabitants of the lost island, with which the Mayas appear to have had close relations in former times. Among the Greeks the island-continent of Atlantis was likewise known as "Mu," and this brings me to a most remarkable statement made by Dr. le Plongeon. He maintains that the names of the letters which constitute the Greek alphabet are Maya primitives, and that the Greek alphabet itself is a narrative of the destruction of the land of Mú! The Doctor points out that the reason why in the Greek alphabet the letter ϵ is separated from η , σ from ω , and τ from θ , instead of being juxtaposed, as would seem natural, is that such juxtaposition of equivalent letters would have rendered the account meaningless. Concerning these very startling

recorded in their archives was the account of a terrible cataclysm, during which a great island, "the land of Mú," situated in the Atlantic Ocean, disappeared beneath the waves in one day and one night, in consequence of violent earthquakes and volcanic eruptions; that this occurrence had taken place nine thousand years before his visit to Egypt, and that all communications between Egypt and "the lands of the west" had absolutely ceased from the time of that catastrophe. A description of the same terrible event was embodied by the learned priests of Mayax in certain records which fortunately have been preserved and have come down to us. Dr. le Plongeon found a relation of the catastrophe carved in intaglio upon the stone which forms the lintel over the interior doorway of a building at Chichin-Itza—a building which to this day is known as *Akab-oib*, "the house of the dark or terrible writing."

The author of the Troano MS., moreover, devotes several pages at the commencement of the second part to an account of the occurrence and its accompanying phenomena, and in yet another Maya MS., that known as the *Cortex cortesianus*, which Dr. le Plongeon has likewise translated, there is also a lengthy account of the same event. These three versions not only tally one with the other, but also with that given by the Egyptians.

The following is Dr. le Plongeon's translation of the account contained in the Troano MS. of the most terrible cataclysm in the history of the world of which we have any record: "In the year 6 Kan, on the 11th Muluc, in the month Zac, there occurred terrible earthquakes, which continued without interruption until the 13th Chuen. The country of the hills of mud, the land of Mú, was sacrificed; being twice upheaved, it suddenly disappeared during the night, the basin being continually shaken by volcanic forces. Being confined, these caused the land to sink and to rise several times and in various places. At last the surface gave way, and ten countries were torn asunder and scattered. Unable to withstand the force of the convulsions, they sank with their 64,000,000 of inhabitants 8,060 years before the writing of this book."

Thus the fact seems to be established that there formerly did exist an island-continent situated in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, that this submersion took place some 11,500 years ago, and that the account given by Plato of the destruction of Atlantis is in the main correct.



BEARDED MAN—FROM THE CASTLE.

statements I venture no opinion; Dr. le Plongeon assures me that he is prepared to prove the correctness of his assertion, and he refers, for verification of the accuracy of his translations of the names of the letters which constitute the Greek alphabet, to the Maya vocabulary (of about seven thousand words), published by the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg as an appendix to the Troano MS. It will certainly be of interest to hear what our leading Greek scholars have to say upon the subject, and it is a curious reflection that while, in our schoolboy days, we were learning our alpha, beta, gamma, delta, we were all the while committing to memory an epic poem written in probably the oldest known language of the world.*

COSMOGONIC CONCEPTIONS OF THE MAYAS.

As the Maya sages perpetuated in stone the narration of the destruction of Mú, so in like manner did they record their cosmogonical conceptions by causing the story of the creation, according to their belief, to be carved in high relief over the doorway of the east façade of the palace at Chichin-Itza. This tableau has been most carefully studied by Dr. le Plongeon, who finds in it unmistakable evidence of the high scientific attainments of its designers. I regret that the limits of a magazine article do not permit me to give the savant's most interesting exposition and analysis of the tableau, but the essential point to note is that the beliefs held by the

Mayas concerning the creation, as therein recorded, are identical with the ideas concerning the first origin of things arrived at by the inhabitants of India and of Egypt, and are expressed in as nearly the same words as the genius of the vernacular of those different countries permits. This identity of ideas expressed in identical language cannot be attributed to mere coincidence, neither is it conceivable that the peoples of these different countries arrived at the same conclusions on such a subject independently of one another and without intercommunication. The idea and its explanation must undoubtedly have originated amongst one people, and by them have been taught to the others. That such an interchange of ideas took place between India and Egypt is not improbable, but by whom were the same ideas introduced to America? Dr. le Plongeon's contention is that those ideas originated, so far as it is possible to determine the point at all, on the western continent, and were thence transmitted to the eastern; in support of this view he adduces numerous arguments. Thus he shows that the legends connected with the images of several Egyptian deities, when interpreted by means of the Maya language, point directly to Mayax as their birthplace; he cites the identity of the Egyptian with the Mayan alphabet, and he reminds us that the Egyptians themselves looked upon "the lands of the west" as being the mother-land of their gods and their ancestors, and the fountain head from which they had

* Here is Dr. le Plongeon's own statement of the matter :-

GREEK ALPHABET.	MAYA PRIMITIVES FORMING NAMES OF THE LETTERS OF THE GREEK ALPHABET, WITH THEIR ENGLISH MEANING.				FREE TRANSLATION.
Alpha	Al (heavy)	ppa (break)	ha (water)		Heavily break (the) waters
Beta	Be (walk)	ta (earth, place)			Extending (over the) plains
Gamma	Kam (receive, cover)	ma (earth)			(They) cover (the) land
Delta	Tel (depth)	ta (where, place)			(In) low places where
Epsilon	Ep (obstruct)	zll (make edges)	on (to whirl, whirlpool)		(There are) obstructions. whirlpools
Zeta	Ze (strike)	ta (place, ground)			Strike (the) earth
Eta	Et (with)	ha (water)			With water.
Theta	Thheth (extend)	ha (water)			The water spreads
Iota	Io (all that lives and moves)	ta (earth)			(On) all that lives and moves.
Kappa	Ka (sediment)	ppa (to break, to open)			Sediments give way.
Lambda	Lam (to submerge)	be (to go, to walk)	ta (place, land, country.)		Submerged is (the) land
Mu	Mu (the land of Mu)				of Mú.
Nu	Ni (point, summit)				The peaks (only)
Xi	Xi (raise over, appear over)				Appear above (the water).
Omikron	Om (to whirl, whirlpool)	lk (wind)	le (place)	on (circular, round)	Whirlwinds blow round
Pi	Pi (to place by little and little)				By little and little
Rho	Ra (until)	ho (to come)			Until comes
Sigma	Zll (cold)	g-lk (wind)	ma (before)		Cold air. Before
Tau	Ta (where)	u (basin, valley)			Where valleys (existed)
Upsilon	U (abyss)	pa (tank)	zll (cold, frozen)	le (place)	on (circular). (Now) abysses, cold tanks, in circular places
Phi	Pe (to come, to form)	hi (clay)			Clay is formed.
Chi	Chi (mouth, aperture)				A mouth
Psi	Pe (to come out)	zi (vapour)			Opens: vapours
Omega	O (there)	me (to whirl)	ka (sediment)		(Then) come forth and volcanic sediments.

originally derived their knowledge. From these and other premises he deduces the conclusion that the Egyptians and other eastern nations acquired their cosmogonic conceptions from Mayax.

ORIGIN OF ELEPHANT WORSHIP.

Dr. le Plongeon's researches also give a clue to the probable origin of elephant-worship in India. The Hindoos, as is well known, represent Ganesha, the God of wisdom, as a human body, coloured red, and surmounted with the head of an elephant. This is the most popular of all their images, and it is sculptured or painted over the door of every house as a protection against evil. The legends purporting to account for this form of worship are so numerous and so contradictory that it may safely be assumed that the true origin is not known. Turning to Yucatan, we find in the Troano MS. that the "Master of the Land," King *Can* deified, is therein depicted under the guise of a human form with the head of a mastodon. Presumably the Mayas adopted that animal as the symbol of their great ruler, from the fact of its being the largest and strongest creature with which they were acquainted, and as such would naturally be for them symbolical of strength and power. On the façade of the building at Chichin-Itza, called by the natives "kuna" (the house

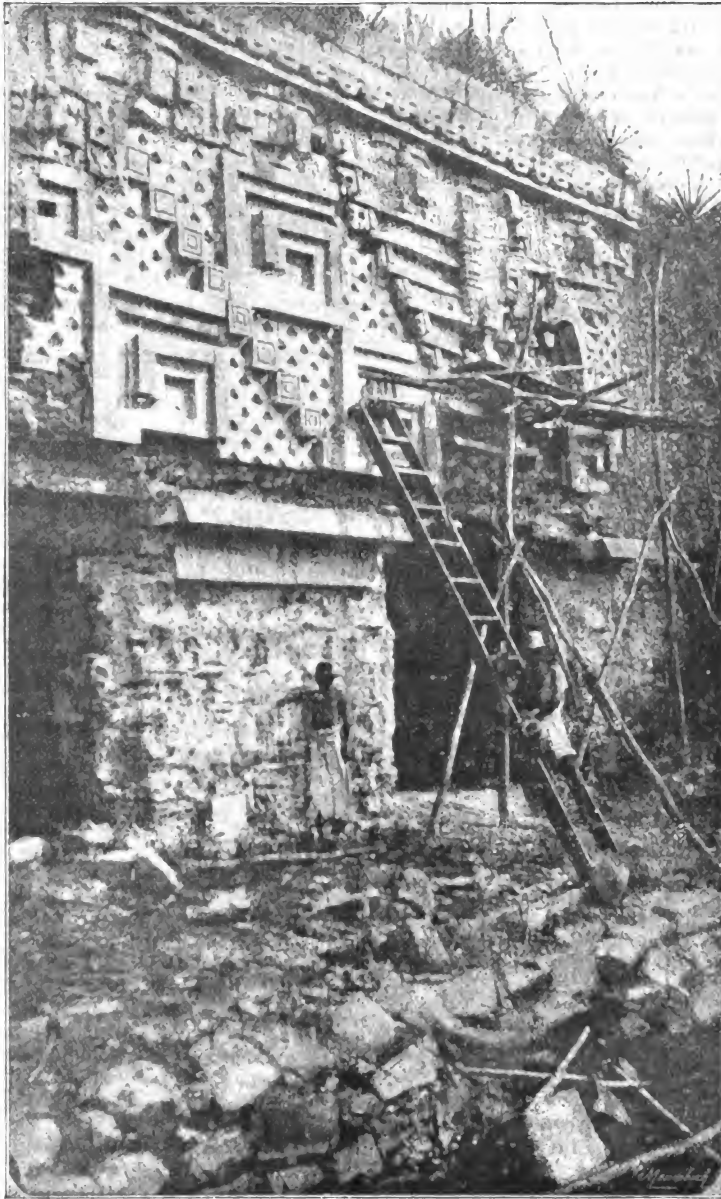
on God),—the same building to which Stevens gives the name of Iglesia,—there is a sculptured tableau representing the worship of that great pachyderm, the head of which with the trunk constitutes the principal decoration of the temples and palaces which were built by members of the family of King *Can*. Here, then, is another most curious "coincidence." May not the truth be, as Dr. le

Plongeon suggests, that the worship of the elephant was introduced into India by colonists from Mayax, where the worship of the mastodon was so general? The fact of the body of Ganesha being invariably painted red, which

is the characteristic colour of the American race, lends additional probability to this view. Certain characteristic customs, moreover, which obtain in India, such for example as the habit of mothers carrying the child astride on the hip, and of worshippers impressing upon the walls of the temples the imprint of the hand dipped in a red liquid, serve to strengthen the theory of a Mayan immigration, since the red imprint of a human hand is commonly met with on the walls of the temples in Yucatan, and the women of that country still carry their children astride on the hip.

AND OF SERPENT WORSHIP.

Likewise in the case of the worship of the serpent, which was so general amongst all civilised nations of antiquity, and concerning which no explanation has hitherto been forthcoming, a most probable origin is found in Yucatan, where the worship of King *Can* (serpent), deified and symbolised by his totem, was universal. The image of the serpent is found on almost every edifice in every city, and especially in Chichin-Itza, of which it would seem to have



DR. LE PLONGEON MAKING PLASTER MOULDS.

been regarded as the protecting genius.

THE SYMBOL OF THE CROSS.

The cross is another symbol which was held in great reverence by civilised nations long ages before the establishment of Christianity. Representations of it in various forms have been found in all parts of the world, from a

simple carving upon the face of the living rock to the imposing temples of Elephanta in India, which are constructed in a cruciform shape. The plain Latin cross was undoubtedly the primitive form from which all the more elaborate varieties were derived. The *crux-ansata* is one of the most ancient modifications met with in the Old World; and in Egypt, where it was the "symbol of symbols," as indeed it was also in Chaldea, it was termed the "key of the Nile." It was placed on the breast of the deceased, sometimes as a simple T resting upon the frustrum of a cone or occasionally upon a heart. This same symbol is met with in various localities of Central America, notably upon the breasts of statues in Palenque and other very ancient cities in Guatemala. Wherever found throughout the world, however, it was invariably associated with the idea of water and of rejuvenescence; thus in Babylon, the cross was the symbol of the water deities; in Egypt, of creative power and of eternity; in India and China, of immortality; in Mayax, of rejuvenescence and freedom from physical ills. In the Eleusinian and Bacchic mysteries, the cross, we are told, was placed upon the breast of the initiate to signify that thenceforth he commenced a new life. In Mayax, from the remotest ages, the symbol of the cross appears to have been an emblem connected with their sacred mysteries, to which subject I shall presently refer. The ground plan of the Sanctuary at Uxmal is cruciform, and conspicuous amongst the carvings on the east façade of the palace at Chichin-Itza is the same symbol. According to Maya tradition, the cross was symbolical of the "God of rain," and the following is Dr. le Plongeon's explanation of that relationship.

ITS ORIGIN IN YUCATAN.

In all localities, such as Yucatan, which are situated within the 12th and 23rd degrees of north latitude, the dry season sets in about the beginning of January, and no rain falls for the ensuing four months. By the end of April, therefore, the entire land has become parched and brown, the trees have cast their foliage, the birds and animals, losing their shyness, boldly venture amongst the haunts of man in search of water, and all animated nature seems destined to perish for lack of moisture. Just about this period a constellation consisting of four bright stars is noticed at night in the southern heavens. This is the constellation known to us as the Southern Cross, and by the beginning of our month of May (which owes its name to the Goddess Maya, "the good dame") it is seen to stand perpendicular above the horizon in those latitudes. That brilliant constellation is a heavenly messenger that brings tidings of joy to the weary inhabitants of the parched land, for it unfailingly heralds the opening of the flood-gates of heaven, and, with the thrice-welcome advocate of rain, a new lease of life for all nature and joy and happiness for all living creatures. No wonder then that man hailed with thankful heart and songs of gladness that glorious constellation, which to him was indeed a God—the God of rain that refreshes and rejuvenates, that frees man and his fellow creatures from physical suffering, bringing to them felicity—heaven in a word, and, with renewed life, immortality. It is but natural, therefore, that the emblem of the cross should have been held in the highest reverence by those people as the symbol of immortality. All the civilised nations of the "lands of the west" and in the eastern continent also dwelt in latitudes where the constellation of the Southern Cross becomes visible at the end of April, and where the first showers after the dry season quickly follow its appearance. The

symbol of the cross was doubtless communicated to and accepted by other nations dwelling further north, who in course of time lost the knowledge of the true esoteric meaning attaching thereto. Even to this present day the simple inhabitants of Central America, however, have retained the knowledge of their ancestors as to the meteorological significance of the appearance of the Southern Cross; they too herald its coming with songs of joy, and straightway prepare to sow their fields in the full assurance that rain is at hand. Such then is Dr. le Plongeon's interpretation of the origin and meaning of the mystical *tau*, concerning which our modern savants have indulged in so much speculation without arriving at any satisfactory conclusions. Furthermore, Dr. le Plongeon shows that "*tau*" is a Maya word composed of the three primitives—*ti* "here," *a* or *ha* "water," and *u* "month," which being translated, means "this is the month of water."

THE "CRUX-ANSATA."

The complex form of cross formed of a cone, with two horizontal arms and an oval placed between and immediately above them, has been named by Egyptologists *crux-ansata*, but it is not of Egyptian origin at all. It is an emblem of the sacred tree of the Mayas, the *Yaxche*, under the roots of which, according to the natives, a supply of pure water is always to be found. The trunk of the *Yaxche* tree forms a perfect cone, from the summit of which the main branches extend horizontally, while the leafy top, especially when viewed from some distance, affords the appearance of a hemisphere, the entire outline being exactly that of the Egyptian *crux-ansata*. The Mayas always represented in their sculptures and paintings the sacred tree conventionally as furnished with two branches extending horizontally outwards from the summit of a conical trunk, the shape depicted being exactly that of a cross or tau.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

Dr. le Plongeon has established the fact that sacred mysteries were celebrated in Mayax from remote ages, with rites and symbols identical with those employed in connection with the sacred mysteries of India and of Egypt.

The similarity of the rites practised at the ceremony of initiation in the different countries proves that those rites had been communicated from one to the other. But where then did the sacred mysteries of antiquity originate? Dr. le Plongeon adduces strong arguments to prove that the true origin of all the sacred mysteries of antiquity is to be found, not in India nor in the Old World at all, but in Mayax, in the so-called "New" World, whence Maya colonists transported their ancient religious rites and ceremonies not only to the banks of the Nile, but to those of the Euphrates and to the shores of the Indian Ocean.

Dr. le Plongeon found his clue in the words uttered by the officiating priest at the termination of the ceremonies at Eleusis, and in the name and shape given to the place of meeting as recorded by Plutarch and other Greek writers who have described these mysteries. The words referred to, namely, *Kon-x Om Pan-x*, which have no meaning in Greek, are, according to Dr. Plongeon, pure vocables of the ancient Maya language—of that language which is still the vernacular of their descendants in Yucatan, and in that tongue the words signify, "Go, strangers, scatter!" The words *Cansha Om Pansha*, with which the Brahmin priests to this day dismiss the worshippers at the termination of their religious cerc-

monies, are likewise taken from the Maya, and not the Sanskrit tongue, and their meaning is correctly given by Captain Wilford as "Retire, O retire, profane!"

THE RECTANGLE.

In Yucatan, as in Egypt and in Greece, the ground plan of the temples in which the mysteries were celebrated was a rectangle. This was the shape given by the Mayas to their letter *m*, pronounced "ma," which is the contraction of "mam," "the country," "earth," and by extension, "the universe"; it is also the radical of *Ma-yax*, the ancient name of the Yucatan peninsula. The Mayas doubtless selected the rectangle to represent their land, since that is the geometrical figure which most accurately represents the shape of the Yucatan peninsula, a point to which I have referred in the beginning of this article. Thus in Mayax, as in Egypt, the rectangle in hieroglyphics stands for "earth" and "universe." In Mayax too are found carved on the walls of the temples and of the palaces the same mystic symbols which were used by the initiates in all other countries; likewise inscriptions in characters which have the same meaning and value as those carved upon the ancient temples of Egypt. Here, then, are some clues, and by following them up Dr. le Plongeon claims to have traced the birthplace of all the ancient mysteries of the East to those "Lands of the West," that "Land of Kui," which the Egyptians regarded as the motherland of their gods and their ancestors, and where, as they believed, their god Osiris reigned supreme over the souls-emancipated from the trammels of matter.

THE TRIALS OF INITIATION.

That sacred mysteries were celebrated from time immemorial in the temples of Mayax at Xibalba, Palenque (the ancient Nachan), Copan, and elsewhere in Central America, is conclusively proved by the nature of the symbols found sculptured on the walls of the temples and palaces, and also by a description of the rites and trials connected with initiation as set forth in the *Popol-Vuh*, or sacred book of the Quiches, who were a branch of the Maya nation. This *Popol-Vuh* is a very ancient manuscript, which Dr. le Plongeon has also translated. Here is the Doctor's account of the rites as set forth in the allegorical language of that work:—

The applicants for initiation to the mysteries were made to cross two rivers, one of mud, the other of blood, before they reached the four roads that led to the place where the priests awaited them. The crossing of these rivers was full of dangers that were to be avoided. Then they had to journey along the four roads, the white, the red, the green and the black, to where a council of twelve veiled priests, and a wooden statue, dressed and wearing raiments as the priests, awaited them. When in the presence of the council they were told to salute the king, and the wooden statue was pointed out to them. This was in order to try their discernment. Then they had to salute each individual, giving his name or title without being told, after which they were asked to sit down on a certain seat. If, forgetting the respect due to the august assembly, they sat as invited, they soon had reason to regret their want of good breeding, for the seat, made of stone, was burning hot. Having modestly declined the invitation, they were conducted to the "dark house," where they had to pass the night and submit to the second trial. Guards were placed all round to prevent the candidates holding intercourse with the outer world. Then a lighted torch of pine-wood and a cigar were given to each. These were not to be extinguished: still they had to be returned whole at sunrise when the officer of the house came to demand them. Woe to him who allowed his torch and cigar to get consumed, for terrible chastisement and death then awaited him. Having

passed through this second trial successfully, the third ~~was~~ to be suffered in the "house of spears," where still more severe trials awaited them. Amongst other things they had to defend themselves during the whole of the night against the attacks of the best spearmen selected for the purpose, one for each candidate. Coming out victorious at dawn, they were judged worthy of the fourth trial. This consisted in being shut for a whole night in "the ice-house," where the cold was intense. They had to prevent themselves from being overcome by the cold and freezing to death. The fifth ordeal was no less terrible, and consisted in passing a night in company with wild tigers in the "tiger-house;" exposed to be torn to pieces or devoured alive by the ferocious animals. Emerging safe from the den, they had to submit to their sixth trial in the "fiery house." This was a burning furnace, where they had to remain from sunset to sunrise. Coming out unscorched, they were ready for the seventh, said to be the most severe of all, in the "house of bats." The sacred book tells us that it was the house of *Camazotz*, the god of the bats, full of death-dealing weapons, where the god himself coming from on high appeared to the candidates and beheaded them if off their guard.

Those initiatory rites vividly recall the visions of Henoah—the blazing house of crystal, fiery hot and icy cold—the bow of fire—the quiver of arrows—the flaming sword—the crossing of the swift-flowing stream and the molten river—the extremities of the earth filled with all manner of birds and huge beasts—the habitation of that One of great glory, whose stool was the orb of the sun—and so on.

The title, too, of the High Priest in Mayax, *Ilach-Mac*, "The true, the very man," which is inscribed over the bust of High Pontiff *Cay* at Uxmal, clearly recalls that of the Chief of the Magi at Babylon—*Bab-mag*, or "venerable," which is practically the Maya *Lab-muc*, "the old man."

"Will it be said," writes Dr. le Plongeon, "that these mysteries were imported from Egypt or Chaldea or India or Phœnicia to America?"

Since, as Dr. le Plongeon has shown, the primitive traditions of the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, and the Hindoos were unmistakably derived from the history of the early rulers of Mayax, it certainly is not improbable that there also should be discovered the origin of the sacred mysteries of those countries.

It is clear, then, that a study of ancient Maya civilisation throws a new and hitherto unexpected light upon the source of many of the primitive traditions of mankind which have come down to us from the dim past, through the sacred books of the Hindoos, the Egyptians, and the Jews.

I have endeavoured in this paper to indicate briefly some of the more important conclusions arrived at by Dr. le Plongeon. He has embodied the full results of his investigations in a work of extraordinary erudition and absorbing interest, entitled "The Monuments of Mayax and their Historical Teachings." This great work, which represents the life labour of Dr. le Plongeon, is completed and ready for the press, but its publication is deferred for want of funds. Dr. le Plongeon having expended all his private fortune in the course of his long researches, is unable personally to defray the cost of production, and he informs me that he has hitherto been unsuccessful in his endeavours to find a publishing house in America to issue it for him. Doubtless the initial cost of such a work would be heavy, but I have every hope that Dr. le Plongeon will find in London the means fittingly to present to the public the fruits of his long labours, and on the part of English readers the keen attention and interest which his remarkable achievements in the domain of archæology so justly merit.

D. R. O'SULLIVAN.

THE ANNUAL INDEX.

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INDEX.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index, which is limited to the following periodicals.

A. A. C. Q.	American Catholic Quarterly Review.	Fr. L.	Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.	Naut. M.	Nautical Magazine.
A. M. C.	American Magazine of Civics.	Free R.	Free Review.	N. E. M.	New England Magazine.
A. A. P. S.	Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.	G. M.	Gentleman's Magazine.	N. I. R.	New Ireland Review.
Ant.	Antiquary.	G. J.	Geographical Journal.	New R.	New Review.
Arch. R.	Architectural Record.	G. O. P.	Girl's Own Paper.	New W.	New World.
A.	Arena.	G. W.	Good Words.	N. C.	Nineteenth Century.
Arg.	Argosy.	G. T.	Great Thoughts.	N. A. R.	North American Review.
As.	Asclepiad.	Harp.	Harper's Magazine.	O. D.	Our Day.
A. Q.	Asiatic Quarterly.	Hom. R.	Homiletic Review.	O.	Outing.
Ata.	Atlanta.	H.	Humanitarian.	P. E. F.	Palestine Exploration Fund.
A. M.	Atlantic Monthly.	I.	Idler.	P. M. M.	Pall Mall Magazine.
Bank.	Bankers' Magazine.	I. L.	Index Library.	Phil. R.	Philosophical Review.
B. S.	Bibliotheca Sacra.	I. J. E.	International Journal of Ethics.	P. L.	Poet-Lore.
Black.	Blackwood's Magazine.	I. R.	Investors' Review.	P. R. R.	Presbyterian and Reformer Review.
B. T. J.	Board of Trade Journal.	Ir. E. R.	Irish Ecclesiastical Record.	P. M. Q.	Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review.
Bkman.	Bookman.	Ir. M.	Irish Monthly.	Psy. R.	Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.
B.	Borderland.	Jew. Q.	Jewish Quarterly.	Psychol. R.	Psychological Review.
Cal. R.	Calcutta Review.	J. Ed.	Journal of Education.	Q. J. Econ.	Quarterly Journal of Economics.
Can. M.	Canadian Magazine.	J. Micro.	Journal of Microscopy.	Q. R.	Quarterly Review.
C. F. M.	Cassell's Family Magazine.	J. P. Econ.	Journal of Political Economy.	Q.	Quiver.
C. S. J.	Cassell's Saturday Journal.	J. R. A. S.	Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.	R. R. R.	Religious Review of Reviews.
Cas. M.	Cassell's Magazine.	J. R. C. I.	Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.	Rel.	Reliquary.
C. W.	Catholic World.	J. R. U.	Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.	R. C.	Review of the Churches.
C. M.	Century Magazine.	Jur. R.	Juridical Review.	R. R. A.	Review of Reviews (America).
C. J.	Chambers's Journal.	K. O.	King's Own.	R. R. Aus.	Review of Reviews (Australasia).
Char. R.	Charities Review.	K.	Knowledge.	St. N.	St. Nicholas.
Chaut.	Chautauquan.	L. H.	Leisure Hour.	Sc. G.	Science Gossip.
Ch. Mis. I.	Church Missionary Intelligencer.	Libr.	Library.	Sc. P.	Science Progress.
Ch. Q.	Church Quarterly.	Lipp.	Lippincott's Monthly.	Scots.	Scots Magazine.
C. R.	Contemporary Review.	L. Q.	London Quarterly.	Scot. G. M.	Scottish Geographical Magazine.
C.	Cornhill.	Loug.	Loughman's Magazine.	Scot. R.	Scottish Review.
Cos.	Cosmopolitan.	Luc.	Lucifer.	Scrib.	Scribner's Magazine.
Crit. R.	Critical Review.	Lud. M.	Ludgate Illustrated Magazine.	Str.	Strand Magazine.
D. R.	Dublin Review.	McCl.	McClure's Magazine.	Sun. H.	Sunday at Home.
Econ. J.	Economic Journal.	Mac.	Macmillan's Magazine.	Sun. M.	Sunday Magazine.
Econ. R.	Economic Review.	Man. Q.	Manchester Quarterly.	T. B.	Temple Bar.
E. R.	Edinburgh Review.	Med. M.	Medical Magazine.	Th.	Theatre.
Ed. R. A.	Educational Review, America.	M. W. D.	Men and Women of the Day.	Think.	Thinker.
Ed. R. L.	Educational Review, London.	Mind.	Mind.	T. C.	Twentieth Century.
Eng. M.	Engineering Magazine.	Min.	Minster.	U. S. M.	United Service Magazine.
E. H.	English Historical Review.	Mis. R.	Missionary Review of the World.	W. R.	Westminster Review.
E. L.	English Illustrated Magazine.	Mon.	Monist.	W. M.	Windsor Magazine.
Ex.	Expositor.	M.	Mouth.	W. H.	Woman at Home.
Ex. T.	Expository Times.	M. P.	Monthly Packet.	Y. R.	Yale Review.
F. L.	Folk-Lore.	Nat. R.	National Review.	Y. M.	Young Man.
F. R.	Fortnightly Review.	N. Sc.	Natural Science.	Y. W.	Young Woman.
F.	Forum.				

Advertising: Certain Bogus Insurances, W. Defries on, T C, August.

Africa (see also Egypt, Madagascar):

Tropical Africa: a New British Market, by Capt. Lugard, N C, Sept.

The Niger Territory: the Land of Palm Oil, C J, Sept.

An Expedition to Borgu, on the Niger, by Capt. F. D. Lugard, G J, Sept.

Africanists in Council, by A. Silva White, N C, Sept.

Gleams from the Dark Continent, by C. J. Mansford, Str, August.

Agnosticism:

Gaps in Agnostic Evolution, by F. H. Hill, Nat R, Sept.

A Common-Sense View of Agnosticism, W R, Sept.

Agriculture (see also Rural Life):

The Climax of Agricultural Disaster, by W. E. Bear, F R, Sept.

Amber, C, Sept.

American Traits, by Martin Morris, New R, Sept.

Ants as Mushroom-Growers, by Annie L. Smith, G W, Sept.

Antwerp, see under Belgium.

Aquatic Gardening, J. H. Connelly on, C M, Sept.

Arabia: Islam and the Eastern Question, by Dr. W. H. Thomson, Harp, Sept.

Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States by Prof. G. H. Emmott, A, August.

Arc, Joan of, L. de Conte on, Harp, Sept.

Archæology (see also Contents of Antiquary):

Our Stone Crusaders, C, Sept.

Arctic Exploration:

How to Reach the North Pole, by Flora Klickmann, W M, August.

List of Objects Shown at the Franklin Commemoration Meeting, Scot, G M, August.

Armenia:

E. A. B. Hodgetts on, T C, August.

Turkey and the Armenian Crisis, by Dr. T. Peterson, C W, August.

Armies (see also Contents of United Service Magazine):

War Office Administrative Reform, C R, Sept.

The New Council of Defence, by H. O. Arnold-Forster, Nat R, Sept.

Asia and the Far East, see Orient, Japan, etc.

Astronomy: Mars; the Flagstaff Photographs, P. Lowell on, N E M, August.

Athens of To-day, by J. Pullan, Y M, Sept.

Atlanta, Georgia: The Southern Exposition at Atlanta, by J. K. Obl, Chaut, August.

Australia: A Visit to Broken Hill, by Moreton Frewen, C R, Sept.

Austria, Archduke Karl Ludwig of, T B, Sept.

Balfour's (A. J.) "Foundations of Belief":

A. J. Balfour and His Critics by Rev. T. A. Finlay, N I R, August

Ballooning: From a War-Balloon, Mac, Sept.

Bananas, C J, Sept.

Baring-Gould, Rev. S.,

Rev. J. M. Gatrill on, Sun M, Sept.

Unsigned Article on, Y M, Sept.

Bathing at the English Sea-Shore Resorts, by J. Howe Adams, Cos, Aug.

See also, Dr. Lyman, H. A. Glass on, Sun M, Sept.

Belgium: Antwerp and "Old Antwerp," by Jeanette L. Gilder, St. N, Sept.

Bermoudsey Settlement, T. C. Collings on, L H, Sept.

Bible and Biblical Criticism (see also contents of Clergyman's Magazine, Expositor, Expository Times, Homiletic Review, King's Own, New Christian Quarterly Review, Thinker):

The Newly Discovered Syrian Gospels, by Rev. A. J. Maas, A C Q, July.

Human Destiny, by Rev. W. E. Mauley, A, August.

Bible in Schools:

The Sectarians' Last Ditch, by R. B. Wallis, Free R, Sept.

Religious Teaching in Girls' Schools, by Miss Dorothea Beale, Q, Sept.

The Manitoba School Question, etc., W. Griffin on, Can M, August.

Biography as a Profession, by Herbert Spencer, C R, Sept.

Birds: Of Coot and Heron, P M M, Sept.

Bolton Abbey, see under Churches.

Boston Library, see Libraries.

Brailaugh, Charles, and Liberalism, by J. M. Robertson, Free R, Sept.

Broken Hill, see under Australia.

Browning Hall Settlement, T. C. Collings on, L H, Sept.

Bunce, J. Thackray, Y M, Sept.

Burton, Robert, Rev. T. E. Brown on, New R, Sept.

Campbell, Mrs. Patrick, and "Romeo and Juliet," by Baroness von Zellitz,

Min, Sept.

Canada, (see also under Newfoundland, Women, and Contents of *Canadian Magazine*):
 Canada and Her Relations to the Empire, by G. T. Denison, W R, Sept.
 On the Canadian Lakes and Canals, by Margaret F. Murray, C F M, Sept.
 Canadian Voyageurs, by H. Van Dyke, Scrib, Sept.
 Capital Punishment: Should it be abolished? G M, Sept.
 Carlyle as a Politician, by S. O'Grady, T C, August.
 Cary, Alice and Phoebe, W. Garrett Horder on, Y W, Sept.
 Catholic Church (see also Contents of the *American Catholic Quarterly*, the *Catholic World*, *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, the *Month*, *St. Luke's*):
 A View of Roman Catholicism, by Bernard Holland, Nat R, Sept.
 The Menace of Romanism, by W. F. H. Traynor, N A R, August.
 Cavalier, James, Richard Greene on, G M, Sept.
 Central America: Three Gringos, by R. H. Davis, Harp, Sept.
 Chautauqua, see under Education
 Chelsea: Round about Chelsea, by H. D. Lowry, W M, Aug.
 Chickamauga, B. Torrey on, A M, Sept.
 Children: Free Trade in Children, Andrew Reid on, H, Sept.
 Chili: Santiago, May Crommelin on, L H, Sept.
 China:
 The Awakening of China, by M. Rees Davies, F R, Sept.
 The Massacre in China, Mrs. Lynn Linton on, New R, Sept.
 Chitral: Why We went to Chitral, Black, Sept.
 Christenings: Royal Christenings, by Helen E. Batwell, Ata, Sept.
 Church and Christianity, (see also Contents of *New Christian Quarterly Review*, *Religious Review of Reviews*):
 The Church's Opportunity, by Canon Barnett, C R, Sept.
 The Natural History of the Christian Religion, by J. P. Gilmour, Free R, Sept.
 Churches: Bolton Abbey, A T. Story on, P M M, Sept.
 Churchill, Lord Randolph, T. H. S. Escott on, T C, August.
 Civil Service: The Home Civil Service, C J, Sept.
 Clay, Henry, Recollections of, by Madeleine McDowell, C M, Sept.
 Coleridge, Samuel Taylor:
 Biographical, A M, Sept.
 Coleridge and His Critics, by N. C. Smith, F R, Sept.
 Constantinople, see under Turkey.
 Cookery: How to become a Cordon Bleu, by Miss Belloc, I, Sept.
 Country Clubs, see under Sport.
 Cow-Puncher, Evolution of, by O. Wister, Harp, Sept.
 Cowboy Life: The Stampede on the Turkey Track Range, by W. C. Barnes, Cos, August.
 Crabbing, C. D. Wilson on, Lipp, Sept.
 Crimes (see also Prisons, Capital Punishment):
 The Principle of the Circuit System for the Trial of Prisoners, by J. Trustram, T C, August.
 Female Criminals, Major Griffiths on, N A R, August.
 Crisp's Administration, Vincenzo Riccio on, C R, Sept.
 Cycling:
 What to avoid in Cycling, by Sir B. Ward Richardson, N A R, August.
 Cycling and Heart Disease, Sir B. W. Richardson on, As, 3rd Quarter
 Cycling for Women, Mrs. R. de Koven on, Cos, August.
 On the Road in Italy and Spain, by Mrs. E. R. Pennell, Y W, Sept.
 Davidson, Bishop Randall, of Winchester, R R R, August.
 Democratic Ideals, by J. W. Kennedy, W R, Sept.
 Denison, Archdeacon, Rev. A. Finlayson on, R R R, August.
 Deer-stalking:
 Speedy, T. on, Black, Sept.
 Trelawney, D. on, Min, Sept.
 Drama, see under Theatres and the Drama.
 Dress: How the Dressmaker's Apprentice Lives, by Elizabeth L. Banks, E I, Sept.
 Duncan, Sara Jeannette, Interviewed, by G. B. Burgin, I, Sept.
 Durham and the Bishops' Palace, by W. Connor Sydney, G M, Sept.
 Education (see also Bible in Schools, and Contents of *Educational Review*, (London), *Hand and Eye*, *Journal of Education*):
 The Substitution of Teacher for Text-Book, by Dr. J. M. Rice, F, August.
 Chautauqua, Its Aims and Influence, by Prof. A. S. Cook, F, August.
 Egypt: The Nile Reservoirs, H. D. Pearson on, Scot G M, August.
 Electoral (see also Parliamentary):
 A Scheme of Electoral Reform, by W. Laird Clowes, C R, Sept.
 Conference on Proportional Representation at Saratoga: To My Fellow-
 Disciples at Saratoga Springs, by Leonard H. Courtney, Nat R, Sept.
 The General Election (see also Parliamentary):
 A General View, by C. Stuart-Wortley, Nat R, Sept.
 Some Lessons from Scotland, by Lady Frances Balfour, Nat R, Sept.
 The Church and the General Election, G. H. F. Nye on, R R R, Aug.
 Electric Lighting: The People's Lamps, by Prof. F. Parsons, A, Aug.
 Electricity, see Contents of *Cassier's Magazine*.
 Elliot, George, Mrs. Lynn Linton on, W H, Sept.
 Engineering, see Navies, and Contents of *Cassier's Magazine*, *Engineering Magazine*.
 English-Speaking Folk:
 Lands of the English Tongue, by S. Parkes Cadman, Chaut, Aug.
 Americans and the Pan-Britannic Movement, by J. Astley Cooper, N C, Sept.
 Essex Farm Folk, A. T. Pask on, E I, Sept.
 Euboea: A Summer Ride in Euboea, by N. Wynn Williams, G M, Sept.
 Farrar, Dean, and St. Margaret's, Westminster, R R R, Aug.
 Fiction:
 "Tendencies" in Fiction, by Andrew Lang, N A R, Aug.
 Three Representative Heroines in Fiction, G. Mount on, Ata, Sept.
 Photography in Fiction—"Miss Jerry," the First Picture Play, by A. Black, Scrib, Sept.

Finance (see also Income-Tax, Italy, United States, &c., and Contents of *Banks' Magazine*, *Board of Trade Journal*, *Investors' Review*):
 The Investor's Last Hope, by Hattley Withers, Nat M, Sept.
 Foreign Policy: A Foreign Affairs Committee, by Sidney Low, N C, Sept.
 France:
 Non pas Orléanisme, mais Royalisme, New R, Sept.
 English Church Life in Paris, Rev. W. Burnet on, Q, Sept.
 Personal History of the Second Empire, by A. D. Vandam, N A R, August.
 Life in the Tuilleries under the Second Empire, by Anna L. Bicknell, C M, Sept.
 The Religious Situation in France, by S. Henry, T C, August.
 French Vineyards, Miss M. Betham-Edwards, Sun M, Sept.
 Franklin Expedition, see Arctic Exploration.
 Furs, N. Hurst on, Min, Sept.
 Gaskell, Mrs. Margaret Howitt on, G W, Sept.
 Geography: The Sixth International Congress, G J, Sept.; K, Sept.
 Geology, (see also Contents of *Geological Magazine*):
 The U. S. Geological Survey, by M. Baker, G J, Sept.
 George, Henry, on the Land Question, by J. Armisen, W R, Sept.
 Germany: The German Struggle for Liberty, by P. Bigelow, Harp, Sept.
 Gladstone Family, A. H. Broadwell on, Str, Aug.
 Goethe Archives, Prof. E. Schmidt on, F, Aug.
 Golden Age, by Mrs. Havelis, H, Sept.
 Gorst, Sir John, J. J. Davies on, W R, Sept.
 Grace, W. G., Str., Aug.
 Gretia Green, Bessie MacMorland on, P M M, Sept.
 Guides, Agnes Repplier on, A M, Sept.
 Hamilton, Mary, Andrew Lang on, Black, Sept.
 Hamilton, Sir Robert, Biographical, G W, Sept.
 Harcourt, Sir W., St. Loe Strachey on, Nat R, Sept.
 Hawthorne as an Interpreter of New England, by Katharine Hillard, N E M, Aug.
 Heredity Once More, by A. Weismann, C R, Sept.
 Heywood, Thomas, Plays of, A. C. Swinburne on, N C, Sept.
 History:
 History as a Profession, Herbert Spencer on, C R, Sept.
 On the Writing of History, by W. Wilson, C M, Sept.
 Horace: Gladstone's Translation of Horace's Odes and His Critics, by T. H. L. O'Leary, T C, August.
 Houses of Celebrated People, by R. S. Warren Bell, W M, August.
 Housing of the Working Classes: The Clearing of a New York Slum, by J. A. Riss, R R A, Aug.
 Human Race: the August Present, by B. O. Flower, A, August.
 "Humpbacking" in the Friendly Islands, by F. T. Bullen, G W, Sept.
 Huxley, Prof. T. H.,
 Prof. Huxley in His Relation to Science, Education, and Sunday Observance, by Jane A. H. Simpson, W R, Sept.
 Thomas Huxley and Karl Vogt, Prof. E. Haeckel on, F R, Sept.
 Income-Tax: Is an Income-Tax Socialistic? by W. H. Mallock, F, August.
 India (see also Contents of *India*, *Madras Review*):
 Indian Finance, T R, Sept.
 India and the Vice-Royalty, by E. Kay Robinson, F R, Sept.
 My Residence at Bhopal, by Col. H. Wari, Nat R, Sept.
 Ingoldsby, Thomas, in Kent, by H. Morse Stephens, T B, Sept.
 Insurance: National Disability Insurance, by F. W. Hayes, H, Sept.
 Ireland (see also Contents of *New Ireland Review*):
 Early Christian Buildings in Ireland, G. H. Orpen on, L H, Sept.
 Irvine: an Old Scottish Burgh, C J, Sept.
 Italy (see also Crispi):
 Italy's Silver Jubilee, by Rev. W. Poland, A C Q, July.
 Japan:
 The Japanese Imbroglia, Black, Sept.
 Growth of the Bible in Japan, by Dr. W. Wright, Sun H, Sept.
 Rambles in Japan, by Canon Tristram, L H, Sept.
 Jingoism in America, by W. T. Stead, C R, Sept.
 Jókai, Maurus, Literary Recollections of, F, August.
 Journalism:
 The Republic of Letters, by F. Wicks, T C, August.
 The Press: the Fourth Estate in London, A. F. Robbins on, C F M, Sept.
 French Journalism, Nat R, Sept.
 Kovalevsky, Sonya, Florence Balfour on, T C, August.
 Kutho-Daw, by Prof. Max Müller, N C, Sept.
 Land:
 Is the Single Tax Enough? by Louisa I. Robinson and Others, A, August.
 Henry George and Herbert Spencer on the Land Question, by J. Armisen, W R, Sept.
 Law and the Lawyers, (see also Contents of *Juridical Review*):
 The Lawyer in the English Drama and Novel, by E. C. Gethin, N I R, August.
 Lawn Tennis, Wilfred Baddeley on, W M, August.
 Leo XIII. and the Social Question, by Rev. J. A. Zahm, N A R, August.
 Libraries:
 The Free Library Failure, by W. Roberts, New R, Sept.
 The Story of the Boston Public Library, by E. J. Carpenter, N E M, August.
 Lion-Hunting beyond the Haud, by H. C. Lowther, N C, Sept.
 Literature:
 Literature, by H. D. Traill, T C, August.
 Literature as a Profession, Herbert Spencer on, C R, Sept.
 On Literary Construction, by Vernon Lee, C R, Sept.
 Living, Art of, R. Grant on, Scrib, Sept.
 London (see also Chelsea):
 The Romance of London, by Edwin Oliver, Ata, Sept.
 Lyte, Henry Francis, H. W. Almy on, Sun H, Sept.
 Lytton, Lord, J. W. Sherer on, G M, Sept.

- Macedonia and the Macedonians, C R, Sept.
 Machines in the Revolution and Afterward, by M. E. C. Smith, N E M, August.
 Madagascar: Western Madagascar and Antiochi, by J. T. Last, G J, Sept.
 Mahomedanism:
 Islam and Its Critics, by Ameer Ali, N C, Sept.
 Islam and the Eastern Question, by Dr. W. H. Thomson, Harp, Sept.
 The Quarterly Review on "Islam," by A. Liddle, Free R, Sept.
 Maine, Sir H. J. S., as a Sociologist, J. M. Robertson on, Free R, Sept.
 Man, Isle of, —A Holiday in Manxland, by John F. Fraser, W M, August.
 Marble Makers, Miss C. M. Yonge on, M P, Sept.
 Marriage and the Marriage Laws, (see also Contents of *Juridical Review*):
 Marriage and Free Love, Mrs. H. D. Web on, Free R, Sept.
 Medicine, (see also Contents of *Asclepiad*, *Medical Magazine*, *Provincial Medical Journal*):
 Medical Advertisements, Certain Bogus Insurances, W. Defries on, T C, August.
 Meredith, George—Nature Lessons from Meredith, by H. S. Salt, Free R, Sept.
 Military Lore in Jesus College Library, Cambridge, L. S. A. Herford on, G M, Sept.
 Missions, see Contents of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*.
 Molière, Ellen Duval on, Lipp, Sept.
 Montaigne, L. E. Tiddeman on, T B, Sept.
 Montenegro: The Eighth of September, by E. Cecconi, G W, Sept.
 Moorland Idylls, by Grant Allen, E I, Sept.
 Mulso, Rev. John, by Mrs. A. Lang, Long, Sept.
 Musical Sands, by A. MacIvor, T B, Sept.
- Napoleon I.:**
 Davis, John, on, A, August.
 Sloane, W. M., on, C M, Sept.
 Napoleon I. and the Regent Diamond, by C. S. Pratt, Lipp, Sept.
 Natural History (see also Sport, Ants, Birds, Sea-Serpents, and Contents of *Natural Science*):
 Animals as Beggars, by Dr. A. H. Japp, C F M, Sept.
 Navies (see also Contents of *United Service Magazine*):
 The New Council of Defence, by H. O. Arnold-Forster, Nat R, Sept.
 The Torpedo in Modern Service, by Capt. R. Hanna, Cos, August.
 The Yacht as a Naval Auxiliary in the United States, by W. McAdoo, N A R, August.
 Engineering in the Navy, R. C. Oldknow on, New R, Sept.
 The New Centurion, by J. Eastwick, Long, Sept.
 New England, see Contents of *New England Magazine*.
 New York City: The Clearing of Mulberry Bend, a New York Slam, by J. A. Rila, R R A, August.
 Newcastle as a Centre of Religious Activity, Q, Sept.
 Newfoundland, P. A. Hurd on, E I, Sept.
 Niagara (see also Contents of *Cassier's Magazine*):
 Harnessing Niagara, by G. Forbes, Black, Sept.
 Nicaragua Canal, Mac, Sept.
- Observatories: High Mountain Observatories, by Edw. Whympier, L H, Sept.
 Olyseus, W. C. Lawton on, A M, Sept.
 Opium: Chinese London and Its Opium Dens, J. Platt on, G M, Sept.
 Orient (see also Mahomedanism, Arabia, Japan):
 Permanent Dominion in Asia, by Sir Alfred Lyall, N C, Sept.
 Oronsay, West Highlands, A. Ingilby on, T C, August.
 Oxford, see under Universities.
- Panama Canal, Mac, Sept.
 Parliamentary (see also Electoral):
 The New Day, Black, Sept.
 The New English Ministry, by T. E. Champion, Can M, August.
 The New Administration in England, by Sir C. W. Dilke, N A R, August.
 Lord Salisbury's Triumph, by H. D. Traill, F R, Sept.
 The Cause of the Liberal Collapse, by Arthur Withy, W R, Sept.
 The Demoralisation of Liberalism, by James Anand, New R, Sept.
 The Future of Liberalism, Mac, Sept.
 The Political Prospect, by T. E. Kebbel, T C, August.
 The Directorial Contingent in the New House of Commons, I R, Sept.
 The Independent Labour Party, J. L. Garvin on, F R, Sept.
 "M. P.," the Tribulations and Advantages of Legislators, C J, Sept.
 The Queen's Prime Ministers, by Spencer Walpole, F R, Sept.
- Patents and Monopolies, C, Sept.
 Peace and Disarmament: The Solution of War, by Rev. H. P. Mendes, N A R, August.
 Philistine's Coming Triumph, by Mrs. Lvan Linton, Nat R, Sept.
 Photography (see also Astronomy, and Contents of *Photogram*, *Wilson's Photographic Magazine*):
 Photographing Big Game in the Rocky Mountains, by A. G. Wallibau, Cos, August.
- Political Economy, see Contents of *Yale Review*.
 Polk, President, Administration of, J. Schouler on, A M, Sept.
 Population: The Drift of Population to Cities, by H. J. Fletcher, F, August.
 Positivism, see Contents of *Positivist Review*.
 Powder Mills: People Who Face Death in the Powder Mills, by A. E. Bonser, C F M, Sept.
- Prisons (see also Crime):
 What Prison Life is Really Like, W M, August.
 Women Convicts at Woking, by Miss C. S. Bremner, H, Sept.
 Psychological Research: The Brotherhood of India, A, August.
 Psychology: Pharmacy of the Soul, by Mrs. V. W. Martini, H, Sept.
- Queen Victoria:
 The Girlhood of Queen Victoria, W H, Sept.
 The Ladies of Queen Victoria's Court, Str, August.
- Race Problems of America: Hunting Customs of the Omaha Indians, by Alice C. Fletcher, C M, Sept.
 Railways: a Canadian Fine Art, I R, Sept.
- Religion and Science:
 Denominational Science, by Prof. St. George Mivart, F R, Sept.
 Guesses at the Riddle of Existence, by Prof. Goldwin Smith, N A R, August.
 Religion and Science at the Close of the Century, by G. M. McCrie, T C, August.
 Robertson, J. Forbes, and "Romeo and Juliet," by Baroness von Zedlitz, Min, Sept.
 Roosevelt, Theodore, Julian Ralph on, R R A, Aug.
 Rural Life (see also Agriculture):
 The Social Condition of the Agricultural Labourer, by Earl of Winchelsea, H, Sept.
- Russia: The Present Condition of Russia, by Prince Krapotkin, N C, Sept.
- San Marino, W. Miller on, W R, Sept.
- Sanitation (see also Water-Supply and Contents of *Public Health*):
 Public Health and National Defence, by Rev. F. B. Vrooman, A, Aug.
 Savonarola, Fra Giralmo, Rev. D. J. H. Hobart on, Harp, Sept.
- Science, see Anthropology, Astronomy, Geography, Religion and Science, and Contents of *Knowledge*, *New Science Review*, *Physical Review*.
- Sea-Serpents, A. T. Story on, Str, August.
- Servant Question, Christina Goodwin on, F, August.
- Shipping (see also Contents of *Nautical Magazine*):
 Mishaps and Mysteries of the Sea, by Mary Titcomb, Fr L, Sept.
- Siam, Crown Prince of, D. Trelawney on, E I, Sept.
- Single Tax, see Land.
- Smith, Capt. John, J. Fiske on, A M, Sept.
- "Social Evolution," by Benjamin Kidd, Prof. G. S. Patton on, Think, Sept.
- Social Parity: Recent Age of Consent Legislation in America, by Helen H. Gardener, A, August.
- Socialism:
 Socialist Propaganda, by Miss H. Dendy, Nat R, Sept.
 The Ethical Solution of Our Social Problem, by Charles Ford, W R, Sept.
 Social Philosophy: The Middle Ground, by G. S. Robbins, A, August.
 Are We Becoming Socialists? by H. Weinstock, O D, August.
 Leo XIII. and the Social Question, by Rev. J. A. Zahm, N A R, August.
 Spain: The Romance of Spain, by C. W. Wood, Arg, Sept.
 Spencer, Herbert, on the Land Question, by J. Arundell, W R, Sept.
- Sport (see also Crabbing, Deer-Stalking, "Humpbacking," Lion-Hunting, etc., and Contents of the *Bacchante Magazine*, *Outing*):
 Country Clubs and Hunt Clubs in America, E. S. Martin on, Scrib, Sept.
- Stambuloff:
 Henry Cust on, New R, Sept.
 Stambuloff's Fall, E. Dicey on, F R, Sept.
- Sudermann's Drama "Helmut," H. Schütz Wilson on, T C, August.
- Sunday in Ratcliffe Highway, Sun M, Sept.
- Sunday in the North Sea, by G. A. Hutchinson, Sun H, Sept.
- Sunshine and Life, by Mrs. Frankland, Long, Sept.
- Sutherland: The Scenery of Sutherland, by H. M. Cadell, Scot G M, August.
- Swiss Idylls, by W. D. McCraean, N E M, August.
- Tattooing, T. Hopkins on, L H, Sept.
- Tea Drinking, Dangers of, by Dr. J. E. Cooney, W M, August.
- Telegraph in England, by Walter Clarke, A, August.
- Temperance: The High Imperial Functions of the Drunkard, I R, Sept.
- Theatre and the Drama (see also Contents of *Theatre*):
 The Incident Drama, by E. Fuller, Lipp, Sept.
- Theosophy, see Contents of *Lucifer*.
- Thorold, Bishop, Rev. A. C. E. Thorold on, Sun M, Sept.
- Tibet: The People of Tibet, Scot G M, August.
- Tolstoy, Count Leo, Frances Hamilton on, O D, August.
- Trafalgar, Campaign of, Judge O'Connor Morris on, P M M, Sept.
- Tropical Colony, by Frederick Boyle, New R, Sept.
- Tucker, Charlotte, Rev. A. R. Buckland on, Sun M, Sept.
- Tudor Translations, by Prof. Rayleigh, F R, Sept.
- Turkey:
 Armenian Question, see Armenia.
 Constantinople, Prof. J. P. Mahaffy on, Chaut, August.
- Twentieth Century, H. B. Brown on, F, August.
- United States (see also American People, Race Problems, Geology, Libraries, Sport, Yachting: Atlanta, New York, Niagara):
 The Turning of the Tide in American Commerce, by W. C. Ford, N A R, Aug.
 The Bond Syndicate in the United States, A. B. Hepburn on, F, August.
 The Discovery of Silver in America, E. Lord on, N E M, August.
 Jingoism in America, by W. T. Stead, C R, Sept.
 An Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States, by Prof. G. H. Emmott, A, August.
 A History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States, by E. B. Andrews, Scrib, Sept.
- The Deep-Waterways Problem of America, by E. V. Smalley, F, August.
- Universities: Oxford then and Now, Black, Sept.
- Vaccination: The Moral Argument against Compulsory Vaccination, by A. W. Hutton, H, Sept.
- Vogt, Karl, and Thomas Huxley, Prof. E. Haeckel on, F R, Sept.
- Water Supply of London, C J, Sept.
- Women:
 The World, the Flesh, and the Devil, by J. F. Nisbet, I, Sept.
 Female Criminals, Major Griffiths on, N A R, August.
 Women Convicts at Woking, by Miss C. S. Bremner, H, Sept.
- Yachting: The Yacht as a Naval Auxiliary in the United States, by W. McAdoo, N A R, August.
- Yorkshire: In the Duke of Devonshire's Country, by A. T. Story, P M M, Sept.
- Zizka, John, Mac, Sept.

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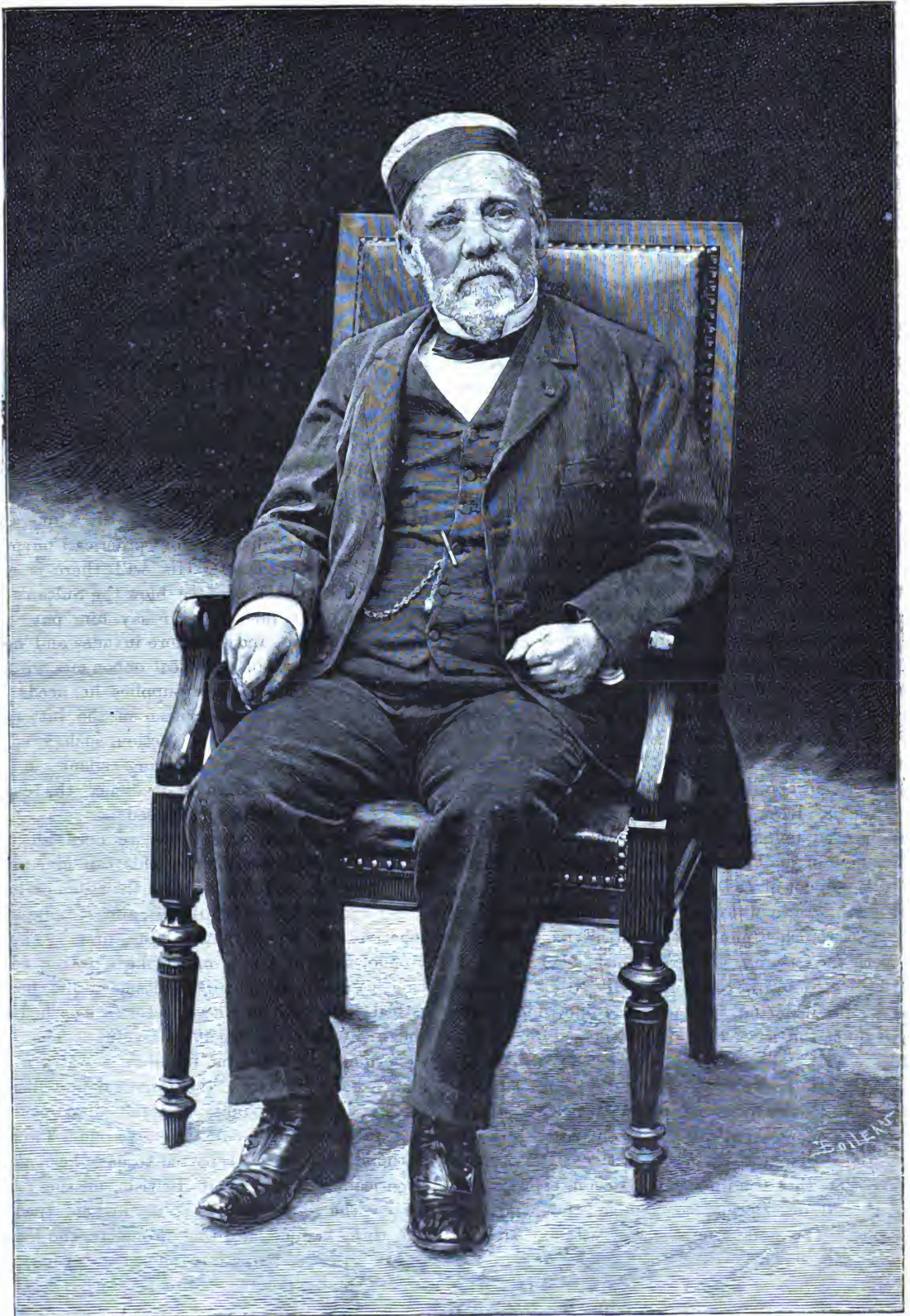
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M. PASTEUR.



THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, Oct. 1st, 1895.

**Storm Clouds
in the East.**

Last month closed with an ominous overclouding of the Eastern sky. From the further East came news of Lord Salisbury's ultimatum to the Chinese Government:—"Degrade the Viceroy responsible for the massacre of Ku-cheng in fourteen days, or the British admiral will act." And the British admiral, with all his ships, moved menacingly towards Nankin. The same day came news of the mustering of a great British fleet of seventeen vessels at the island of Lemnos, at the mouth of the Dardanelles—not without cause. For the Sultan had intimated that he had no intention of permitting any real limitation upon his right divine to govern wrong in Armenia, fresh atrocities were reported from these harried uplands, and it was time to give the Commander of the Faithful a hint that even England's patience was not quite inexhaustible. So when Monday's papers were unfolded at yesterday's breakfast table an astonished public found itself next door to war with the Ottoman Empire at one end of Asia and the Chinese Empire at the other. A thrilling, perhaps even an awe-inspiring spectacle, and one which in its way is quite the most alarming witnessed for many years.

**Like the
Brave Days
of Old.**

It is well to know that we have a Government in power which is strong enough to feel absolutely free from all calculations of majorities or minorities. It is better still to know that there is no opposition, even of the most formal description, to hamper the Ministers of the Queen in defending the interests and in discharging the duties of the nation. John Bull for once speaks with a single voice and acts with a will as unfettered as if he were the Autocrat of all the

Russias. We have, therefore, the advantage of all the popular strength given by Democracy with all the concentration of purpose in an untrammelled executive that is possessed by an absolute despot. Lord Salisbury for practical purposes in foreign affairs is Tzar. His will there is none to dispute. If he chooses to blow the Sultan's palace about his ears, no one will say him nay. If he occupies Nankin, and therefore invades and occupies Chinese territory, his political opponents will be the first to vote him whatever supplies he needs. Considering what has been written of the bitterness of parties and the growth of faction, such a spectacle of an united nation standing silent in serried phalanx, waiting with loyal obedience the command of its chief, is encouraging indeed.

**Eggshelly
China.**

At the same time we need all the encouragement that this can give us, for a more risky business than this on hand at either end of Asia it is difficult, almost impossible, to conceive. To begin with China first. The great Mongol Empire is very much like a rotten egg. So long as its shell remained intact, it did not smell so bad. But the Japanese victories smashed in one end of it, and the smell is fearful. The Central Government, either from inability or want of will, no longer keeps in check the fanatical and disaffected element in the provinces, and the missionaries have been rabbled in every district save one. Twenty-two Catholic missions are reported to have been attacked. American, German and British mission stations shared the same fate. It is obvious that unless something is done, and that promptly, the interior of China will be too hot to hold a European. Yet what can be done? We can occupy Nankin, no doubt. But with what result? If there is sufficient

authority left in Pekin to maintain order and enforce the law even under menace of our guns, well and good. But if not—and there is always the danger that we may by our own action bring down with a run the decaying and moribund government which alone stands between four hundred millions of men and anarchy—what then? We shall only have poached on the other end of the egg which Japan has chipped, and the stench will be worse than ever. China is in a very eggshelly condition, and no one dare prophesy what will happen.

The Chinese
Surrender.

For the moment the policy of the ultimatum seems to have been justified by success. In the morning we read the ultimatum, in the evening we heard the Chinese Government had capitulated. The Governor of the province of Szechuen has been degraded by an Imperial edict, and declared to be ineligible for office elsewhere. Szechuen is the most western province of China, and a correspondent of mine in Chung King says that that city is the only large town in the province in which foreigners have not been attacked. The Roman Catholics in that province alone have had forty mission stations looted by the mob. Repeated representations at Pekin have produced nothing more than mockery of compliance with the demands of the Powers, and it seemed, even down to the last moment, that the Viceroy, who is officially and probably personally responsible for the outbreak of violence, would defy all the diplomats of all the Powers. No sooner, however, did the British ultimatum arrive than the Chinese Government, apparently believing that England means business when she puts her fleet in motion, suddenly complied—and more than complied—with everything that was asked of her. The degradation of the Viceroy, it is hoped, will teach a lesson to all the mandarin

class throughout China. That depends. It is not well to look a gift horse in the mouth, and we cannot be blind to the possibility that the suspiciously sudden compliance of the Chinese Government to the British ultimatum may be a mere blind. Or even if it is genuine, it is possible the Viceroy may decide to place himself at the head of a popular movement directed against the Government in Pekin. Everything depends, in short—to revert to our first simile—whether the Chinese administrative system

is eggshell or gutta-percha. If it is eggshell, we are only at the beginning of our troubles, and the menace intended to extract us from an impossible situation would merely have transferred us from the frying-pan into the fire. Still, Lord Salisbury is entitled to the credit of a first and sensational success.

No such good of news has come of Impotence to us from Constantinople. The officials responsible for the massacres in Armenia are not yet degraded by Imperial edict, nor have any of the demands of the Powers for guarantees against a repetition of the massacres been agreed to by the Porte. Our difficulty in dealing with Turkey is not lack of strength, but the possibility of demolishing the



LI HUNG CHANG IN HIS SEVENTY-THIRD YEAR.
Taken at Tientsin, July 18th, 1895, after his return from Japan.
The bullet mark is seen under the left eye.

Grand Turk altogether if he forces us to hit him. The British fleet that now lies mustered off the island of Lemnos could, possibly, without even the loss of a gunboat, force the Dardanelles, sink every ship in the Turkish navy, and compel the immediate evacuation of Constantinople by the Sultan and his Ministers. But after we had done all this, where should we be? In naval, if not military occupation of Constantinople, with a probability that we should have to occupy Stamboul just as we occupied Alexandria, in order to prevent the entire destruction of the city. But in the present state of

Europe, it would be about as safe to insert a red-hot poker in a barrel of gunpowder, as it would be for Great Britain to occupy and administer the city of Constantine. The Sultan knows this as well as any one, and hence, secure in his very impotence, he baffles all the efforts of all the Governments to induce him to govern decently in Armenia.

The Future of Japan. Apart from our own immediate affairs in China and in the Levant, the sky looks stormy enough in the direction of Japan. Both the Japanese and the Russians appear to have taken for granted that the recent war but cleared the stage for the real antagonists to take the field. Russia is said to be straining every nerve to reinforce her army in Vladivostok; artillery and munitions of war are being hurried eastward; and, when the time comes for trying conclusions with the Japanese, the Russians hope to have an army of 90,000 men on the spot. The Japanese, on the other hand, are intensely indignant at the intervention of Russia, whom they recognise as the principal in this matter. They are preparing to spend the indemnity they have extorted from China in strengthening their fleet. The electorate will, it is said, enthusiastically support the proposal for increasing the standing army, and, in short, for going into training for the impending conflict. They have as yet shown no indication of any disposition to evacuate the Liaotung peninsula, and Russia and France are said to be taking steps for the purpose of expediting their movements. The action of Germany is not yet certain. Affairs in Korea are the reverse of reassuring. The Koreans are likely to give the Japanese much more trouble than did the Chinese, and every day it seems more certain that here also we are but at the beginning of a new epoch; nor can any one foresee what the end will be.

Russia in the Far East. What the policy of Russia will be we have to judge from hints supplied by her actions rather than from declarations furnished by her rulers. A rumour has been circulated to the effect that, in return for her services in guaranteeing the two loans that China has raised in France, Russia is to have Port Arthur. This has been promptly denied. By her two loans, Russia has reduced China to the position of a tributary. She has no missionaries as hostages in the interior of the Chinese Empire, and she will probably work steadily and continuously, without haste and without rest, to convert the northern portion of the Chinese Empire into a Russian dependency. This ought to be good news for our Russophobes, for if

Russia is seriously going to digest China, she will have no appetite for any of the rest of the world for twenty years to come. Instinct, however, and the inbred conservatism of the Russian Foreign Office, will lead the Tzar and his advisers to preserve the Chinese Empire intact, rather than to face the fearful overturn that would result if any attempt were made to inaugurate a scramble for Chinese provinces.

Her True Policy. As long as the whole Chinese Empire obeys orders from Peking, Russia can dominate 400,000,000 Yellow Men by putting their Emperor diplomatically into her pocket; but if, once the signal were given for a general division, Russia at most could not hope to come out with more than one-half of the spoil. Not annexation, but ascendancy, is the true policy for the ambitious Muscovite. The stars in their course seem to be fighting so hard for Russia that the Russians do not need to fight for themselves. Their only policy needs to be "Hands Off," for by the nature of things Peking and Constantinople will every year tend to become more and more the seats of mediatised sovereigns who, in time, will have no more foreign policy of their own than have Holkar or Scindia, or any other of our great native feudatories. All this, however, might be spoiled if any impatient philanthropic English Ministry were to precipitate the general overturn by too urgent insistence on an immediate reform. The policy of Russia must therefore, of necessity, be intensely conservative. It is a case of the poacher turned gamekeeper.

The French in Feverland. The French continue to struggle forward in Madagascar. The Republic sent 15,000 men in a perfectly equipped expedition to chastise the Hovas, and to assert the majesty of France in their capital. The expedition was equipped to fight the Hovas; it was not prepared to contend against the only effective ally upon whose help their enemies confidently relied. The fever of the lowland, through which the expedition had to force its way, has cost France in invalided soldiers one-half of her expedition. Every letter from the front tells a ghastly story of human suffering. No work could be got out of the native tribes. Coolies were imported and worked to death, while the wretched soldiers, toiling hard under a tropical sun in making roads through marshes heavy with malaria, went down like rotten sheep. Many of them went mad, and wandered about the camp pleased with the happy delusion that they were the

most fortunate of men, laughing and talking to every one of their immense good fortune. Although seven thousand Frenchmen were placed *hors de combat* by fever, it is doubtful whether seven have been killed or wounded by the weapons of the Hovas. The whole of the summer has been consumed in road-making; but, at last, the General telegraphs that he is about to make a forward rush upon the capital. Hitherto they have encountered no serious resistance; but when they get to Antananarivo, the



From *Kladderadtsch*.

[Sept. 29th, 1895.]

GLORY IN MADAGASCAR.

A German View.

French will be very much like what we were when we got to Cabul. They will have a wolf by the ears, and will not know what to do with it.

Anarchy at Head-quarters. All the squalid horrors of the fever-stricken French camp pale, however, into insignificance beside the picture which the expedition affords of the chaos prevailing in the high places of the French Government. It is frankly admitted by the Parisian press that the three Government departments—that of the Ministry of War, the Ministry of Marine, and the Ministry of Colonies—have been all at sixes and sevens, each more anxious to push its own men and carry out its

own pet schemes than to promote the safety of the expedition, or to secure the triumph of the Republic. The stories told of the extent to which this rivalry has gone would be almost incredible, were it not that the results are only too patent, and the excuses of the inculpated departments the worst confirmation of their guilt. The Germans must chuckle as they witness this administrative chaos. The French may have created a great army, but if their Ministers cannot pull together, the vaster the machine the more easily it will be wrecked. The fact of the matter is that the initial blunder of the French was in not accepting the offer of Cecil Rhodes. They went to Madagascar out of mad jealousy of Cecil Rhodes, and they could not bear to accept the offer which he pressed upon them to provide a sanatorium for their invalided soldiers at the Cape. The unfortunate fever-stricken patients who die like flies in the fiery furnace of the Red Sea have bitter reason to regret the rejection of Mr. Rhodes's offer.

Spain's trouble in Cuba. Spain makes no progress in reducing the rebellion in Cuba. To all appeals for the adoption of a more conciliatory policy the Spanish Government replies by calling out, "More and yet more troops!" It is quite possible that they may have an army of 100,000 men employed in terrorising the Cubans. Meantime Cuban sympathisers are busy at work in the United States and in the neighbouring republics. The Government of Mexico propose to recognise them as belligerents, and yesterday a great mass meeting was held in Chicago, with the sympathy and support of the Mayor, Mr. Swift, the Governor of the State of Illinois, and other representative men, which passed enthusiastic resolutions in favour of recognising the Cuban insurgents as belligerents, and did their best to compel the Government of Washington to do what it could, consistent with neutrality, on behalf of Cuban independence. This is only another straw showing how ready a large section of American citizens are to flaunt the flag when any European Power is endeavouring to even hold its own in the western hemisphere.

The Irish Convention at Chicago. Another meeting that was held last month at Chicago, under the presidency of Mr. Finerty, was directed against this country. Chicago has always been the centre of the advanced Irish revolutionists. It was from that city that most of the dynamitards came over to England on their mission of vengeance. It was the appropriate

place for the Irish Americans to proclaim a policy of revolution, and to demand that the Irish race throughout the world should prepare for action against the British Empire. It is the fashion to belittle and deride the Irish convention in Chicago, but it is significant as a formal notification of the fact that the result of last general election has been accepted by Irish patriots outside Ireland, where they are much more numerous and more influential than those who are left in their native land, that for the present the policy of constitutional agitation is played out, and the day of the dagger and of dynamite has returned. Nothing was said of either of those weapons at Chicago, but as there is no chance of meeting England in the open field, the policy recommended by the convention means either assassination and outrage, or it is a mere stroke in the water.

Selling Ireland to the Pope. At present, however, the threats of the Irish revolutionists have hardly received the attention of a hearing. The immediate difficulty in Ireland is much more serious. Ministers are committed to a Land Bill, but they can take over Mr. Morley's patch it up a bit, and pass it off as their own. The real crux comes when they have to decide how far they have to sell the Irish nation into the hands of the priests. The Catholic vote helped to put the Unionists in power, and Rome will require to be paid for her services. It is understood that Ministers will establish and endow a Catholic University in Ireland, and will practically re-model the educational system of the country in accordance with the wishes of the priests. Poor Orange Ulster will have to grin and bear it. In the south and the west, the whole of the schools will pass into the hands of the Catholic Church. Such, at least, is the by no means improbable result of the policy to which Ministers are committed by their devotion to denominational education and their obligations to the hierarchy. Thus we are going to have Rome Rule as the alternative to Home Rule. It may be necessary, but it is not surprising that some stalwart Protestants, who have seen how Rome Rule works in Belgium and Quebec, have many searchings of heart when they think of the price that has to be paid in Ireland for the defeat of Home Rule.

A Threatened Ashantee War. As if we had not sufficient to occupy ourselves with at home, there is an ugly report from the West Coast of Africa that we may have to prepare for another Ashantee expedition. It would seem almost as if there were

some connection between the horoscope of Lord Wolseley and the Ashantee kingdom. Lord Wolseley won his first distinguished success by leading the expedition which captured and burnt Coomassie in 1873; and now, almost on the very day when he left Dublin to assume the duties of Commander-in-Chief, comes the news that another war with Ashantee is considered almost inevitable. This is a matter which will lie within Mr. Chamberlain's province, and as the probability is that "Joe" will stand no nonsense, we may be committed to another little war before we know where we are.

Russia and France.

All these things, however, are but fleabites compared with the possibility of a sudden breach with France. Last month the French held their autumn manœuvres upon a gigantic scale, almost within gunshot of the German frontier. But the military operations were insignificant compared with the political demonstrations for which they afforded the excuse. General Dragomiroff, representing the Russian army, was the hero of the day, while the arrival of Prince Lobanoff, who is virtually vice-Tzar, seemed to supply the crowning demonstration of the reality of the Russo-French alliance. Prince Lobanoff has been some time in France, and has been closeted with the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. What business they discussed is not known. It is not believed they simply met as historians, but rather as the makers of history yet to come.

De Witte and Chamberlain. Prince Lobanoff is a gentleman and a statesman who, despite his age, seems to hold the reins of power with a pretty firm grip. De Witte, his colleague, is Minister of Finance, and a much more dangerous and much less reputable politician. What the two between them will make of Russian policy in the next twelve months, it is difficult to say, but it is improbable that they will wantonly precipitate war; on the contrary, there is every reason to believe that they will utilise the *rapprochement* with France to the uttermost for the purpose of emptying the French stocking. The Alliance, so long as it is confined to the diplomatic field as financial, is as good as a gold mine to Russia. The rumour has been started that, strong in the strength of his access to the French stocking, De Witte has conceived the daring scheme of making Russia guarantor-general of all the debts of all her feudatories. The success of the Chinese Loan is said to have encouraged him to believe that by undersigning the Servian, Montenegrin, and Bulgarian Bonds, he can practically establish



From F. Papagallo.]

[September 22, 1895.]

THE FÊTES AT ROME.

Let me shave off your beard. For twenty-five years you have graciously hidden your beautiful face. Your Rome no longer exists; nevertheless, make yourself beautiful in these days, which are *en fête* for me, and everybody rushes to see your Vatican, my Colosseum, and the Quirinal, with Crispi's guard.

Russian influence in the Balkan peninsula upon a foundation firmer than that of arms or of religion. It may be. But if it is, there is one man in Great Britain who will probably see in her action a hint which may bring about a federation of the British Empire on a somewhat similar basis. There is some resemblance between Mr. Chamberlain and M. de Witte, and there is no doubt that a British Imperial guarantee for Colonial debt would be a master stroke of policy that naturally would commend itself to our municipal statesman.

While France and Russia are foregathering with demonstrative effusiveness, the members of the Triple Alliance are that

lying low. Austria has been preoccupied with the victory of the anti-Semites in the Vienna elections. Germany last month celebrated, with great demonstrations of enthusiasm, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Sedan, while the Italians with equal heartiness celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the occupation of Rome. Crispi signalised the Roman demonstration by the delivery of an eloquent and powerful onslaught upon the policy of the Pope, who, although secure in his spiritual sovereignty, continues to cherish vain hopes of the restoration of the temporal power. Crispi spoke wisely and well, but the spectacle of Crispi solemnly reproving Leo XIII. for worldly ambition is rather rich. The Pope is in a very difficult position—how difficult no one knows but himself: all that outsiders can see is that he has played a very delicate game with extraordinary tact and patience. Let us hope that he may never be exposed to the crucial test of having to face the problems that would be precipitated by a great European war.

It used to be the fashion to sneer at the International Yachting.

the Greeks of the old Empire in the contest of the circus. Gibbon, however, would hardly care to point his sarcasm at the expense of the Byzantines were he living to-day, for millions of Englishmen, face to face with all the immense questions which involve the fate of empires, have been so pre-occupied with the yacht races for the American Cup as hardly to spare a thought for anything else. Lord Dunraven built a yacht



From Moonshine.]

A WIN AND A PROTEST.

[October 5, 1896.]

JOHN TO JONATHAN: "Yes, you've beat me fair enough on the running path; but for all I'm hanged if I like your way of yachting."

after his own design, named it *Valkyrie III.*, and, challenged the Americans to defend their right to the American Cup. This Cup must be sailed for according to the provisions of the Trust Deed of the New York Yacht Club. The *Defender* having defeated all rivals among American yachts, was selected to represent the American yachtsmen in the international contest. The course being comparatively close to one of the greatest cities in the world, was crowded with a flotilla of steam-boats, carrying sightseers. As there is no law, divine or human, by which steam-boats full of sightseers can be kept from trespassing on an ocean course over which the yachts are to sail, the first two races—for

letter to the committee in which he protested against having to endanger the lives of his men by sailing over a course crowded by attendant steam-boats. Unless they took certain drastic precautions against a repetition of such conduct on the part of the steamers, he declared his determination not to sail the course again. The committee decided they could neither shift the course nor take the precautions he suggested. Thereupon, when the third race came to be sailed Lord Dunraven merely crossed the line with his yacht and then withdrew. The *Defender* covered the course followed by the mob of steam-boats, and having won three out of five of the races, secured the Cup once more for America.

The gain and loss of such contests. All this is very simple and easy to be understood. Similar disputes are of constant occurrence in all sports. But

as a rule no one takes any notice beyond those immediately concerned. On this occasion, however, the fact that the two yachts represented two nations let loose a good deal of ill-feeling which now looked at, even at this short distance of time, seems both petty and miserably exaggerated. So far as an impartial Englishman can judge from accounts published by eye-witnesses, there seems to be no doubt that the *Defender* was the better boat. She beat the *Valkyrie* the first day with ease, and the second day was rapidly gaining upon her at the close of the race, notwithstanding her crippled condition. If the two yachts had sailed in mid-ocean without any spectators excepting those in the umpire's boat, it is probable the result would have been the same, and the Americans were fairly entitled to their victory. But, the Americans themselves being the judges, there was ample ground for Lord Dunraven's protest against the way in which the yachts were interfered with by the steamers. And it was the worst of bad taste and ill-feeling to hold him up to ridicule and contempt simply because he did not consider it safe to risk the lives of his men in rushing over the course which no one could keep clear. Imagine the Derby run at Epsom with the miscellaneous crowd of sightseers meandering on the course through which the horses come thundering down to the winning-post! But people who are excited over a race or a fight seldom take much pains to keep cool heads or civil tongues, and for a few days there was a rather ugly slanging match between the meaner champions of the respective boats, which afforded an unpleasant example of what may be regarded as the latent instincts of the worst tempered of both nations.



From the *Detroit Journal*.]

JOHN BULL: "H'if they'd let me disable 'im, blawst me bloomin' h'eyes h'if h'I don't think h'I could have done 'im dou'tcherknow!"

the Cup goes to the winner of the best five—were sailed with considerable peril to the respective yachts. On the first day there was a fair start, and the *Valkyrie* was fairly beaten by the American yacht. Both boats, however, suffered from the eagerness of the attendant steam-boats to see the races from start to finish. On the second day the *Valkyrie*, at the moment of starting, fouled the *Defender*, injuring her top-mast, and rendering it impossible for her to spread her full canvas. Notwithstanding this, the *Defender* hoisted a protest flag and went on with the race. The *Valkyrie* succeeded in distancing her crippled antagonist, and was the first to pass the winning-post. The race was claimed by the *Defender* on account of the foul, and the committee, after due deliberation, decided that the claim was just. Before the decision was closed Lord Dunraven handed a



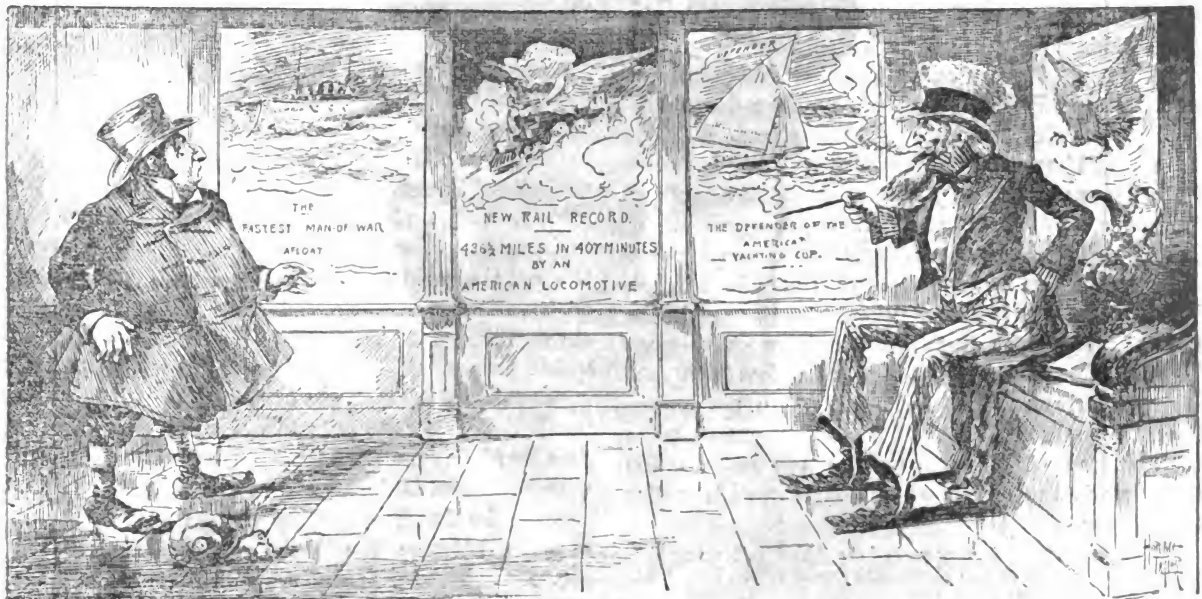
From a photograph by]

[Debenham, Cowes.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A YACHTSMAN.

There are some who argue from this that international contests should be avoided, lest they should generate international ill-feeling. That is all nonsense. If America and England are to be united, we must not be too squeamish about such evidences of temper as are inevitable when differences of opinion manifest themselves. You cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs. Neither can you bring two nations together nor two individuals together without multiplying points of friction, which, when nations or individuals are very headstrong and self-opinionated, will often culminate in much bad language. But unless people do come together and

pared with the Americans, in the athletic sports. It is true that the heat was terrible, but the Americans broke their own records as well as ours, and there is no doubt that we were fairly whipped. No one can reasonably deny that we are taking our licking like gentlemen. It is one of the disadvantages of making sport the ground of meetings of nations, that sport has an immense attraction for the scum of both nations, and the riffraff of the saloon and the slum cannot be expected to behave with the nice courtesy which should prevail around the lists in which an international tournament takes place. Still, even the sportsmen of both nations will learn



From the *Chicago Times-Herald*.]

[September 13, 1895.]

UNCLE SAM: "HAVE YOU ANY MORE RECORDS THAT NEED SMASHING?"

take the risk of friction, they will always remain apart. So far from deprecating the international contests because they afford an opportunity for displaying the seamy side of national character, that is a bagatelle compared with the importance of accustoming the two nations to take a keen interest in friendly contests. As another British yachtsman has entered his yacht for next year's race, there is no harm done, and whether we win the cup or lose it, we can rely upon our people bearing themselves in seemly fashion.

The Defeat of our Athletes. John Bull has, however, suffered rather badly at the hands of his vigorous progeny, for not only has his yacht been beaten, but our picked athletes were nowhere, com-

in time to be civil, and that will be a great gain. I sometimes think there is more hope, from this point of view, of the conversion of prize-fighters than of editors.

The British Association met this year at Ipswich. Sir Douglas Galton, the President, delivered the inaugural address, which called for little remark. The meeting, on the whole, was somewhat commonplace, but it was relieved by one or two papers of somewhat sensational interest. One, which was followed by an interesting discussion, described the cannibals of West Africa from a somewhat sympathetic point of view. There is one tribe that habitually eats all its old people as soon as they show any signs of decrepitude—a primitive method of

settling the problem which we are fumbling over in our Old Age Pensions, and it also consumes all the bodies of enemies who are slain on the field of battle. The results, from a physical point of view, are declared to be so admirable, that it would seem as if the cosmic forces which lead to the survival of the fittest would tell in favour of the cannibals of that tribe. This, however, is only seeming, for cannibalism has a fatal disintegrating tendency. Union is the secret of Progress, and the experience of mankind shows that your brother never quite trusts you when he has at the back of his mind the thought that you are wondering whether he would taste better roast or boiled. The other paper was that by Mr. Flinders Petrie, in which he deprecated the excessive zeal shown by some civilised people in thrusting their opinions down the throats of every race with whom they come in contact. Mr. Petrie's paper led to quite a demonstration against clothes. It would really seem as if we were at last beginning to learn that morality and civilisation cannot be exactly measured by the amount of dry goods we can hang round the human person.

A Japanese Warning about Opium. *Apropos* of our duty towards the coloured races with whom we come in contact, there is a very instructive passage in the report of the peace negotiations conducted between Li Hung Chang and Count Ito, which has been sent me by a correspondent in China. The plenipotentiaries were discussing the future of Formosa, when the question of opium came on the *tapis*. The following is the report of the conversation which took place:—

H. E. Li: Formosa is very malarious. You lost many lives there before. Most of the Formosans smoke opium in order to counteract the effects of malaria.

H. E. Ito: When we take Formosa we shall forbid opium-smoking.

H. E. Li: It is an old habit with the Formosans.

H. E. Ito: Yet Formosa was populated before opium was produced. We have kept opium out of Japanese ports by the most stringent prohibitions, and have consequently no opium-smokers.

H. E. Li: I admire that.

H. E. Ito: I discussed the question of the prohibition of opium with Minister Yen, and he heartily agreed with me.

H. E. Li: Great Britain insists on bringing opium into our ports. We have increased the duties, but what more can we do?

H. E. Ito: The duty is much too low. Treble the amount would be none too much.

H. E. Li: We have spoken of it frequently, but Great Britain will not consent.

H. E. Ito: Opium-smokers are all indolent; you cannot make good soldiers of them.

H. E. Li: Great Britain has forced opium on us, and we cannot stop it.

H. E. Ito: If you devised methods to stop the consumption it would soon cease to be imported.

If China were to act on the Japanese hint it would be awkward for India. The anti-opium people, who

have been badly beaten in their attempt to interfere with the cultivation of opium in India, may find a more promising field of warfare if they select the field suggested by Li Hung Chang.

The Lull in Home extraordinary lull. When Mr. Balfour Politics. left Downing Street, almost his last remark was that he was going to Scotland to play golf, and as far as possible to forget all sub-lunary things. He seems to have succeeded, and everybody else seems to have succeeded in this praiseworthy effort to secure a perfect holiday in the perfect weather we have had in September. The Liberals have been perfectly dumb. You might look through the newspapers in vain for a single utterance by any of the Liberal chiefs. After the general election every one rests. Mr. Morley abode in his tents in the North of Scotland. Lord Rosebery went to Dunrobin, Lord Spencer has gone to India; Mr. Asquith, Mr. Acland, and Mr. Campbell Bannerman seem to have disappeared into space. On the other side, the only speeches of any note were made by the Duke of Devonshire, and they were important chiefly because of the calm but merciless fashion in which he put the extinguisher upon the sanguine hopes entertained by some of his colleagues as to the possibility of heroic action in the direction of Old Age Pensions. It would seem that we are going to witness in the Unionist Cabinet the old duel that used to be fought day after day in the Gladstone Cabinet between the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain is a light weight, but he hits hard. The Duke of Devonshire is a heavy weight and a great stayer. As Mr. Chamberlain used to remark in the old days when they used to have their tussles in the Gladstone Administration, "Lord Hartington is slow, but keen, and he always hits the nail on the head."

The One Of course, at present all seems peace, Hope of the but you only need to pierce beneath the Liberals. surface to find how rancorous and bitter is the feeling on the part of the Tory rank-and-file against Mr. Chamberlain and "the Birmingham gang." Mr. Chamberlain has certainly taken care of his own, and the appointment of Mr. Findlay as Solicitor-General was almost the last straw which broke the back of the Tory camel. For the moment, however, the word has been passed that even a majority of 150 does not justify open sedition; but there are many slighted politicians

below the gangway on the Ministerial side who are thirsting for Mr. Chamberlain's scalp, and when the Session opens we shall probably see some sport.

The Parliament of Labour.

At the meet-

ing of the Trades Union Congress, at Cardiff, it was definitely decided to make that body more strictly representative than it has been hitherto. At all previous Congresses, many of the Unions were represented twice over—first, by their delegates, and then by the delegates of the local trade councils of which they form a part. It has been decided that henceforth the trade councils are not to be entitled to direct representation, and it was further determined that no man, who was not working at his own trade, should be eligible as delegate. Mr. Burns, among others, will no longer figure in the Trades Union Congress. John Burns is in Parliament, but as for the others who failed to secure their election to Parliament, they are left out in the cold, and are wandering around in a somewhat disconsolate fashion. The proceedings of the Congress do not call for much remark, and it is to be feared that, although the new regulations are logical, they may have the effect of diminishing the popular interest in that Parliament of Labour. The meeting at Cardiff was attended by Mr. Gompers, who was representing the American Unionists. Mr. Keir Hardie was not present, as he was at the time engaged on tour in America. He spoke several times at Chicago, where the Trade and Labour Congress, after his departure, passed what was in effect a resolution of censure, although Mr. Hardie had been very careful to avoid saying anything uncomplimentary to Chicago and its citizens.

The Split in Ireland.

In Ireland there is no sign of any healing of the breach. The Parnellites have been discussing somewhat bitterly the account of the conduct of the Irish hierarchy which I published in a Character Sketch of Archbishop



From the *New Budget.*

THE GAME OF GRAB.

[August 29, 1895.]

Croke. Judging from the bye-elections, Mr. Healy's influence in the Irish electorate is not so great as might be imagined from his pertinacity, his assurance, and his activity in the House of Commons.

It is a thousand pities, when nothing divides the Irish parties except personal questions, they should not agree to act together in opposition. Sweet are the uses of adversity, and a couple of years of Tory government will probably do more to unite the Irish ranks than the eloquence of all the Liberals.

Mr. Price Hughes' false start. The Archbishop of Canterbury has summoned a private conference of the friends of denominational education, in order to concert for common action in the assault that is to be delivered on the Treasury. It was unfortunate that, while the denominationalists are rallying their forces, Mr. Price Hughes should have deemed it expedient to throw a bone of contention into the opposing camp.

Speaking at Grindelwald, Mr. Hughes put forward the astonishing suggestion that the Church party should merge all their schools in a national system, managed, it is to be presumed, by the School Boards, and that, in return for this surrender on their part, the Nonconformists should assent to the Apostles' Creed being taught in all public elementary schools. A more fatuous proposal was seldom launched with such an air of confident simplicity by a clever man. To begin with, there is not the slightest intention on the part of the Church party to surrender their schools, and, even if there had been, their opponents would never consent to what would be equivalent to the State establishment and endowment of the Apostles' Creed. The only effect of airing such an extraordinary proposal was to create a sore feeling in the Liberal camp, and to encourage the denominationalists in their demands on the public treasury.

DIARY FOR SEPTEMBER.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

- Sept. 1. Parcel Post Convention between France and Great Britain gazetted.
Memorial Church of the Emperor William I. consecrated in Berlin.
2. Trade Union Congress opened at Cardiff.
Anniversary of Sedan commemorated in Germany.
Conference of the Institute of Journalists opened.
Strike in the Dundee Jute Trade ended.
3. The Shahzada left London for the Continent *en route* to Afghanistan.
Serious riot between Hindus and Mohammedans at Dhanla.
4. Sir Arthur Havelock appointed Governor of Madras.
Committee appointed to supervise the construction of the Uganda Railway.
Tasmanian Legislative Council rejected the Universal Suffrage Bill.
Quinquennial International Metric Congress opened in Paris.
6. Khama, the Bechuanaland Chief, arrived at Plymouth.
Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress left London for France.
United States Government decided to make an independent inquiry into the Cheng-tu Missionary massacre.
7. Trades Union Congress closed.
Antwerp Communal Council petitioned the King to withhold the Royal Assent from the new Education Bill until after the Elections.
Defender beat *Valkyrie III.* in the first race for the America Cup.
9. Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Coburg betrothed to the Hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern-Langenburg.
Sir West Ridgeway appointed Governor of Ceylon.
Annual Roman Catholic Conference opened at Bristol.
St. Mary's Canal, the new Canadian water-way connecting Lakes Superior and Huron, was opened.
10. Annual Conference of the Library Association.
The second race for the America Cup was awarded to the *Defender* on a foul, although *Valkyrie III.* beat *Defender* on her time allowance.
11. Annual Meeting of the British Association opened.
The Bechmana Chiefs received by Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office.



SIR FRANK LASCELLES,
British Ambassador to Berlin.
(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

11. Sir Frank Lascelles appointed British Ambassador to Berlin.
Mr. Stoddart's "Australian" team defeated the All England Eleven at Hastings by 218 runs.
12. Sir W. O'Connor appointed British Ambassador at St. Petersburg.
South African Government appointed a Commission for the thorough exploration of Cape Colony.
Lord Dunraven gave the third race for the America Cup to *Defender*, and declined again to race in American waters.
13. Knighthoods conferred on Mr. R. R. Finlay, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. H. B. Polard, Q.C.
Transvaal Volksraad decided to extend the Pretoria Railway to Pietersburg.
14. Election riots between Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite mobs in Limerick.
International Press Congress opened at Bordeaux.
Count Radeni was instructed by the Austrian Emperor to form a new Ministry.
16. Fatal fire broke out on board the London and Edinburgh Shipping Company's steamer *Toua*, off Clacton; seven lives lost.
Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress returned to London from France.
Envoys sent by Gungunhana to Cape Town were stopped at Durban.
Consular Commission of Inquiry at Ku-cheng stated to be obstructed by Chinese Officials.
Lord Beaumont, while out shooting alone, was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun.
17. Monument of Henry Goodwin unveiled in Carlisle Cathedral.
Legislative Assembly of New South Wales passed the Land and Farming Bill.
Royal Assent given to the Belgian new Education Bill.
Tramway Statute Bill passed by the House of Commons.

19. Netherland Company's Atlantic liner *Edam* run down in a fog in the English Channel by a British steamer; passengers and crew saved.
French troops reviewed by President Faure at Mirecourt.
Dutch Budget Statement submitted.
Belgian Government recalled Capt. Lothaire to give information concerning the execution of Mr. Stokes.
20. Denouncement of Treaty (1854) between Great Britain and Chili gazetted.
Celebration of the Anniversary of the entry of Italians into Rome.
Austrian Emperor pardoned Hungarian Roumanians sentenced for Political Agitation.
Senhor de Soveral appointed Portuguese Foreign Minister.
21. Moorish Government officially recognised the British Vice-Consul at Fez.
Lieut. Peary, the Arctic explorer, arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, his Expedition having failed.
International Athletic Contest at New York between representatives of the London and New York Athletic Clubs, resulting in the American team winning every event.
23. H.M.S. *Minerva* launched at Chatham.
French troops gained victories over the Hova forces on the road to Antananarivo.
London Missionary Society continued its Centenary Convention.
24. Col. Gerard Smith appointed Governor of Western Australia, and Sir H. H. Murray Governor of Newfoundland.
Placards denouncing foreigners and Christians posted up throughout the Province of Chekiang.
Irish-American "Physical Force" Convention at Chicago opened.
French Council of Ministers discussed the campaign against the Hovas.
25. Conference of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society.
Annual Meeting of the Highland Land League.
Brazilian Chamber of Deputies rejected the Amnesty Bill.
Landslip in the Province of Yemen, Arabia; 100 lives lost.
26. Chitral Campaign brought to a final conclusion; 15,000 troops were withdrawn.
Legislative Council, at Sydney, shelved the Bill for its reform.
News to hand of the death of Magato, the Transvaal Chief.
27. Centenary Convention of the London Missionary Society closed.



MR. JOHN JENKINS,
President of the Trades Union Congress.
(Photograph by London Studio.)



LATE MR. JOHN WHITE,
of W. H. Smith and Son.
(Portrait by Burt Sharp, Brighton.)



LIEUTENANT PEARY.

27. Tasmania agreed to co-operate with New South Wales in equipping an Antarctic Exploring Expedition.
British Columbian Sealers asked for Arbitration re their claim against the United States on account of the seizures of vessels in Behring Sea.
28. Lord Lamington appointed Governor of Queensland.
Sir Walter Wilkin elected new Lord Mayor of London for 1895-96.
Great Britain sent an ultimatum to China demanding the degradation of the Viceroy of Szu-chuan within fourteen days.
Japanese Police arrested a man who had planned to assassinate Marquis Ito.
30. Autumnal Meeting of Congregational Union.
British Ultimatum accepted by China—the Viceroy of Szu-chuan to be degraded for ever, and subordinate Officials to be arraigned.
National Temperance Congress opened at Chester.
Lower House of the Hungarian Diet passed the remaining Ecclesiastical-Political Bills; and the Budget Statement was submitted.

BY-ELECTIONS.

- Aug. 31. Inverness Burghs:—
Mr. R. B. Finlay, Q.C., on his appointment as Solicitor-General, was returned unopposed.
- Sept. 2. Dublin (St. Stephen's Green):—
On the appointment of Mr. Kenny as Solicitor-General for Ireland, a by-election was held with the following result:—
- | | |
|-----------------------|-------|
| Mr. W. Kenny (D.L.) | 3,325 |
| Mr. Pierce Mahony (P) | 2,893 |
| Majority | 432 |

At the General Election:—(D.L.) 3,661, (P) 3,205—majority, 456.

6. South Kerry:—
A by-election was held here with the following result:—
- | | |
|---------------------------|-------|
| Mr. T. G. Farrell (N) | 1,209 |
| Mr. W. Murphy (Home Rite) | 474 |

Nat. majority 735
At the General Election Mr. D. Kilbride (N) was returned unopposed.

12. Limerick:—
Mr. John Daly being declared unfit to sit as a Member of Parliament, a by-election was held with the following result:—
- | | |
|----------------------|-------|
| F. A. O'Keefe (A.P.) | 1,851 |
| J. Nolan (P) | 1,764 |

A.P. majority 87
At the General Election Mr. Daly (P) was returned unopposed.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT IPSWICH.

- Sept. 11. Presidential Address by Sir Douglas Dalton.
12. Prof. R. Meldoa on Startling Discoveries in Chemistry.
Sir Henry Roscoe on the Genesis of John Dalton's Atomic Theory.
Mr. Vernon Harcourt on the Relation of Engineering to Science.
Major-Gen. Webber on Light Railways as an Assistance to Science.
Mr. L. L. Price on Economics as Affecting Some Questions of the Day.
Mr. A. L. Bowey on Wages in the United States and Great Britain.
Prof. Flinders Petrie on Anthropology.
Dr. Herdman on Deep-Sea Dredging.
Capt. Hinde on Cannibals and their Customs.
13. Mr. W. Smart on the Normal Course of Prices.
Mr. Geo. Peel on the Gold Standard.
Lord Rayleigh on the Refraction and Viscosity of Argon and Helium.
Mr. W. A. Herman on "Oysters and Typhoid."
Mr. C. E. Porchgrechnik on a voyage to the Antarctic Ocean.
Prof. W. J. Sollas on Glaciers.
16. Prof. R. Warrington on "How shall Agriculture best obtain help from Science?"

Capt. Hinde on Three Years' Travelling and War in the Congo Free State.

Mr. Montefiore on the Jackson-Harmsworth Arctic Expedition.

Prof. Frankland on the Work of Pasteur and its Developments.

17. Dr. Flinders Petrie and others on "Interference with the Civilisation of other Races."
Mr. P. V. Luke on "The Field Telegraph in Chitral."
Mr. E. Cannon on "The Probability of a Cessation of the Growth of the Population in England and Wales before 1951."
Mrs. Bedford Fenwick on "National Value of Organised Labour and Co-operation amongst Women."
18. Dr. R. Munro on the Neolithic Station of Butmir.

PARLIAMENTARY.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

- Sept. 4. Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, Public Offices (Acquisition of Site) Bill, Public Works Loan Bill, and Purchase of Land (Ireland) Bill passed all their stages.
5. Appropriation Bill passed all its stages.
Parliament was prorogued until Nov. 18th.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

- Sept. 3. Report of Ways and Means (Aug. 31st) agreed to.
Appropriation Bill read first time.
Canadian Speaker (Appointment of Deputy) Bill read third time.

- Expiring Laws Continuance Bill passed through Committee.
West Highland Railway Guarantee Bill was withdrawn.
Purchase of Land (Ireland) Amendment Bill read second time.
3. Consolidated Fund (Appropriation) Bill read second time.
Public Offices (Acquisition of Site) Bill read third time.
Debate on Indian affairs.
Expiring Laws Continuance Bill read third time.
Purchase of Land (Ireland) Bill read third time.
4. Consolidated Fund (Appropriation) Bill passed through Committee.
Lord George Hamilton made a statement as to the financial condition of India.
5. Consolidated Fund (Appropriation) Bill read third time.

NOTABLE UTTERANCES.

- Sept. 2. Mr. Finlay, M.P., at Inverness, on the Foreign Policy of England.
9. Cardinal Vaughan, at Bristol, on Reunion.
16. Mr. W. S. Cairne, at Memorial Hall, on the Temperance Party.
Mr. John Burns, at Battersea, on the Trade Union Congress.
17. Duke of Devonshire, at Kingston Fields, on Agriculture.
18. Duke of Devonshire, at Derby, on the Poor Law.
19. Sir A. B. Forwood on Technical Education.
25. Mr. F. C. Gould, at Birkbeck Institution, on "Sketches in Parliament."

OBITUARY.

- Sept. 5. Mr. John White.
6. Archduke Ladislaus, 20.
16. Lord Beaumont, 45.
19. Princess Dowager of Battenberg.
24. Professor Barthelemy, 76.
28. M. Pasteur, 72.



SIR DOUGLAS GALTON, K.C.B.
President of the British Association, 1895.
(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)



BATHORN, CHIEF OF THE BANGWAKETSE.
SEBELE, CHIEF OF THE BAKWENA.

REV. W. C. WILLOUGHBY.
KHAMA.

THE BECHUANA CHIEFS.

(From a photograph taken by Russell and Sons, for the "Illustrated London News.")

CHARACTER SKETCH.

KHAMA, CHIEF OF THE BAMANGWATO.

I fear Lo Bengula less than I fear brandy. I fought Lo Bengula when he had his father's great warriors from Natal, and drove him back, and he never came again, and God who helped me then would help me again. Lo Bengula never gives me a sleepless night. But to fight against drink is to fight against demons, and not against men. I dread the white man's drink more than all the assegais of the Matabele, which kill men's bodies, and is quickly over, but drink puts devils into men, and destroys both their souls and their bodies for ever. Its wounds never heal. I pray your Honour never to ask me to open even a little door to the drink.—*Letter from Khama to Sir Sydney Sheppard, March 7th, 1888.*

KHAMA, chief of the Bamangwato, who has this autumn visited England on a mission to the Colonial Office, would make a delightful figure in the romantic story of the Mediæval Church. He is too

near to us to-day for us to see the full significance of his character. For Khama is a portent in his way. Clovis, King of the Franks, whose conversion is celebrated in that petrified poem, the Cathedral at Rheims, in his day, and to his Franks, somewhat resembled the chief of the Bamangwato, although the latter is no doubt a much more exemplary personage. The spectacle of the first ruler of a fighting race who accepts Christianity is always full of interest. These conversions mark the watershed of historical epochs. Usually the new convert is a convert in little but in name; the grace of Christian baptism veneers but slightly the hereditary paganism, and it is difficult to say whether the royal convert is a greater scandal or a greater support to the true faith. In the case of Khama it is not so. The son of an African chief, who was frankly heathen, with no working faith save a hideous devotion to a murderous species of witchcraft, he is as exemplary a Christian as if he had been the son of an English bishop, or a deacon at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. It is strange, indeed, to find this fair flower of a saintly life suddenly blossoming out of the very thorny stem of a barbarous heathendom. But the fact is undisputed and indisputable. Khama's life for thirty years at least has been lived in the full blaze of that fierce light which beats upon the throne, even the throne of an African chief. And there is only one verdict. Trader and soldier, traveller and missionary, hunter and scientist, alike concur in one verdict—Khama, chief of the Bamangwato, is a gentleman and a Christian. Such a man coming amongst us at such a time will well repay our study.

The Book of Job, as Carlyle was fond of reminding us, helped to build St. Paul's Cathedral. It was the same old Book, and the other sacred writings bound up in the

canon of the Hebrew Scriptures, which is responsible for the regeneration of Khama. In his own picturesque phrase, "he is one of the people of the Word of God." He is a trophy of the Holy Book, a sample to be seen

and known of all men of the power of the Bible. And inasmuch as it has achieved this miracle in his case, we may be encouraged to hope and believe that it may be not less efficacious in the case of other savages, not only of the royal variety, with which this world abounds. Here is indeed a triumph of grace over nature. Here is an African illustration that while heredity is strong, it is not invincible. Khama is the son of a chieftain in whose veins ran the blood of unbroken series of generation of savages. His father was a heathen of the old school, who held the doctrine of heredity in all its integrity.

"It is all very good for you white men to follow the Word of God," he once told Mr. Mackenzie. "God made you with straight hearts; but it is a very different thing with us black people. God made us with a crooked heart. No, do not oppose me; I know I am right. Your heart is white from your birth; the hearts of all black people are black and bad."

"Nay, Sekhome," said the good missionary, "those who turn to God get a new heart and better thoughts."

"Not black people," he interrupted. "And yet," he added, after a pause, "and yet after all Khama's heart is perhaps white. Yes, Khama's heart is white."

"Sekhome," said the missionary, "why should not you enter the Word of God, as Khama has done?"

And this is what Sekhome replied. "Monare, you don't know what you say. The Word of God is far from me. When I think of entering the Word of God, I can compare it to nothing except going out to the plain and meeting single-handed all the forces of the Matabele. That is what it would be for me now to enter the Word of God."

A bold and vigorous metaphor. Sekhome died as he had lived, a heathen outside the Word. But even he admitted that Khama's heart was white—a quality which



(From a photograph by Pickering, the Garden Studio, Leicester.)

he certainly did not inherit from sire or grandsire. How, then, did it come to pass that Khama is not as his fathers were?

I.—THE APOSTLES OF AFRICA.

To answer that question it is necessary to refer to the succession of saintly and heroic men who preached and taught, and, more than all, who lived Christianity in South Africa. Khama's virtues may be regarded as the fruit of a Christian graft, carefully grafted upon the native stock by Livingstone, Moffat and Mackenzie. Of these three notable and mighty heralds of the Cross, the last had much the most to do in the making of Khama. Khama is reported to have been baptised when a youth by a Lutheran missionary; but it was the men of the London Missionary Society who had, and still have, the task of guiding the steps and developing the mind of their notable convert. The figures of these missionaries loom large and clear against the African sky. They are figures of the familiar type of the Christian Apostle. You come upon their mediæval prototypes in every page of the great story of the civilisation of Europe. The record of their lives reads like pages torn from the chronicles of the Venerable Bede. Carlyle has declared that Napoleon would some day be remembered only because he existed during the lifetime of Goethe; and many a once prominent British official in South Africa is even now only known to the public at home because he helped or hindered the missionary work of Livingstone or Moffat. These men rank with the public at large as the real heroes of Africa. For the most part South African history is a hideous welter of anarchy and carnage. Not until Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jamieson smote down, as with the bolt of avenging Jove, the foul fabric of systematised slaughter in Matabeleland, could we regard our warfare in those regions other than with shame and confusion of face. But clear athwart the southern sky, visible and understood of all men, stand the preachers and the teachers to whom more than to any other men we owe our knowledge of the country, and to whom the natives owe their knowledge of civilisation and Christianity.

JOHN MACKENZIE.

Conspicuous among these pioneers of progress other than that which rides in powder-carts and smuggles its way through the brandy barrel, stand the two missionaries of the Bamangwato, the Rev. John Mackenzie and the Rev. T. D. Hepburn. An old schoolfellow of mine, young, earnest, enthusiastic, whose name would have been not unworthy to mention with theirs, had he lived, fell by the way almost before his course had begun. To the pyramid of laborious effort which the emissaries of the Cross have reared in Austral Africa he contributed little more than a grave, but that forgotten tomb in deserted Shoshong is the symbol of the same glorious zeal and systematic self-sacrifice which distinguish his more famous colleagues. Who is there in South Africa or in Great Britain who is not more or less familiar with the Rev. John Mackenzie, the man who saved Bechuanaland and the whole South African Hinterland for the Empire? Well was it for the future, both of Africa and of the British Empire, that thirty years ago our country found so sturdy and so stalwart a sentinel to stand in the gap, through which, but for him, Boers and Germans would long since have poured to the utter undoing of all the northward expansion of our race. For years past Mackenzie, the man who held the pass, has disappeared from the public gaze, leaving behind him his two bulky volumes, "*Austral Africa: Losing It or Ruling It.*" He is preaching and teaching

and labouring away in some obscure corner of the mission-field. But for years before that he spent the whole of his time and energies, which seemed literally inexhaustible, in rousing the British people to a sense of their responsibilities and opportunities in those distant regions which lie between Cape Colony and the Zambesi.

THE SAVIOUR OF THE HINTERLAND.

It fell to the lot of Mr. Rhodes, a master-workman in politics and finance, to complete the work, and to add Mashonaland and its annexes as far as the Great Lakes to the British Empire. But except Mackenzie had sowed the seed and ploughed the ground, Mr. Rhodes could never have gone forth to the harvest to return bearing his sheaves with him. What an indefatigable man it was, that brave and stubborn Scot, whose mild blue eyes twinkled mirthfully out from beneath his great bushy eyebrows, and whose speech, although copious, seemed often quite inadequate to express the passionate intensity of his convictions. How he wrote and canvassed and prayed and preached and worried every one all round in those days very few people know. He laboured for the saving of South Africa as a pious missionary labours for the soul of an interesting penitent. "I never see Mackenzie going along the street," said Sir A. Milner to me in the old *Pall Mall* days, "without feeling that I am in the presence not of a man so much as of a resolution. If he turns this way or that, if he goes up this street or that alley, I seem to know that it is because that by taking the turn he did and no other he could the sooner reach the establishment of British supremacy over Bechuanaland." An Imperial patriot of the highest type is John Mackenzie, one of those good, honest, upright men whose unshaken testimony and whose deep conviction as to the real character of our rule silences the doubts which are so often engendered by the vauntings of Jingoism and the scheming of speculators, to whom each new possession is not a sacred trust to be administered, but only so much booty to be plundered.

JAMES D. HEPBURN.

Hepburn, Mackenzie's colleague and successor, I never had the privilege of meeting. But if we may judge him from the book, "*Twenty Years in Khama's Country*," which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have just published, he was not unworthy of the apostolical succession from Livingstone and Moffat. He also was a man upright and fearless, laborious and resourceful, who deservedly commanded the love and confidence of his extensive diocese. In reading his letters we find ourselves transported to the times of the Old Testament. Mr. Hepburn lived as much in the region of miracle as the prophet Samuel. He may have been mistaken—of course the wise men will be offended even at the supposition of the contrary—but to him the Infinite Ruler of the Universe was very much the same prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God as the Deity who solved the doubts of Gideon or sent down fire from heaven at the great national God-test suggested by Elijah. Mr. Hepburn was of the type of the warrior saints of the faith if not of the lineage of Cromwell.

OF THE LINEAGE OF CROMWELL.

"To me," he says on one occasion, "it is prayer if it is also rifles." After recording the repeated discomfiture of the invading impis of Lobengula by the much despised Bamangwato, he says:—

Just now I attributed their defeat to the precision of the rifle, and so to the outward vision it was; but when Khama went out with his rifle to give Lobengula the mark of the

bullet wound which he carries to-day, he first knelt in prayer with Mr. Mackenzie on the top of the Shoshong Hills to that God who is higher than hilltops and is able to throw down the mighty from their seats.

The story of the last rain-making in Bechuanaland might have been taken out of the Book of Judges, and the tale of the famine that followed the feast of the circumcision resembles the traditions of the wandering in the Wilderness. Khama from his accession had set his face against the old rites of his tribe, which probably represented an earlier religious revelation, but which in time had become corrupt and mischievous. At the time of the sowing of seed Khama held a prayer meeting, but when the harvest was about to be reaped the Bamangwato, despite their chief, declared that they must hold the festival of the circumcision according to the rites of their heathen ancestors. Khama was powerless to prevent them. The girls vowed they would marry no man who had not been to the ceremony. The old men took the law into their own hands and made ready for the rite. Then stood up Mr. Mackenzie and rebuked them, saying:—

"You have prayed for rain, and now your fields are full to overflowing, and your old men are about to take the first-fruits and give them over to the old ceremony; and this is how you thank God."

The protest was unheeded by the Bamangwato. The ceremony of the circumcision was duly observed, but Mr. Hepburn thus records the sequel:—

The day that the company marched out of the town to go to the veldt to perform the ceremony there was a thin drizzling rain. From that day not a drop fell and the corn in the gardens was literally burnt up. They lost their harvest. Famine crept on slowly and steadily. The dead were left unburied. Old women were found in the fields eating grass or hidden in the caves to die. Notwithstanding all that was done, a great many people died, especially the old people.

It was the last ceremony of circumcision for the Bamangwato. They wanted to go to finish the ceremony the next year, but Khama said, "No, we have had enough of that to satisfy us all."

PRAYER AND RAIN-MAKING.

So circumcision died out among the Bamangwato. But it was not merely circumcision that perished: rain-making was suppressed in much the same way, not so much by scientific demonstration of the immutability of the Divine law as by the evidence that the Christian by his prayer had better hold of the Invisible Rain-giver than the heathen professional. Mr. Hepburn, after describing the afflictions of Khama from drought, Boer aggressions,

and the like, says that Khama came to him and asked him what he should do. He replied:—

"Do what a Christian only can do, Khama; lay it all before God. I pointed to the example of Hezekiah and Nehemiah in their times of distress. We pleaded with God publicly for rain. A neighbouring chief sent Khama a taunting message: 'You are the wise man. Go on praying, that's the proper thing to do. You are the man with wisdom.' It was hard for Khama to hold his ground. We held a week of prayer, and the blessing of rain came in torrents."

So the good missionary records his conviction on the subject as follows:—

I can see and have seen that God hears and answers prayer to-day as much as in the times of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. "Water," you say, "won't flow in the desert, and especially it won't flow up a sandy hill in the desert, if you pray ever so earnestly for it." I'm not so sure about that. Perhaps it will, if your necessities absolutely require it, and you have not become too learned to be able to pray for it in the simplicity of your heart.

The learned may deride the simple faith of the Christian rain-maker, but it was this faith based on the classic precedents of Nehemiah and Hezekiah that Christianised Bechuanaland and made Khama, the son of Sekhomo, the ruler that he is to-day.

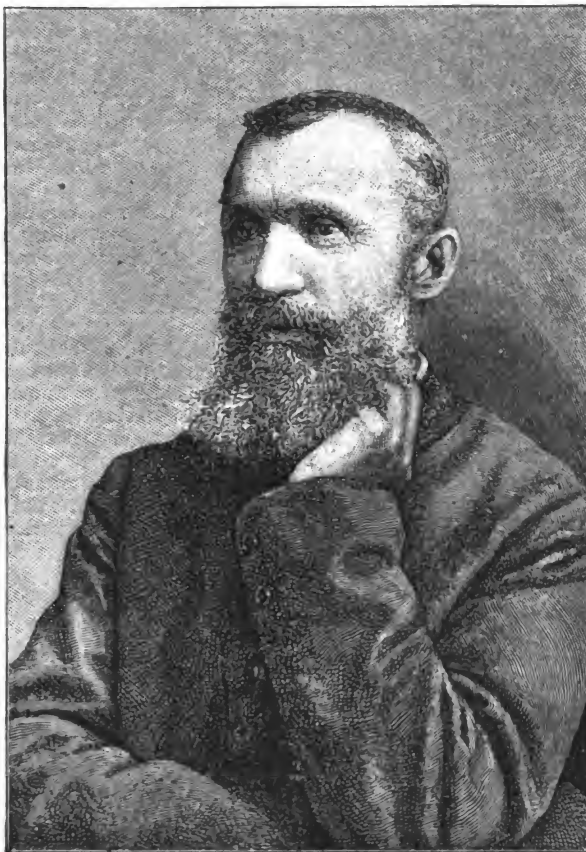
II.—WAR AND WITCH-CRAFT.

The resemblance between the history of the Bamangwato and that of the tribes of Israel extends to other things besides a simple faith in the direct intervention of Providence in the affairs of man. The history of the tribe for several years before Khama acquired undisputed control was much the same as the history of the later kings of Israel. It is one of almost constant warfare

—father warring against son and brother fighting against brother, the result of petty broils and internecine disputes concerning the succession. In this the story differs little from the history of other South African tribes. The one original feature is the cause of the dispute. In most cases personal ambition dominates everything. In the history of the Bamangwato we find the novelty introduced of a series of dynastic troubles, due originally to religious differences.

THE RELIGION OF KHAMA'S ANCESTORS.

Sekhomo, Khama's father, was a heathen of the old school. Khama, his son, was a Christian convert who had attended the school at the mission station from his youth up. As soon as Khama came to man's



THE REV. J. D. HEPBURN.

estate he showed a determination to live up to his principles, which were certain to bring him sooner or later into sharp collision with his father. In South Africa there is no elaborate system of polytheism such as confronted the early Christians under the Roman emperors. The heathenism against which the new faith had to win its way is a confused muddle of superstitions, in which witchcraft occupies a conspicuous place. Rain-making by medicine men, smelling out by wizards, and the practice of obscene rites at certain festivals, were the chief features of Bamangwato paganism. But although barbarous and brutal, this worship of the unseen was dear to the hearts of the conservative Sekhome and his counsellors. Following the ancient custom, Khama had been circumcised when a child by the will of his father. But when he attained manhood he refused to assist at the circumcision of a younger brother—a breach with the established order and custom which might easily have cost him his right to the succession. There were mutterings of discontent; but Khama was young, strong, popular, and the recognised heir to the chieftainship, and at heresy, when in the highest places, the most orthodox learn to wink.

THE REVOLT AGAINST POLYGAMY.

In due time Khama and his brother Khamani married. Their wives were sisters, and Khama's marriage at least was a very happy one. After a time Sekhome saw reason to desire that his son and heir should take to himself another wife, in accordance with the time-honoured native custom. Among African tribes the great distinction between a great chief and a small one is that the big chief has many wives, and the smaller fry have few. It was therefore only natural that Sekhome should desire to see his son duly provided with the matrimonial appendages indispensable to princes in his position. He had also a special reason for desiring to have another daughter-in-law, because he wished to carry out an old bargain which he had with one of his headmen, who was a great favourite and a great sorcerer to boot. Local native sentiment sided strongly with Sekhome in his attempt to compel his son to live up to the time-honoured standard of Bamangwato ethics. It had always been the custom of the tribe that the son of the chief should marry into as many families as possible. By this means he established relations with the various headmen of a family nature, and enabled each of them to boast that they were connected by marriage with the royal family. It is easy to understand what consternation was occasioned in Shoshong and among the leaders of society in the Kalahari desert when it was announced that Khama, under the influence of the missionaries, was determined to be the husband of one wife only. At first the scandalised Mrs. Grundy turned her attention to the lucky chief who had both Khama and his brother as his sons-in-law. They were jealous of him not without cause. What a blighted monopolist was here! Khama and Khamani were only going to take one wife apiece, and they had taken them both from this man's household. The aggravated and offended neighbours entered into a

conspiracy against this too fortunate father-in-law—a conspiracy which, after many vicissitudes, ended in his assassination. It is not advisable, even in Africa, to marry your daughters too well.

THE SORCERER'S DAUGHTER.



KHAMA.

(From "Twenty Years in Khama's Country.")

Marriages, however, in Bechuana-land, as in France, are arranged by the parents, and Sekhome, in the exercise of his parental authority, had fixed up a match between Khama and the son of his favourite sorcerer. He had even paid over the cattle to the sorcerer for his daughter's hand, and it was contrary to all rule and precedent for a girl who had thus been betrothed to be cast off by her bridegroom. Sekhome at first, under the stress of his son's influence, consented to declare the match off. But afterwards finding the cattle were not returned, and that it was convenient to have some pretext for opening the campaign against Khama, he suddenly summoned his son to marry the sorcerer's daughter. Now Mabessi, whom Khama had married according to the customs of the Word of God, was a good wife, and in Khama's eyes, according to the Word of God, was his only possible wife. He therefore

met his father's command by a flat refusal. He said, "I refuse on account of the Word of God to take a second wife. You know I was always averse to this woman, having refused to take her to be my wife before I became a Christian. Lay the heaviest task upon me with reference to hunting elephants for ivory, or any task you like as a proof of my obedience, but I cannot take the daughter of Pellutana to wife." Thereupon there was great wrath in the camp, and the headmen represented to Sekhome that it was urgently necessary to have the lucky father-in-law killed, as he was poisoning the mind of Khama and had induced him to refuse the hand of the sorcerer's daughter. His next step would obviously be to excite them to kill Sekhome. The logic of this argument is not quite clear to European minds, but it seems to have been regarded as conclusive at Shoshong. Khama's father-in-law became a marked man. He was a heathen, but he was extremely pleased that his sons-in-law were Christian, "not," says Mr. Mackenzie, "because he believed in Jesus Christ, but because through the Word of God his daughters would have no rivals as the wives of the young chiefs, and he would have no headmen rivals to himself as their father-in-law." From which it is evident that the wary and wily old Bechuana father-in-law was shrewd enough to see that sometimes godliness is profitable in the world that now is as well as in the world that is to come.

MRS. GRUNDY AT FAULT.

Seeing that Khama stood to his guns and refused to share Mabessi's place with a rival, the father-in-law still more excited the general wrath by allowing his second daughter to marry Khamani without putting her previously through the pagan ceremonial of *boyali*. This was a fresh outrage upon established custom, and Mrs. Grundy of Bechuana-land declared by the voice of the whole female sex that the marriage would necessarily be barren. All marriages not duly solemnised with the

disgusting rites of *boyali* were doomed to sterility. So every one said; but Khama and Khamani smiled grimly when, nine months later, the newly married bride presented her husband with a fine boy. Things seemed to be going wrong in Shoshong, nor could the oldest inhabitants explain how it was that the offended deities or the omnipotent wizards could permit such conduct to go unpunished. It was therefore necessary to lend the invisible powers a hand, and Sekhome hired some Matabele warriors to assassinate his sons' father-in-law. That irrepressible individual, however, was one of the best shots in the country, and the Matabele assassins shirked their task.

AN ABORTIVE COUP D'ÉTAT.

Sekhome, however, was unwilling to allow the matter to rest. It is not difficult to appreciate the alarm with which Sekhome must have viewed the situation. In 1886 he came to the conclusion that he could stand it no longer, and that the Christian princes must be crushed if necessary in blood. Therefore, Sekhome arranged for a *coup d'état* which would free Bechuanaland from the Christian leaven which he feared might leaven the whole lump. In some things savagery is superior to civilisation. When Napoleon III. planned a *coup d'état* he simply had to press a button and a great military machine operated automatically, even against the will of its component parts, to carry out the appointed plan. In Bechuanaland a *coup d'état* can only be carried out by the free will of the tribe itself. Hence when Sekhome endeavoured to rally the Bamangwato against Khama he found himself deserted. Neither the headmen nor their followers would fire a shot against the heir apparent, who, notwithstanding his austerity, was very popular in the tribe. When a *coup d'état* does not come off as arranged, it is extremely apt to burst at the other end; and no sooner did Sekhome see that his plans had miscarried, owing to the refusal of his subjects to attack his son, than he was seized with a panic-terror and fled to a place of retreat. There he remained awaiting death at the hands of the victorious son. But as Sekhome had suffered from the Christian innovations, he was now to benefit by the new ideas. Khama, instead of cutting his father's throat, as he was entitled to do by the law and custom of the Bamangwato, forgave him and allowed him to come back to his throne on condition that he no longer endeavoured to enforce bigamy upon his offspring.

THE SPELLS OF THE WIZARDS.

No sooner was Sekhome back again in his place of power than he began intriguing against his popular sons. Finding that he could make no headway among his own subjects, he suddenly conceived the idea of inviting his brother, Masheng, back to Shoshong, in order to deprive Khama of the right of succession. By way of opening the campaign Sekhome mustered all the wizards in order to curse his sons according to the most elaborate formulæ of magical incantation. A great fire was lighted opposite Khama's house, while a foul crew of wizards flung plant after plant, charm after charm, into the fire, muttering their curses upon Khama as they did so. The people shuddered, fearing that no power could save their young chief from a terrible doom. Khama alone was calm and unconcerned. Suddenly issuing from his house, he put the wizards to flight, extinguished the fire, and then went to bed. As he did not seem a penny the worse for all the terrible curses, his followers began to take heart, but they lamented much that he doggedly refused to employ similar incantations against his father. It was all very well for Khama, they murmured: he was

protected against the spells of the wizards by his Christianity; but what was to become of his heathen followers who had no Word of God to shield them, and whose only method of defence was by employing wizards of their own to make a counter attack upon the sorcerers of Sekhome? Khama, who seems to have rid his mind of all the superstition of his heathen ancestors, scornfully refused to have anything to do with wizards and witchcraft. Spells and incantations, he declared, were all nonsense, and he would have nothing to do with them.

THE FATHER LEVIES WAR ON HIS SONS.

The incantations of the wizards having failed as utterly as the assegais of the Matabele assassins, Sekhome determined in March, 1886, to see what out-and-out fighting would do. This time he was no longer unable to put a force in the field against his sons. The Bechuanas, even those who on the previous occasion had supported Khama, were discontented. It is easy to understand their difficulty; they did not exactly know where they were. According to invariable precedent, Khama ought to have utilised the opportunity which they had given him to have made short work of his father. He had not done so, and his followers felt as much at a loss to understand how things stood, as Unionist electors would have been if Lord Salisbury having received a majority in the country had not proceeded forthwith to turn out the Liberal Administration. Clearly nothing could be done with such an unpractical person as Khama. He would neither obey his father nor cut his throat, and therefore, when Sekhome appealed to them to support him in clearing out his sons, they no longer refused to help him.

A DRAWN BATTLE.

An attack in force was made upon Khama and his brother. They had been warned, and fled to the mountains, where they kept up a stubborn resistance for several days. Khama refused to make any offensive movement against his father, so he remained in the mountain while his father held possession of the town. The blockade lasted for six weeks; Mr. Mackenzie, the missionary, being allowed by Sekhome to go and preach to the rebels in the mountain every Sunday. Failing to subdue Khama by fair means, his father had recourse to the time-honoured but detestable expedient of poisoning the wells. Two sorcerers, provided with charms and spells with which to poison the fountain from which Khama drank, were dispatched at night up the mountain side, having been previously secured by the most potent magic against danger. Unfortunately for them, Khama's sentry, hearing footfalls in the dark, fired in that direction and shot one of the wizards dead, while the other decamped, carrying to Shoshong the terrible news that the spells of the sorcerer had lost their power. Getting desperate, Sekhome called out all his tribe, and subjected his sons to a blockade in the hills, which deprived them of water for eight days. The bleating and moaning of the cattle after they had been seven days without water were piteous to hear. Nevertheless Khama refused to give in, and ultimately peace was arranged between him and his father. The objectionable father-in-law, however, was speared in the bush and left to be eaten by the wolves.

KHAMA'S PLAIN SPEECH.

Masheng, Sekhome's brother, soon put in his appearance, and was established in the chieftainship by Sekhome himself. At the council when this was done Khama distinguished himself by the frankness with which he opposed the restoration of his uncle. His speech was

characteristic of the man. He said to Masheng: "It would appear that I alone of all the Bamangwato am to speak unpleasant words to you to-day. The Bamangwato say they are glad to see you here. I say I am not glad to see you. If I thought there would be peace in the town I would say I was glad to see you. I say I am sorry you have come, because I know only disorder and death can take place when two chiefs sit in one khotla. I wish all the Bamangwato to know that I renounce all pretences to the chieftainship. My kingdom consists in my gun, my horse and my wife. I renounce all concern in the politics of the town. I am sorry, Masheng, I cannot give you a better welcome to the Bamangwato."

It was a plucky speech, and strange to say it was not resented by Masheng. At the close of the assembly the restored chief said:—"Many speeches have been made to-day. Many words of welcome have been addressed to me. All of these I have heard with the ear. One speech—and one only—has reached my heart, and that is the speech of Khama. I thank Khama for his speech." The impression which his straightforward utterance had made was deepened on further acquaintance. "Since I arrived at Shoshong," he said to Khama, "I have seen and heard for myself that the people of the Word of God alone speak the truth. By all the rest I was met with fair speeches and deceit. Henceforth you may trust in me as I shall rely on you." He then publicly told Sekhomo in the courtyard, "You have called me in to kill your rebellious sons: I refuse to do this. They are your sons, not mine. If you wish them to be killed, kill them yourself."

THE EXILE OF SEKHOME.

All Sekhomo's intrigues had, therefore, failed. But with a determination which one cannot but admire, he began weaving new conspiracies against his brother and his sons. He hatched a secret plot by which a sudden attack was to be made upon the headmen of his brother when he gave the signal by felling one of Masheng's followers. He did his part and felled his man, but his followers, instead of attacking his brother's people, surrounded him and expelled him from the town. He sought refuge and comfort with the very missionary whom he had endeavoured to destroy. When the sun set he fled from the country and remained in exile for many years.

It is a squalid enough story, this tale of petty wars between father and son. Although it is on a very small scale, we can see in it the same general features which have been frequently displayed on a much larger scale. The new light which has come into the world has lighted a few, who thereupon are attacked by those of their own household, as the enemies of the State who are bringing a curse upon the people. Khama and his brother saw the new light. Sekhomo and his sorcerers were but too true to the universal law by which the established custom feels itself compelled to stifle in blood the heresy which it hates and dreads. If the story has any new features in Bechuanaland, it is rather in the superiority of the

actors on both sides to the savage ferocity which has often characterised the religious wars of more civilised nations. Khama's conduct throughout was dignified in the extreme. If he erred at all, it was entirely from over-generosity and reluctance to follow up his advantage as he was entitled to have done under the established usage of his tribe. On the other hand, Sekhomo displayed a persistent resolution and a dogged determination to maintain the established order which was well worthy of a better cause. There was something profoundly pathetic in the figure of the old heathen chief exerting all his resources in an unavailing effort to stifle the new heresy which had invaded his own household, until at last he had to abandon his chieftainship and live in exile rather than acquiesce in innovations imported by the people of the Word of God.

WAR WITH THE MATABELE.

If the record of the internecine feud between Sekhomo the Heathen and Khama the Christian is somewhat squalid, that cannot be alleged concerning the successful efforts made by Khama to defend his country against the attacks of the Matabele. It would do the *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Labouchere, and a few other Englishmen, good to spend an afternoon in reading the story of those Matabele wars. Even Mr. Labouchere, if it had been his lot to live at Shoshong or to pasture his flocks on the Maclootsi river, would very soon have rid his mind of the delusions which enable many good people to transfigure Lobengula and his savage warriors into patriots struggling, and rightly struggling, to be free. The missionaries who lived among them had long ago ample opportunity of freeing their minds from all that cant. Lobengula was a scourge, and the Matabele fighting forces which he organised were as unworthy of sympathy as any band of brigands against whom society has rightly declared war. For years Khama and his fighting men had to keep watch and ward against the threatened raids of the Matabele. Occasionally they came into collision with Lobengula's men, and on one occasion Khama wounded Lobengula with a bullet from his own rifle. Certainly no one can read the story of these border wars between the Matabele and the Bamangwato without feeling profoundly grateful that Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jamieson succeeded in wiping the Matabele fighting forces off from the face of the earth. If there was ever a piece of Imperial police work well done by local forces, 'twas that work.

OF THE CHURCH MILITANT.

During the attacks made by the Matabele upon the Bamangwato, the missionaries found Khama a tower of strength. He was full of kindness, confidence, and readiness to defend them at any cost. On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie and all their family had to take refuge on the summit of the mountains while Khama kept watch below. "Go on the mountain beside my mother," said Khama. "The Matabele will then not reach her until we are all dead." Khama's conduct on that occasion, and the gallantry with which



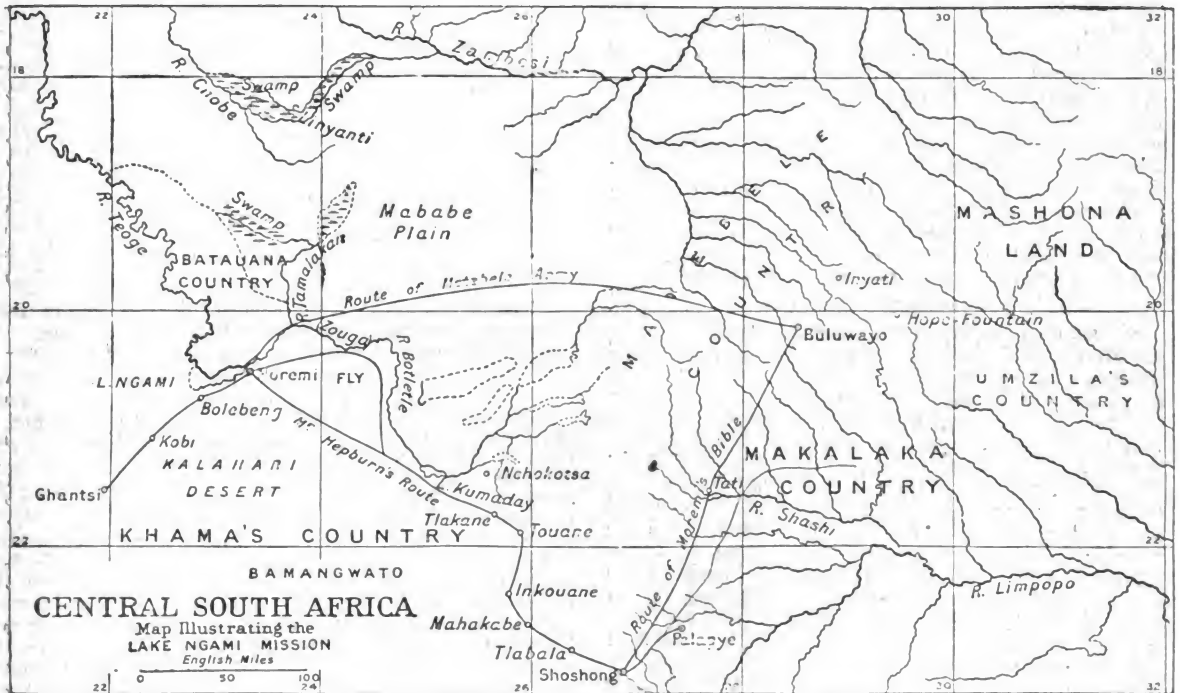
MONTSTIOA,
Chief of the Barolongs.

he stemmed the tide of Matabele invasion, did much to reconcile the Bamangwato to the Christian religion. "We were afraid," said the headmen, "that when a man became a Christian he was bound not to fight in any cause, and that his relatives would have to defend the believer as well as his wife and family. We therefore expected that all the men of the Word of God, with the women and children, would go to the mountains, but to-day those who pray to God are our leaders." At the same time that Khama was willing to defend his fatherland against the invasion of the Matabele, he set his face against any attempt to carry the war into the enemy's country, and when his father raided some Matabele villages he flatly refused to take any share of the booty offered to him.

After Sekhomo had fled, and Masheng was alone on the throne, a feud broke out between the old chief and his

by instinct. His chief ambition was to eat and to sleep to sleep and to eat. He was King Log, snoring when he should have been judging, and gormandising when his tribe waited for his commands. Under such a chief the power of the Christians and their young chiefs naturally increased, until even Masheng took alarm. "There is now another chief in the town," he cried aloud in one of his rare sober fits, when he sat in the judgment seat—"there is another chief, the Word of God. Masheng is not first, but second."

It was a true saying, and the new chief had come to stay. Masheng, too lazy to act with energy, showed his displeasure with Khama by superseding him by an inferior officer when he dispatched an expedition. But the tribesmen ignored Khama's supersession, and refused to march except under his command. This state of ill-concealed rivalry continued for a year or two. At



(From "Twenty Years in Khama's Country.")

nephews. Khama refused to fight. He simply withdrew, and established himself in a camp some miles distant from Shoshong. All the best men of the tribe followed the young chief, deserting their own camp, which was at last so denuded of population that Masheng in sheer despair sent messengers to beg Khama to come back. He at last consented, only to find that he was by no means at the end of his troubles. His younger brother, although a Christian, began intriguing against him, and for some time, notwithstanding all the efforts of Mr. Mackenzie to make peace, war broke out between the brothers, which terminated in the signal victory of Khama.

"ANOTHER CHIEF, THE WORD OF GOD."

The struggle between Christianity and heathendom was by no means ended in the flight of Sekhomo. Masheng was a pot-bellied glutton and guzzler, one of those men who are conservative by nature and pagan

last, to save the tribe from destruction, Khama, notwithstanding his self-denying ordinance abjuring politics, was compelled to put his back against the wall and fight for his life. The moment he did so Masheng was overthrown, and in September, 1872, the tribe elected Khama chief. He accepted the post as the gift of the Bamangwato. "I have not fought for the chieftainship, but for my life." Masheng was exiled, and Khama began his reign under good auspices.

III.—KHAMAS REIGN.

It sounds a rather horrible thing to say, but it really seems as if, in one respect, Khama would have found his path much smoother if he had not broken so completely with the customs of his heathen ancestors. All the misery and bloodshed and devilry that went on in Bechuanaland from 1866 to 1875 were largely due to his incomprehensible (from the Bechuanaland point of view)

refusal to kill his father Sekhome when that chief had failed in his attempt to kill his son. It sounds ugly to recommend parricide. But communities have rights as well as individuals; and when Sekhome tried to kill Khama, Khama was justified in punishing the would-be murderer with death. Instead of doing so, he benevolently forgave him, with disastrous results.

TOO FILIAL FOR A RULER.

Too great generosity to miscreants is indistinguishable from cruel injustice to the community. As if the long and squalid misery of six years had not been enough to convince Khama that his father was impossible, he actually brought him back to Shoshong within a few months of his accession to supreme power. Sekhome at once resumed his old tricks. He encouraged heathen practices, he sowed dissensions between Khama and his younger brother, and, in short, he made so much mischief, that Khama, anxious to avoid the scandal of open war with his father, departed from Shoshong. But no sooner had he left the capital than all the fighting men and leading men of the tribe followed him. Shoshong was deserted. But Sekhome, aided by Khamani, decided to hold the capital with such forces as they could muster. For a time Khama hesitated. He did not want to fight. But the tribe was being torn in two. The duty of re-establishing his authority was imperative. Still he hesitated. A man less reluctant to shed blood, less scrupulous about obeying the letter of the Word of God, would have escaped all this trouble by executing his father after the abortive *coup d'état*. But Khama—even Khama—was at last forced to appeal to arms. Putting his forces in array against his father, he captured Shoshong, shattered the heathen ranks, and drove both father and brother into exile. Then, in February, 1875, and not till then, Khama became, *de facto* and *de jure*, sovereign of the Bamangwato.

HIS TOLERANCE.

There is no need here to tell the story of the twenty years which followed of patient, wise, tolerant and civilising rule. Khama, although a Christian, who had risked life and chiefship for his faith, adopted no intolerant policy when he attained supreme power. At the beginning of his reign Khama assembled his people in his *khotla*, and emphatically announced his own adherence to the Word of God. "He would not prohibit heathen ceremonies, but they must not be performed in his *khotla*, and as their chief he would contribute nothing towards them. He was about, by public prayer to Almighty God, to ask a blessing upon their seed-sowing, and afterwards would set to work. Whoever wished to have his seed charmed could do so at his own expense, but he himself had no such custom now, any more than in former years."

HIS WAR ON BRANDY.

Only in one respect was he merciless. When quite a boy, he had been saddened by the ravages which strong drink made among his countrymen. When he came to the chieftainship, he used to say as a boy, he wished to rule over a nice town, and there could be no nice town where there was drunkenness. When he at last was established as supreme in Shoshong, he determined to make short work with the drink traffic. Up to that time the white men in Shoshong seem to have been allowed the utmost license. They imported what brandy they pleased, and they sold it or drank it without let or hindrance. The results in *delirium tremens*, debauchery, and violent deaths were obvious enough. The black man followed the white man's example to the best of his

ability, according to the capacity of his purse. Khama decided that it was time to alter all this, and after due deliberation and many unavailing representations he put his foot down with an emphasis which taught both black and white that there was at least at Shoshong a man who meant to be obeyed.

HOW HE BEGAN HIS CAMPAIGN.

He first of all summoned the white men together and told them that they must sell no more drink. They pleaded for the continued importation of brandy in cases for their own consumption. If that were allowed they would not try to bring in barrels. "Very well," said Khama. "Only, if you are allowed to import the cases, there must be no drunkenness." At the week end several of the whites got roaring drunk. Khama went down to the scene of their orgie and noted with high disdain the names of the besotted traders. His resolution was taken. At any cost, without even counting of cost, this pestilence must be stamped out. The presence of white traders in Shoshong meant almost everything to the natives. They were the purveyors of all the goods which were indispensable for progress towards civilisation. They supplied the civilised nucleus in the midst of a great expanse of barbarism. But, notwithstanding that, Khama made up his mind that as the Jews were expelled from England and the Moors from Spain, so must the white traders be banished from Shoshong if they refused to give up the drink. It was a great scene which Mr. Hepburn describes that took place at Khama's Court on the Monday morning after the orgie.

THE DECREE OF EXPULSION.

Mr. Hepburn, in describing what took place, wrote:—

Khama did not ask any questions, but simply stated what he had seen; how he had taken the trouble to warn them, and they had despised his laws "*because he was a black man, and for nothing else.*" "Well, I am black, but if I am black I am chief of my own country at present." He went on: "When you white men rule in the country, then you will do as you like. At present I rule, and I shall maintain my laws, which you insult and despise. You have insulted and despised me in my town *because I am a black man.* You do so because you despise black men in your hearts. If you despise us, what do you want here in the country that God has given to us? Go back to your own country."

Khama went on, addressing the white men, and mentioning them one by one by name: "Take everything you have; strip the iron roofs off the houses; the wood of the country and the clay of which you made the bricks you can leave to be thrown down. Take all that is yours and go. More than that—if there is any other white man here who does not like my laws, let him go too! I want no one but friends in my town. If you are not my friends, go back to your own friends, and leave me and my people to ourselves. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I am trying to lead my people to act according to that Word of God which we have received from you white people, and you show them an example of wickedness such as we never knew. You, the people of the Word of God! You know that some of my own brothers have learned to like the drink, and you know that I do not want them to see it even, that they may forget the habit; and yet you not only bring it in and offer it to them, but you try to tempt me with it. I make an end of it to-day. Go! Take your cattle and leave my town, and never come back again!" "The utmost silence followed Khama's words," and "shame and utter bewilderment" fell upon most of those he had been addressing.

As this decree meant blank ruin to the expelled traders, some of them followed Khama into his house and begged him to have pity on them. "Pity," said he, with scorn—"pity on you! I have no pity. When I

had pity you despised my law, and pretended that it was not to be enforced. Now I have pity for my own people." And he drove the publican from the land.

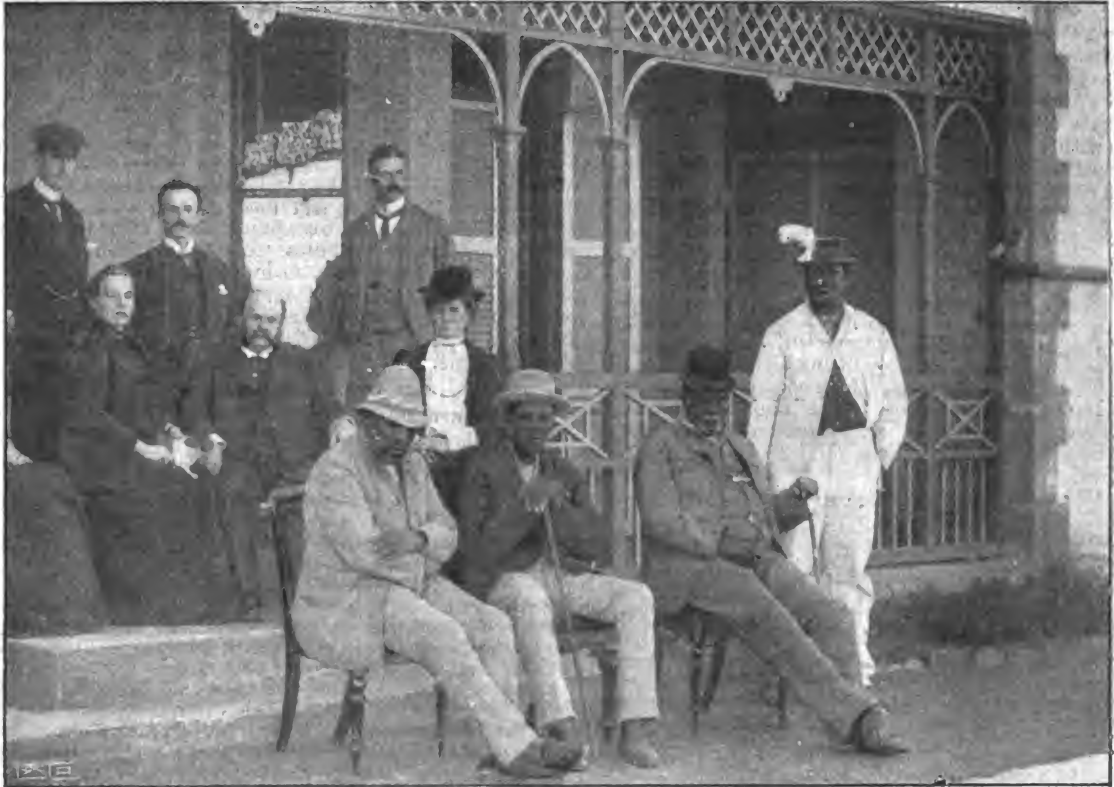
But Khama did not confine his attack to the white man's brandy. He forbade also the sale of native beer. Calling out his young men, he told them they must give up drinking it. He followed this up by calling a great meeting of the whole town, and forbade its being made at all. He said: "You take the corn that God has given us in answer to prayer and destroy it. You not only destroy it, but you make stuff with it that causes mischief among you." Mr. Hepburn said to Khama that he thought this beer was regarded by the people as food in some respects, and Khama replied: "No; these are the lies that you missionaries are told about it. It is all

and the gin palace like two monstrous devils eating up men and women and children body and soul, Khama came to believe that the enforcement of temperance was the beginning of all virtue. It is this which he has insisted upon as the Alpha and the Omega of all good government in Bechuanaland. Neal Dow and Sir Wilfrid Lawson must pale their ineffectual fires before Khama for red-hot prohibition. He protested vehemently, and he still protests, against any permission being given to traders in the accursed thing to enter his country.

THE SALVATION OF THE COUNTRY.

He wrote to the Deputy Commissioner in 1887:—

I made an offer of my country to Sir Charles Warren in



Sir Sydney Sheppard.

Bathoen.

Khama.

Sebele.

THE RULERS OF BECHUANALAND.

lies, and only lies. The drink our people like is as bad among us as yours is among you. If a man desires to concoct any wickedness he uses beer for his purpose. Every possible mischief that men can work is done among us by means of the beer—things that you missionaries have never thought or heard of. No, we may deceive you our missionaries, but we do not deceive one another."

A RED-HOT PROHIBITIONIST.

There is no mistake about Khama's intense hatred of drunkenness. Alcohol is his veritable devil. If it were but exorcised from the land, he would feel that three-fourths of the battle with the forces of evil was already won. Khama was a practical man. Like Sandy MacKaye, who bade young Alton Locke to regard Gin Alley as the mouth of Hell, with the pawnbroker's shop

May, 1885, which your Honour informed me in March, 1886, Her Majesty's Government felt themselves unable to recommend the Queen to accept. Your Honour will permit me to point out that it is not the same thing to offer my country to Her Majesty to be occupied by English settlers, Her Majesty's subjects governed by Her Majesty's Ministers, and to allow men so worthless and unscrupulous in their characters as Messrs. Wood, Chapman and Francis to come outside of all Governments and occupy my country and put up their drink canteens and flood my country with their drink after all the long struggle I have made against it, withstanding my people at the risk of my life, and just when they have themselves come to see how great a salvation my drink laws have proved to be. It were better for me that I should lose my country than that it should be flooded with drink.

A CASE FOR MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

There we have Khama's last word. He would rather lose his country altogether than that it should be flooded with drink. It is well that he should have put the issue so plainly. Mr. Chamberlain had just been lamenting the ravages which the free sale of drink was making among the native races who are supposed to be the wards of our Empire. "Apart from the moral mischief, gin is the curse of trade. Cape smoke eats the life out of honest business. Trade rum paralyses all other trade. Therefore, if only that our working men may get employment at home, let us cease from poisoning our dark-skinned brethren abroad." All very good this, and very excellent doctrine, but in the middle of the discourse up rises Khama with a hearty amen and a practical application—"That is all good doctrine; help me to carry it out in practice. Nay, I do not ask that. I only ask that you, O British people, will not paralyse my efforts by compelling me to submit to the invasion of my country by the trader with his poisonous liquors." Khama's visit was well timed. If his appeal were to meet with no response, we should stand condemned as the most God-forsaken set of canting hypocrites on the whole round earth.

It is all very well to say that if Khama's authority to enforce prohibition is taken away, the British Chartered Company—which at present is Mr. Rhodes—will promise not to allow the sale of drink in Khama's country. Mr. Rhodes, no doubt, will do his best to keep his promise; but Mr. Rhodes is naturally less keenly alive to the mischief of strong drink than the chief whose tribe perish like rotten sheep before the white man's fire-water. Besides, Mr. Rhodes is not immortal, and a personal promise by Mr. Rhodes is a poor substitute for the absolute authority of a prohibitionist despot.

"AM I AT LAST TO BE TREATED THUS?"

Khama has not altogether the best of opinions as to the way in which England keeps her promises. After the Protectorate was proclaimed, an Assistant-Commissioner was appointed with power to levy taxes, issue licences, hold courts, and generally administer Khama's government without Khama himself having any word or say in the matter. This was not Khama's idea of fair treatment. He wrote:—

Years ago I offered to the British Government much of my country; I offered to throw it open to the English on certain conditions—in fact, I gave them a free hand. I believed in the English, in their justice and good government. They declined my offer, and I heard no more of the matter. And now, without formal conclave and agreement, when I should have the opportunity of consulting my headmen, and putting all important matters fairly before my people, they proceed to place a ruler in my town, so that I myself, before I can buy a bag of gunpowder, have to go and obtain a permit. This is not fair or open-handed; it puts me in the wrong with my tribe, who say, "How, then, is Khama no longer chief in his own country?" and I feel deeply that I am slighted and made small. All my life I have striven for the English, been the friend of the English, have even offered to fight for the English, and I am at last to be treated thus!

KHAMA'S ORIGINAL CONDITIONS.

Since then he has actually fought for the English, but he has not much more reason to trust them in this matter of the drink. There can be no manner of doubt as to Khama's own view of the matter. When he offered his country to Great Britain, he did so on the express understanding that there was to be no interference with the enforcement of a prohibitive policy. The official document in which Khama stated the conditions he

desired to have respected, is a very interesting State paper, and well worth quoting here:—

I accept of (receive) the friendship and protection of the Government of England within the Bamangwato country. Further I give to the Queen to make laws and to change them in the country of the Bamangwato, with reference to both black and white. Nevertheless I am not baffled in the government of my own town, or in deciding cases among my own people according to custom; but again I do not refuse help in these offices. Although this is so, I have to say that there are certain laws of my country which the Queen of England finds in operation, and which are advantageous for my people, and I wish that these laws should be established, and not taken away by the Government of England. I refer to our law concerning intoxicating drinks, that they should not enter the country of the Bamangwato, whether among black people or white people. I refer further to our law which declares that the lands of the Bamangwato are not saleable. I say this law also is good; let it be upheld, and continued to be law among black people and white people.

To make known to the Queen the largeness of the country which is now under her protection, I put in a map in which it is tried to show with correctness the boundaries of the Bamangwato.

My people enjoy three things in our country; they enjoy their cultivated lands, and their cattle stations, and their hunting grounds. We have lived through these three things. Certainly the game will come to an end in the future, but at present it is in my country, and while it is still there I hold that it ought to be hunted by my people. I know that the help and protection of the Queen requires money, and I agree that that money should be paid by the country protected. I have thought how this can be done; I mean plans which can be thought out at the beginning so that the Queen's people may all be pleased—the black people and the white people.

I propose that a certain country of known dimension should be mine and my people's for our cultivated fields and our cattle stations as I have shown in the map. Then I say, with reference to all the country that remains, I wish that the English people should come and live in it, that they should turn it into their cultivated fields and cattle stations. What I wish to explain is, that my people must not be prevented from hunting in all the country, except where the English shall have come to dwell. My people shall be stopped by cultivated lands and the cattle stations of the English inhabitants of the country. I speak this in effect inviting the English because it is a nation with which we have become acquainted, and with whose ways we have had pleasure.

Then I request that the Queen's Government appoint a man to take charge of this matter, and let the protection of this country come from the English who will settle in it. I am of opinion that the country which I give over will exceed in value the cost of the Protectorate among the Bamangwato. But I feel that I am speaking to gentlemen of the Government of England. Shall I be afraid that they will requite me with witchcraft (deception leading to ruin)? Rather may I not hope that they may see both sides of the question of to-day, that they will regard the protection, and then regard also the country which I now say is theirs? That which I am also willing to contribute is to make due arrangements for the country of the lands and cattle stations of the Bamangwato, whether as to roads, or bridges, or schools, or other suitable objects. And further, I shall be ready along with my people to go out, all of us, to fight for the country alongside the English; to stop those who attack, or to go after them on the spoil of stolen stock. Further, I expect that the English people who come into the country shall protect it and fight for it, having provided themselves with horse and gun for this purpose. Having done this, without doubt, if there came a great difficulty, we would appeal for the help of our Queen in England.

The right kind of English settler in the country will be seen by his doings on his place. Some may make themselves out to be settlers for a time only, while they are killing game,

after which they would take their departure with what they had collected, having done nothing with their place. Therefore, I propose that it be enacted that the English settler who newly arrives should build his house and cultivate his lands, and show himself to be a true settler and worker, and not a travelling trader. Those who shall be received in the country, to become settlers in it, ought to be approved by the officer of the Queen appointed to this work; and I add, let us work together, let me also approve of those who are received.

Of the good results of his prohibitionist policy there is no dispute: it has been good for the country, good for the natives, and good for trade. Hundred of ploughs, chiefly of light American make, are busy in his fields, trade flourishes, and prosperity has followed in the wake of temperance. Of course, it would be absurd to put all the improvement in Bechuanaland to the credit of the prohibition policy. But in the opinion of the man who made the progress it would have been impossible without prohibition.

KHAMA AT HOME.

Khama is a diligent ruler, patriarchal and just. Very early in the morning he is up and about his work. First thing in the morning, the people are gathered together in the khotla, or courtyard of the king's house, for prayer—a custom which is followed by the several headmen in charge of the several divisions of the town. A writer in *Murray's Magazine* says:—

His khotla is a scrupulously clean courtyard. A curious assembly these walls contain at times: outlying natives bringing in news, or what our grand-parents might have considered news; a filibustering expedition is hovering near the border; an ox has died mysteriously, or a traveller's waggon has broken down; headmen (each in charge of a section of the big population) waiting to lay difficulties or accusations before the chief. A German traveller on his harmless journey north for insects or game, sometimes with a single rifle; or Major Goold-Adams, who has ridden up from Mafeking; or Mr. Selous, full of gentle regret over the distance lions will keep; or a missionary gaining hope from Khama's life for his work in a lonely north. All alike, Khama greets with easy natural dignity, and rather silent manner. "Your words are wise words," is the often repeated answer to what he agrees with.

Then the king does his business with the Europeans, after which he sits regularly in his courtyard, deciding cases of dispute, trying offenders, and hearing the grievances or requests of any of his subjects who approach him; and the remainder of the day is spent in the work of managing his numerous gardens and lands and cattle posts.

SUNDAY AT SHOSHONG.

The same writer previously quoted in *Murray* says:— Sunday at Shoshong is a pretty, almost homelike day. Early in the morning Khama goes up to the springs in the deep mountain kloof, where hundreds of the women gather with their red or yellow water-pots and calabashes; each as she passes the chief receives his kindly greeting, "Good morning, my friend," or "my child." Something of the same kind we saw when the large congregation came out from the afternoon service, and Khama, with his kindly face and sweet smile, walked up the wide road, patting the curly heads of the little brown children, and speaking to the elders. Later that day he was giving food to the old men of a regiment, for, as Lieutenant Haynes noticed, "Khama spends a great part of his revenue in acts of kindness to his people." The day had that beautiful stillness of Sunday. Waggon's are not forbidden to trek in, for the heavy roads are full of difficulty, but Khama's strong wish against it is made known. He encourages his people to go to the outlying tribes to teach them, though he allows no pressure to be put on any one to join his own faith. Where heathen customs are harmless he does not forbid them, though he declared against them at once in all what might be called State functions. Every year he begins

the digging season with a solemn meeting for public prayer instead of the old rites, and to the astonishment of the people the harvests continually increase. Unlike other interior chiefs, who either virtually or in plainest words demand presents from visitors as a payment for passing through their country, Khama refuses them if offered.

ONE OF HIS GOOD WORKS.

One of the best things Khama has ever done was his treatment of the miserable pariah tribes which before his time were treated as if they were wild beasts. Mr. Selous says:—

A generation ago all the Bakalahari lived the life described by Dr. Livingstone and others. They wandered continually, under a burning sun, over the heated sands of the Kalahari, without any fixed habitation, and ever and always engaged in a terrible struggle for existence, living on berries and bulbs and roots, on snakes and toads and lizards, with an occasional glorious feast on a fat eland, giraffe, or zebra, caught in a pitfall; sucking up water through reeds, and spitting it into the ostrich egg-shells, in which they were wont to carry it, and altogether leading a life of bitter grinding hardship from the cradle to the grave. In fact, they were utter savages; joyless, soulless animals, believing nothing, hoping nothing, but, unlike Sir Walter Scott's Bothwell, fearing much, for they were sore oppressed by their Bechwana masters, and often became the prey of the lions and hyenas that roamed the deserts as well as they. Now many of the wild people have been induced by Khama to give up their nomadic life. He supplied them with seed corn, and, as may be seen at Klabala and other places, the Bakalaharis of the present day hoe up large expanses of ground, and grow so much corn that, except in seasons of drought, they know not the famine from which their forefathers were continually suffering. In addition to this, Khama and his headmen have given them cattle, sheep, and goats, to tend for them, from which they obtain a constant supply of milk. In fact, it may be said that Khama has successfully commenced the work of converting a tribe of miserable nomadic savages into a happy pastoral people.

THE REMOVAL OF HIS CAPITAL.

Finding it possible to transfer his capital from Shoshong to Palapye, he did so, to the great advantage of his tribe. Mrs. Hepburn says:—

Palapye is a native town covering some twenty square miles of ground, holding some thirty thousand inhabitants; yet a few years ago there was no such place as Palapye in existence. You admire the comfortable red-clay, thatched cottages—it seems sacrilege to write them down huts—with their neat inclosures, in which the "aboriginal," as they call him in Australia, may sit under his own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid; you enjoy gratefully the shade of the trees, the size of the oaks of Government Avenue, Cape Town, which everywhere screen the dwellings and paths from the sun, at the same time affording homes for thousands of chirping, twittering and singing birds; you note on every hand neatness and comfort, and a simple, innocent enjoyment of life, and you marvel at the native wisdom which has chosen such a model site for the town.

SOME TRIBUTES TO KHAMA'S RULE.

Mr. J. Theodore Bent went to Bechuanaland strongly prejudiced against Khama. But a very short experience of the man swept these prejudices away. Mr. Bent writes:—

King Khama is a model savage, if a black man who has been thoroughly civilised by European and missionary influences can still be called one. He is an autocrat of the best possible type, whose influence in his country is entirely thrown into the scale of virtue for the suppression of vice. Such a thing as theft is unknown in his realm; he will not allow his subjects to make or drink beer. "Beer is the source of all quarrels," he says; "I will stop it." He has put a stop also to the existence of witch-doctors and their wiles throughout all the Bamang-

wato. . . . Khama, in manner and appearance, is thoroughly a gentleman, dignified and courteous; he wears well-made European clothes, a billy-cock hat and gloves, in his hand he brandishes a dainty cane, and he pervades everything in his country, riding about from point to point wherever his presence is required; and if he is just a little too much of a dandy it is an error in his peculiar case in the right direction.

They all say the same thing. The wife of the Bishop of Mashonaland says of Khama:—

He is a radical reformer, who yet develops both himself and his people on the natural lines of the race; he has made himself into a character that can be spoken of as a "perfect English gentleman," but without losing for a moment his self-respect as an African; he has kept his position as a disciple, not a mimic, of white civilisation, and he has shown how such a man can raise a nation. He has done it all, as he would tell us, because he is a Christian convert.

Mr. H. C. Selous, the Nimrod of Africa, declares Khama to be a strictly upright and honourable man. The Rev. George Cousins says:—

Undoubtedly this chief stands out conspicuously among South African princes as the finest, noblest of them all. He rules with a firm hand, is soldierly in bearing, a keen sportsman, a good rider, every inch a man; but combined with this strength there is remarkable patience, gentleness, and kindness of disposition, and none who know him doubt his sincerity or earnestness as a Christian. The remarkable way in which by the force of his own example and conduct he has led his people forward in the pathway of enlightened Christian progress furnishes striking evidence of this.

WHAT MRS. HEPBURN SAYS.

The best and most recent testimony to his character is to be found in Mrs. Hepburn's tribute to her friend in the few pages she has added to the letters of her husband in "Twenty Years in Khama's Country." She says:—

I know no other interior chief who has even *attempted* the half that Khama has *accomplished* in the advancing of his people towards the goal of civilisation. He has not only stopped the introduction of brandy into his country, but he has stopped his people from making their own native beer. He has not only put an end to rain-making, and introduced Christian services in its place, but he has put his foot down firmly upon their time-honoured ceremony of circumcision. He has not only made a law against the purchase of slaves (Masarwa or Bushmen), and declared himself the Bushman's friend, but he has abolished *bugadi*, or the purchase of wives by cattle, and introduced the law of marriage from free choice, at an age when young men and young women are capable of forming such an attachment intelligently. Out of the ruins of anarchy, lawlessness, and general disorder he has been building up law, order, and stability. His people are living in peace, his fields are laden with corn, the white man's home is as sacred as in his own country, and a purer morality is growing up from day to day.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since Khama and I became friends. We were with him—my husband and I—through these long years, in sorrow and joy; through times of famine and of plenty; through the miseries of war, and in the quietude of peace and prosperity. We have tasted persecution together; and together have been permitted to see the desert rejoicing and blossoming as the rose, under the good hand of our God upon us. But more than this; for months at a time, while my husband was visiting the Lake Ngami people, have I been left with my children, under Khama's sole protection and guardianship; and no brother could have cared for us more thoughtfully and kindly. During these absences of his missionary I have often had to assist the chief, interpreting and corresponding for him, etc., and advising him in any difficulties which might arise. And in all our intercourse I can most gratefully say that he was to me always a true Christian gentleman in word and deed. No one now living knows "Khama the Good" as I know him. Did they do so they could but honour and trust him as I do from my heart.

HOW HE HELPED IN MASHONALAND.

Khama proved an invaluable ally when the first advance was made into Mashonaland. Mr. Selous says:—

It is my belief that, had not Khama come to our assistance, not a coloured boy would have crossed the Tuli, and the expedition in that case would have been most lamentably crippled. I have never yet seen Khama's aid acknowledged or even referred to, and I therefore take this opportunity of stating that, in my opinion, he, by his hearty co-operation in every way, and whenever called upon with the leaders of the expedition to Mashonaland, not only rendered incalculable services to the British South Africa Company, but earned the gratitude of all Englishmen who are interested in British expansion in South Africa.

The two hundred "boys" whom Khama sent to assist the pioneer expedition, under the command of his brother, Radi-Kladi, were employed by Mr. Selous in a variety of capacities, and it was largely their help that enabled the pioneer column to make its rapid march from the Tuli through the belt of bush country to the Mashonaland plateau, where Lobengula recognised that it would be folly for him to attempt an attack.

A FAITHFUL ALLY AGAINST LOBENGULA.

When the time had fully come for the extinction of the murderous slaughter-machine which Lobengula directed from Buluwayo, Khama sent a mounted force to co-operate with the British expedition. After helping to win the first victories, Khama suddenly recalled his men. Hence, when Mr. Rhodes visited Palapye in the first flush of victory, he bitterly reproached Khama and his fighting indunas for deserting Major Goold-Adams. Khama, when subsequently questioned on the subject by an interviewer, replied:—

"No, I do not want to speak about that, because, since then, Mr. Rhodes has asked me to forgive him for words which he said when he was misinformed, and I cannot go back on what I have already forgotten."

Mr. Chamberlain, who never forgives and never forgets, might with advantage take a lesson from his dusky visitor—the first reigning chief, I believe, whom he has received at the Colonial Office.

HIS DIFFERENCE WITH MR. RHODES.

The story about the disagreement is very simple. The first Matabele war was a joint stock affair, waged, in part, by the Imperial troops under Major Goold-Adams, and in part by the troops of the Chartered Company, recruited chiefly from old frontiersmen used to bush fighting and inured to the wiles of the Matabele. Khama was asked to send his fighting men to the northern frontier of his territory to support the advance of the Goold-Adams column. This was all that he was asked to do, and this was all he undertook to do. When he reached the rendezvous, Major Goold-Adams insisted upon his accompanying his troops in the invasion of Matabeleland. Khama consented, and his tribesmen rendered yeoman's service in all the operations of the Goold-Adams column until the so-called first Matabele war ended. His scouts were twenty-four hours in advance of the Imperial scouts. They sent him word that all fighting was over, that the Matabele had fled northward, and that Dr. Jamieson and his men were advancing on Buluwayo. This being the case, Khama said the war was over. He was wanted at home, and so were his men. Besides, there were other reasons, of a domestic or tribal nature, which demanded his return, and as the war was over, he was going back. Major Goold-Adams objected to this desertion. He said he had no information justifying the statement made by Khama. "I cannot help it if your

men are slow," said Khama. "I know it is true. I believe my men, as you believe yours. I am going home," and home he went, much to the indignation of Major Goold-Adams, an indignation which lasted just twenty-four hours, for at the close of that time the Imperial scouts brought in confirmation of Khama's news. The report of Khama's "desertion" had, however, got twenty-four hours' start, and as the truth is proverbially much slower than falsehood, the contradiction did not overtake the original story for many days. Mr. Rhodes was under a false impression when he reached Palapye, and being a man who speaks his mind when his indignation is hot within him, he "gave it to Khama" pretty hotly when he spoke in the khotla of his capital on his return from the seat of war. As a result the great white man and the great black man were for a few months on terms which were the reverse of friendly. After a time, however, Dr. Jamieson came to Palapye with a message from Mr. Rhodes. The great white man assured the great black man that the censure spoken in the khotla was due to a misapprehension. His words were due to a lack of knowledge of the facts—facts which were at the time known to neither Dr. Jamieson nor Mr. Rhodes. Khama, who is a magnanimous nature, accepted the explanation with quiet dignity. "If the words were so spoken," he said, "it is enough; I have already forgotten them."

IV.—KHAMA'S MISSION.

Armfield's Hotel, South Place, Finsbury, the headquarters of Khama during his sojourn in London, stands almost immediately opposite the famous chapel where first Mr. W. J. Fox and then Mr. Moncure D. Conway endeavoured to popularise a religion of humanity in which equal honour was paid to all theologies and all the founders of the creeds not only of Christendom but of the world.

Khama, whom I had the privilege of meeting at Armfield's, in personal appearance is dignified, although not imposing. His figure is tall and slightly aslant, reminding one at first of Abraham Lincoln; but the resemblance does not extend to the features. His countenance is anything but what we associate with the word African. The skin, of course, is dark, but there is neither the flattened nose nor the broad lips nor the bloodshot eyes, which are often the distinctive characteristics of the South African. His hair is very scant and gray and grizzled. His personal address is pleasing, without being effusive, but his knowledge of English being limited to a very few words, it is difficult for any one to form any clear idea of his manners and mode of speech, unless he had previously acquired a knowledge of Khama's tongue.

KHAMA'S STRENGTH.

Perhaps the most notable feature of Khama is the extent to which he succeeds in impressing those who visit him with his superiority. One who knew him well states that "the odd thing about Khama is that all who meet him seem to find that he excels in whatever department they are interested in. The hunter finds that Khama is the greatest of all sportsmen, a veritable Nimrod. The missionary declares that he is one of the holiest of saints. The politician finds him a statesman of the first rank, etc. In reality, Khama is none of these things. He is a thoroughly good man, honest and painstaking, self-possessed and resolute. These qualities are so rarely to be found in native chiefs that it is not very surprising that the man should have become a semi-legendary figure. For instance, take the story that

is frequently put about his preaching to his tribe on Sundays. Khama is not a preacher. Sometimes he is called upon, like any other man of his tribe, to testify in the prayer-meeting, but he is not a fluent speaker, and a sermon he has never made in his life. It has fallen to his lot to make announcements, explaining certain positions he has taken, and to set forth the reasons for his steps, but beyond this he has never gone. As a hunter he is—or was, in his younger days—above the average of his tribe, and as a statesman he is honest, straightforward and courageous."

HIS GOOD-HEARTEDNESS.

Khama is a good-hearted man, with a great sense of his personal obligations to individuals. This, indeed, is developed to such an extent as to blind him to his paramount obligation to his people. "Why did he not kill Sekhome?" said I, in a long and interesting conversation which I had with Mr. Willoughby at Armfield's Hotel. "It always seemed to me that it was one of the greatest blunders of his career."

"Because," said Mr. Willoughby, "Sekhome was his father and Khamani was his brother. Both of their lives were forfeited over and over again. According to native laws or according to rules which prevail in more civilised communities, Sekhome ought to have been executed. The tribe expected it. Had Sekhome succeeded, he would certainly have executed Khama; but to all representations as to the obvious political necessity of executing the old chief Khama replied by simply stating, 'Sekhome is my father.'"

"Therefore," I said, "the filial obligations of Khama overrode the much more serious obligations which he owed to the tribe of Bamaungwato?"

"But," said Mr. Willoughby, "Khama could not see it in that light. Nothing could induce him to execute his father."

Nor, indeed, will he deal out justice to his brother. Only the other day he gave Khamani one of the best patches of land in the whole country. Khamani, who had been a rebel, and who had sought his brother's life, came in professing penitence and begging forgiveness. Khama withheld his reply for some time, and then settled him on this fertile tract. "Do you think it was wise," Khama was asked, "from the point of view of the tribe?" "I don't know," said Khama; "I have thought of that, but Khamani is my brother. He is drinking himself to death, and I must do for him whatever I can."

This amiable feature in Khama's character may yet cost the tribe dear. He may, however, declare that policy should be judged by its fruits, and on the whole he has not come off badly, notwithstanding his subordination of political exigencies to family affection.

WHAT KHAMA WANTS.

It is not as yet officially stated what it is that Khama has come to this country to seek. Unofficially and informally, it is understood that Khama desires to save his country from being placed under the government of the British South African Chartered Company. Khama offered his country outright to Sir Charles Warren, in the hope that it might be governed by representatives of the Colonial Office. This was rejected; and afterwards an entirely different arrangement, which he did not approve of, but which he acquiesced in, was made as a temporary settlement of the question. By this arrangement, Bechuanaland became a British Protectorate, the southern half of it being more directly controlled by the British Administrator than the northern part. Now, however, Mr. Rhodes proposes to annex South Bechuana-

land to the Cape Colony, and to hand over the northern part of the Protectorate, including Khama's country, to the Chartered Company, which for practical purposes means three men: Mr. Rhodes, of Cape Town, Dr. Jamieson of Matabeleland, and Mr. Colenbrander, administrator of native affairs. Khama and his tribe do not wish to be transferred from the Imperial administration to the direct rule of the Chartered Company.

ONLY THE STATUS QUO.

There is no personal quarrel between Khama and Mr. Rhodes, but the administration of the Chartered Company in Matabeleland has been too recently established, and is yet too much tainted with the corollaries of the war, to commend itself to the Bamangwato. Besides, natives are naturally conservative. Even Khama, who may be regarded as their most progressive chief, objects to radical reform in certain directions, and he shrinks from annexation. He has become accustomed to the present system. He does not ask for anything except that he should be let alone, and that Dr. Jamieson and Mr. Colenbrander should have a longer time to prove their capacity to manage native tribes before they are allowed to interfere with the Bamangwato. Dr. Jamieson may be one of the best of men, as he is certainly one of the ablest, but his worst enemy will admit that he is not the type of man to commend himself to a chief like Khama, who is the bright and shining convert of the London Missionary Society. Mr. Colenbrander appears to be a gentleman whose ideas of natives are, to put it mildly, not founded on the Golden Rule so much invoked at Exeter Hall. The natives, in the eyes of Mr. Colenbrander's school, are not spoken of as men and brothers, but rather as matter in the wrong place, which it is devoutly hoped a beneficent Providence will cause to disappear. To put it plainly, Khama has no objection to Mr. Rhodes. He does distrust Dr. Jamieson and Mr. Colenbrander. Nor can any one look at facts even from this distance and doubt that he has a *prima facie* case for objecting to hand over his tribe to these gentlemen, who have at present their hands full, and of whose administration in Matabeleland the refugees at Palapye do not speak too favourably. It will be interesting to see how Mr. Chamberlain deals with the question of Khama. At the interview with Khama the Colonial Secretary listened attentively, and showed a desire to grasp the chief points in the case, but refrained from expressing any opinion on the subject.

"WHY CANNOT YOU LET IT ALONE?"

No doubt Mr. Rhodes has powerful reasons, financial and political, for desiring to carry out his project. But considering all things, especially considering that the British public has its qualms of conscience, and would like dearly to put some salve upon the sore place by saving Khama from what he evidently dreads, it seems to me he would do well to remember the old adage, Safely but slow, they stumble who run fast. There is no hurry about the matter. Dr. Jamieson has his hands full at present. Khama has got on very well these last five years with his own people, and there is no visible reason why the *status quo* should not be prolonged for five more years. In the year 1900, if Dr. Jamieson has settled and governed Matabeleland to the satisfaction of every one concerned, the time will be ripe for taking over Khama's country. But meantime it would be a somewhat perilous step that would certainly provoke feelings of hostility at home which, of course, Mr. Rhodes could defy if he pleased, but which a prudent

Minister would avert if he could. A cynical bystander, looking at the position, would be disposed to say to the Dictator of South Africa, "You can do what you like with John Bull so long as you refrain from trampling on his corns. This black chief, Khama, is no doubt a very small corn on John Bull's little toe, but if you tread on it the consequences will not be small. Leave it alone. Dodge the corn if you want to get the shekels." I have no doubt the cynic would be right.

REASONS FOR PAUSE.

Khama represents many things which from old time have been very dear to the British public. He is a standing illustration—probably the best than can be produced—of the capacity of a native chief to acquire Christianity and civilisation through missionary agency. Khama is much more in sympathy with Exeter Hall than is Mr. Rhodes. Khama possesses, indeed, almost every qualification to become an ideal legendary hero of the Missionary Society. I do not say that Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jamieson do any such thing, but the gang of gambling speculators amidst whom they live and move and have their being, sneer at Exeter Hall and the missionary sentiment. Yet if it had not been for Exeter Hall and the work of the missionaries in South Africa, there would have been no South African Company and no northern extension, no, not for many a year yet. The missionaries have laboured, and Mr. Rhodes and the gold boomers have entered into their labours. A great many of our people have regarded this development with profound distrust and misgiving. This sentiment of distrust has just found vigorous expression in Olive Schreiner's manifesto—a trumpet blast which finds a widespread echo at home, outside the Kaffir Circus. Mr. Rhodes would hardly be acting with his usual wisdom if this floating dissatisfaction with what may be regarded as the stock-jobber's régime in South Africa were completely disregarded and Khama were thrust against his will. Khama will not fight, no matter what happens, and even if he did, he could be wiped out without difficulty. But Khama can appeal to a sentiment which, however much the new nabobs of De Beers and the Randt may despise it, is occasionally capable of blazing up and paralysing everything. The Achilles' heel of our South African empire is its financial basis. Even Mr. Rhodes' warmest supporters feel that there is too much cause given to those that maintain that, never since the world began, has there been a successful edifice of dominion which bore from its turret to its foundation stone the impress of Mammon. It is in South Africa as it was in Pandemonium—

Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heav'n; for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific.

That is not Mr. Rhodes' fault. It is his misfortune. He has worked with such tools as he found ready to his hand. No man despises money more as an end in itself, no one uses it more constantly as a means to his end.

A PARTING WORD.

Mr. Rhodes is a statesman who has felt himself compelled to materialise his great ideals of empire by the aid of men whose only thought is of dollars and cents. He has constantly, sorely against his better nature, to play to as mean and money-grubbing a gallery as there

exists in the world. At this moment most of the men who back him, do so believing in their heart of hearts that he has no greater object than to drive Charters up to 10, and who for their sake, so long as that be attained, are quite ready to drive Khama and all his tribe to the devil.

But Mr. Rhodes knows that it is not the crowd who shout in the Kaffir Circus, nor the likes of them, who in the long run rule the affairs of the world. And however much he may regret what he will no doubt regard as the

unreasonable interference of the public at home in the execution of plans which they do not understand, he had better let Khama alone for a season. Khama is the one man in the whole of Africa whose case commands the sympathy of a large section of the British public; his claim is moderate, founded on justice and right. And if there be a God who rules among the affairs of men, it does not seem probable that He wishes Mr. Rhodes to sacrifice Khama to the exigencies of political or financial adventure.



THE MISSION CHURCH AT PALAPYE.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD BOOM.

MR. S. F. VAN OSS, who has been out to South Africa, contributes two articles on the results of his investigations, one to the *Nineteenth Century*, and the other to the *Investors' Review*. His paper, which is entitled "The Gold Mining Madness in the City," has the first place in the *Nineteenth Century*. But, although he thinks it is madness, he admits that there is method in it. Mr. Van Oss puts into a brief compass the salient facts which will enable the general public to understand the cause for this extraordinary boom. In the Randt in the Transvaal there are fifty miles of gold reef of extraordinary richness:—

Dr. Schmeisser and Mr. Hamilton Smith concur in estimating the value of the gold in this district, down to a depth of about 1,200 feet, at somewhere between £300,000,000 and £350,000,000.

Besides this enormous mass of gold, which is regarded as almost within sight, there may be thousands of miles more which have not yet been prospected. Enough, however, is in sight to have called into existence an extraordinary industry. The traveller when approaching to the gold mining region is astonished at the developments of the gold mining works:—

The works, which now directly employ 50,000 native miners and 8,000 Europeans, crush with their 2,700 stamps enough rock to produce over 200,000 ounces of gold a month; and the output of ore is so regular and reliable that there is literally no possibility of disappointment.

The regularity of the gold deposit in the Randt district differentiates it from all other gold-mining localities:—

A ton of ore yields on the average £2 6s. 6d. in gold, to extract which costs only £1 10s. 6d. Hence over one-third of the gold produced is profit.

The improved methods of extracting the gold have made many of the mines profitable which could not otherwise have been worked:—

In the early days no more than 50 per cent. of the gold in the ore could be extracted; at present, with the aid of cyanide of potassium, between 80 and 85 per cent. is gained, and the proportion can before long be increased by another 10 per cent. Coupled with the effects of railway construction this improvement has had remarkable results. In the early days of the industry it did not pay to work ore with less than four ounces of gold to the ton; now five penny-weights suffice in many cases.

These are the facts which underlie the enormous boom which has taken place in all South African shares. Mr. Van Oss, describing the wild gamble which has gone on in mining shares, says:—

Within little more than half a year a condition of timid enterprise has gradually degenerated into a craze for reckless speculation; a huge advance in values has taken place; the aggregate quotation of Witwatersrand shares alone has risen from £30,000,000 last autumn to some £150,000,000 now. A whole mushroom press has sprung up in the City, largely called forth by the fostering sun of company advertising on an unstinted scale; perhaps £25,000 a week is now spent on bringing new mining ventures to the notice of the public. The Stock Exchange is so active that "after hours" huge concourses of people have often obstructed traffic in Throgmorton Street to an extent which necessitated police intervention; the three fortnightly settlement days had to be augmented by one, because it was impossible to crowd all the work within the customary time; many firms of stockbrokers have been forced to double their staff, and to keep their offices open night and day at times.

While admitting that there is good justification for investment in the well known but pitifully managed

mines, he warns the investor that even if three million ounces are produced next year the total profit would not pay more than 2½ per cent. on the present quoted value of the shares in the market. For some time past all the interests have been combined to force up the prices, but sooner or later it will come to be the interest of some of the speculators to play for a fall. Then he fears the market will break. His final warning is as follows:—

These South African shares are largely artificial; though no doubt some shares are quoted at prices which represent their actual and intrinsic worth, the rise has gone so dangerously far now that even the augmented output of next year must fail to offer an adequate interest upon the capital invested. Further, I wish to emphasise the fact that the danger of collapse is especially great in this market, where strained conditions prevail, and where control rules, irresponsible, inscrutable, and all-powerful. Predictions are dangerous, and gloomy forecasts unpleasant to make. But unless this mad "boom" is checked, if it is still possible to check it, there will come a day of *dénouement* which must lead to a collapse so huge that the entire business world will feel the shock.

The article in the *Investors' Review* on "Gold in South Africa" is interesting, lucid, and apparently very carefully written. Mr. Van Oss has studied the country carefully on the spot, and, as might be expected from the fact that he is allowed to write in the *Investors' Review*, his judgment is anything but optimistic. I say nothing as to his estimate of the mineral wealth of the country; but I must quote his general conclusion, which is that, whether English, Boer, or Portuguese, all the Governments in South Africa appear to be rotten to the core. He says:—

What has struck me most in South Africa, and hurt most as a journalist, is the widespread, or rather common corruption of the Press, especially in the Transvaal. All papers in that country, except, as far as I know, two, are paid by and subservient to some clique or other, be it the Rhodes' interest, or Kruger's, or Robinson's, or Ecksteins'; the two are the *Johannesburg Critic*, which has just started an offshoot in London, and the *Transvaal Advertiser* of Pretoria. In the Free State and the Cape and Natal it is much the same, and throughout South Africa newspapers are, like railways, the weapons in a gigantic struggle, full of cunning and intrigue. The next thing which deserves attention is the widespread corruption of the Boer Government. It has created a ruinous series of monopolies, ranging from spirits to dynamite, and a disgusting trafficking is continually going on for the Government's favours. Next come the rotten principles of Cape internal politics. These, I am glad to see, have just been taken in hand by Mrs. Olive Schreiner.

THE autumn number of the *Cheltenham Ladies' College Magazine* publishes a brief autobiographical sketch of Marshal MacDermott of Adelaide.

THE Italian translation of "If Christ Came to Chicago," which has just been completed by Agostino della Corte, will be published shortly. The first edition will consist of 2,000 copies. It is curious that the translator thinks the last chapter—which, as he says, is entirely religious—had better be left out in the translation for fear of bringing down upon the book the anathemas of the Roman authorities. At the same time from America I have received urgent representations pleading for the omission of the references to the Roman Catholic Church and the A.P.A. Association in other parts of the book; because, it is alleged, they are much too favourable to the Roman Church.

THE CIVILISING OF ENGLAND.

AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN OBSERVER.

THE editor of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* has been visiting England this year, and in his notes from the Editor's Study he gives our American cousins quite a charming picture of the improvement which he has found in the Old Country. English people, he thinks, do not notice the change which is going on so much as the cursory visitor. He says:—

To the infrequent visitor the changes in England in the last quarter of a century in this matter of civilisation, and, let me add, sophistication, are striking.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

He then proceeds to explain that when he says England is—

becoming civilised I mean that she is increasing in the knowledge and the graces of life, in that which goes to pleasantness and refined enjoyment, as distinguished from coarseness and brutality, and I do not speak of the stalwart forces of civilisation which transformed the world in Cromwell's time. All the English writers have said that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly (in contrast with the Italians), and all English history, moral as well as civic, shows a strain of vulgar brutality in what they are pleased to call the enjoyment of life. What I wish to say is that England is changing in both these respects. There is a visible increase of gaiety, and there is less brutality in sports and social pleasures. Everybody, from the Cabinet Minister to the humblest clerk, from the rich merchant to the poorest workman, plays some sort of outdoor game, or indulges, in some weeks of the year, in a sporting holiday. I have a fancy, founded on some observations, that the English public generally know how to enjoy a holiday better than we do, and it is certain that the English of late years, notwithstanding the drawback of their climate, have increased their capacity for enjoying holidays, and with less boisterousness. A test of civilisation in this direction is a visit to Ascot or to Henley for the annual races and regattas. I do not speak now of the admirable order in both places, of the facilities for transporting and handling great crowds of people without confusion and without discomfort, or of the police regulations which give the maximum of freedom to all with the minimum of personal interference, but of the temper and behaviour of the pleasure-seekers. Here is the reign of order, and yet the utmost individual freedom of playfulness. This is civilised amusement.

IN PRAISE OF LONDON.

All that is very good, but he is even more enthusiastic when he comes to describe London, which from being a great wen has been transformed into one of the most beautiful cities of the world. He says:—

The appearance of London itself is a note in the increase of amenity and agreeableness in England. It is certainly a brighter and pleasanter city than it was twenty-five years ago. Window gardening has done as much as anything else to change the aspect of London. It has given the needed colour to the otherwise gloomy houses, and has transformed many of the streets into highways of beauty. London has also been cultivating its small parks and public flower gardens, and in almost every quarter the eye is pleased with greenery and bloom. The great amount of life in the streets and the gay apparel, with the flowers in the windows and the bloom in arches and courts, make London in the summer the handsomest and most interesting city in the world.

THE CENTRE OF THE LIFE OF THE WORLD.

But although we are beautiful, beauty is one of the least of our attractions. The editor says:—

I intended to speak in these paragraphs only of the increased beauty and pleasantness of London to the eye, and the order and discipline of its management, as evidences of its civilised condition. As a place of temporary sojourn its other attractions are quite as remarkable. It is really the

centre of the life of the world. It has in it, in the season more people and more things that one would like to see than any other locality on the globe. Everybody can be at home there, and whatever his tastes or his pursuits, everybody can find there the things that interest him most—collections, artistic and scientific, societies, galleries, amusements (though the theatres and operas are as good elsewhere, and in some places superior), fads, eccentricities, specimens of all races, all customs, all superstitions. With all its insular tone, London is hospitable to all the world.

In proof of this, he mentions with surprise the fact that patriotic Americans were allowed to celebrate the Fourth of July in London without any notice being taken of the fact. If he had had his eyes a little wider open, he would have found a mixed assemblage of Englishmen and Americans at Browning Hall celebrating the Fourth of July as a distinctively English festival. The editor's political observations are not very many, but there is one which is somewhat profound.

CONTENT AND INDEPENDENCE.

He went about the country a great deal during the General Election, and he was immensely struck by the absence of the feeling of equality, and the excellent results which followed therefrom:—

The feeling of equality being absent, there is little social envy and bitterness. Envy and bitterness no doubt exist among the more enlightened, but I was struck with their absence in the people at large. There is not so much reverence for rank and privilege as formerly, but there is general content with condition, which there is not in the United States, and there is not in France, and there never can be where equality prevails. Whether content with condition be a good state or not, and however strong an ally it may be to the conservatism that resists progress, it undoubtedly works for social stability. I cannot conceive England ever plunged into a French Revolution. To an American, this subserviency of classes, of every class to the one socially above it, is the most noticeable phenomenon in England. And yet it is accompanied by a great deal of sturdy independence within the prescribed sphere. There is the universal consciousness in the breast of every Englishman that an Englishman is better than anybody else.

It is to be feared that the writing of this present article is likely to confirm this conviction—born in every English breast—as to the superiority of the Englishman to every one else in the world.

In Praise of Russian Women.

IN the *Humanitarian*, the Countess Anna Kapriste, writing on "The Position of Russian Women," says a great deal to their credit:—

As compared with the women of other European countries, Russian women work more and weep less, they love and they hate in perhaps greater intensity, they marry with more deliberation, they abide by their choice more firmly, they exalt their mission of motherhood more highly, and on the bearing and rearing of their children they lavish all their energies of mind and body. To have strong and healthy children, sons strong as lion's whelps, and daughters flawless as doves, is the primary ambition of every normal Russian woman, and in the upper and educated classes of society she often chooses her husband (when she has the choice), not from passion, not from love, not for place or riches, or power, but with an eye to this purpose solely—"Will he make a good father of my children?"

She speaks equally favourably as to the political and social position of her countrywomen. She says:—

In conclusion, I should like again to aver that the lot of a Russian woman is a happy one, whatever may be her class. Comparisons are odious, but if we compare the actual position, I should say that on the whole the position of Russian women was better than that of English women, and their influence, politically and socially, was greater.

HOW WE MAY LOSE INDIA;

OR, OUR REAL DANGER IN THE EAST.

"PRIDE goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," is the text from which Rev. William Bonnar, in the *Contemporary Review* for October, preaches a very impressive sermon under the title of "The English in India." I do not know who Mr. Bonnar is, but he writes as one having knowledge of his facts, and he speaks with authority, and not as one of the scribes who discuss what other men have seen without personal knowledge of their own. The gist of what Mr. Bonnar has to tell us we have heard more or less definitely from many other witnesses, although few have spoken so clearly and with such emphasis. What Mr. Bonnar says is that we shall lose India, if we do lose it, not because of any invasion from Russia or from any attack from without, but from the inherent and apparently ineradicable fault of our own people, namely, their unsufferable insolence and the infernal "side" which they put on in all their dealings with the natives.

THE CAUSE OF NATIVE DISCONTENT.

Mr. Bonnar says:—

In spite of all that England has done in India since the time of the Mutiny, her rule there has been in one very essential point a signal failure. Peace there is, and progress too, but contentment there is not.

Nor has Mr. Bonnar any difficulty in laying his finger upon the cause why the Hindoo is discontented:—

The root and source of this estrangement of the races is the cold reserve and unreasonable pride of the Englishman. He holds himself haughtily aloof from the native, or rudely drives him away; and all the exuberance of feeling which the native naturally shows to his lord and master has been chilled and repressed. During the past thirty years this alienation has widened and deepened very perceptibly, and just in proportion as England and India have been drawn closer together.

GROWING WORSE INSTEAD OF BETTER.

This is bad enough, but what is worse is that Mr. Bonnar does not see any hope of improvement. He says:—

I do not think that there is any chance of a better state of feeling growing up, unless the English at home begin to take a livelier and more active interest in all things Indian. The chances at present are quite the other way; the state of feeling now is less satisfactory than it was twenty or thirty years ago. Indeed, I speak only the sober truth when I say that the estrangement of the ruling and the ruled has become alarming, and is year by year being more and more forced upon the attention of observant and thoughtful men, both European and native.

That there should be estrangement is not surprising, if the statements which he made can be accepted as authentic. Fortunately two of his anecdotes admittedly refer to twenty or twenty-five years ago, but they are bad enough then. Here is one:—

More than twenty years ago, I remember, all the cultivators of a certain village came more than a hundred miles to lay their grievance before the British Political Officer, and he kept them lying outside his gate for a week before he would allow them even to present their petition. A very deep and lasting impression of the Great *Sarkar* these poor villagers carried away with them! It is very unfortunate that the rôle of "high and mighty" is so often played by the Political Department in India.

ANGLO-INDIAN DEVILRY.

That is bad, but there is worse to follow:—

I have known the Political Representative of the Indian Government in a native State go even as far as to order his *chuprassies* "to tie" up two ignorant villagers and give them

each "a dozen" for having passed him without duly acknowledging his presence. That occurred in 1871, and was, I gladly admit, an extreme case. Not so very long ago I heard a civil surgeon gaily tell at a mess-dinner how the other day he had felt constrained to teach a native somewhat forcibly his respectful duty to the "Ruling Race." The "nigger," as he put it, had his whiskers and beard tied up—as all natives like to have them when travelling—when he met him on a country road. The doctor pulled him up and demanded to know why he had not undone his face-cloth when he saw a *Sahib* coming. Then suddenly remembering that he had a pair of forceps in his pocket, he dismounted, and taking the poor man's head under his powerful arm, extracted two of his teeth, saying, "Now tie up your mouth, my man. You have some excuse now." That is how some of us try to teach the poor natives to be loyal!

BOYCOTTING THE NATIVES.

Mr. Bonnar then caps this story by an anecdote told him by a friend in the Political service who had met one of the most enlightened and public spirited of the native princes at Poonah, and invited him to dine with him at the mess. He was promptly told that no black man could be allowed to dine at the English mess. But, said Mr. Bonnar's friend, he has been received by the Queen, he has dined with the Prince of Wales, and is quite a pet in English society. That may be, was the reply, but no black man shall dine in our mess. Mr. Bonnar says he is convinced:—

that the meddling and dictatorial tone of our Foreign Office generally, and of our residents and political agents particularly, towards the native princes and nobles of India has robbed the Indian Government of all chance of becoming popular in native States. The English officer—civil and military—in India is not in touch, and is altogether out of sympathy, with the native.

THE ONE BRIGHT EXCEPTION.

There is one bright tint in this gloomy picture when Mr. Bonnar comes to speak of the astonishing impression produced on native opinion by the viceroyalty of Lord Ripon. He says:—

Here I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to the noble example set by the Marquis of Ripon while he was Governor-General. By his affability and unflinching courtesy to natives of all ranks, and by his manifest sympathy with them in their higher aspirations, he so won the hearts of the people, that when he came to lay down his high office and return to this country, he received an ovation such as no Viceroy had ever dreamt of. The Calcutta correspondent of the *London Times*, who may be regarded as representative of Anglo-Indians wholly out of touch with the natives, summed up the general effect of that unprecedented display of enthusiastic loyalty in these pregnant words—"We are utterly astounded." . . . I remember about that time asking a native friend of mine—a very near relative of one of the Princes of India, and whom the Government has more than once selected for special diplomatic service—what he thought of the Marquis of Ripon. Pausing for a few moments, he replied, "Well, my candid opinion is that if the Queen of England were to send a succession of such Viceroys to India, she might withdraw every red-coated soldier from the country, as there would be no need for them."

In contrast to the Rev. W. Bonnar's Cassandra-like warnings as to the unpopularity of our rule in India, take the following sentence with which Lord Brassey concludes his paper in the *Nineteenth Century*, on the closing of the Indian mints:—

I can only add that, having recently had the opportunity of visiting India, and having been brought into contact with representatives of all classes and races, I have come away full of grateful feelings, full of admiration for the work achieved under British rule, and with a deep and abiding interest in everything that concerns the good government of India and the happiness of its vast and interesting population.

ARMENIA AND RUSSIA.

THE CRUX OF THE WHOLE BUSINESS.

MR. WALTER B. HARRIS writes an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* which is entitled "An Unbiased View of the Armenian Question." Mr. Harris has travelled in Armenia and is in no way inclined to deny that the Turks have behaved brutally and atrociously in their dealings with the Armenians. But Mr. Harris lays his finger on a point which weighs with a good many people, and which I confess weighs with me to an extent which has brought down upon my head vehement remonstrances from some much esteemed correspondents. I have always maintained that, looking at the question practically, there is no means of establishing law and order in Armenia short of giving the Russians a commission to occupy and administer the country, as Austria occupied and administered Bosnia. But against this the Armenians and their spokesmen in this country shriek indignantly with one accord. They maintain that they will never, never, never consent to pass under the yoke of the Tsar, and that they prefer to remain under the sovereignty of the Sultan, with a chance of securing their autonomy under a European Commission, rather than accept immediate redress from the Russians. Clearly if this be the deliberate conviction of the Armenians, it would imply that their present condition is by no means so intolerable as the recorded facts would lead us to imagine. Mr. Harris puts this point very clearly. He says:—

Let us look for a moment at the condition of the Armenians in Russia. There the Gregorian Church is still untouched, though that of the Georgians has long ago been swallowed up in the national religion of the country. Armenian schools flourish in every part; their worship is freely allowed; the dignitaries of their Church are chosen by the Armenians and appointed by the Emperor himself, who has never been known to object to the Catholics elected by the people. In fact, they are allowed every religious and civil privilege, with the exception that children of mixed marriages shall be brought up in the Orthodox Church. Under the just rule of Russia the Armenian flourishes: all the petty offices, and many of the higher ones, in the Government of Transcaucasia are held by them; in trade they have ruined the less crafty Russian; and Southern Russia to-day is an Armenian province. But ask the agitators whether they desire that the plateau of Asia Minor should fall under Russian rule, and what will they tell you? That they prefer Turkey to Russia. Astonishing as this reply is, it is heard throughout all the East wherever Armenians are found: and why is this?

A CYNICAL SUGGESTION.

Up to this point in associating myself with Mr. Harris, it seems to me that he has stated the case with accuracy, and I pause for a reply. Meantime I will quote what Mr. Harris says is the reason for this, although by no means associating myself with his explanation:—

Because if Russia held Armenia, there would only be opportunities for the agitators and their friends to gain an honest livelihood by their labours or their efficiency, whereas what they are desirous of doing is to form a free and autonomous Armenia, in which their own personal enrichment and aggrandisement would take the place of patriotism and the welfare of their country. If you think that the Armenians are patriotic or sincere as a people, you are mistaken. At Echmiazin, the religious centre of the Armenians, one of the highest of the dignitaries of the Gregorian Church, spoke the following words to me:—"We love England," he said. "After Armenia we love her best of all. We pray for her every day, and many times a day. *She is so rich.*" In these ingenuous words you have the whole key-note of the Armenian policy, the whole character of her people—love of power and wealth. In an autonomous Armenia there would be every opportunity for the agitators to practise their powers of intrigue, a gentle art in which they excel. In a Russian Armenia intrigue means

Siberia—at least, such intrigue as the Armenian loves to indulge in. No! the Armenian agitators and political aspirants with whom I came in contact in Southern Russia and in Persia, hovering about the frontiers, but careful never to run their necks into danger, one and all told me that they preferred Turkish to Russian rule, and that their war-cry was "Autonomy!"

This is probably unjust; but so long as the Armenians manifest such insuperable objections to accept relief from the hands of the Russians, many people will question whether their sufferings from the hands of the Turks are as intense as they certainly appear to be from the undisputed facts. It is the more to be regretted that the Armenians are taking this line, because there is every reason to think the Russians would refuse to have them at a gift. If England would only offer Armenia to Russia and the Armenians would agree to be handed over, Russia would probably refuse to accept them. Then we could work for a European commission with a much clearer conscience than we do at present.

In Praise of the Commander-in-Chief.

MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* on "Advancement in the Army," tarries by the way for a moment to say what he thinks of Lord Wolseley:—

The new Commander-in-Chief will, no doubt, be invested with large powers, and will not shrink from using them. Not the least hopeful of the many anticipations encouraged by Lord Wolseley's appointment is that he will undertake to select, and this in the most fearless, independent manner. He has the courage of his opinions, and withal the strongest sense of duty, with a gift of penetration into character which amounts to genius. The best proof of this, if proof were needed, has been his unerring choice of his lieutenants and assistants throughout his distinguished career. The best men in the army, the most noted, many who have since risen to great distinction, made their first mark on Lord Wolseley's staff or under his orders. There was at one time a very erroneous impression abroad, and it has indeed been revived recently, that Lord Wolseley was the centre of a narrow clique, the so-called "Ring," which monopolised the good things of the profession, and outside which no one, however capable, could hope to make his way. If clique there was it embraced the whole army; the ring was a wide, ever-widening circle, which drew constantly within it the choicest spirits of the service. Nothing is more certain than that Lord Wolseley has always been keenly on the look out for the best ability, has been prompt to recognise, eager to utilise it, not for himself alone, but in the best interests of the State. Another mistaken idea is that the new Commander-in-Chief is not in touch, not in close sympathy with the army at large. No one knows it better, more intimately, has clearer ideas of what is best for it, a deeper and more abiding affection for it and for his comrades of all ranks, high and low. Any doubt on this head has been completely removed during the period of his Irish command, now approaching its close. Lord Wolseley has shown in the most substantial manner that he is before everything the soldier's friend. Officers generally have found, possibly to their surprise, that his knowledge of them is much deeper than a passing acquaintance, and none who are worth it, none who are keen and capable, will fail to be duly appreciated by him.

LORD ROSEBERY is the subject of a character sketch in the September *Deutsche Revue*.

A new college magazine is the *Ampleforth Journal*. Ampleforth College is a Catholic boys' school at York.

MR. KIDD's book continues to occupy the attention of thoughtful reviewers. Mr. L. P. Jacks, of Birmingham, contributes to the *New World* for September an article entitled "The Larger Issues of Mr. Kidd's Position."

REUNION DAY: WHAT SHALL IT BE?

JULY 4TH OR SEPTEMBER 3RD?

THE suggestion made in the last number of the REVIEW, that the Fourth of July should be adopted by Great Britain as the day for celebrating the *fête* of the reunion of the English-speaking race, has been much discussed.

There was, of course, the inevitable objection that Britons would not stomach the Fourth of July, although it is admitted that no day falls more conveniently for such a popular *fête*. By way of turning this objection, one ingenious correspondent has discovered that the Fourth of July was a great date in English history more than a hundred years before it became famous as the day of the declaration of American independence. His letter runs thus:—

Appropos of your suggestion in the last issue of the REVIEW of REVIEWS to make the 4th day of July a *fête* day common to the Anglo-Saxon race, the following extract from a MS. play—"Oliver Cromwell"—indicates a reason from British history for selection of that day. In the play Cromwell has just dissolved the Long Parliament, and, turning to his friends Harrison and St. John, he says:—

"Disburthen us of that power. Call a council of officers and others and consult who shall be summoned to Parliament, so that no delay occur.

"St. John: Will your Excellency name a day?

"Cromwell: My fortunate day of Dunbar and Worcester. Nay, that is too distant; July three months hence. We can make that day memorable to all time. England's first free Parliament of the people shall meet on the 4th day of July.

"St. John: The 4th day of July."

On this day—4th July, 1653—Cromwell met his first Parliament, and his speech on that occasion is as remarkable a "Declaration of Independence" as that later and more widely known one of 1776, for which it paved the way, and made a possibility, if, indeed, it was not directly the parent.

Cromwell's inaugural address, delivered July 4th, 1653, to the first of his Parliaments, may be read with advantage to-day. Of all known Fourth of July orations extant it is about the best. Not eloquent, according to the stump-orator standard, but full of a glowing sincerity and a manifest conviction in the reality of the providential mission of the English-speaking race which renders it very appropriate for Reunion Day. Certainly, there is little or nothing in it that would not be as useful—when the temporary and local element is removed—if it were read in the United States or in any British colony, as in England itself. The root of the matter was in Oliver, and his speech is instinct with the truest and most sagacious statesmanship.

But, plump on the top of this vindication of the Fourth of July on account of its Cromwellian associations, comes a letter from another correspondent, who recommends the adoption of Cromwell's own day—the third of September:—

"The day of double victory and death

Which saw him win two realms and happier yield his breath."

And what makes this suggestion all the more interesting is that it is not put forward because the third of September was Cromwell's day, but because it was on the third of September on which the treaty was signed by which Britain recognised the independence of the United States. My correspondent says:—

The "Fourth of July" is a great day which all English-speaking people may yet learn genuinely to honour, and which hosts of us do already honour at least with our sympathy. But, in asking the people of this country to deliberately adopt that particular day as the chief English *fête*-day of the year, there is, in spite of all that can be said in favour of the idea, and which I, personally, thoroughly appreciate, something

unpleasantly and even obtrusively artificial, obsequious, almost truckling, toadying, leek-eating about it, that I am afraid it will not generally commend itself to honest John Bull, who abominates affectation, and even Jonathan would only admire it with his tongue in his cheek. For an Englishman—for every living Englishman—to celebrate not only courteously, but heartily and ungrudgingly, the Fourth of July with American friends is one thing, and to adopt it as his own national *fête*-day is quite another.

I therefore venture to propose another day, which will nevertheless have reference (as, of course, is desired) to the great Anglo-Saxon rupture, viz., the third day of September. On the Fourth of July the great English Colonies flung defiance in the face of the Parent-land (justly, no doubt), and inaugurated not only a bitter fratricidal war, but a long century of unfraternal severance, during which brothers became and continued mutually "foreigners"; and hosts of worthy people, untravelling Pilgrim-fathers, on this side of the Atlantic, who had no real part in the quarrel, nor ever truly sanctioned it, were deprived of their birthright of brotherly love and help and sympathy. On the third of September, 1783, the King and Government of these realms, accompanied with the acclamations and rejoicings of the people on both sides of the ocean, acknowledged the Independence which had been claimed on the Fourth of July, and made peace with all the countries that had been involved in the great controversy. That is to say, on that day first, the parent-country of all these world-circling colonies accepted the severe lesson which countless other parents have found similar difficulty in learning, and acknowledged that her stalwart firstborn had reached majority and man's estate, and could no longer brook unreasoning dictation. (Hitherto, by the way, the said stalwart son has rather forgotten that it was, after all, a reverend and very noble parent who committed this serious but natural mistake.)

If there is to be a Reunion Day (and may a reconciling Heaven send it!) then the first public step in that direction was taken on the third day of September, 1783. It was an act of the central power, prompted not more by the prowess of her revolted sons at Saratoga and Yorktown, than by vehement and at length successful advocacy of colonial claims in England and in the British Parliament. It ought to have ripened ages ago into better fruit than has yet been gathered. Speaking as one individual, but one who loves both countries, I endorse all that the Americans did up to the day that crowned their efforts with success, but I think with shame and with real resentment of the bitter unbrotherliness so cruelly and quite illegitimately fostered in all the long years since. Their second civil war taught them great lessons which, one verily believes, will yet have glorious retrospective influence. English-speaking people have had many terrible but inevitable civil wars—all healed but one!

Do you not think there is something to be said for my suggestion? It selects a new day—it does not in the least interfere with the American Fourth of July—but it so concurs with it and, so to speak, caps it, that Americans may be expected to join heartily in its celebration, and with some warm return of filial sentiment, along with British citizens wherever dwelling; and even governmental people would have no reason to look askance at such a *fête*, seeing that the holiday would celebrate a deliberate act of the Government.

A great deal is to be said for it indeed. September at the beginning is often excellent weather for holiday making, and it is just a month after the last summer Bank Holiday. English Royalists who dislike the memory of Cromwell can easily forget that the treaty of peace was signed on his day. For those of us—who on both sides of the sea constitute an immense majority—to whom Cromwell is the greatest ruler our race ever produced, the coincidence lends an added charm to the proposed Reunion Day, as the day when, to quote Cromwell's own words in his fourth of July speech, "We have rather desired and studied Healing and Looking forward than to rake into sores and to look backward."

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND ITS COROLLARY.

BY CAPTAIN MAHAN.

THERE is no American living whose writings are read with so much attention as those which come from the pen of Captain Mahan, whose books on "The Sea Power in History" have been recognised by naval men throughout the world as classics. Captain Mahan writes in a somewhat three-decker style, but what he says is carefully thought out and judiciously stated. Hence it would be a great mistake if any of our people, especially those who have charge of the navy, the Colonies, or of our foreign policy, were not to read his article in the current number of *Harper*.

UNCLE SAM'S NEW RÔLE.

It is one more warning as to the resolution of the citizens of the United States to abandon their old policy of non-intervention and to assert their right to be suzerain and protector of all the South and Central American Republics. This is a very serious new departure, and one which will entail grave consequences if the effect of its corollaries are not frankly faced by both sides. What adds to the significance of Captain Mahan's paper is, that it is obviously not written with any object of enlightening foreign Powers upon their new relations of the United States. It is addressed throughout to his own countrymen, and assumes as a matter beyond dispute that this decision has been arrived at, in order to lead them on to the next step, namely, the provision of an adequate navy to give effect to their new over-sea obligations.

THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

He begins his paper by pointing out that we are face to face with a new order of things. We see—

a commencing change of conditions, economical and political, throughout the world, with which sea-power, in the broad sense of the phrase, will be closely associated; not, indeed, as the cause, nor even chiefly as a result, but rather as a leading characteristic of activities which shall cease to be mainly internal, and shall occupy themselves with the wider interests that concern the relations of states to the world at large.

In this new era the United States can no longer profess to pursue its traditional policy of non-intervention:—

The United States are not now in a position of insignificance or isolation, political or geographical, in any way resembling the times of Jefferson, and from the changed conditions may result to us a dilemma similar to which confronted him and his supporter. Not only have we grown—that is a detail—but the face of the world is changed, economically and politically. The sea, now as always the great means of communication between nations, is traversed with a rapidity and a certainty that have minimised distances. The world has grown smaller. But, while distances have shortened, they remain for us water-distances, and, however short, for political influence they must in the last resort be traversed by a navy, the only instrument by which the nation can, when emergencies arise, project its power beyond its own shore-line.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

From this Captain Mahan diverges by an easy gradient to point out the significance of the Monroe doctrine:—

It is not as an utterance of passing concern, benevolent or selfish, but because it voiced an enduring principle of necessary self-interest, that the Monroe doctrine has retained its vitality, and has been so easily made to do duty as the expression of intuitive national sensitiveness to occurrences of various kinds in regions beyond the sea. In its first application, it was a confession that danger of European complications did exist, under conditions far less provocative of real European interest than those which now obtain and are continually growing. Its subsequent applications have been many and various, and

the incidents giving rise to them have been increasingly important, culminating up to the present in the growth of the United States to be a great Pacific power, and her probable dependence in the near future upon an Isthmian canal for the freest and most copious intercourse between her two ocean seaboard. In the elasticity and flexibleness with which the dogma has thus accommodated itself to varying conditions, rather than in the strict wording of the original statement, is to be seen the essential characteristic of a living principle—the recognition, namely, that not merely the interests of individual citizens, but the interests of the United States as a nation, are bound up with regions beyond the sea, not part of our own political domain, in which we may, therefore, under some imaginable circumstances, be forced to take action.

POSSIBLE CAUSES OF WAR.

There is not much difficulty in seeing what these circumstances may be under which the United States may be forced to take action, for Captain Mahan tells us—

The force of circumstances has imposed upon her the necessity, recognised with practical unanimity by her people, of insuring to the weaker states of America, although of racial and political antecedents different from her own, freedom to develop politically along their own lines and according to their own capacities, without interference in that respect from governments foreign to these continents. The duty is self-assumed; and resting, as it does, not upon political philanthropy, but simply upon our own proximate interests as affected by such foreign interference, has towards others rather the nature of a right than a duty. It is probably safe to say that an undertaking like that of Great Britain in Egypt, if attempted in this hemisphere by a non-American state, would not be tolerated by us if able to prevent it; but the moral force of our contention might conceivably be weakened, in the view of an opponent, by attendant circumstances, in which case our physical power to support it should be open to no doubt.

MORAL: INCREASE THE NAVY!

Captain Mahan's practical conclusion is, as might be expected, that there is nothing like leather, and the American navy must be increased:—

A navy, therefore, whose primary sphere of action is war, is in the last analysis and from the least misleading point of view a political factor of the utmost importance in international affairs, one more often deterrent than irritant. It is in that light, according to the conditions of the age and of the nation, that it asks and deserves the appreciation of the state, and that it should be developed in proportion to the reasonable possibilities of the political future.

THE SICK MAN OF THE NEW WORLD.

AN AMERICAN ON THE CENTRAL AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

It is not for Great Britain to interfere with the policy which the United States appears to have decided to adopt in its dealings with its Central American neighbours, excepting in so far as it affects our own interests. But a friendly onlooker may say that the American Republic seems to be in danger of imitating one of the worst mistakes which has disgraced English diplomacy for the last half century. Captain Mahan, in the article just noticed, tells us that it is recognised with practical unanimity by the American people that the United States must, even at the risk of war, prevent any interference with the free political development of the Central and Southern American States. This course, he tells us, is taken not because of political philanthropy, but simply because "of our own approximate interests."

WHAT THE NEW POLICY MEANS.

That is to say, the United States of America in the last decade of the nineteenth century is deliberately

adopting in relation to the government of Central and South America exactly the same immoral and indefensible line of policy which England has pursued for the last sixty years in regard to the Ottoman Empire. It has been the traditional policy of England to support the Ottoman Turk, not from any motive of political philanthropy, but because we believe our approximate interests justified the adoption of such a policy. In other words, England has for three generations deliberately subordinated the permanent welfare of some of the most fertile countries in the world to the supposed necessity of preventing any interference with the political independence of the Ottoman Empire. The result of that can be read in letters of blood and fire in Armenia and Macedonia to-day.

IMITATING OUR PRO-TURKISH LINE.

These consequences of a policy which ostentatiously repudiates political philanthropy, and makes imagined interest the sole guide in national duty, have excited lively and well-deserved protests in the American Republic. But the policy which Captain Mahan tells us has been unanimously adopted by American citizens in dealing with their neighbours can hardly be regarded as one whit less immoral and unphilanthropic. Upon this subject it is not for me as an Englishman to do more than express an opinion and point to unimpeachable American evidence as the proof of what I am saying. In the same magazine in which Captain Mahan publishes his valuable paper, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, the well-known American traveller, describes the result of his experience in travelling in the Central American Republics. He says:—

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE "REPUBLICS."

The Republics of Central America are Republics in name only, and the movements of a stranger within the boundaries of Honduras are as closely watched as though he were a newspaper correspondent in Siberia. I had often to sign the names of our party twice in one day for the benefit of police and customs officers, and we never entered a hotel or boarded a steamer or disembarked from one that we were not carefully checked and receipted for exactly as though we were boxes of merchandise or registered letters. Even the natives cannot walk the street after nightfall without being challenged by sentries, and the collection of letters we received from alcaldes and comandantes and governors and presidents certifying to our being reputable citizens is large enough to paper the side of a wall. The only time in Central America when our privacy was absolutely unmolested, and when we felt as free to walk abroad as though we were on the streets of New York, was when we were under the protection of the hated monarchical institution of Great Britain at Belize, but never when we were in any of these disorganised military camps called free Republics.

CENTRAL AMERICAN "INDEPENDENCE."

The Central-American citizen is no more fit for a Republican form of government than he is for an Arctic expedition, and what he needs is to have a Protectorate established over him, either by the United States or by another Power; it does not matter which, so long as it leaves the Nicaragua Canal in our hands. In the capital of Costa Rica there is a statue of the Republic in the form of a young woman standing with her foot on the neck of General Walker, the American filibuster. It would have been a very good thing for Costa Rica if Walker, or any other man of force, had put his foot on the neck of every Republic in Central America and turned it to some account.

Away from the coasts, where there is fever, Central America is a wonderful country, rich and beautiful, and burdened with plenty, but its people make it a nuisance and an affront to other nations, and its parcel of independent little states, with the pomp of power and none of its dignity, are and will continue to be a constant danger to the peace which should exist between great Powers.

A DOG-IN-THE-MANGER POLICY.

There is no more interesting question of the present day than that of what is to be done with the world's land which is lying unimproved; whether it shall go to the great Power that is willing to turn it to account, or remain with its original owner, who fails to understand its value. The Central Americans are like a lot of semi-barbarians in a beautifully furnished house, of which they can understand neither its possibilities of comfort nor its use. They are the dogs in the manger among nations. Nature has given to their country great pasture-lands, wonderful forests of rare woods and fruits, treasures of silver and gold and iron, and soil rich enough to supply the world with coffee, and it only waits for an honest effort to make it the natural highway of traffic from every portion of the globe. The lakes of Nicaragua are ready to furnish a passageway which should save two months of sailing around the Horn, and only forty-eight miles of swamp land at Panama separate the two greatest bodies of water on the earth's surface. Nature has done so much that there is little left for man to do, but it will have to be some other man than a native-born Central-American who is to do it.

"LET PANDEMONIUM CONTINUE: IT SUITS U.S."

This evidence is not English, it is American, but it coincides with the opinion of every traveller who has visited these regions. With such testimony staring them in their faces, how can philanthropic and public-spirited citizens say they will condemn these regions to be a pandemonium in perpetuity merely because of this insensate jealousy of the interference of Great Britain? We have no objections, not the least in the world, if the United States would establish a real protectorate over these squalid and disorganised military camps which masquerade under the name of Republics. But we must be permitted to express mild surprise when we see our kinsmen across the water repeating in another continent, notwithstanding the beacon-light of our melancholy example, the self-same blunder which has so long discredited the English name in the East of Europe.

The Taming of African Elephants.

MR. HAGENBECK, the well-known lion tamer, has succeeded in convincing the German Geographical Society that one of the most firmly-established beliefs—namely, that of the untamable character of the African elephant—has no foundation in fact. In the current number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* Mr. Hagenbeck thus explains how he succeeded in converting the geographers:—

"I stated my views at a meeting, and mentioned that I had at the time eight African elephants, which, though quite tame, had never been ridden or carried a load, and I suggested as an experiment that if my audience would pay me a visit at five o'clock on the following afternoon I would show them the whole number ridden or carrying a load, after such training as could be given them in twenty-four hours. Next day they came, and all eight African elephants passed before them either ridden or loaded. The attendants were all Nubians, for this was before the appearance of the Mahdi, and African elephants and Nubian grooms could be got without much difficulty. At present the German Government are sending officers to learn the Indian system. But when the young elephants can be got, I will undertake to train them in Hamburg, and send them back to the colony, to be paid only on approval, if they do their work. They are better for the purpose than the Indian—taller, stronger, faster, and much better able to endure the heat of the sun, which the Indian elephant always fears." If the Mahdi and his fanatics had not appeared on the scene the African elephant would have been redomesticated and at work already.

THE NAVAL WARFARE OF THE FUTURE.

AN IMAGINARY PICTURE OF A SEA-FIGHT.

IN *Longman's Magazine* Mr. James Eastwick concludes his spirited description of the naval battle of the future, which, he holds, will be decided by the introduction of the automatic gun. I noticed last month his new *Centurion*, and how she behaved herself. He continues the narrative in the October number, and makes the *Centurion* smash single-handed a French squadron of three ironclads and one cruiser. The story is full of passages of lurid vigour. It quotes the following passage of how the *Centurion* in her death throes made a triumphant effort against two French ironclads, the *Charlemagne* and the *Jauréguiberry*. The rapid firing of the *Centurion* had so smashed up the *Jauréguiberry*, that the French Admiral's last chance was to ram and go down with his adversary. At the same time the *Charlemagne*, which had been very severely maimed, steamed down on the British ship from the starboard. The writer is on the *Centurion* in charge of the guns in one of the turrets, watching the onrush of the *Jauréguiberry*. He says:—

AN ATTEMPT TO RAM.

The other was drawing up at full speed. Every second we could see more clearly the red point of her ram lifting amid the foam round her bows as she rose on the swell. She was now but five cables off. We laid fair on that advancing ram and began to fire. Loud along our decks rang the cry, "Ready away, boarders." A torpedo or two from the enemy flashed away somewhere, or at least, I was told so afterwards—at the moment I had neither eyes nor ears for anything but that sharp stem. Through the blinding rain and spray, through the incessant flame from the great muzzles in front of me, I watched it draw nearer and nearer, the white smother around her now flying before the gale, now leaping up in columns of spray and smoke from our bursting shell; would she touch us or not? Now she was within three cables; she lifted her forefoot clear out of the water as she rose on a giant billow, and as she lifted it I saw two shots strike just by the point of her ram. She dipped on the instant, and as quick as thought we were ready again waiting for her to rise on another wave, but now she faltered and swerved, and then she seemed to rise higher than before. Crash went our shells into that rising bow, and still it faltered and rose; then I saw what was happening, and asked leave through the telephone to cease firing on the sinking ship. Answer there was none, but the howling of the wind and sea, and the shrill rattle-rattle of some machine guns in the fore-stops of the sinking foe. Now she swung round head to sea, and nearly broadside on, a short cable's length off, heeling heavily over towards us, and raising her bows high in the air. We could see her crew crowding her shattered decks, and tumbling in heaps into her scuppers; and as we tossed on the seas we seemed to look right down into the black vortex closing round her. There was a roar as of bursting boilers; a murky torrent of water and ashes spouted up through her funnels, then the waves rolled over her in an angry swirl, and the great ship was gone.

We were rolling on the edge of that swirl in a way that threatened to have the guns off their sides. I was singing out to secure them with the electric brakes when a voice shouted, "Look out, sir, she's right aboard us!" I turned at the word, and sure enough, through the driving scud, close on our starboard loomed the huge shadow of the *Charlemagne*.

THE TORPEDO.

"Hard over; continue the firing," was the word. Alas! it was easily said, but as for the ship she was like a log, and what a time it seemed before the guns came round! At last we got ours round, and all four swept her point blank almost at the same minute. She swerved and faltered; again the roar of the great guns and the crash and rattle of the bursting shell thundered out together. There was a shock and a hollow

boom somewhere near our bows, and a great column of water spouted up, flooding everything forward. Again the great guns roared, there was another shock, this time astern, and another waterspout all speckled with splinters and pieces of plating; then somehow or other the two ships fell on board each other, broadside on.

In another minute every man that could move was on her decks. It was just one jump and rush and that was all, for every living thing on her seemed to have been slain or stunned by the terrible blast of our point-blank broadsides.

The two ships were fast to each other, thumping and grinding together at every roll, and swaying about in a fashion that might make both of them broach to at any moment. I tried to find some steering gear on board the prize; the only thing that I could discover was the stump of a binnacle and the supports from which a wheel had been blown away, while close by lay a mangled figure in the uniform of a rear-admiral of France.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The havoc wrought by the shells was terrible. The *Charlemagne* had no sooner been boarded and captured than it was discovered that the *Centurion* was fast sinking. She had been smashed by torpedoes stern and stem, and in a few minutes she went to the bottom. The *Charlemagne* was hardly in better plight, and it was with great difficulty that she was patched up so as to keep afloat until she reached Gibraltar:—

The first thing to be done was to find some means of controlling her helm; clearly the steering-gear on deck was past hope, so I went below, into a state of things which surpassed my wildest dreams. Not a gun was left serviceable between decks; nine-tenths of her crew had been blown into every shape into which "high" explosives can twist and shatter human flesh and bone; her main and battery decks were smashed into great holes, even the beams being wrenched and twisted; her sides were in some places rent, in others blown away altogether; and though her belts seemed fairly whole, her protective deck was cut through in many places by the heads or splinters of shell. Through her torn sides the heavy seas were flooding her every moment, and great masses of water were finding their way into her hold.

I cannot, of course, express any opinion as to the merits or possibilities of Mr. Eastwick's new *Centurion* with its automatic guns fired from below the water-line. There is no doubt, however, that he has given a very vivid picture of what at any moment may become a ghastly reality.

WHAT NAVAL WARFARE IS EVEN NOW.

Blackwood's Magazine publishes a description of "The Battle of Yalu," which may be read as a complement to the imaginary account of the battle of the future. The correspondent says that the Chinese artillery fire was very bad. As for the Chinese guns, there were only three heavy shells on board the whole Chinese fleet when it went into action, and only fourteen smaller shells to each gun. Of the three heavy shells, two were fired away by the Chinese gunners without results; the third was fired by Krupp's officer, Hekmann, of the Japanese flagship, which killed and wounded forty-six men. Japanese fire was centred on the torpedo rooms, which in future will have to be put below water. The advantage of smokeless powder is another lesson of the fight. If it had not been for the foreigners on board the Chinese ships, and especially von Hanneken, there would have been no fight at all; yet the men, especially the Northern men, were intelligent, trustworthy, and one of them at least—a torpedo gunner, who went into the torpedo room when the ship was on fire and undid the charged heads on the fitted torpedoes, carrying them out of danger at the risk of his life—seems to show they are capable of doing anything if they are properly led.

THE YELLOW MAN AND THE WHITE MONEY.

MORE EVIDENCE FROM THE FAR EAST.

MR. R. S. GUNDY has a very remarkable and somewhat alarming paper on English Industry and Eastern Competition in the *Fortnightly Review* for October. Mr. Gundy is a bimetallist, and he too obviously strains his facts to prove his point, which is that, owing to the depreciation of silver or the appreciation of gold, the Yellow Man with the White Money can cut us out of the Eastern market by supplying goods at fifty per cent. less than they can be produced in England. His chief facts and figures are taken from recent statistics as to the commerce of Japan.

JAPANESE COMPETITION

We are not only losing the Japanese market, but our Japanese rivals are cutting us out of neutral markets where we once reigned supreme.

Not only is Japan now manufacturing many things which it used to buy from Europe; but, having satisfied its own requirements, is beginning to export. Five years ago there was a great trade in matches to the East. Not only does Japan now supply herself and supply China, but she supplies the Straits Settlements and India, and sends large quantities even to Australia. The export of umbrellas to the East used to be considerable; but the Chinese "silvern" youth being asked, now, \$7 for an article that used to cost him \$3½ when the dollar was worth 4s., turns instead to Japan, which is content to supply him on the old scale. The same rule applies, of course, to cheaper kinds; and the Straits Settlements, which imported £46,000 worth of English umbrellas in 1884, took less than £1000 worth last year. The same fate is attending a whole category of other articles—lamps, portmanteaus, boots, paper, pianos, and even Portland cement. I have seen shirts and tennis rackets which the appreciation of gold, or the fall of silver—as one may choose to put it—enables the Asiatic to produce at half the former relative cost. When \$2 meant 8s., a Japanese-made shirt costing that sum had no chance; but now that it means 4s. 4d., the English producer cannot compete.

IN THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

What is true of minor articles is true of more important products. We have not yet quite come to having our ocean-going steamers built in the East, as Sir Thomas Sutherland suggested may yet be the case, but smaller craft are being freely built at Hong Kong, Shanghai, Kobe, and Singapore; and *The Straits Times*, in mentioning, two months ago, the launch of a twin-screw steamer of 340 tons, stated that one of 1000 tons was about to be begun. Singapore used, as a great coaling station, to be a great mart for Welsh and Australian coal. But the 371,000 tons of Welsh coal that were shipped there ten years ago had fallen, last year, to 207,000; the deficiency, and much more—for there is an enormously increased demand—being supplied by Japan. The explanation is simple: Cardiff coal costs at the wharf \$11.75, while Japanese can be delivered for \$7.50. One of the chief products of the Malayan peninsula is, as we all know, tin. The silver price of Straits tin averaged \$34 a peck in 1894-5, against \$30 in 1884-5; but whereas \$30 meant £93 a ton at the rate of exchange prevailing ten years ago, it now means about £66; and it is, I believe, no exaggeration to say that the Cornish industry is being done to death by inability to struggle against the lessening price.

It is not surprising that Mr. Gundy, in face of these facts, solemnly declares that—

The outflow of our manufactures seems destined, therefore, to encounter more and more serious checks; nor are there wanting some who predict that Japan will, in time, turn the tables and oblige us to protect our industries at home, if we persist in protecting gold.

Bengal mills are, at any rate, paying handsomely, while the Scottish trade is admittedly depressed. What is more, they are full of contracts for Japan. The Japanese have started jute mills.

IS LANCASHIRE DOOMED?

Eastern competition is running us close both in jute and in cotton. We seem to be being beaten both in India and Japan. In competition with Lancashire the Japanese are building mills as fast as they can, and working night and day to oust us from the markets where we have hitherto had no rivals. In cotton yarn also the Japs seem to be running us close:—

Japan has become practically self-sufficing in the lower counts, and has reached a surplus which she is beginning to send abroad, England's contribution being restricted mainly to the finer counts, which Japan is also settling herself to produce. And all this has been effected in twenty years. It was in 1875 that the Japanese Government procured and distributed a few small machines for spinning cotton, to initiate the inhabitants in their use; but it was not till twelve years later that the new industry began to assume considerable proportions. Even in 1887 there were only 70,000 spindles, which turned out 24,000 bales of native yarn. But the 70,000 spindles had, last year, become nearly 700,000, and quantities of new machinery have since been ordered. There was enough in course of erection, three months ago, to raise the number of spindles to 820,000, and more is continually going out. I am assured that there is little danger of exaggeration in assuming that Japan will have nearly 1,000,000 spindles at work, or in course of erection, by the end of 1895. Even this may seem inconsiderable alongside the 3,500,000 in India and the 45,000,000 in England. But the new industry is in its infancy, and is under every encouragement to rapid growth, for Japanese mills are paying handsome dividends, and working day and night, while some of the best mills in Lancashire are working at a loss.

It would seem as if the time were ripening for the arrival of Ping Yang Yaloo, but so far we may thank heaven that Chatsworth has not been sold to the yellow heathen.

WHY THE JAP BEATS US.

There is a very interesting paper on the genius of Japanese civilisation in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, which touches on the subject of the foregoing article. Mr. Hearn says:—

The Japanese man of the people—the skilled labourer able to underbid without effort any Western artisan in the same line of industry—remains happily independent of both shoemakers and tailors. His feet are good to look at, his body is healthy, and his heart is free. If he desire to travel a thousand miles, he can get ready for his journey in five minutes. His whole outfit need not cost seventy-five cents; and all his baggage can be put into a handkerchief. On ten dollars he can travel for a year without work, or he can travel simply on his ability to work, or he can travel as a pilgrim. You may reply that any savage can do the same thing. Yes, but any civilised man cannot; and the Japanese has been a highly civilised man for at least a thousand years. Hence his present capacity to threaten Western manufacturers. Ability to live without furniture, without impedimenta, with the least possible amount of neat clothing, shows more than the advantage held by this Japanese race in the struggle of life; it shows also the real character of some weaknesses in our own civilisation. It forces reflection upon the useless multiplicity of our daily wants. We must have meat and bread and butter; glass windows and fire; hats, white shirts and woollen underwear; boots and shoes; trunks, bags and boxes; bedsteads, mattresses, sheets, and blankets: all of which a Japanese can do without, and is really better off without.

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THE PHILANTHROPY OF COMPETITION;

OR, HOW IT FULFILLS THE GOLDEN RULE.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON of America is the exact antithesis of Mr. A. J. Wilson of London, England. Mr. Wilson sees everything always in the blackest and darkest of colours. He lives under a perpetually impending doom, while at every fresh step he takes he stops to listen whether an earthquake is not moving under his feet. On the other side of the Atlantic Mr. Edward Atkinson goes gaily through the world, demonstrating to all men that the millennium has actually arrived if only we would open our eyes to see it. And as we are slow and dull, he takes an infinite amount of pains to prove to us that things are to all intents and purposes immensely better than any one else but himself can see them to be.

FIRST RETRANSLATE THE GOLDEN RULE.

In the *New World* for September Mr. Atkinson has made a record in his own peculiar line, by an article the object of which is to prove that unrestricted trade competition is the most practical method by which mankind can carry out the Golden Rule! It is really refreshing to read so audacious a paper, and to be compelled to have to admit that, after all, it is not a mere paradox, and that there is a great deal more to be said in favour of Mr. Edward Atkinson's contention than most of us Socialists of the chair, to say nothing of the wilder Socialists of the street, would be fully disposed to admit. To begin with, however, Mr. Atkinson requires to retranslate the Golden Rule. If he is allowed to substitute "serve" for "love," which he maintains is the correct translation, he is quite certain to prove his case down to the hilt. He says:—

If, however, regard be given to the true meaning of the Greek word *agapao*, which is the word used in the original, the exact version of the Golden Rule is "Thou shalt *serve* thy neighbour as thyself." This makes the central precept of Christianity absolutely and wholly consistent with the laws of trade.

COMPETITION CHRISTIANITY IN PRACTICE.

Then again he says:—

Competition is a means to an end; this end is the co-operation of all men for purposes of mutual benefit. One may almost affirm that there can be no effective co-operation for mutual benefit except the motive be competition; there are, in fact, a very few, and these exceptional occupations, both in production and in distribution, from which the motive force of competition can be eliminated without the absolute certainty that their success will be temporary and their ultimate failure certain. Competition is as blind as justice. But the conclusion is surely right in the application of either principle.

He admits that a tree should be judged by its fruits, and he appeals with the utmost confidence to the fruits of competition to prove that it has been a good thing. This he thinks is especially the case in relation to the great mass of the wage-earning community.

WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR LABOUR.

Competition, he says, has been the dominating force which has presided over our social evolution in the last fifty years, and he finds that it has worked out as follows:—

(1) The hours of labour have been decreased. (2) The intensity of labour has been alleviated. (3) Many noxious conditions of labour have been removed. (4) The product of a given number of days or hours of labour has been greatly augmented. (5) The cost of the labour by the unit of product has been diminished. (6) The price of the product to consumers has been lessened. (7) The margin of profit has been diminished. (8) The normal rate of interest on capital has been greatly reduced. (9) The ratio of national taxation to the individual has been greatly lowered.

The net result of the improvement under all these nine heads is that the condition of the average man is immeasurably better now than it has ever been before, and it continues still to improve in the same direction.

THE LAW OF SERVICE THE SOUL OF TRADE.

This, he thinks, is nothing more than what might naturally be expected from the practical way in which the Golden Rule is embodied in commercial competition. He says:—

The world lives by the exchange of services. Progress consists in meeting increasing wants with greater intelligence and better methods. Commerce or trade exists simply by the law of service. The fundamental principle by which it lives, moves, and has its being is the motive of service. By the power of the almighty dollar, secured in requital for one day's honest work, he holds at his service, under the force of competition, the capital of all the bankers of the world,—all the ships that pass over the seas,—the whole railway service, the energy of the merchant and the tradesman,—each competing with the other to supply his wants at the lowest price with goods of the best quality that his intelligence will enable him to choose.

COMPETITION THE FOE OF ADULTERATION.

Mr. Atkinson, as might be expected, scouts the notion that adulteration is only a form of competition. He maintains that competition is the great remedy for adulteration:—

The experience of business men does not bear out the allegation that, under the force of competition, adulterated and fraudulent goods are put upon the market in considerable or increasing quantities. It does not pay. Every manufacturer or merchant of any observation or experience in the conduct of affairs will bear witness to the fact that, whether the goods are low-priced or high-priced, the only safety in supplying the market continuously with suitable goods of any kind is to supply the best quality that the price will permit to be offered.

POLITICAL ECONOMY THE BEST PHILANTHROPY.

Curiously enough another writer in *Lippincott's Magazine*, who discourses upon ethics and economics, argues less forcibly, but not less strenuously, in favour of similar conclusions to those at which Mr. Atkinson has arrived. He says:—

Political economy is by no means a dismal science, and it does not need to have the drapery of philanthropy thrown over it lest it should be repulsive to the eye. Under its laws, during the last half-century, the hours of labour have been reduced, the rates of wages have been increased, and the cost of satisfying human needs, material, intellectual, and social, has been lessened. Cheapness is the foundation of civilisation. High wages would never have brought about cheapness, but cheapness has brought about high wages. Egoism has accomplished what altruism longed for. Cheapened production has resulted in lower prices, larger sales, greater profits at smaller rates, more investment in productive enterprises, more demand for labour, better prices for labour, and shorter hours and more sanitary surroundings for labour.

MUNICIPAL PROGRESS AND THE LIVING WAGE.

Mr. D. McG. Means has a very thoughtful paper in the *Forum* for September on this subject. He maintains—in opposition to the popular doctrine in London and elsewhere, that a municipality should pay its employés more than the market rate of labour in deference to the doctrine of the moral minimum and the living wage—that—

If the reform of the civil service is to be loaded down with the doctrine of the "living wage," or even if it is not explicitly connected with the doctrine and the practice of paying the market rate of wages and salaries, it can never be established on a permanent basis.

RUSKIN AS A MASTER OF PROSE.

BY MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON is very much to the fore in this month's magazines. We have his paper on George Eliot in the *Forum*, his address to the Positivists in the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Mallock's reply to him in the *Nineteenth Century*, and in the same review we have his paper on John Ruskin as the Master of Prose. He begins by asking:—

Is it indeed beyond hope that our generation should at last do entire justice to our brightest living genius, the most inspiring soul still extant amongst us, whilst he may yet be seen and heard in the flesh?

The world has long been of one mind, as to the beauty of Ruskin's writing; but I venture to think that even yet full justice has not been rendered to his consummate mastery over our English tongue—that it has not been put high enough, and some of its unique qualities have not been perceived. But it has hardly yet understood that he stands forth now, alone and inimitable, as a supreme master of our English tongue; that as preacher, prophet (nay, some amongst us do not hesitate to say as saint), he has done more than as master of Art; that his moral and social influence on our time, more than his æsthetic impulse, will be the chief memory for which our descendants will hold him in honour.

"A MAN OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY."

Of the causes which have militated against the recognition of Mr. Ruskin's greatness, Mr. Harrison thinks the foremost place must be given to the fact that he is a man of the thirteenth century. He says:—

John Ruskin is not simply a man of the thirteenth century: he is a poet, a mystic, a missionary of the thirteenth century—such a poet as was the young Dante in the days of his love and his chivalrous youth, and his Florentine rapture for all beautiful things, or as was the young Petrarch in the lifetime of his Laura, or the young Francis beginning to dream of a regeneration of Christendom through the teaching of his barefoot Friars.

In this article, however, he deals with Mr. Ruskin not so much as a saint or as a prophet, but as a master of style. He says:—

Ruskin has shown that, where the business in hand is simple instruction, philosophical argument, or mechanical exposition, he is master of an English style of faultless ease, simplicity, and point. He calls out of our glorious English tongue notes more strangely beautiful and inspiring than any ever yet issued from that instrument. No writer of prose before or since has ever rolled forth such mighty fantasias, or reached such pathetic melodies in words, or composed long books in one sustained strain of limpid grace.

But neither Milton, nor Browne, nor Jeremy Taylor, was yet quite master of the mighty instrument. Ruskin, who comes after two centuries of further and continuous progress in this art, is master of the subtle instrument of prose. And though it be true that too often, in wanton defiance of calm judgment, he will fling to the winds his self-control, he has achieved in this rare and perilous art some amazing triumphs of mastery over language, such as the whole history of our literature cannot match.

HIS PROSE "HYMN TO THE SEA-BOAT."

Mr. Harrison then gives specimens of Mr. Ruskin's style, quoting his description of the tower of Calais Church, his account of a peasant of the Valais in the mountain gloom, and his description of the Campagna. Speaking of his little book on the harbours of England Mr. Harrison says:—

I make bold to say that no book in our language shows more varied resources over prose-writing, or an English more pure, more vigorous, more enchanting. Everyone remembers the striking sentence with which it opens—a sentence, it may be, exaggerated in meaning, but how melodious, how impressive

—"Of all things, living or lifeless [note the 5 "l's," the 4 "i's" in the first six words], upon this strange earth, there is but one which, having reached the mid-term of appointed human endurance on it, I still regard with unmitigated amazement." This object is the bow of a boat,—“the blunt head of a common, bluff, undecked sea-boat lying aside in its furrow of beach sand.” . . .

“The sum of Navigation is in that. You may magnify it or decorate it as you will: you will not add to the wonder of it. Lengthen it into hatchet-like edge of iron,—strengthen it with complex tracery of ribs of oak,—carve it and gild it till a column of light moves beneath it on the sea,—you have made no more of it than it was at first. That rude simplicity of bent plank, that can breast its way through the death that is in the deep sea, has in it the soul of shipping. Beyond this, we may have more work, more men, more money; we cannot have more miracle.”

And so this splendid hymn to the sea-boat rolls on to that piece which I take to be as fine and as true as anything ever said about the sea, even by our sea-poets, Byron and Shelley:—

“Then, also, it is wonderful on account of the greatness of the enemy that it does battle with. To lift dead weight; to overcome length of languid space; to multiply or systematise a given force; this we may see done by the bar, or beam, or wheel, without wonder. But to war with that living fury of waters, to bare its breast, moment after moment, against the unwearied enmity of ocean,—the subtle, fitful, implacable smiting of the black waves, provoking each other on, endlessly, all the infinite march of the Atlantic rolling on behind them to their help and still to strike them back into a wreath of smoke and futile foam, and win its way against them, and keep its charge of life from them; does any other soulless thing do as much as this?”

HIS "MOST ORIGINAL AND CREATIVE WORK."

Of “Unto This Last,” a book which marks the watershed of Mr. Ruskin's life, Mr. Harrison says:—

I myself judge that book to be not only the most original and creative work of John Ruskin, but the most original and creative work in pure literature since *Sartor Resartus*, and the book as a whole is a masterpiece of pure, incisive, imaginative, lucid English. If one had to plead the cause of Ruskin before the Supreme Court in the Republic of Letters, one would rely on that book as a type of clearness, wit, eloquence, versatility, passion.

Finally he sums up his estimate of Mr. Ruskin as follows:—

Every other faculty of a great master of speech, except reserve, husbanding of resources, and patience, he possesses in measure most abundant—lucidity, purity, brilliance, elasticity, wit, fire, passion, imagination, majesty, with a mastery over all the melody of cadence that has no rival in the whole range of English literature.

In Praise of Kashmir.

THERE is an interesting paper on Kashmir and its people in *Cornhill* for October. The writer says:—

Kashmir is a country the natural advantages of which can hardly be overstated. Its soil is of a fertility that certainly equals that of Italy. Every kind of climate can be had by ascending the slopes of the Himalaya, and therefore every sort of fruit and cereal will come to perfection; its water supply is perfect and constant. Its mineral wealth is great, though quite undeveloped. Its scenery is so magnificent that visitors from all parts of the world are attracted to it, and these buy its products and leave everywhere a silver deposit. Its forests are inexhaustible; and, finally, its position gives it immense value from a military and political point of view, and, in consequence, it will always be protected by the English. With all these advantages, Kashmir is always on the verge of bankruptcy, always in debt, always in arrears, and all for want of a firm civil administration to prevent the endless fraud and corruption by which the revenues are turned aside into the grasping hands of greedy and lazy officials.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

REMINISCENCES BY FRIENDS.

THE *North American Review* publishes an interesting article about Professor Huxley by Sir W. H. Flower. It is full of anecdotes. From these I make the following selection:—

Most men who have distinguished themselves in the field of zoology or paleontology have loved the subject from their early boyhood, a love generally shown by the formation of collections of specimens. Huxley never did anything of the kind. His early tastes were for literature and for engineering. He might have been a great artist, some of his anatomical sketches reminding me much of Sir Charles Bell's, but he never had time to cultivate his faculties in this direction and I believe never attempted any finished work. His power of drawing on the black-board during the lectures was of great assistance to him and his audience, and his outdoor sketches made during some of his travels, as in Egypt, though slight were full of artistic feeling. His genius was also conspicuously shown by the clever drawings, often full of playful fancy, which covered the paper that happened to be lying before him when sitting at a council or committee meeting. On such occasions his hand was rarely idle.

It is very singular that although, as admitted by all who heard him, he was one of the clearest and most eloquent of scientific lecturers of his time, he always disliked lecturing, and the nervousness from which he suffered in his early days was never entirely overcome, however little apparent it might be to his audience. When once fairly away on his subject all such apprehensions were at an end. Such experiences are, of course, very common, but they were probably aggravated greatly in Huxley's case by the ill health—that miserable, hypochondriacal dyspepsia which, as he says himself, was his constant companion for the last half century of his life. Bearing in mind the serious inroad this made in the amount of time available for active employment, it is marvellous to think of the quantity he was able to accomplish.

Huxley made himself proficient in the German language, as he had also, while on board the *Rattlesnake*, taught himself Italian, with the main object of being able to read Dante in the original, so wide were his interests and sympathies. When the *Rattlesnake* was in Sydney Harbour the officers were invited to a ball, and young Huxley among the number. There for the first time he met his future wife, whose parents resided at Sydney. A few days after they were engaged, and the ship sailed for the Tower Straits to complete the survey of the north coast of Australia, all communication being cut off for months at a time, and then she returned direct to England. After that brief acquaintance (not, I believe, longer than a fortnight), it was seven years before the lovers saw one another.

On Huxley's return he was asked to dine and pass the night at Harrow. This was a new experience. The young rough sailor-surgeon was at first quite out of his element in the refined, scholastic ecclesiastical society he found himself plunged into. Among those who were present was an Oxford don (the first of the class Huxley had ever met), whose great learning, suave manner and air of superiority during dinner, greatly alarmed and repelled him, as he afterwards confessed. Bed time came, and both stood upon the staircase, lighted candle in hand. They looked straight into each other's faces, and the don addressed a few words directly to Huxley for the first time. He was much interested, and an animated conversation ensued. Instead of bidding each other "good night" they adjourned to a neighbouring room, sat down and talked till two o'clock in the morning. This was the beginning of Huxley's life-long friendship with the late Master of Balliol, Dr. Jowett.

MR. HUTTON ON THE PROFESSOR'S VIEW OF JESUS.

Mr. R. H. Hutton, the editor of the *Spectator*, writes in the *Forum* for September the best article on Professor Huxley that has appeared since his death, although even this is very far from what might be written.

Mr. Hutton thinks that Professor Huxley ought to have been in Parliament. In practical politics he would have found a more congenial sphere for his exceptional gifts than in the scientific arena. Mr. Hutton's paper is chiefly devoted to reminiscences of Professor Huxley's papers, read at the Metaphysical Society. One of the most characteristic of these, Mr. Hutton says, was that which he delivered on the question "Has the Frog a Soul, and of what Nature is that Soul, supposing it to exist." "If a frog has a soul," said Professor Huxley, "it must have two souls. For if the spinal cord is divided, both the divided parts manifest the same kind of purposive action, although they do not co-operate." Mr. Hutton concludes his paper by saying that he "never fully understood how Professor Huxley could regard Jesus as the greatest moral genius the world has seen, and the realised ideal of almost perfect humanity, if agnosticism be true." Mr. Hutton says:—

I cannot imagine any book which has diverted the human race so far from the true path of education as Professor Huxley traces it out in his "Lay Sermons," as the Bible, nor any life traced in the Bible which has had a tenth part of the same effect in causing that wide departure from the study of what Professor Huxley meant by "natural knowledge," as that of Jesus Christ. Professor Huxley declares that to the Palestinian Jew "God was immanent in a sense few Western people realise." Well, was that a conception that has led the world right, or that has led it wrong? If right, Agnosticism must be in the last degree misleading. If wrong, how can Jesus of Nazareth be "the realised ideal of almost perfect humanity"? There never was a more dazzling, misleading will-o'-the-wisp than the attitude of Jesus Christ toward God, if the teaching of Professor Huxley's "Lay Sermons" is to be regarded as verifiable.

WHAT PRINCESS LOUISE SAID OF HIM.

Mr. Smalley contributes an article upon Prof. Huxley to *Scribner*. It is an interesting paper, without many fresh points. Here, however, are one or two:—

Mr. Huxley stood on the deck of the *Germanic* as she steamed up the harbour of New York, and he enjoyed to the full that marvellous panorama. At all times he was on intimate terms with nature, and also with the joint work of nature and man; man's place in nature being to him interesting from more points of view than one. As we drew near the city—this was in 1876, you will remember—he asked what were the tall tower and tall building with a cupola, then the two most conspicuous objects. I told him the Tribune and the Western Union Telegraph buildings. "Ah," he said, "that is interesting; that is American. In the Old World the first things you see as you approach a great city are steeples; here you see, first, centres of intelligence." Next to those the tug-boats seemed to attract him as they tore fiercely up and down and across the bay. He looked long at them and finally said, "If I were not a man I think I should like to be a tug." They seemed to him the condensation and complete expression of the energy and force in which he delighted.

I quoted some years ago what "the most accomplished of the Queen's daughters" said of him: "I like to talk with Mr. Huxley because he talks to me exactly as he would to any other woman." I see no reason why I may not now say that this lady was the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. Such a testimony is rare, and in London would be thought much more remarkable than here, for it is in London more than anywhere else that conversation takes on a different tone in the presence of royalty, often a tone of constraint. Mr. Huxley, it may be said, was exactly the same in all companies. His position brought him a good deal into contact with royalties and with other people of high degree. But he said: "I am a plebeian, and I stand by my order." That remark, which is very characteristic of him, was made in connection with a different subject, but it denotes his attitude in society and everywhere else.

GEORGE ELIOT.

(1) AN APPRECIATION. BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, in the *Forum* for September, discourses on George Eliot's place in literature. He thinks that her reputation is suffering from the reaction naturally following the excessive praise awarded her twenty-five years ago. The reaction has gone so far that her noble aim and superb qualities are being heedlessly ignored. It was not right to compare her to Shakespeare, but Mr. Harrison thinks that she is an abiding literary force. She was an artist with true artistic gifts, which her philosophic power and scientific attainment often seriously impaired and embarrassed. Her place in literature is due not to her philosophy, but to her art. She gave to the world nothing of great merit excepting her famous romances, which were written comparatively late in life. The best of her works are the simplest.

SILAS MARNER.

Mr. Harrison says, "I have no doubt myself that 'Silas Marner' comes nearer to being a great success than any of the more elaborate books":—

There is no science, no book-learning, and but few ethical problems in it from beginning to end; and it all goes in one small volume, for the tale concerns but the neighbours of one quiet village. Yet the quaint idyllic charm of the piece, the perfection of tone and keeping, the harmony of the landscape, the pure, deep humanity of it all, make it a true and exquisite work of high art. The form is poetic; the moral is both just and noble; the characters are living, and the story is original, natural, and dramatic. The only thing, indeed, which "Silas Marner" wants to make it a really great romance is more ease, more rapidity, more "go."

ADAM BEDE.

Of her other works the following are Mr. Harrison's judgments:—

When we ask for a romance fully developed and not a graceful vignette, "Adam Bede" must be regarded as the principal, and with the wider public it is the typical, work of George Eliot. She said herself that it seemed to her "impossible that she should ever write anything so good and true again";—and herein she was no doubt right. It is the only one of her works in prose or verse which we feel to be inevitable, spontaneous, written out of the abundance of enjoyment and experience. It is of all her books the heartiest, the wittiest, the most cheerful, or rather the least desponding. In that book, perhaps, she exhausted herself and her own resources of observation as an eye-witness.

ROMOLA.

The "Mill on the Floss" is interesting for its autobiographic and personal touches, and its revelation of yearnings and misgivings touchingly suspected in life. But it is not likely to retain any permanent popularity. Of "Romola" he says:—

"Romola" is certainly a wonderful monument of literary accomplishments; but it remains a *tour de force*, too elaborate, too laboured, too intricate, too erudite. "Romola" is a most ambitious, very beautiful, altogether noble failure. And I cannot count any of the later pieces, prose or verse, as anything but far inferior to "Romola." They have great beauties, fine passages, subtle characters, and high conceptions—but they are the artificial products of a brain that showed symptoms of exhaustion, of a great writer who was striving after impossible tasks without freedom and without enjoyment.

Mr. Harrison does not like "Daniel Deronda," thinks "Middlemarch" tedious, and "Theophrastus Such" full of sour affectation. Of "Felix Holt," he says, "Although it contains some fine characters and scenes I cannot regard it as I could 'Adam Bede' and 'Silas Marner.'" Of her poems he says, "They have everything

that poetry needs excepting poetry. She took enormous pains, and put her thoughts into exquisite and noble words, but she could not write a poem."

FACILE PRINCES IN MANY FIELDS.

Her failure in poetry, as in romance, was largely due to the fact that her conception and aim were so great, and the execution so profoundly conscientious. She was one of the best and most cultured minds of her time. She stands high above all her contemporary rivals in romance, in thought, in knowledge, in nobility of aim. She raised the whole art of romance into a higher plane of thought, of culture, and of philosophic grasp. And when she failed it was often by reason of the nobility of her aim, the volume of her own learning, and the intensity of her own standard of perfection. Romances had never before in England been written with such a sense of responsibility and with such high ethical purpose.

THE ART OF THE FUTURE.

And Mr. Harrison concludes his paper by declaring that the art of romance, in the widest and loftiest sense of the term, is even yet in its infancy:—

Its subtlety, its flexibility, its capacity for analytic research, its variety of range, and facility for reaching all hearts and all minds—all this is simply incalculable. And we may be sure that the star of romance in its best sense has not yet reached its zenith. It is the art of the future—and an art wherein women are quite as likely to reign as men.

(2) A DEPRECIATION. BY MRS. LYNN LINTON.

A very characteristic article is contributed to the *Woman at Home* for September by Mrs. Lynn Linton, entitled "A First Meeting with George Eliot." She prefaces it by gossiping pleasantly enough about many other women who wrote when she was a girl—now a long time ago—and then proceeds to describe George Eliot and what she thought of her:—

AS I FIRST SAW HER.

It was at John Chapman's that I first met George Eliot—then Marian Evans, having adopted neither her pseudonym nor her style and title of George Lewes's wife. "Confession is good for the soul," they say; and I will candidly confess my short-sighted prejudices with respect to this—to be—celebrated person. These were her undeveloped as well as her insurgent days. She was known to be learned, industrious, thoughtful, noteworthy; but she was not yet the Great Genius of her age, nor a philosopher bracketed with Plato and Kant, nor was her personality held to be superior to the law of the land, nor was she recognised as a conventional gentlewoman:—in those days, indeed, she was emphatically not that! She was essentially underbred and provincial; and I, in the swaddling-clothes of early education and prepossession as I was, saw more of the provincial than the genius, and was repelled by the unformed manner rather than attracted by the learning. She held her hands and arms kangaroo fashion; was badly dressed; had an unwashed, unbrushed, unkempt look altogether; and she assumed a tone of superiority over me which I was not then aware was warranted by her undoubted leadership. From first to last she put up my mental bristles, so that I rejected then and there what might have become a closer acquaintance had I not been so blind, and so much influenced by her want of conventional graces.

WHEN SHE WAS REALLY GRAND.

As I was never an *habituée* of John Chapman's famous evenings, and knew him and his wife best when they lived out of London and before they took their Strand house, I saw but little of Marian Evans till after her flight with George Lewes. When they returned home, I called on them by their joint request. They were in lodgings in St. John's Wood, and the aureole of their new love was around them. There was none of the pretence of a sanctioned union which came afterwards—

none of the somewhat pretentious assumption of superior morality which was born of her success. She was frank, genial, natural, and brimful of happiness. The consciousness that she had finally made her choice and cast the die which determined her fate, gave her a nobility of expression and a grandeur of bearing which she had not had when I first knew her. Then my heart warmed to her with mingled love and admiration, and I paid her the homage she deserved. I felt her superiority, and acknowledged it with enthusiasm. Had she always remained on that level, she would have been the grandest woman of this or any age.

HOW SHE WAS SPOILED.

But success and adulation spoil her, and destroyed all simplicity, all sincerity of character. She grew to be artificial, *posée*, pretentious, unreal. She lived an unreal life all through, both mentally and socially; and in her endeavour to harmonise two irreconcilables—to be at once conventional and insurgent—the upholder of the sanctity of marriage while living as the wife of a married man—the self-reliant law-breaker and the eager postulant for the recognition granted only to the covenanted—she lost every trace of that finer freedom and whole-heartedness which had been so remarkable in the beginning of her connection with Lewes. She was a made woman—not in the French sense—but made by self-manipulation, as one makes a statue or a vase. I have never known any one who seemed to me so purely artificial as George Eliot. She took a fine type for imitation; but the result was not a flesh and blood woman. Not a line of spontaneity was left in her; not an impulse beyond the reach of self-conscious philosophy; not an unguarded tract of mental or moral territory where a little untrained folly might luxuriate.

A SELF-CREATED SIBYL.

She was always the goddess on her pedestal—gracious in her condescension—with sweet strains of sympathetic recognition for all who came to her—ever ready to listen to her worshippers—ever ready to reply, to encourage, to clear from confusion minds befogged by unassimilated learning, and generous in imparting her own. But never for one instant did she forget her self-created Self—never did she throw aside the trappings or the airs of the benign Sibyl. Her soft, low voice was pitched in one level and monotonous key, and her deliberation of speech was a trifle irritating to the eager whose flint was already fired. Her gestures were as measured as her words; her attitudes as restrained as her tones. She was so consciously “George Eliot”—so interpenetrated head and heel, inside and out, with the sense of her importance as the great novelist and profound thinker of her generation, as to make her society a little overwhelming, leaving on baser creatures the impression of having been rolled very flat indeed. She was the antithesis of George Sand, whose impulsive, large, and loving nature never became artificialised by her fame, never grew to be self-conscious by excess of intellect, as was the case with George Eliot. It was nature and art once more, as so often before; and by one's own character the verdict of which was best will be determined.

HER JEALOUSY OF GEORGE LEWES.

With all her studied restraint of manner, George Eliot had a large amount of what the French call temperament. As a lover she was both jealous and exacting, and the “*farfallone amoroso*” whom she had captured was brought pretty tautly to his bearings. If even he went so far as Birmingham to lecture, he had to return home that night—as she quite gravely said to a lady in my presence: “I should not think of allowing George to stay away a night from me.”

Mr. Lewes's devotion to her was as complete as I, for one, believe it to have been sincere; and I have always regarded her second marriage as the crowning act of weakness in her life. It stultified and degraded her past, and took from it that softening veil of poetry and quasi-sanctity which intense passion and unswerving constancy would have given it to the end. She had secured the recognition of some of our best men—a bishop and a judge among the rest. Her devoted attitude during George Lewes's lifetime stood in lieu of the

marriage ceremony; and her genius set the seal to the association. To lose all this by her marriage with one many years her junior and totally unknown and obscure, was a blunder, if no worse, that will always cloud her memory and vitiate her first choice. It shows, however, that her whole bearing was artificial, and that with such an appearance of intensity there was no real thoroughness. When the strain of self-reliance came, she collapsed under it, and her “marriage” with George Lewes fell into ruins like the card-house which in reality the whole thing was.

The essay might be published with advantage under the title “An Estimate of a Great Woman by a Little One.”

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD AND HER SETTLEMENT.

MRS. SARAH A. TOOLEY contributes to the *Young Woman* for October an interesting illustrated account of Mrs. Humphry Ward, the author of “Robert Elsmere” and the founder of University Hall. Mrs. Tooley says of Mrs. Ward's address at the opening of the Hall in 1890:—

Mrs. Ward's first appearance as a lecturer, the charm of her quiet graceful manner, her choice diction, lofty thought, and the peculiar softness of her musical voice, will long be remembered by her hearers. A gentleman of fastidious taste, with a wide experience of society, both in this country and in European capitals, remarked to me the other day that he had rarely met a lady who possessed such a clear melodious voice as Mrs. Humphry Ward, nor one upon whom learning and culture sat so gracefully. It is only now and again that Mrs. Ward speaks in public, for she has not the physical strength necessary to frequent platform efforts, neither does she care for public appearances. Essentially she is a recluse, but the deep interest which she feels in everything connected with University Hall draws her occasionally before the public. She has, in fact, a strong objection to the personal side of literature, now so much in vogue, and thinks it is neither good for writers nor for readers that the personality of authors should be made prominent. She shuns “At Homes,” private views and first nights, and has as great an abhorrence of a curious crowd as had the late Laureate. Like Tennyson, too, she built herself a country-house amongst the Surrey hills, but it was too close to the much-frequented Haslemere to give her the perfect seclusion which she desired, and after a few years of occupation she abandoned it for a retired house at Tring. There occasionally may be seen in summer-time parties of residents from University Hall, enjoying the luxury of a day in the country and the hospitality of her home. Mrs. Ward is herself passionately attached to rural life, and gossip has it that when engaged in writing she was wont to disappear amongst the heather on the Surrey hills.

It is often said that Mrs. Ward's object in starting University Hall was to found a religious sect, but nothing was further from her thoughts. Her object from the beginning was to avoid sectarian attachment, and to provide a rallying-point of common religious action for all calling themselves Christians, without distinction of creed. “I am,” she says, “personally unwilling to assume any name other than the name of Christian.”

While University Hall, with its educational and religious work, is an outcome of “Elsmere,” Marchmont Hall, the social centre of the scheme, may be regarded as allied with “Marcella.” It is Mrs. Ward's desire that all classes shall find in the Settlement a home. The growing boy may join its clubs and societies, and find within its doors friends, quiet, books, teaching, amusement, and advice. The mother and wife, tired out with all the unselfish labour of her life, will drop in for music, to see pictures, to sit in the garden, to enjoy the mere charm of chat and a comfortable chair and airy rooms, which hands other than hers have made clean and bright. The grown man shall find there rest, stimulus, debate, entertainment, and comradeship. In this, her idea of a Settlement, Mrs. Ward aims at the realisation of a common citizenship between men and women of different opportunities and places in life, and the forging of a close bond of mutual service between all, rich and poor, educated or simple.

RENAN AND HIS SISTER.

A GREAT deal of interest has been aroused by the publication, in the *Revue de Paris*, of Renan's correspondence with his much-loved sister Henriette. Probably no sister ever had a greater influence over a brother's life and career than had Mademoiselle Renan, and this although they were so much separated, the one being a governess in Poland, the other a collegian and seminarist in France. "We are separated by a whole world," she once wrote, "and those who only see how rarely we write to one another might believe that absence had brought about forgetfulness; but our hearts assure us that such a misfortune is impossible, and you will believe me when I say that I feel for you an unparalleled tenderness, a limitless devotion."

To his sister alone the future philosopher-historian confided his doubts, difficulties, and his fears, and she always replied with advice penetrated with good sense and thoughtful care for what would probably lead to his ultimate happiness. It must, however, be stated that a careful perusal of these letters brings out the fact that the sister was in reality more of a freethinker than her brother, and that she was a great factor in his deciding to quit his ecclesiastical career.

IN THE VALLEY OF DECISION.

Ernest Renan was especially devoted to his widowed mother, who lived in Brittany with the elder brother Allain. She seems to have retained a strong hold upon her son's respect and even upon his convictions. Whenever he went back to Brittany he wrote broken-hearted letters to Henriette telling her he did not know how to cause his mother the pain of learning the habitual state of his mind when at the Seminary of Saint Sulpice; and he kept it effectually concealed till he had actually become a free student in Paris. Even then he begged Henriette, who was in Poland, to speak of him to their mother as if he were still at the semi-ecclesiastical college of Stanislas, to which he had been appointed on leaving the Seminary. His mental struggles can only be told in his own words. Speaking of the collegiate courses at the Sorbonne and at the College of France, "What plans my poor Henriette made for a future which perhaps I shall never see! . . . This thought of death incessantly pursues me, I do not know the cause of it: happily it does not much sadden me. I begin to look at life with more firmness, although I am overwhelmed by uncertainty. It is so painful to walk with bandaged eyes without knowing where one is going. When I regard that small amount of liberty which belongs to man, and enables him to somewhat influence his own life, I wish that human destiny had been either entirely controlled by necessity or entirely dependent upon the individual instead of his being, as now, just strong enough to resist but not strong enough to direct; a shadow of liberty which naturally results in rendering him unhappy; and then I console myself and think that God has nevertheless done well in making us what we are. Adieu! my good and dear Henriette! thy friendship consoles and sustains me in these sad moments."

THE STRUGGLE FOR TRUTH.

There are moments when Renan, at two-and-twenty, is overwhelmed with anguish. "God," he says, "sees the bottom of my soul, knows that I have

proceeded attentively and with sincerity in undertaking the rational verification of Christianity. How, in fact, shall I lightly judge, or play with dogmas before which eighteen centuries have bowed the head? Certainly, if I had to defend myself from partiality on the one side or on the other, that partiality would be favourable and not hostile to faith. Did not everything lead me to be a Christian—the happiness of my daily life and long custom, the charm of a doctrine in which my youth has been nourished, and which has penetrated all my ideas of existence? Nevertheless, all must give way to the perception of truth. God forbid that I should say Christianity is false. This word would denote a great limitation of mind; falsehood does not produce such beautiful fruits; but it is one thing to say that Christianity is not false, and another thing to say it is absolute truth, at least in hearing it with the ears of those who constitute themselves its interpreters." In another place he says that his morality will always be that of the Gospel, and that Jesus will always be his God, to which regretful words Mademoiselle Renan, who was far away in her situation of governess in a noble Polish family (the Zamoysskis), replies by a letter, containing urgent entreaties that he should quit the Seminary and rely upon her earnings or other moneys she could procure as a loan from friends.

HIS DOMESTIC AFFECTION.

His painful mental struggle went on during the whole autumn of 1845, and the last letter, dated December 15th, was written by Ernest from a boarding-house in Paris, he having at length definitely broken with his ecclesiastical friends of the Seminary and the College Stanislas. In it he expresses the greatest anxiety for the failing health of his sister, and complains that he is very anxious at her long silence, and is expecting a letter from Venice, whither she was to accompany the Zamoysskis on their way to Italy. "When I think of thy health, already so changed for the worse, those long sufferings which were kept secret from me, oh, my dear, good Henriette, it is then that I give myself up to cruel anguish! My imagination creates phantoms; I picture to myself my sister, my best friend, suffering, exhausted, far from her country and from those who love her." He urges her to return to the bosom of her family, and explains that he will not need to take her savings; that he feels assured of remunerative intellectual work. He says that his mother is well in health and takes little journeys in neighbouring parts of Brittany. This dear mother imagines him to be still at Stanislas, and he will not tell her that he has quitted his position in the college until he has passed his *baccalauréat*, which is the French equivalent for our bachelor degree. And he warns his sister to be "therefore very careful when talking of me to our mother to conform your speech to this point of view; there, my dear friend, is the irremediable wound, and my thoughts cannot turn in this direction without being cruelly torn. It requires great interior strength of will to put it aside. Our brother sustains me and encourages me in a very friendly manner." And the last sentence of the last letter given in this collection runs thus:—"Adieu, excellent friend, thou upon whom my heart loves to dwell during its moments of weakness! Oh! Henriette, how much I need to see thee! In the name of Heaven preserve thy own life, for the sake of him whose life without thee would be a frightful desert. Oh! if I told you of all my castles in Spain, thou wouldst see the beautiful place therein occupied by thee! Adieu, dear friend, adieu!"

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

A PICTURE OF LIFE IN BOHEMIA.

A RECENT number of *Nordisk Tidskrift* contained Nils Erdmann's study of "The Life-history of François Coppée." The vivid description of the hot-blooded, lively, bold-tongued Bohemian circle in which the bard moved, introduced as a freshling by his first friend and benefactor, Catulle Mendès, the poet, is most fascinating.

MENDES.

Mendès himself was at that time chief of the circle—a twenty-year-old, sympathetic, strong-willed, energetic youth, remarkably handsome, with long fair locks flowing over his shoulders, a dazzling white complexion, agreeable manners, and elegant appearance. He had, however, got himself into disrepute when Coppée first met him. His family had treated him to cold shoulder, and withdrawn from him their pecuniary support. His Coventry was the dark little attic of the "Blue Dragon" inn, and here Coppée paid him his first visit. A while later Mendès was pardoned, received his family's support anew, and moved out of the "Dragon" to pleasanter quarters, where he once more gathered about him kindred spirits of wit, intellect and genius. He had only a sleeping room and a salon. There was but little furniture, but his bookshelves were filled, and his walls were well decorated with paintings and engravings.

A WEDNESDAY RECEPTION.

He held a reception every Wednesday. The guests were welcomed by himself, and, stepping in, found themselves in the presence of a charming goddess, attired in red and lounging on a couch smoking a cigarette. Here stood the promising young poet Léon Cladel, his face framed in with dark hair and beard. Here sat a future symbolist, Stéphane Mallarmé, little, cool, clerical in appearance, "dreaming about a poet-art that must be music; verses that should give all the impression of a whole symphony." And here was a brown Creole, Herédia of Havanna, he who has just recently entered the Academy; over yonder, Glatigny, the actor-poet, with all the appearance of a circus clown, tall, with broad mouth, little head, large ears, and rapturously admired because he is "in print"; and just within the door stands Catulle of the long locks himself, thinner now, and looking like Napoleon at Arcole. There is a ring at the door; a cry of "Villiers! Villiers!" and a young man enters, with beautiful blue eyes, who tosses back "his flood of hair," bows, presses the hands of one and another of the guests, rolls a cigarette, twists his moustache, and presently seating himself at the piano, sings a dark improvisation à la Baudelaire. Count Villiers d'Adam lived, says Erdmann, as in a dream. It was known that he had for a short time buried himself in a cloister, and served for a short time, too, with the Pope's Zouaves. For the rest, none was his confidant or intimate.

COPPÉE.

Into this charmed circle is Coppée now introduced—"a tall, thin youth with a refined appearance, shy eyes, something of the clerk about him in his slim but new and well-brushed suit, but with a certain elegance, nevertheless, in his exterior, an ironical charm in his humour, and something indescribably gentle and melancholy in his whole personality that makes him noticeable, and almost

compels one to look at him." On Saturdays, the poet Leconte de Lisle held a reception in his rooms on the Boulevard des Invalides. There was tea, poetry and reciting, and here young François might chance to receive a nod from the grey-haired, Apollo-like, and somewhat haughty host.

AN AFTERNOON RENDEZVOUS.

In the existing "Passage Choiseul" was a little shop, open to all the winds of heaven, and overcrowded with books. It was kept by Alphonse Lemerre, antiquary and bookseller, and here every afternoon between four and six swarmed the long-haired and as yet unknown young bards and wits. Fair-whiskered Lemerre, somewhat reminiscent of Ronsard, allowed the lively impecunious youths all their own way; the air was filled with merry laughter, noisy jokes, riotous debate. Lemerre's hunchbacked assistant was, on the other hand, anything but a friend to the Bohemians, whose tricks scared away the customers and played the mischief with trade. In the midst of the throng was a young man, earnest and gentle, with a beautiful black beard, and a constant smile for the startling paradoxes of his comrades. It was the poet André Theuriot, a promising *débutant*, who was about to publish a volume of poetry, "Le Chemin de Bois," which won a prize from the Academy and brought him fame. Lemerre was the friend and publisher of the poor young rhymesters. He printed their organ, *Le Parnasse Contemporain*, which lived three years, and not only were their poems printed, but they received some honorarium.

FAME AT LAST.

Coppée had now gained an entrance into the literary world. He had worked hard and unselfishly for his mother and sisters; he left his old work now, and became a bard in earnest. It was not, however, until 1869 that he won any real fame. On the 14th of January in that year, his first play "Le Passant" was performed at the Odéon. His *début* was a conquest. All Paris raved about him. His old chums "The Parnassians" overwhelmed him with their sincere applause and congratulations—among them Gautier, Théodore de Banville, Augier, Sully-Prudhomme—all men of genius—laurel-crowned. His fame is made. Newspapers tell of his life, of the sweet and tender mother whom he worships. Far away in the provinces "Le Passant" is being played; neckerchiefs à la Coppée are in every shop-window. The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte is his patroness; through her he obtains a post at the library of the Senate; in her salon—where every Wednesday circles a throng of artists and authors—he makes new friendships; here meets Taine, Ernest Renan, the brothers Goncourt, the artist Fromentin, and in Flaubert—a kindred spirit—finds a firm friend.

But Erdmann's pages must be read to receive justice. The figures portrayed have almost the glow of life, the style of description is so enthusiastic and so clear, and Coppée, "with the world-sorrow of a Musset in his eyes," and that nameless charm that women feel and love—even when "Le Passant" was being played it was whispered that Sarah Bernhardt and Mlle. Agar were open rivals for the young poet's favour—is himself so fascinating a subject.

THE *Sunday Chronicle* of Manchester has published a neat little sixty-four paged pamphlet on "Old Age Pension," which contains description of the principal schemes with some new suggestions. It would be a very handy little book to have at your desk through the coming session.

THE NOVELIST OF HUNGARY.

MAURUS JOKAI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE *Forum* for August publishes a very interesting and characteristic article on the great Hungarian novelist. Some of us in England have seen a few of Jokai's books, but until we read this article we had no idea of what a voluminous author we had in our midst. Mr. Jokai tells us that 350 volumes constituted the first complete edition of his works.

BOOKS THAT INFLUENCED HIM.

We in England are responsible for a good deal of this tremendous literary fecundity, for it was Scott and Shakespeare who set him going:—

The first novel I read was a translated edition of "Ivanhoe." I was already very familiar with German, which I acquired at Presburg. The admirable custom was then in vogue of exchanging one's children with those of the German families resident at Presburg—boys for boys, girls for girls—for a period of several years, as a felicitous method of acquiring the language. I have always had an immense predilection for the French and German poets, and at the age of fifteen I had, by means of a grammar, and without a master, acquired a knowledge of French, and a sufficient knowledge of English to read Cooper and Dickens in the original. Among French authors Victor Hugo was the first to inspire me with affection. I was able to secure but a single copy of Dickens—"The Pickwick Papers"; of Cooper—"The Last of the Mohicans"; and of Victor Hugo—"Bug-Jargal" and "Han d'Islande." To these the exotic romances of Eugène Sue were added later on; also "Barbe-Bleue," which exercised a baneful influence over my imagination. Successively I procured Shakespeare's "King Lear" and "Richard III.," whose perusal rendered me definitely moon-struck with the vast heights of literature. During the time that I was a student of law at the College of Kecskemét, Petöfi was one of a company of strolling comedians who established themselves here. He had also published two poems in the newspapers, and while we dreamed together of a glorious and seemingly unattainable renown, we studied French and English. We made a successful translation of "King Lear," and the public of Kecskemét crowded the house to witness the great Shakespearian representation given by the strolling actors, who studied their parts at our solicitation. The preternatural excitement induced by this inspired tragedy must serve as an apology for the audacious effort I made, while only a boy of seventeen, to write a drama of the highest order.

His success in this audacious effort—for he gained a prize of one hundred ducats in gold—launched him in a literary career, and from that time he has never ceased to write. How much he has written we can form some idea from the fact that the MS. of all his work is written with his own hand in writing round and firm, not larger than the grain of poppy seed, containing 72,000,000 of letters.

HIS LIFE STRANGER THAN HIS ROMANCE.

He gives some interesting gossip details as to how he constructed his novels. He says:—

Many maintain me to be an idealist as well as a novelist. The accusation is groundless. Neither the characters nor the situations in my novels appertain to the impossible, extraordinary as they may appear. I have conspired with strange people in the prodigious circumstances of life, and the supposed creations of exorbitant fancy are frequently nothing more than actuality. I was with the grandest heroes of the period in their victorious marches; I escaped, after lost battles, across the swampy regions of the *puszta*, or Hungarian steppes, conducted by *belyars*, the insolent young peasants. At the sieges of Vienna and of Buda, amid the terrible explosion of bombs, and at Viliagos, I saw above my head a world fall in ruin; I participated in the deadly conspiracy of an oppressed nation. The king has favoured me with distinction. I have

been an indigent hero reduced to giving lessons in Hungarian for two florins a month. I have been the fortunate director of great enterprises. I have supported all the disasters destiny can inflict, and I have tasted all its favours. The gallows-rope has passed around my neck as well as the ribbon of a medal of honour. The glorious dust of exaltation has covered me, alike with the blackest marks of calumny. Proclaiming a curative for misery, I do not start despairing reports against the cure. The public have kept me from a dearth of material, for every story of subtle genius accentuating the life of the people has reached me from unknown friends on every side.

HIS STUDIES AND HIS LIBRARY.

Maurus Jokai has a very high opinion of his library, and also of himself, as may be gathered from the following passage:—

My library is the most valuable in the possession of a private individual, comprising the finest illustrated editions relating to remarkable travel, ethnographical works, and the natural sciences. The most precious amid these publications are the ancient chronicles gnawed by mice; these have piloted me through past history and across a universe. There is on earth no valley, wherever hidden, nor country, nor vegetation, of which these books do not treat; but their research required much study. Independently of my maternal tongue, I learned Latin, English, French, and German; and Italian, Slavic, and Greek I could read with a dictionary. I undertook the profound and complete study of the history of my people as well as that of the universe. I applied myself seriously to the study of natural history. I know all the vegetable kingdom by name, and I have a magnificent collection of Conchifera.

As an acrobat must daily exercise his muscles, I have developed my learning through books and newspapers. The press constitutes a school whose forceful lessons should never escape a vigilant writer. The intellectual faculties are separated into three distinctive qualities,—judgment, memory, and imagination. These qualities are found opposed in certain people. One will possess an active imagination, another a weak memory, and *vice versa*. According to my experience the three qualities should co-ordinate in the work of a writer, as otherwise one can write only fairy tales. This sort of literature predominates perhaps in my work, but a public attends for whom it is well worth writing. The ingenuous soul still exists among us, and the world of children constitutes a large reading public. And here lies the profession of novel-writing. I reveal the secret which the world may imitate.

HIS CROWNING WORK.

Notwithstanding all that he has done, he still burns for new worlds to conquer, and he has got an idea of finishing his career by a great work which he thus describes:—

My idea is with the pen of a poet to write "the history of the foundation of the Fatherland by Árpád,"—a work wherein history becomes intermingled with myths and tradition: and vanished ideas become intelligible fairy-tales wherein are assumed the form of real personages, creating reality from fable, like a novel written with the dramatic figure of lyrical movement. The sculpture of these bas-reliefs will be the incarnation of a magnificent recollection, ethical and political. This work once achieved, as I see it in imagination, I shall commend my soul to the protection and mercy of God.

In the *Humanitarian* Professor Barrett begins an article on "Dynamic Thought," the point of which is to call attention to the flood of light which telepathy sheds upon many problems of religion and of philosophy.

THE *Bookman* publishes a sketch of Mr. W. E. Henley by his disciple and worshipper, Mr. H. B. Marriot Watson. Mr. Watson thinks that Mr. Henley has made a deeper mark upon his generation as a critic than any of his contemporaries.

HOW THE GERMANS WIN THEIR BATTLES.

A TRIBUTE TO SONG.

WHILE Germany is commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the outbreak of the war with France, the German magazines are reviving the patriotic songs which are said to have roused to enthusiasm the sons of the Fatherland in the struggle with their French neighbour.

According to Herr Theo Seelmann, who writes in Heft 27 of the *Universum*, patriotic songs are the noblest of national hymns. Sung by millions of men, no one asks at the time of their appearance how they have originated or whence they have come, but when the occasion which called them forth is past, attention is gladly turned to their origin and history. Herr Seelmann first gives a brief account of the Prussian "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz!" whose history has already been fully dealt with in recent numbers of the *Konservative Monatsschrift*. Next we have the story of Ernst Moritz Arndt's "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" with the melody by Gustav Reichardt. In 1840 Nikolaus Becker achieved sudden fame by his "Rheinlied." He died in 1845, and this year being the jubilee anniversary of the song, the story of its author is told both in the *Universum* and in Heft 2 of *Ueber Land und Meer*. No fewer than seventy composers have set his song to music, including men like Schumann, Marschner, and Kreutzer.

Becker's song, however, was soon driven into the background by Hoffmann von Fallersleben's "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles," written in Heligoland. If the songs of Becker and Hoffmann von Fallersleben were directed against France, Karl Friedrich Strass's Schleswig-Holstein song diverted the attention of the patriots northwards, where German soil was threatened by Denmark. The original text was by M. F. Chemnitz, and when C. G. Bellmann composed the music, the song's fame was assured. Similarly, "Die Wacht am Rhein," written by Max Schneckenburger in 1840, did not become the common property of the people till it was set to music by Carl Wilhelm in 1854. Even then the song did not have its opportunity till war was declared against France, and though the composer was still among the living, it was with no little difficulty that the poet was identified.

A few older songs date from the outbreak of the war, e.g., Dr. Kreussler's "König Wilhelm sass ganz heiter." On July 13th, 1871, when Count Eulenburg was commanded to spend the day with the late Emperor William at Ems, he presented his Imperial Majesty with a copy of this song in handsome blue silk and silver cover, and informed him that the author had first sent the song to his son after the battle of Wörth. The Emperor expressed his pleasure by decorating the worthy doctor.

Another popular figure of the war was Fusilier Kutschke, whose song "Was kraucht denn dort im Busch herum?" was on every tongue. Kutschke writes:—

On August 3, 1870, from 11 to 1 in the night, I was on duty at Queichheim, near Landau, with my friend Breiter. We heard a rustling in the bushes, and Breiter called out: "Was mag dort wohl 'rum kriechen?" and rhyming with him I rejoined, "Was kriegst dort 'rum? Napoleonum." As soon as I was released from duty I retired to a barn and went on with the song, and by early morning it was quite finished. I read it aloud to Breiter, others came to hear it, many copied it, and thus it found its way out into the world.

Meanwhile the "Napolium Song" had been forgotten except by those who fought in the war, but now when the Germans are enjoying their victories over again, their gratitude makes it a pleasant duty to remember that it was chiefly owing to the enthusiasm in the hearts of the people called forth in a great measure by these

patriotic songs, and not merely by blood and iron, that they were crowned with success.

THE TRUMPETER OF MARS LA TOUR.

In Heft 28 of the *Universum* Herr O. Elster gives us an interesting sketch of the famous trumpeter of Mars la Tour—August Binkebank, whose fate is graphically described in a poem by Freiligrath. At Mars la Tour Binkebank took part in the celebrated death-ride of the Bredow Brigade.

The enemy had taken up a safe position, and the Prussians found it necessary to clear the way for the hard-pressed infantry of their sixth division by ordering their cavalry brigade to attack the sixth French army-corps. The engagement took place at two in the afternoon, and at first the loss to the Prussians was very small, while the French artillery was almost totally destroyed. By-and-by the French cavalry surrounded the Prussian squadron, whose horses were by that time quite exhausted; and when 3,300 fresh soldiers fell on the handful of 400 Prussians, there could be little doubt as to the result. The Prussians were compelled to retreat, hotly pursued by the French cavalry. Their loss was now very heavy, but the heroic attack was nothing less than a death-ride. Binkebank was the only trumpeter out of the eleven belonging to the regiment who escaped death, but he did not know that a bullet had gone through his bugle slung over his back till he was ordered to blow the roll-call, and a poor hoarse sound was all the blast he could produce.

The Late Dr. George F. Root.

On August 7 Dr. George F. Root, the composer of numberless sentimental and patriotic American songs and hymns, died suddenly at Bailey's Island, Maine. Several of the American music magazines give histories of his career, and the *Musical Visitor* of September is a special memorial number.

Dr. Root was born at Sheffield, Mass., in 1820. His first compositions were the two homely songs, "Hazel Dell" and "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," both generously received by the public. "There's Music in the Air" was no sooner printed than it became a general favourite too, and it has maintained its popularity ever since. In 1852, Dr. Root founded the Normal Musical Institute at New York, and made it a summer school for teachers.

When the war of the rebellion broke out, it developed in his mind a strong patriotic feeling, which naturally found expression in song. Thus he cheered the hearts of those who went to the front and soothed the pain of those who were left at home by such songs as "The first gun is fired!" "Forward, Boys, Forward!" "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!" "The Battle-Cry of Freedom," all of which he also set to music. He was also an eminent composer of hymn-tunes, of which "The Shining Shore" is, perhaps, the most popular, besides being historically important as the pioneer of the "Gospel Hymn." "Knocking, knocking, who is there?" "Ring the bells of Heaven," and many other Gospel-songs are great favourites.

THE study of Swiss Railways, by M. Edouard Tallichet in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, is concluded in the September number. The same magazine has an interesting article on Montaigne's daughter Léonor, by M. Paul Stapfer. The author of the "Essais" does not write much about her, but what he does say throws some light on that part of his philosophy which, rightly or wrongly, is now regarded as the best of his "Essais"—his ideas on the education of children.

SOME FAMOUS FEMALE CRIMINALS.

By MAJOR GRIFFITHS, INSPECTOR OF PRISONS.

In the *North American Review* for August there is an interesting article on "Female Criminals," by Major Griffiths, in which that experienced inspector of Her Majesty's prisons bears high tribute to the great improvement that has taken place of late years in the criminality of women. He says:—

Nothing is more remarkable in the annals of crime than its steady diminution among females in England in recent years. In the last decade there has been a decrease of 41 per cent. in the total numbers imprisoned, comparing 1892-3 with 1882-3. Although the prison population cannot be taken as a final test of the conditions of crime, the fact cannot be overlooked when the decrease is so strongly marked. Moreover, during those ten years there has been a general increase of the population of 25 per cent. If the statistics are sifted and the figures taken according to the gravity of misdeeds and sentences, the decrease is still more surprising. The average total of convicts, the females, that is to say who have been sentenced to penal servitude for terms of three years and upwards, was in 1892-3 just 245, as against 887 in 1882-3, a diminution of 72 per cent.; in the "local" prisons, those for lesser terms and offences, the decrease has been 33 per cent., but the two combined give the figure already quoted of 41 per cent.

At this rate there will very soon be no women left in gaol at all; but as long as any women are under lock and key, we may expect to find them indulge to the last the foibles of their sex. Major Griffiths says:—

Prison matrons would be perpetually busy if they checked every attempt made by their charges to adopt the last fashionable coiffure; "fringes" are "going out" perhaps in general society, but they are still amazingly popular in prison. In the same way, once, when chignons were in vogue, the female felt happy whose locks escaped the prison scissors and were long enough to fold over a pad of oakum. I have seen panniers counterfeited and polonaises, skirts draped or tied back, dress improvers manufactured out of whalebones or horsehair; no doubt, when the present "bell" skirt is fading out of fashion it will be largely patronised in gaol. The craze for personal adornment leads women to skim the grease off their scanty allowance of soup, with which they plaster their hair. I once knew an aged prisoner who was caught scraping the dust from the red brick cell wall to serve her as rouge.

THOROUGH!

Of female criminals it may be remarked, as it was said of the British infantry by their French antagonists: "They are the best in the world, but, thank God, there are very few of them!" The female criminal may not exactly deserve to be called the best, but she is certainly entitled to the foremost place in the gallery of crime:—

She seldom shrinks, seldom falters after the deed is done, either in facing consequences or removing traces. Catherine Hayes having caused her husband's death wished to cut off his head with a penknife and boil it; Mrs. Manning dug the grave for her victim, three weeks ahead, just in front of her kitchen fire, where she roasted and ate a goose the very afternoon of the crime. Kate Webster dismembered the corpse of her mistress and boiled it piecemeal; Hannah Dobbs strangled a lodger and dragged her body downstairs to bury it among ashes in a disused cellar. Dixblanc, the French cook, who murdered Madame Riel in Park Lane, did much the same. Female cruelty of a still more revolting kind was displayed by Mrs. Brownrigg and the two Meteyards; the first of whom flogged her parish apprentices to death, having first starved and shamefully ill-used them; the latter were milliners who tortured their employees under the most disgusting circumstances, killing them with refined cruelty and afterwards chopping their bodies to pieces.

Women are by their nature less physically powerful than men, and seldom kill their victims by force. Very sly, slow things, with circumspective eyes, are women, and

when they take to murdering, it is usually by way of poison.

THEIR FAVOURITE FORM OF MURDER.

Poisoning is a crime peculiarly attractive to the female offender. Rebecca Smith confessed on the scaffold, when about to suffer for poisoning her baby one month old, that she had already poisoned seven other children; Chesham, imitating the harridans who invented and sold Aqua Tofana, confessed that she had for years carried on a large business in removing husbands, both her own and others. Catherine Wilson was a wholesale poisoner whose foul practices were in all cases inspired by greed. Fanny Oliver used prussic acid to get rid of a husband who was insured in a burial society; and Madame Lafarge, whose case, being enveloped in much mawkish sentimentality, attracted world-wide attention at the time, did her husband to death with arsenic, the true "bungler's" or "beginner's" weapon, as its symptoms and the traces it leaves are so easily detected.

THE CHAMPION POISONER.

The typical female poisoner, however, was Anna Zwanziger, or Anna Schönleben, known as the German Brinvilliers, whose crimes were committed about the commencement of the present century. Zwanziger was of small stature, thin, deformed, her sallow meagre face deeply furrowed by passion as well as by age. Mock sensibility, and weak moral sense and an undoubted taste for dissipation led her into evil courses at an early age, and left her at fifty reduced to the greatest poverty, homeless, friendless, and at her wit's end to live. It was then that she adopted poisoning as a means of livelihood, as a profession. Her attachment to poison was based upon the proud consciousness that it gave her the power to break through every restraint, to attain every object, to gratify every inclination; she could deal out death or sickness as she pleased, torture all who offended her or stood in her way. As time went on she became an expert toxicologist; mixing and giving poison was her constant occupation. When sentenced to capital punishment she told the judge that her death was fortunate for mankind, as it would have been impossible for her to discontinue her trade of poisoning. There can be no question that Zwanziger fully fills up the type of "born" criminal; she was in truth a veritable monster, an incarnate female fiend.

Miss C. S. Bremner writes on a similar subject in the *Humanitarian*. Her paper is entitled "Women Convicts at Woking," and embodies the results of her visit to that prison, where only one of the officers, the Assistant-Superintendent, is a woman. She proposes that £450 per annum should be saved from a chaplain, and spent on first-class schoolmistresses. With this exception, she seems to regard the prison as fairly well managed.

THE LATE LOUIS PASTEUR.

THE new portrait of the late M. Pasteur, the frontispiece to this number, represents him at the age of seventy-two. He had just been experiencing once more the inconveniences of fame, said the *Revue Illustrée* of June 15th. Having declined the German decoration of the order "Pour le Mérite," he was surprised to find many people regarding his action in the matter as extraordinary patriotism. But M. Pasteur was as simple as he was sincere, and as modest as he was great, and he said "No" to the offer of the flattering distinction.

Twenty-five years ago he gave a similar example of civic dignity and independence. It was during the war of 1870. A patriot to the very depths of his soul, he felt keenly the first French disasters. The bulletins of defeat, which kept on arriving with sombre monotony, threw him into dark despair, and for the first time in his life he was unable to work. At last, in sorrow and in pride, he wrote to the Academy of Medicine at Bonn, praying that the German doctor's diploma which had been conferred on him in 1868 should be taken back.

ALL ABOUT THE "TIMES."

A VERY interesting paper is contributed by Mr. Creelman to *McClure's Magazine* for October, describing the *Times*, its proprietors, editors, and staff. It is copiously illustrated by portraits of all the Walters, but even Mr. McClure has failed to succeed in obtaining the portrait of Mr. Buckle, who has a prejudice against being photographed. The proofs of the article were revised by the late Mr. Walter, so that we may take the description as authentic. Mr. Creelman naturally falls into the vein of respectful eulogy in speaking of the *Times*, but our readers will be more interested in what he has to say as to the *personnel*, and as to how the great paper is managed.

TENDERNESS TO ITS EMPLOYÉES.

Speaking of the liberality of the *Times* to its employées, he says:—

The sternness of the *Times* is shown only to the public. Its private bounties are countless. Children are born at Bearwood to serve in its ranks, and they die blessing its name. During the Tae-Ping rebellion in China, Mr. Bowlby, the special correspondent of the *Times*, was seized and imprisoned with Sir Harry Parkes, the British Minister. Mr. Bowlby had dared to tell the truth, and he was slowly tortured to death. The story of his horrible fate was printed in the *Times*; but, after the regular edition was printed, the presses were stopped, and a single copy of another edition, containing a mild account of the death, was struck off and mailed to the correspondent's aged mother—so that she might never know how her son died. That touching incident illustrates the feeling of mutual consideration and the *esprit de corps* that permeates the service. There are men now in the office who have toiled there continuously for over half a century. Most of the employées in the mechanical departments are related to each other by blood or marriage. There is one man of eighty-two years. Thirty-six men are over sixty years old, and ten are over seventy. Notwithstanding this, the active management has always been in the hands of young men. Mr. Delane, for instance, was twenty-four years old when he became editor. Mr. Walter was only twenty-nine when he succeeded his father; and he is fond of saying that the united ages of the editor, manager, and two principal assistants then amounted to a hundred and ten years. Mr. Buckle, the present editor, was only thirty years old in 1884, when he assumed full power. Mr. Bell, the active manager, is a comparatively young man. It is interesting to see how youth and age, the university and the farm, are blended in the *Times* office, Oxford and Cambridge furnishing the editors, Bearwood the printers and mechanics.

AN ARMY OF A STAFF.

Of the actual editorial work on the paper, Mr. Creelman gives the following information:—

Contrary to the general idea, there is no formal council or committee in the *Times*. It is a one man power. The editor writes nothing himself, but he controls all that is written. When in doubt he consults his assistants, chief among whom is Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, the foreign editor. One editorial writer never begins his work until midnight. Then come intermediate grades—the colonial editor, the ecclesiastical news writer, the agricultural writer, the art critic, the council of five military experts, the naval writer, the geographical writer, the dramatic critic, and so on. The legal department has eighteen trained law reporters for the principal civil courts, eight for the assizes, and seventeen for the police courts. London is mapped out into nineteen districts, and there is in each district a reporter responsible for all news not covered by departments. Then there is a labour reporter, a cricket reporter, a golf and football reporter, a yachting reporter, and two racing reporters. There is a special writer for fires, one for railways, one for astronomical news. So the staff ramifies out into almost every department of life in an orderly and well-balanced system. The chief of the staff of parliamentary reporters, Mr. Broadbent, has eighteen stenographers under him, two of whom are "summary writers."

There is also a *Times* representative in each of the six hundred and seventy electoral districts of Great Britain.

The paper maintains a staff of five in Paris, two in Berlin, two in Vienna, one in Rome, one in St. Petersburg, one in Odessa, one in Brussels, one in Madrid, two in Constantinople, one in Lisbon, one in Athens, one in Egypt, one in Malta, one in South Africa, one in Zanzibar, three in India, two in China, two in Australia, one in Canada, one in the United States, and one in South America. Besides these there are hundreds of correspondents who write occasional news.

THE TEMPTER AND THE INCORRUPTIBLE.

The best anecdote in the article is that which tells how Lord Randolph Churchill tried in vain to bribe the *Times* by giving it the early and exclusive information of his resignation which sealed his career. Mr. Creelman says Lord Randolph, on leaving Lord Salisbury—

drove to the office in Queen Victoria Street, and sent his card to Mr. Buckle. When he was admitted to the editor's presence he announced that he had decided to resign his office as a protest against the Premier. The *Times* was to have the privilege of announcing the news in the morning. Mr. Buckle urged the Chancellor not to take such a rash step, but his arguments had no effect.

"Of course you will be friendly to me?" said Lord Randolph.

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Buckle.

"But there is not another paper in England that would not show some gratitude for such a piece of news."

"That may be true," said the editor, "but you cannot bribe the *Times*. This news is enormously important. It will make a great sensation. But if you choose to have it so, you can give it to some other newspaper, and not one line of it will appear in our columns to-morrow."

"Surely you will let me see what is written about it editorially to-night?"

"You cannot see a word of it before it is printed."

"Well," said the astonished Minister, "the *Times* is the most extraordinary and the most ungrateful newspaper published. You may announce my resignation, but I consider this very harsh treatment."

When the paper appeared in the morning, it contained the news of the resignation and a dignified editorial censuring the Chancellor for deserting his leader.

Land Grants to Railways in the United States.

THE *Catholic World* has a somewhat alarmist article as to the possible dangers to American liberty from the enormous wealth of the railroads. It says:—

No resources of an individual could contend against such wealth. There is nothing to prevent the whole railway system of the United States from entering into a league as well as the Chicago roads. What would that mean? It is estimated that up to 1883, 253,000,000 acres of land were granted to railway companies by Congress and the States. To more than one company belts of land eighty miles wide were granted, to others belts of forty miles wide. The Atlantic and Pacific Company owns a belt eighty miles wide, extending across New Mexico and Arizona to near the Pacific. If deduction from the grants be allowed on account of forfeitures, still it is estimated that the area of the lands remaining in the hands of the companies is twice and a half the total area of Great Britain and Ireland. If we take the grants as they originally stood, we find them bestowing estates greater in extent than the empire of Austria-Hungary, together with the kingdom of Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, and greater than the empire of Germany, combined with Italy, Portugal, Greece, and the republic of Switzerland. The thirteen original States of the Union comprised a territory one-fifth less than the grants originally made to the companies, and the lands retained by the companies are very nearly as extensive as the same thirteen States.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE *Fortnightly* for October is a good readable number. Mr. Gundry's article on "English Industry and Eastern Competition" I notice elsewhere.

IN PRAISE OF SELF AND COMPANY.

Mr. Frederic Harrison publishes under the title of "The Reaction and Its Lessons," the address which he delivered to the faithful few who assembled in the Positivist conventicle at Newton Hall. The gist of the paper is that the chief lesson of the reaction is that no one in the world was so wise and far-seeing as Mr. Frederic Harrison's master, Auguste Comte, and his disciples, Mr. Frederic Harrison and Company. Considering how little the Positivists count for in England to-day compared with what they did twenty years ago, Mr. Harrison's reference to his own pet philosophy as if it were the pivotal centre of the universe is just a trifle grotesque. One advantage of being a Positivist is, it seems, that whichever side wins you can always discover that the Positivists agree with the winners, and that the losers deserve their defeat because of their defiance of Positivist doctrine. Mr. Frederic Harrison says:—

We equally reject the formulæ of pure democracy and the radical schemes for reforming everybody and everything by short Acts of Parliament. One of the central principles of Positivism—perhaps the most crucial point of Comte's teaching—is the distinction between moral and material power; between things that belong to the sphere of opinion, of education, of moralists and churches, and the things that belong to laws, magistrates, and penal restrictions. Now, most of the Radical panaceas of our day violate this cardinal truth: indeed Radicalism, of the professional kind, is one prolonged defiance of this truth. And the so-called Conservative reaction that we have seen was mainly the revolt of the average Englishman against universal regeneration by Act of Parliament.

IRELAND AFTER HOME RULE.

A writer who veils his identity under the title of "A Disenchanted Nationalist," writes an essay which leaves the impression on the mind that the pseudonym is more or less fraudulent. It is difficult to imagine any real Nationalist, no matter how disenchanted he may be, winding up his essay as follows:—

Let me offer a contrast between two pictures. Conceive an Ireland in which the Home Rule idea has been realised by the creation of a Parliament in Dublin. On one side there would be a momentary intoxication of triumph, passing immediately into disappointment and disgust. On the other, there would be alarm and dismay, commercial paralysis and perhaps wide-spread ruin, the flight of many and the despair of all at the prospect of interminable strife and of, perhaps, even darker possibilities beyond. Consider, on the other hand, an Ireland that has abandoned the idea of Home Rule. On one side indeed some sadness of sentimental regret, but much relief too at being freed at last from the burden of the bitter struggle; and on all sides peace; the weary agitation over; confidence returning; life renewed; hope and spring again.

ENGLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Captain Gambier, writing on the Foreign Policy of England, pleads strongly in favour of our clearing out of the Mediterranean in order that Russia may take Constantinople with our assent and consent. Captain Gambier as long ago as 1877 saw the absurdity of the English suspicion about Constantinople, but he hardly seems to realise the fact that if we were to clear out of the Mediterranean now we should simply precipitate a general war. This he ignores, and argues as if we could

evacuate the Mediterranean without consulting any interests but our own. He says:—

Great Britain surely has higher duties than securing the interest on Egyptian bonds, and if the Mediterranean is unfortunately like a pit, where Russian, French, German, Austrian, Italian, and Turkish scorpions are ready to tear out each other's vitals, Providence has blessed England with a position outside the pit, and nothing but her own folly need make her descend into it. It is surely wiser to wait outside with a stick.

He does not think that if war broke out we could really hold our own against a Russo-French alliance:—

For I do not believe for a moment that we are not quite capable to crush France *at sea and abroad* single-handed, if France had no allies. But France undoubtedly would have allies; whereas we, for equal certainty, would have none. England's position is that we must face a war in which the Triple Alliance will stand aloof, but in which, almost for certain, Russia, France, Spain, and probably Turkey, would be arrayed against us.

ONE MORAL OF THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

Mr. William Laird Clowes describes the naval manœuvres, and makes various observations thereon. The one practical point which can be gathered from his article is that our navy stands very greatly in need of being reinforced with some light-draught ironclads of medium size. He says:—

The truth is that we have no provision to meet the situation. Against even weak forts, if not always against ironclads, ironclads are absolutely necessary; and we have no ironclads of modern type that are able to go up into the shallow lairs where the French torpedo-boats most do lie. We have not so much as a single battleship, of first, second, or third class, that draws less than twenty-three feet of water; and of our various coast-defence ironclads, half are not fit to quit our own shores, while of the rest there are but two which mount modern guns, and these are unfortunately the ones of the deepest draught.

THE ORIGIN OF SPEECH.

Professor Wallace in a paper on the "Expressiveness of Speech" explains the origin of many of the words which we use. He says:—

During my long residence among many savage or barbarous people I first observed some of these mouth-gestures, and have been thereby led to detect a mode of natural expression by words which is, I believe, to a large extent new, and which opens up a much wider range of expressiveness in speech than has hitherto been possible, giving us a clue to the natural meaning of whole classes of words which are usually supposed to be purely conventional.

The following passage is a summary of the gist of his case, which is set forth and illustrated at considerable length:—

Besides the more or less direct imitation of the varied sounds of nature, animate and inanimate, we have *form*, indicated by the shape of the mouth; *direction*, by the motion of the lips; such ideas as those of *coming* and *going*, of *inward* and *outward*, of *self* and *others*, of *up* and *down*, expressed by various breathings or by lip and tongue motions; we find the distinct classes of abrupt or continuous *sounds*, as well as the corresponding contrasted *motions*, clearly indicated by the use of expressive terminal letters; *motion* of almost every kind, whether human, animal, or inorganic, we find to be naturally expressed by corresponding motions of the organs of speech; the physical *qualities* of various kinds of matter are similarly indicated; while even some of the mental and moral qualities of man, as well as many of his actions and sensations, are more or less clearly expressed by means of the various forms of speech-gesture.

IS ENGLAND GOING OVER TO ROME?

Dean Farrar, in a paper on "The Asserted Growth of Roman Catholicism in England," examines the evidence and comes to the conclusion that the hopes of the Pope's friends are not warranted by the facts of the case.

I can see no positive proof that Roman Catholicism, as such, is gaining to any very appreciable extent, although it is perfectly true, and very grievously true, that doctrines once regarded as distinctively Romish are now taught on every side in the Church of England. It would be, indeed, a singular phenomenon in the history of Christianity, if England—the one country of all others which, till fifty years ago, was the most devoted to the principles of what Milton truly called "the bright and blissful Reformation," when "the sweet odour of the returning Gospel embathed men's souls in the fragrant of heaven"—should be in the course of "conversion" to Popery at the very time when—Romish priests and bishops being themselves the witnesses—Romanism is becoming more and more powerless, more and more purely verbal, among the immense majority of the people—especially of the men—in the very countries in which, as in France, Spain, and Italy, it has held for centuries an almost undisputed sway.

IN PRAISE OF ROME.

Alfred Austin contributes a brilliantly written paper entitled "A Roman Reverie." In the course of very eloquent observations, he says:—

But only a fanatical partial patriotism would deny to Italy the proud privilege of having most enriched the world with what the world values most. Neither Spain, nor France, nor Germany, nor even England, can boast to have grafted civilisation on conquest so successfully and so widely as Rome. Religion, Science, Art, Literature, Law, all have to trace their fertilizing streams back to Italy; and nothing is more astonishing than the persistent vitality of Italian civilisation. Italians have had their periods of despondency, and even of degradation—what nation has not? But for nigh on three thousand years Italy has had its architects, its sculptors, its soldiers, its lawgivers, its poets, its navigators, its searchers of the stars, its rulers of men. To every educated person Italy is "the old country"; to every filial mind Rome is the *alma genetrix*. Only in Rome can we trace the majestic pageant of the centuries, following each other, now with elate, now with faltering footstep, but always contributing something to the onward, if at times devious, march of man. Hence, while modes of civilisation elsewhere come and pass, Rome remains; and, when some other conception of society shall have created other Londons and another Paris, Rome will still be the foster-nurse of the poet, the home of the archæologist, the goal of the artist, the bourne of the pilgrim, and the sanctuary of the saint.

THE EDITOR OF THE "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

Mlle. Y. Blaze de Bury writes, with her usual fluent pen, on Ferdinand Brunetière, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He is one of the most remarkable men in France. The object of her paper, she explains, is that—the reader may have a more precise conception of the militant character of the most "acting" of our men of letters, of a man of letters who is the apostle of intellectual elevation in France.

Brunetière is only forty-six, and he seems to have to an unusual extent the faculty of making things "hum":—

This pugnacious mood is his standard, which he flings into the fight with the air of Henri IV. at Arques. He casts his paradoxes like flaming torches at his audience, then jumps into the arena, gathers them in handfuls, throws them back again, one by one, burning, vivid, flaming in the teeth of the shaken and electrified audience. It is all the fire of Brunetière's own individuality that gives his eloquence its particular convincing character.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Major Arthur Griffiths writes on "Advancement in the Army," and a Quarterly Reviewer replies to "Ameer Ali's Vindication of Islam."

THE NEW REVIEW.

THE *New Review* opens with some extracts from the note-book of S. O. Coleridge which have not yet been given to the public. They are Coleridgian, but rather disappointing. Mr. Kenneth Graham gives us another chapter of his stories of child life. Mr. Annand's article on the Liberal leadership is noticed elsewhere. David Hannay discusses and announces the doctrine of "The Fleet in Being." Martin Morris concludes his paper upon American Traits, and Charles Whibley writes on "The Two Cracksmen." Mr. P. Anderson Graham waxes furious concerning the political pottering with agriculture. Nothing will satisfy him but an immediate removal of tithes, with other little details equally unimportant. His paper will be interesting reading for Her Majesty's Ministers. He says:—

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will have justified his appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer if at the end of next Session he can enumerate among accomplished deeds: the removal of Tithe, the abolition of Land Tax, the readjustment of local taxation, a change in the beer duty, and a reversal of Sir William Harcourt's unscrupulous policy concerning landed property.

THE AUTOMOBILE.

Mr. H. C. Marillier waxes enthusiastic over the coming supercession of the horse and the universal use of petroleum engines. He describes the result of the recent trial in France, and says:—

A few pints of gasoline or rectified petroleum will suffice it for five or six hours; and when this is gone it is easy to replenish at a cost of something like a halfpenny an hour. According to a foreign scientific journal, the comparative weights of fuel required for petroleum, steam, and electric (accumulator) traction to produce one horse-power for an hour are 14 ozs. of gasoline; 6½ lbs. of coal and 40 lbs. of water; and 250 lbs. of electric accumulators.

Mr. Marillier thinks the automobile has come to stay, and is coming with a vengeance also. He says:—

I name ten years as the time within which we might see the railways given up to business traffic and persons in a hurry; the country dotted with airy vehicles flying along on roads that continental nations might be proud of; the "posting" system revived with all its ancient glamour; only the oster vanished, in whose place one summons the engineer. Electric trams and electric cabs shall have worked wonders in our cities, which now will be clean and sweet instead of foul and muddy. As traffic becomes gentler, rates will diminish. Heads will no longer throb with disagreeable sights and sounds.

THE BLACKLEG THEORY OF LAWLESS LOVE.

A Clerk writes a paper on "The Relations of the Sexes," in which he seems to think that he has stated something new and true. In reality he has merely restated the familiar blackleg theory, which explains if it does not justify the extreme severity with which women regard those of their number who consent to accept less than the statutory price for their persons. He lectures with the usual superciliousness of his kind those new women whose position he utterly fails to understand. He argues strongly in favour of a double moral standard, one for men and one for women, each sex to have its own. He explains on the blackleg theory how it is men take a much more lenient view of maintenance than women:—

Men administer to themselves and each other a far less cogent obligation, because they do not instinctively feel that they have the same direct and paramount interest in the maintenance of that institution. To them the man who does not marry his mistress is not a "blackleg." He is merely a person who has paid a second-rate price for a second-rate article. The majority of good men prefer the best article at

the longest price, and the existence of the less fastidious does not interfere with their getting it. Therefore, irregularity in a man's dealings with women does not wholly deprive him of the countenance and association of the best of his fellow-men. The single assumption that has to be made in the foregoing ratiocination is that each sex makes rules in this matter for itself and not for the other.

Surely the analogy should have given A. Clerk a little better insight than he appears to have at present. Granting that men are in the position of employers who have no objection to employing blacklegs, is it not reasonable and natural that women should regard such men exactly as trade-unionists or strikers regard employers who employ blacklegs? The hostility with which a trades-unionist regards a certain employer who imports scabs and blacklegs in order to depreciate the market and cut down the union wage is exactly the way in which women are to an increasing extent beginning to regard men who take advantage of the blacklegs of their sex. The new woman, in short, is simply explaining to the world the antipathy with which good women generally have regarded the blackleg.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The *Nineteenth Century* for October is a good number. I notice elsewhere Mr. Frederic Harrison on Ruskin as a master of prose, and Mr. Van Oss's paper on the boom in South Africans in the city.

A SUGGESTION BY THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

The Duchess of Sutherland contributes a short paper, giving a slight but picturesque account of the country around a German bath, in the course of which her Grace ventures upon somewhat debatable ground in the following paragraph:—

Beyond where the old stone cross stands, bearing the figure of the Christ, with bowed head, there is shade; the grass seems softer and greener, too—don't you think so?

This Lutheran country has no prejudices then—Thank God for that! Prejudices sap the life from a nation, and leave it shrivelled.

Suppose we put some of these crosses with the dying Saviour here and there on the London road that stretches through our great populated cities; and let the natural springs make fountains, and the buttercups and daisies grow rankly at the foot; the slouching tramp, the poor, out-of-work mechanic, the slatternly gipsy, might rest awhile, and, perhaps looking up, would remember a time without want, or wretchedness, or shame. But in the towns whence they came—or whither they were bound—what outcry! what hasty meetings! what newspaper vituperation! The shaven priest would chuckle, the bearded Dissenter might rage, each on his narrow foothold would shout for the honour or for the horror of it. Only the figures of the Christ, with outstretched arms, would perforce be speechless, till the bricklayer sent his cart, and came and took them all away, stone by stone, to crumble in dirt and damp, in his back yard.

It would be interesting to know whether her Grace is right in this. Probably the shaven priest might chuckle, but why should the duchess think the bearded Dissenter would make such a face? Let her try the experiment and see. I think Dissenters, bearded and unbearded, would have more sense.

A TEACHING UNIVERSITY FOR LONDON.

Lord Playfair repeats once more the arguments for making London a great educational centre. He learns that Zurich does more in this way than does London. He says:—

This great city ought to be the centre of intellectual life to the nation, but it is not. It possesses magnificent museums, galleries, and collections—in fact, all the material to take a

large part in developing the intellect of the nation. With this unsurpassed material, its higher education is less organised than that of any capital of Europe.

Union of interests has been practically achieved by the last Royal Commission. The dissolution prevented the late Government from passing their Bill. It will be incumbent on the new Parliament and the new Government to use the favourable opportunity, especially as the latter cannot forget that the Royal Commission was the creation of a Conservative Government. London must have a teaching university worthy of the great metropolis of a great nation.

A PLEA FOR AN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Mr. C. B. Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, pleads for a naval expedition to the South Pole. The last ship that went to the Antarctic regions was a Scandinavian whaler. The trip cost her owner £5000, not less. Clearly the South Pole is not to be sought by private enterprise. Mr. Markham says:—

The reasons for despatching a naval Antarctic expedition are threefold, each one being sufficient in itself. The first is the great importance of its results to all branches of science. The second is the urgent necessity for executing a magnetic survey in high southern latitudes, in the interests of the commerce of this country and of the world generally, and to provide for the safe navigation of iron and steel ships. The third is the need for such training as is supplied by maritime exploration in the interests of the naval service—a need which is more strongly felt now than in any former period in our history.

THE RECENT ITALIAN ELECTIONS.

The Marchese de Viti de Marco writes upon the political situation in Italy from the point of view of a Liberal who is strongly opposed to Crispi. The Liberal party, however, having gone to pieces, its supporters are voting for clericals to signify their repugnance to Crispi and his methods. Speaking of the many signs of antipathy to Crispi, the marquis says:—

But the most expressive reaction is the unexpected victory of the Clerical Party in many of the great towns during the recent administrative elections. It has been hinted that this victory marks a revival of religious feeling in the Catholic population, but this is not its meaning. To those who know the spirit of the masses in Italy, there can be no doubt that the victory of the Catholics is political, not religious. For others it will be sufficient to observe that the electoral success of the Clericals coincides with the success of the Socialists and of the condemned by courts-martial; that it has taken place in the towns, where the influence of the priest is less strong than in the country, and where the opposition to Signor Crispi has been stronger; that it has been most general and striking in the North of Italy, more especially in those districts which in the political elections returned the greatest number of deputies opposed to Signor Crispi.

THE RELIGION OF THE UNDERGRADUATE.

Rev. Anthony C. Deane writes an essay under this head which is calculated to give much cause for grave searchings of heart among our spiritual teachers. When the schoolboy comes up to Oxford and Cambridge, and into the enjoyment of the first delights of liberty, he naturally takes his tone from the students whom he finds there before him. Mr. Deane says:—

What does he find to be the prevalent attitude towards religion? Simply, in one word, agnosticism. With sorrow and reluctance it must be confessed that the majority of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates are without, or at least profess to be without, any religious beliefs at all. It is sad, it is deplorable, but it is true. There are a certain number of earnest Churchmen among them, a certain number of sincere Dissenters, a few whose misguided enthusiasm leads them to hold open-air prayer meetings on the 'Backs' at Cambridge, or by the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford. But the majority

gradually resign all the religious beliefs of their earlier years, to regain them, if they can, when they have finally left the University.

Mr. Deane discusses the causes which have led to this loss of all religious faith on the part of the great majority of our students. It seems the younger dons are agnostics, and aggressive agnostics at that, full of sneers and jibes at orthodox religion. The older dons are not much good, and two of the regulations specially designed to fortify youth in the Christian creed have exactly the opposite effect. One is the examination in Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," and the other is the compulsory attendance at chapel. The subject is one of grave importance, and Lord Salisbury and his episcopal friends might well meet in conclave to decide what should be done.

A PLACE WORTH OCCUPYING.

Sir Theodore Bent describes the only spot on the Arabian littoral which seems to be worth while annexing. This he describes under the title of the "Land of Frankincense and Myrrh":—

Dhofar is 640 miles from Muscat on the one side and 800 miles from Aden on the other, so it is situated about as far as possible from any civilised centre. Nominally it is under the Sultan of Oman; virtually it is ruled over autocratically by one Wali Suleiman, who was sent out there about eighteen years ago as Governor, at the request of the feud-torn inhabitants, by Sultan Tourki of Muscat.

If ever this tract of country comes into the hands of a civilised nation, it will be capable of great and useful development. Supposing the harbour restored to receive ships of moderate size, the Gara hills, rich in grass and vegetation, with an ample supply of water and regular rains, and, furthermore, with a most delicious and health-giving air, might be of inestimable value as a granary and a health resort for the inhabitants of the burnt-up centres of Arabian commerce, Aden and Muscat. It is, as I have said, about half-way between them, and it is the only fertile stretch of coast-line along that arid frontage of the Arabian Peninsula on to the Indian Ocean.

THE APPOINTMENT OF LORD ACTON.

Mr. W. S. Lilly, in a paper entitled "The New Spirit in History," declares that:—

The appointment of Lord Acton to the Chair of Modern History at Cambridge is an event deserving more than the passing notice which it received in the newspapers. It seems to me, for several reasons, to be among the most important events that have for a long time occurred in English academical life. It is not easy to imagine a more signal token of the passing away of that old sectarian spirit which found expression in religious tests; of the nationalisation of our great seats of learning, not in word only, but in deed and in truth.

But there is another reason why Lord Acton's appointment is of special importance. He is, beyond all question, our most learned representative of the modern spirit in history—the scientific spirit, we may call it.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. W. Laird Clowes, in the spirit of Old Mortality, refurbishes up the inscriptions which keep green the memory of the great captains who fought under Nelson at Trafalgar. Dr. Berdoe, who has been to Lourdes, gives us a medical view of the miracles, which is brief and sensible, and not snuffy and sceptical, as is frequently the manner of the medical fraternity when confronted with cures not brought about by the faculty. Mr. Coulson Kernahan contributes a brief criticism of Frederick Locker-Lampson. Mr. Gennadius discusses the proper pronunciation of Greek, and Mr. W. H. Mallock dreadfully replies to Mr. Frederic Harrison's dreary defence of the religion of Humanity.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE *National Review* this month is somewhat slack, which is not unnatural during the recess. Its chief feature is Mr. Alfred Austin's poem to Ireland, which is quoted elsewhere. Mr. Arthur Shadwell, writing upon "Intemperance, Past and Present," takes a distinctly optimistic view of the situation. He says:—

To-day drunkenness is a social offence among the upper classes, and that view is permeating the lower, surely though slowly. Without denying some credit to other influences, I believe the main factor in bringing this change about is the example of the Court, and especially the high standard of conduct inflexibly demanded by the Sovereign. It began under William IV., who discountenanced intemperance, and has, of course, been notably maintained by the Queen. So long as the Court drank, society drank; and so long as society paraded its vices without shame it was perfectly idle to ask the people to give up theirs. At the present time the drink question appears to be solving itself, too slowly no doubt for many people, but with surprising rapidity, considering its past history. Far more improvement has been effected in the last sixty years than in the previous six centuries of active legislation.

Mr. Kington Parkes, writing on "English Silks," calls attention to the fact that we are gradually losing our silk manufactures chiefly owing to the lack of technical instruction. He says:—

At the present time, however, English silks are equal in finish, superior in design to, and of better value than foreign silks, and yet foreign silks continue to be imported into this country in ever-increasing amounts. This is the fault of the distributor to a very large extent, and some responsibility attaches to the Board of Trade. It is not that broad silks are the only silks imported; it is the enormous quantity of ribbon which comes to us from St. Etienne and Crefeld that has to be taken into consideration.

Rear-Admiral Fitzgerald defends the French of to-day from the imputations cast upon their friendliness by Admiral Maxse. "Both France and England," says Admiral Fitzgerald, "are blinded by Chauvinism and Jingoism, and the present attitude of both countries is puerile, unbecoming, and undignified. Spencer Wilkinson takes "Chitral" as a text in order to show its relation to the general scheme of frontier policy which has been adopted by successive governments in India. The article on "Recent Finance," deals chiefly with the South African boom. Mr. Porritt describes in somewhat unduly doleful terms the disappointment of the more ardent reformers in New York, who, having by great effort succeeded in defeating Tammany at one election, find to their dismay that Tammany is still in possession of the field. Mr. W. S. Seton-Karr in an article entitled "Consule Planco," pleads for the retention of the Indian Government in the hands of the English people. "India can only be governed by the English statesman with his Imperial instincts and his strong hand." Mr. Percy Addleshaw pays a tribute of praise to Mr. Wilfred Blunt's character. Mr. Boyle writes an article on "Autumn Session in a Buchan Garden," and Mrs. Lynn Linton, who has now quite taken up the position of a querulous grandmother, worries away about "The Tyrannies of Private Life."

On the first page of the "Caricatures" in our September number we omitted to acknowledge Mr. J. R. Fletcher, of 4, Rectory Terrace, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne, as the author of the clever "Hawarden Bubble" cartoon. Mr. Fletcher has published the drawing both in the form of a cabinet photograph and a poster.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary Review* is a fairly readable number, without any articles of peculiarly vital interest. I notice elsewhere Mr. Wolff's paper on "Agricultural Co-operation."

HOW CIVIL WAR WAS AVERTED IN JAPAN.

A resident in Japan writes an article entitled "The Japanese Constitutional Crisis and the War." He says but for the war Japan's new constitution would soon have broken down. It came into operation in the last month of 1890, since when there have been three dissolutions and four parliaments. According to the constitution the Japanese Cabinet is independent of the Diet and responsible to the sovereign alone, while the Japanese House of Representatives has been fighting for the introduction of constitutional government, with the Cabinet responsible to the Chamber. Things had got to such a pass that civil war was by no means out of the question, when by declaring war against China, Prime Minister Ito quelled the domestic ferment and carried the elections. Now, however, the opposition is furious owing to the interference of Russia, France and Germany. The Government is meeting this opposition by a policy of severe repression, and whispers of the suspension of the constitution are heard.

ARCHÆOLOGY v. OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

Professor A. H. Sayce explains why it is he has turned back from the conclusions which are so constantly urged by the professors of the Higher Criticism. He asserts that those conclusions are extravagant and vicious. Archæology is enabling us to confirm the Pentateuch and re-establish the old belief as to its Mosaic origin. First: the "Higher Criticism" asserts that there was no writing in Israel before the age of Samuel. Archæology proves that the Israelites must have known how to read and write before their settlement in Canaan. Second: a study of the literature handed down to us by the Babylonians and Assyrians tells strongly against the disintegration theory. Thirdly: narratives which the "higher criticism" pronounced to be the unmistakable figments of tradition are being shown by archæological study to be historical after all. Year by year, almost month by month, fresh discoveries are being made all in favour of the old, rather than the new, teaching. To such a pass has it come that Professor Sayce deliberately maintains that if he were asked whether or not Moses wrote the Pentateuch he would reply that such a belief involved considerably fewer difficulties than the contrary opinion.

THE NEW REFORMATION AND INCARNATION.

Rev. H. R. Haweis contributes an article which he entitles "The New Clergy," the gist of which is that the clergy of the Church of England have been steadily losing ground in the estimation of the public, and unless they wake up and face the needs of the times they will be hopelessly left behind. Mr. Haweis believes that we are on the eve of a new Reformation, the chief feature of which will be a restatement of the doctrine of the Incarnation:—

The leading doctrinal point of Reformation theology was the restatement of the way in which bread and wine convey Christ in the Sacrament. The doctrinal point of the new Reformation will be a restatement of the way in which flesh and blood convey God in the Incarnation. The Old Reformation turned on Transubstantiation in the miracle of the mass; the New Reformation will turn on the meaning of the Word made flesh, or the way in which divine essence dwelt in the God-man. As the Christian Church has borne restatement of the one, it

should be equal to bearing restatement of the other. At present things look very hopeful.

The real though unacknowledged fact is that we have in our midst clergy within the Church holding two views of the Incarnation. There are what I may call the Prenatal Infusion clergy and the Postnatal Transfusion clergy. The Prenatalists admit human parentage on one side only. The Postnatalists admit human parentage on both sides, but claim a special and developmental assimilation or inhabitation of Deity, indicated by such words as "growing in grace and knowledge," whilst they confess a supremacy belonging to the All-Father not capable of delegation, in such words as "My Father is greater than I."

Mr. Haweis leaves us in no doubt as to which party he belongs; but he has evidently not yet appreciated the light which patient psychical research is likely to throw upon the question on which he is a little disposed to dogmatise.

THE UNITY OF THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH.

Rev. Dr. Lindsay sets forth his view of what constituted the unity of the Church in apostolic times. He obligingly summarises his paper in the following paragraph:—

That the corporate unity of the Apostolic and Sub-Apostolic Church included a federation of the many hundreds of individual communities organised for the purposes of discipline and administration on types differing more widely from each other than any existing systems of Church government, but keeping the sense of the oneness of the Christian Church alive within their hearts by the thought that all shared in the same sacraments, were taught by the same Word of God, obeyed the same commandments, and shared a common hope of the coming of the same kingdom. That they made this unity manifest by mutual help in all Christian social work and by boundless and brotherly hospitality to all fellow-Christians. While the picture of this corporate unity was always kept before them in the fraternal intercourse of Church with Church by official letters and messengers, and was made vivid by the swift succession of wandering apostles, prophets, and teachers, who, belonging to no one community, were the servants of the whole Church of Christ and were the binding stones making it cohere together.

THE ETHICS OF ZOOPHILY.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who had been somewhat rudely assailed by a Jesuit priest, turns the tables upon her assailant, who had somewhat emphasised the fact that she was a woman. Miss Cobbe says:—

I do not in the smallest degree object to finding my appeals on behalf of animals treated as womanly. I claim, as a woman—nay, as an old woman, that climax of feebleness and futility—to have the better right to be heard in such a cause than a man, or even than a priest. If my sex has a "mission" of any kind, it is surely to soften this hard old world, such as men (priests included) have left it.

She then sets forth the ethical basis of the plea which she has constantly made on behalf of animals. The mediæval jargon of pseudo-philosophic distinction, between persons and things, which confuses the judgment of some Catholic theologians, is really out of place in this controversy. Miss Cobbe's statement of the case is very clear and convincing.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The Countess Cesaresco writes pleasantly concerning "Villa Life in the Olden Times." The Romans, she claims, were the inventors of villadom. Julia Wedgwood discusses that rough freethinker, FitzJames Stephen. Mr. William Larminie gives us the first instalment of a paper on "Norse and Irish Literature." Mr. Herbert Spencer contributes a brief paper and a short letter. In the letter he maintains that on Professor Weismann's own principle the inheritance of acquired characters must be admitted.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

I HAVE noticed elsewhere the article upon Professor Huxley. The other articles are interesting but do not require to be noticed at length.

IN PRAISE OF LIBERIA.

Mr. Edward W. Blyden of Liberia devotes several pages to the eulogy of Africa and the Africans. He says that the interior tribes of Northern Africa are exempt from the devastating traffic in strong drink which works such havoc in the neighbourhood of European settlements on the coast. The coast tribes, he says, are so fond of strong drink that they consume it all themselves and leave none for the Hinterland. He says:—

Africa produces in unlimited quantities articles of prime necessity to civilisation, which cannot be obtained in anything like the same quantities from any other country. In the interior the natives have reached a degree of civilisation not suspected by the outside world. Most of the tribes have fixed habitations and defences round their towns; they cultivate their lands; they wear cotton dresses of their own manufacture, dyed with native dyes; and they work in iron and gold. The native loom is very primitive, but the native cotton is excellent.

THE PROSTITUTE VOTE.

The Bishop of Albany is much exercised in his mind concerning the ghastly consequences which he says he fears will result from the enfranchisement of women. Instead of thinking of the millions of good women who would be able to influence the policy of the state for good, he fixes his gaze entirely upon the miserable minority of immoral women whose enfranchisement he dreads. He says:—

The possession of the ballot has not purified the male voter from the heinous sin of a sold vote. Why should it purify the woman? It is a well-known fact that, in all our large cities, there is a great body of women who sell themselves, soul and body. It is idle to stop and say that men are responsible for this horror. I have no desire to screen men. I believe the man who sins against purity is before God a sinner equally with the woman. But the fact stands that a woman who will sell her purity, her honour, her reputation, herself, will sell anything. And in the city of New York, with its fifty thousand fallen women, there is this enormous and awful possibility of a vote that might turn the tide of any election, purchasable by the highest bidder, who would naturally use his disreputable bargain for disreputable and dangerous ends.

Considering that for each woman who is thus branded as unworthy of citizenship there are at least ten men by whose occasional lapses from virtue she lives, his argument against enfranchising women tells with ten times greater force against the enfranchisement of men.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOURERS IN POLITICS.

The writer of the article upon the Christian Endeavour Convention, which has just been held at Boston, gives an encouraging account of the enthusiasm for civic reform which animated the Christian Endeavourers. He says:—

The need of America in the present day is evidently a better citizenship, a purer political atmosphere, and this has been the ringing keynote which has been struck at every one of the last three conventions. The applause with which this note has been received when struck, and the enthusiasm with which Christian Endeavourers everywhere have carried out the thought, has shown the adaptability of the movement to every passing phase of American life. A Tammany not only overthrown, but a Tammany for evermore impossible in America, was one great thought of the Boston convention, and five times ten thousand hearts pledged themselves quietly, but none the less sincerely, to a better citizenship and a purer government for our great cities and for our nation.

IS AMERICA A FREE COUNTRY?

Mr. Max O'Rell answers this question by emphatically declaring that it is not. The American is the slave of public officials and of hotel clerks. He is always being defrauded and trodden upon and generally cheated out of his rights. He bears everything with angelical patience, and in consequence is imposed upon. Max O'Rell says:—

If every official were educated up to the fact that he is paid by the state, that is to say, by the people, and that his duty is to administer, to the best of his abilities, to the welfare of the people; if every conductor of every railway company were made to understand that his first function is to attend to the comfort and wishes of passengers; if waiters, waitresses, porters, servants of all sorts, were told that a polite public has a right to expect from them politeness, courtesy and good service, life in America would be a great deal happier.

A WARNING FOR OUR NAVY.

Admiral P. H. Colomb, writing concerning naval matters, concludes his article with a rather alarmist observation concerning the spread of trade unionism among our men-of-war's men. He says:—

I hope I am wrong in apprehending a possible danger. If personal interest alone had been the guide of the naval officer, England would, scarcely be where she is. The sentiment of loyalty, and of the grandeur of self-sacrifice for a cause, have made the British naval officer what self-interest alone could never have made him. There have been some signs that on the lower deck this sentiment does not wax. The discipline, and loyalty based upon self-interest and utilitarianism may be perfect in appearance and yet incapable of bearing a strain. If anything of the trades-union spirit should invade our lower decks, there might be danger in it.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF THE THIRD EMPIRE.

Mr. Vandam continues his interesting and somewhat scandalous chronicle of the men and women of the Third Empire. It is rather pitiable to find how powerless Napoleon III. was among all the gang which traded upon his good nature:—

Of all those who "had the ear" of Napoleon III., there were not more than four—certainly not more than a half-dozen counsellors—who were loyally devoted to him and to his dynasty. The others merely looked upon the dynasty as a stepping-stone to the acquisition of enormous wealth, as an instrument for the gratification of their vanity, and the realisation of ambitious schemes more guilty still.

THE FUTURE OF HOME RULE.

The Earl of Crewe, writing on this subject, takes a very cheerful view, which was hardly to be expected in the Viceroy of the Home Rule Administration. He says:—

In the immediate future the apathy of Ireland, and therefore to some extent a quietude of the House of Commons, will mainly depend on two conditions, one positive and one negative, over neither of which the Government will have a shadow of control. There must be fine weather, and no popular leader must arise to unite the Nationalist forces. We believe that the great Unionist triumph neither involves any abatement of Ireland's claims nor an abandonment of her constitutional position. "Unfinished questions," it has been said, "have no pity for the repose of nations." Not very long ago it seemed likely that the Home Rule ship might make the harbour for which she was steering, but she was swept by the gale far out into the open sea. To retrace her course she must beat painfully against the wind; but she will reach home at last.

OTHER ARTICLES.

There are several other articles whose interest is chiefly American, although the papers on "Crop Conditions and Prospects" and "Our Reviving Business" are of interest far beyond the American frontier. General

Miles describes a brush with the Bannock Indians. Professor Thurston discourses upon the trend of National Progress, and the late mayor of Havana describes the Cuban situation from his point of view.

THE FORUM.

THE *Forum* for September is a very good number, containing many articles of more than ordinary interest. Several of these, such as Mr. Harrison on George Eliot, and Professor Lombroso on "Criminal Anthropology," are noticed elsewhere.

SHOULD LAW TO BE ENFORCED?

This question, the answer to which seems obvious enough to most people, is discussed by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the Board of Police Commissioners of New York. He finds that his chief difficulty is the conviction which prevails among many Americans that laws should not be enforced when any considerable number of persons desire that they should be ignored. Tammany is conducting its opposition to Mr. Roosevelt at present on the principle that laws should not be enforced which are distasteful to any considerable section of the public. Mr. Roosevelt's paper is a very interesting illustration of the extent to which Democratic principles tend to invalidate the respect paid to law. He points out with great lucidity the difference between himself and his assailants. It is a mistake to imagine that Tammany was against the Sunday Closing Law. The Democratic party distinctly refused to strike Sunday closing out of their programme. It is equally a mistake to think that Tammany is against enforcing the law against Sunday drinking. The only difference between Mr. Roosevelt and Tammany is that Mr. Roosevelt enforces the law against everybody, whereas Tammany regards the law as an invaluable method of levying blackmail upon those against whom the law is not put in operation. Tammany, as Mr. Roosevelt says, was as ruthless in closing the saloons where the owner had no "pull," as he is in closing all saloons whether the owners have or have not a "pull." Mr. Roosevelt took his stand upon the principle that administrators can only recognise public sentiment when embodied in law.

SHALL CUBA BE FREE?

Mr. Clarence King argues very strongly in favour of American recognition of the Cuban insurgents as belligerents. He declares that the Spaniards brutally misgovern and savagely oppress the Cubans. And the Americans as friends of liberty should at least give moral backing to the men who are struggling, and rightly struggling, to be free. He objects to America preventing the shipment of war supplies to the insurgents. If the belligerency of the Cubans is recognised, he thinks they will be able to throw off the yoke of Spain. If, on the other hand, they are not allowed to get arms from America, Spain will in the end triumph. Mr. King appeals passionately to America to fling Spain overboard and give Cuba the chance which she needs.

THE BENEFIT OF HARD TIMES.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, the professional optimist of American finance, maintains that hard times are the best times for the majority of the people. At least three-fourths of the employed, he says, have been during this very period of so-called hard times earning higher wages and gaining better subsistence at a less cost than ever before. He says:—

The evidence of this can be found, by him who has eyes to see, in the extension of every great city, in the multitude of houses of moderate cost, in the multiplication of the small

industries, in the enormous sale of bicycles, and in the rapidly extending markets for flowers and other common luxuries which the mass of the people now enjoy.

On the whole, he thinks, very little disorder beyond the temporary loss of profits has affected either the mining interests, the great machine works, or the textile industries of the north and west. The hard times also have taught the whites of the South to cultivate their land and the Americans generally to abandon the single-crop system, and at the same time discover the feeding properties of wheat.

A CANADIAN TRIBUTE TO LORD ROSEBERRY.

Mr. M. J. Griffin, in a paper entitled "The Anecdotic Side of English Parliamentary Dissolutions," indulges in a good deal of gossip concerning past dissolutions. At the close, he says, that to have carried on the business of Parliament with so small a majority for three years shows great capacity and considerable luck. Mr. Griffin says:—

To have passed a Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons; to have inaugurated a dangerous agitation against the House of Lords; to have suffered the loss of Mr. Gladstone; to have borne up so long under the unpopularity arising from a decaying agriculture and an increasing want of employment among the operative classes even in the manufacturing towns; to have withstood the intrigues and aggressions of the Radicals during the whole period—these things show that there was a reserve of strength and skill and statesmanship among Mr. Gladstone's and Lord Rosebery's following. Lord Rosebery carries that reserve into opposition, and we may look forward to a short period of active parliamentary tactics followed by a fresh change in the Masters of the Empire.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Dr. Douglas H. Stewart describes the extraordinary apathy with which the scandalous insanitary condition of the public elementary schools in New York is regarded. Many of the schools seem to have every conceivable sanitary defect that could be suggested. They are overcrowded and they are dark; they are dirty and foul. Owing to these defects the next generation of New Yorkers are likely to be near-sighted, deaf, crooked and hysterical. Mrs. Barns writes on the methods and difficulties of child study. Mr. H. T. Newcomb discusses the Civil Service as a career.

THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.

THE September number of this journal is chiefly devoted to the printing of papers read at a recent educational conference.

WHAT KNOWLEDGE IS BEST WORTH KNOWING.

Mr. N. M. Butler, of Columbia College, discourses upon this question in a paper which reads pleasantly enough, but does not leave a very deep impression upon the mind. He says:—

Freedom and rationality are two names for the same thing, and their highest development is the end of human life. This development is not, as Locke thought, a process arising without the mind and acting upon it, a passive and pliable recipient. Much less is it one that could be induced in the statue of Condillac and Bonnet. It is the very life of the soul itself. The truth pointed to by both philosophy and science offers us a sure standing-ground for our educational theory. It reveals to us, not as an hypothesis but as a fact, education as spiritual growth toward intellectual and moral perfection, and saves us from the peril of viewing it as an artificial process according to mechanical formulas. Finally, it assures us that while no knowledge is worthless,—for it all leads us back to the common cause and ground of all,—yet that knowledge is of most worth which stands in closest relation to the highest forms of the

activity of that Spirit which is created in the image of Him who holds Nature and Man alike in the hollow of his hand.

EVOLUTION IN EDUCATION.

Mr. Le Conte discusses the influence which the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution is likely to have upon education. He is a sanguine evolutionist, and thinks that evolution is likely to lead us to Christianity. He says:—

I believe that evolution will help us to find the true ideal. If man has indeed emerged out of animality into humanity, as evolution teaches, then must he approach his ideal just in proportion as he rises above the distinctively animal and lives habitually on the distinctively human plane; and he completely attains it when the distinctive humanity is carried out to its highest limit. In animals, the whole life and activity are concentrated on the self, although an unrecognised self, for selfhood is first recognised in man. Man, on the contrary, and more and more as his distinctive human nature predominates, lives also in and for other selves. His life expands and incorporates more and more the lives of others, through a realising sympathy and love. He reaches his ideal in this direction when his life spreads equally over all other lives in proportion to their real work; when self-love no longer in the least disturbs the justness of judgment or unduly influences conduct; when self and other selves are weighed in the same just balance—in a word, when he is at last unconditioned by self. This is the ideal of right conduct—the moral ideal. The moral law of equal love to self and neighbour is now fulfilled. This ideal, first given by the moral insight of the Founder of Christianity, is now at last verified by science. Observe that the condition and beginning of this whole process of evolution are the recognition of selfhood in man. But observe also that man finds selfhood only to lose it again in love.

NATURE AND CIVILISATION.

Mr. W. H. Payne makes a vigorous protest against the doctrine that we have always to follow Nature in teaching. He says:—

The writers who invoke Nature so persistently and so freely make no attempt whatever to define the term: they leave their readers to interpret the word for themselves. The process we call civilisation is the triumph of art over Nature, and is a mark of human progress. I venture to offer this bit of advice to those who are trying to make of their teaching a rational art: in your thinking and writing never allow yourself to personify the term nature, but leave the mythologist, the poet, and the novelist in sole possession of this deity.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SOCIOLOGY.

THE University of Chicago has undertaken to publish a new journal bearing this title. It is to be a scientific journal of sociology, the object of which is to discredit pseudo-sociology and force social doctrinaires back to accredited facts and principles. It is dead on short cuts and utopian social programmes. Professor Albion W. Small, the head of the department of sociology, will, in the University, be editor-in-chief, and the other members of the sociological staff, associate editors. The scope of the journal is indicated as follows:—

1. It will be primarily technical. By this it is not meant that the journal will be devoted chiefly to discussions of the methodology of sociological investigations, but that it will aim to extend, classify, and clarify, knowledge of the permanent principles illustrated by actual social conditions and actions past and present.

2. It will be incidentally and secondarily general. This does not mean that it will attempt to be "popular" in the widest sense. It will not attempt to attract immature or ignorant readers.

3. It will attempt to exhibit sociological conclusions, or to state the conditions of social problems in such a way that they will be seen to have a double bearing; viz., first, upon the general or special doctrines of social philosophy; second, upon the practical decisions of men of affairs.

4. It will aim to become indispensable to all thinkers, whatever their special industrial or social interests, who desire to know the best that has been learned or thought about rearrangement of social effort in the interest of larger usefulness.

5. To meet the demands of these classes the *American Journal of Sociology* will be devoted to: (a) systematic and technical sociology; (b) examinations of the rational basis or lack of basis beneath proposed plans of state or private effort for social improvement.

It would be interesting if Professor Albion Small were to publish an authoritative statement how it was that Professor Bemis, who was certainly one of the best and most public-spirited men in the University, should have been sent to the right-about.

THE ARENA.

THE opening number of the new volume is a very solid contribution to periodical literature. One of the most notable features is the symposium in which seven or eight writers take part. The subject under discussion is "Professor D. Herron: the Man and his Work in California." Those who have read what I said in my book, "Chicago To-day," about Dr. Herron, will be interested in seeing the attitude adopted by these representatives of American Christianity towards the Christian Socialist. Mrs. Gardener continues the story of the struggle to raise the age of consent. Missouri has raised the age from fourteen to eighteen, but has limited the protection extended to unmarried females of previously chaste character. Nebraska and Colorado have both raised the age to eighteen. Professor Parsons continues his elaborate exposition of the advantage that would accrue from the municipalisation of the electric light. Professor Buchanan's paper is dealt with elsewhere. There is the usual mass of theological and social matter in the magazine. Special mention should be made of Mr. Flower's tribute to Mr. J. G. Clark, a poet whose clarion voice rings as true to-day in the cause of liberty as it did sixty years since.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

THE *Westminster* for October suffers from its besetting sin. It is too continuously strenuous. It begins with a disquisition concerning the need of a new Liberal programme, and ends with a statement of the human origin of the doctrine of the Trinity. Mr. Scanlon, the writer of the first article, has not much to say which is new, but what he says is sensible enough. The Liberals must cease to be sectionists and adopt a common policy as Liberals. There is a long article upon the "Incidence of Rates" by Mr. H. L. Davies, who is much in favour of the single tax, and points out various arguments in favour of concentrating rates and taxes on land values. There is a description of how graduated taxation is working in the Canton de Vaud: the experience of eight years has so firmly established the system that no one now thinks of altering it. The historical scientist who writes on "The British Constitution *versus* Evolution" pleads for the enforcement of compulsory education in the history and constitution of the British Empire. The literary articles are more varied and much pleasanter reading. There is a bright paper upon Gustave Flaubert, and Dr. Wright's "Brontë Myths" are subjected to a searching and hostile examination. Mr. MacNamara's short paper on faction fights in Munster tells a horrible story of brutality. The writer on the Trinity concludes his article by declaring that religion is as much a growth as everything else, and that belief in special revelation is rapidly going the way of belief in special creations.

BORDERLAND.

I THINK a good many readers of the REVIEW or REVIEWS who are interested in what may be called the theological or religious side of psychical research will find a great deal to interest them in the current number of *Borderland*. The frontispiece is a portrait of the Pope, who by virtue of his position is the chief executive and most authentic representative in the Western world—of that invisible world, the study of which *Borderland* was founded to encourage.

The article of most general interest is "The New Eironecon, or the True Catholicism." Embodied in this article, and forming the text, indeed, upon which it is based, are the letters of Leo XIII. and the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the subject of the reunion of Christendom; together with the copious extracts from Mr. Grant Allen's article in a recent number of the *Westminster Gazette* on "The New Heterodoxy." The gist of the essay is the plea for the recognition of the fact that all religions but represent the different angles at which human beings contemplate the invisible, and an earnest plea for the recognition of the substantial unity of all forms of faith which lead man to look from himself towards another. The article concludes by pointing out the evidence of the essential truth of the Christian religion, which is supplied by the fact that the signs of comparative archæology researches which are being made into primitive religions and legends and folk-lore, all done to prove that what may be regarded as the substantial truth of the Christian revelation, exists in a more or less perceptible solution in all the faiths which have sustained the courage and irradiated the lives of men. The precise bearing of this upon *Borderland* is made clear by the reference to the uniformity of the psychic phenomena which in every age have been regarded by the unscientific mind as affording conclusive confirmation of the truth of their special revelations. Altogether the article is the latest and most complete expression of some conclusions which have been gradually forming and strengthening these latter years.

An article of more sensational interest, but perhaps of less general interest, deals with a series of experiments in Spirit Photography which have been made with a London photographer, who seems to have the faculty of obtaining psychic photographs upon marked plates. Several of these photographs are reproduced.

Mrs. Georgina Weldon contributes a sketch of the lost Dauphin of France, who, according to her, was none other than the head of the Naundorff family, who died in Holland. He survived long enough, however, according to Mrs. Weldon, to become the precursor of spiritualism in France.

A rather bold venture is made in the department of Astrology with a view to putting to a test the predictions of the stars. Three astrologers were asked to give a forecast for the last three months of the year. It is certainly to be hoped that the astrologers are all wrong, for with astonishing unanimity they predict little else than disaster, pestilence, and war. An earlier test which is now published for the first time, will interest many, and occasion considerable surprise among those who have never experimented in this "science." The place and birthday of Mr. Pearson, of *Pearson's Weekly*, was given to Mr. Wilde, an astrologer of Yorkshire, without any mentioning of name or giving him any clue of the person whose horoscope he was to cast. The result was

a delineation of Mr. Pearson and his history down to the present time, which, in the opinion of Mr. Pearson and his wife, could not have been improved upon if the astrologer had known Mr. Pearson all his life. It may be argued that Mr. Wilde, having the birthplace and date of the person, could easily have found out whose horoscope he was working upon, but, as a matter of fact, no such investigation took place, and the horoscope was worked out entirely by his planetary calculations.

The rest of the number contains the usual quantum of *Borderlandish* matter.

It may be well in response to many readers of the REVIEW if I were to give here, for a saving of correspondence, the address of Miss Ross, who for more than three years now has distinguished herself by the almost unvariable accuracy with which she reads character by psychometry, describing for instance the character of any total stranger who sends her a lock of his hair, a finger from his glove, or even a blank sheet of paper which he has carried in his pocket, together with a fee of five shillings. Her address is 41, High Street, Birmingham. Here, for instance, is the character of Olive Schreiner which Miss Ross wrote out, having no more material to guide her in her delineation than a fragment of blank paper cut out of the last letter I received from Mrs. Olive Cronwright Schreiner. That scrap of blank paper and the fact that the subject was a woman were all the information given to the psychometrist whose character sketch of the unknown subject strikes me as singularly accurate.

DELINEATION OF CHARACTER.—No. 1 LADY.

THE mind of this lady is a recondite mystery, evolving the attributes of true womanliness with such intellectual capacities and comprehension as might well endow a masculine soul. She could not be described as a "New Woman," although holding such advanced views and ideas as distinguish her from the common; she is rational without running into extremes, self-sustained without losing the gentle dignity which claims protection; she can be almost anything but insignificant; she must make her mark, and is bound to excel, whatever her vocation may be. She may wander in diverse directions, and seem to approach her goal circuitously; she may try first one path and then another; but her end is never lost sight of. She does not gain the altitude of her aims at once, but is led on gradually, sometimes even seeming to halt; but she sets her face earnestly towards the height to which her soul aspires. She does not go on alone; her mission is to draw others with her, to influence and direct them, and in this she displays an ineffable discriminating tact which is her most potent sceptre. Her individuality is diffused in threefold form, the outward and inward woman being mantled by the conventional. Her responsibilities are large, but she is equal to them. She has much adroitness in moulding things to fit in with her objects, yet she may attempt more than is practicable. She has excellent control of language, and holds that the pen is mightier than the sword; she clothes her ideas in lucid words. She reasons from the seen to the unseen, from the known to the unknown, reading the hidden laws of nature in its outward operations, seeking to peer beneath the veil which conceals the mysteries of life, and is at times rapt in contemplation of the unseen. She is independent, angry if she discovers any injustice or attempt to impose upon her. She is not afraid to stand alone and declare her convictions. She would fain regenerate certain social laws, and bring about a new social dispensation. She feels deeply, and her busy brain revolves plans and aspirations constantly. She idealises by her vivid imagination, and yet does not hesitate to denounce whatever revolts or annoys her. She is companionable, affectionate, and devoted, but not likely to give confidence blindly. She has plenty of wit, and a keen sense, both of contrasts and correspondencies. She would almost forfeit her life for one she loved, but can also show contempt and hauteur towards those who presume.

THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

This magazine contains some interesting articles, although the writers of some of them fiddle too much on the same string.

CAN RUSSIA INVADE INDIA?

An officer in the Indian Staff Corps, replying to Colonel Hanva's arguments, maintains that Russia can invade India only too easily, and that it is our duty and interest to prepare to meet her outside the Indian frontier. He says:—

1. That we must meet Russia outside the boundaries of India proper. 2. That if we do not, and that if we allow her to settle in Afghanistan and prepare there for her advance in India, that we shall be making a grievous mistake, and that we shall be inviting disaster.

THE PROPOSED ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

Lieut.-Colonel Barrow, in a paper entitled "Military Japan After the War," pleads strongly in favour of an Anglo-Japanese alliance. He says:—

The commerce and prestige of England are distinctly threatened all along the line, while Japan is losing the main objects for which she fought so gallantly. It is vitally important to both England and Japan that the present trend of political affairs should be arrested, and the balance of power restored. The only feasible means of accomplishing this object would seem to be by establishing the alliance foreshadowed in 1893. If, on the contrary, we leave the march of events to fate, then assuredly the political orbits of the Powers concerned will converge more and more rapidly towards a cataclysm that will shake the world.

OUR NAVAL STRENGTH IN CASE OF WAR.

Mr. H. W. Wilson, writing on the foreign policy of England and the navy, maintains that our fleet is not strong enough to encounter the combined fleets of France and Russia. He gives lists of the first and second class ironclads of all the three countries, and makes out that we are just a little bit to the bad ~~as~~ compared to the Franco-Russian combined fleets. This may be all very well, but the Russian fleet, divided as it is of necessity between the Baltic and the Black Sea, is shut off from any effective co-operation with the French fleet. The French, again, have their navy cut in two, and would find it difficult to unite it either in the Mediterranean or the Channel. The consequence is that England would be able to put a superior force into the field against either France or Russia if ever war should break out. The result of the first serious action would probably settle the issue of the war. Mr. Wilson says:—

Ship for ship in every class our ironclads are slightly better than their opponents; but after all this does not do more than give us back the one-tenth superiority which we have conceded. The forces of England and the Dual Alliance are on a footing of practical equality so far as battleships go, and it is upon battleships that the warfare of squadrons depends. We have two years yet before us, and much may be done in that time. But if the British Empire is to be safe, we should press forward our seven *Majesties* with all possible vigour, and add largely next year to our battleships on the stocks. Further delay will be dangerous in the extreme.

THE WAR IN MADAGASCAR.

Captain Oliver describes the difficulties with which the French have to contend in Madagascar, in a paper which is more sympathetic to the French than is usual in the English press. In constructing the road by which to march to the Malagasy capital the most difficult work was that of constructing bridges on piles across the rivers. Captain Oliver says:—

The monkey (*mouton*) or pile-driver having, it would seem, come to grief on the way thither—the lighter conveying it having been wrecked—the sappers cleverly used explosions of melinite charges on iron plates, set on the tops of the piles, to

drive them into the bed of the river. The *chef-d'œuvre* of the Engineers' campaign has been the great bridge across the Betsiboka, just above its confluence with the Ikopa, 1203 feet in length. Here a system of trestles was first of all tried, but the bottom of the large river was found to consist of extremely unstable and fluid quicksands. Recourse was then had to piles; and in spite of fever and crocodiles (which swarm in these rivers), the sappers had to work, day and night, in reliefs, up to their armpits in water and mud, until this important structure, necessary for the passage of carts and guns, was completed. The number of artificers and carpenters diminished daily, and the officers worked with their men, sharing their manual labour, and taking their place in the hardest work. By the time this bridge was completed but a small handful of men and officers had survived to march into the camp at Suberbiville. The leading company (13th), which was engaged on these works, had landed under Captain Ferrand at Mojanja, in the middle of May, 225 strong. The bridge across the Betsiboka was completed on the 13th July. On the 17th the number of effectives who staggered into camp, after finishing their labours, was 26 in all, including one officer. Two hundred men had been expended *en route* during these two months from this single company.

THE NAVAL RATIONS OF LAST CENTURY.

F. Harrison Smith of the Royal Navy has a very interesting paper describing the regulations for the navy one hundred years ago. It is a paper which gives us a glimpse into a vanished world, and is full of forgotten facts which enable us to realise better than before the regulations under which Nelson went forth to fight and to conquer. Jack Tar in those old days was not fed so well as now, but every man on board the fleet was allowed a gallon of beer a day:—

The daily rations consisted of a pound of biscuit and a wine-gallon of beer. On Sundays and Thursdays a pound of pork, and on Tuesdays and Saturdays two pounds of beef; that is to say, six pounds of salt meat per week. On Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday half-a-pint of pease, and on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday a pint of oatmeal, two ounces of butter, and four ounces of cheese.

OUR HORSE ARTILLERY.

Captain Strange pleads for the adoption of a quick-firing gun for the Horse Artillery. The conduct of the British authorities in relation to the best gun for the Horse Artillery seems to have been characterised by great instability of purpose:—

Remarkable variations in the weight of projectile used by Horse Artillery and Field Artillery have occurred during the past few years. In 1870 the R. B. L. field guns had been withdrawn—they were 9-pounder and 12-pounder. The Horse Artillery had the 9-pounder R. M. L., and the Field Batteries had 9 and 16-pounders. A wish to obtain simplicity at all costs led to the introduction of the 13-pounder R. M. L. It was quickly superseded by the 12-pounder B. L. for both Horse and Field Artillery; this gun being found too heavy for Horse Artillery, a light 12-pounder is being introduced, and the old gun is to become a 15-pounder. A 5-inch Howitzer is also on the tapis. Uniformity is further off than ever. As the 6-pounder was the ideal Horse Artillery gun in the past, may it not become so again, with the greatly increased power obtained by adopting the quick-firing system?

OTHER ARTICLES.

Dr. Hill-Climo's paper on the sanitary condition of Indian cantonments leaves the reader in a state of bewilderment as to how it is any of our soldiers are alive in India at all. Colonel Harvey describes the new Indian Transport Service, and the editor calls attention to the opinions of Lord Roberts and Von Moltke and the proposed Council of War which is to be constituted under the Duke of Devonshire. A gunnery lieutenant discusses the navy as a career, and a company officer advocates the reform of the militia. There is a review of Sir Evelyn Wood's charming book on the Crimea.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

THE September numbers of the *Nouvelle Revue*, though containing much interesting matter, do not boast of any article calling for special mention.

HENRI ROCHEFORT AND LOUISE MICHEL.

A further instalment of the letters written by Henri Rochefort during his incarceration at Saint Martin-de-Ré, and during his long sea voyage to New Caledonia, eloquently describes the privations and insults to which political prisoners were subjected in 1872-3. According to the French journalist-politician the French penal settlement was at that time in a strange state, though Rochefort himself was very fairly treated, and in his letters appears many a name since become familiar to those interested in continental socialism. A slight allusion to Louise Michel shows that *La Vierge Rouge* has not altered in the last twenty-five years. "Among the women is the worthy excellent Louise Michel; she was quite determined to commit suicide, but Henri Place and I obliged her to live. She is now quite well and far calmer, but I should not be surprised if she threw herself off a cliff to-morrow." The correspondence comes to an end with a date marking the escape of Rochefort from New Caledonia. It should be added that these letters, which have evidently been published in exactly the form they were written, give a pleasing picture not only of the writer, but also of his generous and large-hearted friends, M. and Mme. Adam.

THE GREEK CHURCH AND THE POPE.

The Reunion of Christendom seems to be exciting as much interest on the Continent as in the English-speaking world. General Kiréeff contributes to the *Nouvelle Revue* a curious and instructive reply to an article lately published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and he begins his article by asserting that since the Eastern and Western Churches became divided, the question of their reunion has always been regarded of paramount importance by Christians. As is natural, the Russian General-theologian devotes his attention to the Reunion of the Catholic and of the Orthodox Churches, and he analyses with considerable bitterness the attitude adopted by the Ultramontane Press, and in particular the article to which he has made it his business to reply. "The Church," he says proudly, "is in Russia far more important than the State. I feel myself far more a Greek Orthodox than a member of the State; before everything I am an Orthodox first, a Russian afterwards." Most curious and significant are these words, written by one of the most devoted and loyal subjects of the Tzar. General Kiréeff asserts that what Rome understands as the reunion of the Churches will never come to pass, more especially that since the Separation—that is, since the ninth century—new dogmas, notably the Infallibility of the Pope and the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, have been imposed by the Holy See on her section of the faithful. "No doubt," observes General Kiréeff, "it would be agreeable to the Roman Pontiff to receive a sudden accession to the ranks of his flock; a Muscovite Charlemagne, bringing with him a hundred and twenty million young, strong and profoundly fervent Christians, would be welcomed; but before this could occur," concludes the writer, "the late Encyclical would have to be entirely rewritten."

THE DECADENCE OF EUROPE.

In the second number of the *Revue* the first place is given to an anonymous article on "German Military Law," and it is followed by some curious and thoughtful pages on the decadence of Europe. The writer, Comte de Lauzy, takes each nation in turn, discussing its past,

present, and future. "England is still developing, with the aid of modern resources and a rare power of will, her position all over the world... and yet it must be admitted that even in Great Britain are to be found many germs of trouble and dissolution; excessive poverty among the workers, and corrupting influences which even overshadow the upper classes; also the Irish Question, full of menace and danger." His criticism of the France of to-day is frank and outspoken, but though seeing much to regret in the present state of things, notably all that which concerns the government of the country, he denies that France has as yet entered upon her decadence.

In the same number M. Leon Daudet, son of the great novelist, attempts an ambitious task—that of reconstituting, in the form of an historical novel, the journey which Shakespeare is supposed to have taken as a young man. The author has been over every inch of the ground which he makes Shakespeare traverse, and has evidently made himself quite familiar with the England of the period.

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

WHO MADE THE WAR OF 1870?

COUNT BENEDETTI's account of his mission to Ems is the most sensational article published in France for many a long day. He was, it will be remembered, French ambassador in Prussia in 1870, and he has always been credited by many with having, if not directly, at least indirectly, greatly contributed to the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. The few pages now published are extracted from a forthcoming volume written in 1873 in reply to a work published by the Duc de Grammont in 1872. According to Benedetti he gave, neither by word nor deed, the slightest offence or umbrage to the King of Prussia during the course of his now famous mission to Ems. Indeed, he goes further, and gives a detailed account of each of his interviews with the king. In the clearest language he accuses Bismarck of having deliberately and with full knowledge interfered at the moment when the Spanish-Hohenzollern dispute was about to be definitely settled to the satisfaction of both the French and Prussian Courts in order to provoke a rupture and consequent declaration of war on the part of France. Although the interest of Count Benedetti's "revelations" is entirely retrospective, they will, if credence be attached to them, entirely alter the hitherto accepted version of what occurred, and throw the onus of all that followed on Bismarck, and Bismarck alone.

M. Leveyre, who is an authority on Eastern matters, contributes a lucid and powerful article on the Armenian atrocities, and in particular concerning those which occurred at Sassoun.

THE ENGLISH STAGE.

In conjunction with M. Filon's admirable articles on the contemporary English stage published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Bouchor's account of the staging of Shakespeare's works will be found valuable, especially as in it he compares the Paris and London productions of "King Lear," giving the greatest praise to both English managers and actors, and condemning ruthlessly the various existing French translations, including that made by Victor Hugo. M. Bouchor attaches very great importance to the question of costume and scenery, and pays the highest tribute to Sir Henry Irving and the fashion in which he manages the Lyceum, notably in his staging of large crowds. Curiously enough he denies the much-vaunted scenic powers of the Saxe-Meiningen theatrical troupe. M. Bouchor also attacks the question of dramatic

realism, and he recalls with delight having seen in "Much Ado about Nothing" the Lyceum stage strown with dead leaves, whilst at the Haymarket he once saw Juliet's balcony entirely covered with real ivy.

MEDIAEVAL SCULPTURE.

The origins of French mediæval sculpture are explained at length by M. Male, an authority on the subject; he traces all pre-Renaissance art to the survival of the Roman occupation of France, though he attributes considerable influence to the stories and possible plans and drawings brought back by the Crusaders from the East, notably from Byzantium. From the tenth to the thirteenth century each province in France boasted of its own special school of sculpture. The Normans were great architects but poor sculptors, and the finest work was done in Auvergne, the centre of France, whilst Burgundy is covered with fine monasteries and abbeys, where each smallest detail in the stone-work and wood-carving is of artistic value and interest.

FINLAND.

M. Gaston Paris contributes an exhaustive account of Finland and Finnish literature. The article is really little more than a review of L. Mechelin's remarkable work—"Finland in the Nineteenth Century." The French writer ascribes not a little of the intellectual and artistic life of the peninsula which has been styled the Ireland of Russia, to the Finland University, which, founded in 1640, has become the centre of all that is patriotic and intellectual in the country. The University is now situated at Helsingfors, and is more or less connected with every school in the country. Women are freely admitted to the lectures and examinations, and occasionally groups of students are sent to Germany and Paris in order to obtain the benefits afforded them by other centres of learning.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

WITH the exception of the Comte d'Haussonville's remarkable paper on the Comte de Paris, noticed elsewhere, the September numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* are composed of solid thoughtful articles of the kind of which this publication alone makes a speciality. Beginning what promises to be a series of notable papers on that class of agriculture which has so enormously contributed to the prosperity of rural France, M. Déherain takes as his first subject the potato.

THE POTATO IN FRANCE.

He tells us that when Arthur Young went through France at the end of the last century he found such a vigorous prejudice existing against the root that not one person in a hundred would touch it. This feeling has so completely disappeared that France now yearly cultivates potatoes to the value of seven hundred millions of francs, and they have become almost as much a domestic vegetable as in England.

M. Déherain tells how potatoes were first found on the Pacific coast, where, being native to the Andes, they were cultivated for food in the more temperate zones. The Spaniards brought them to Mexico, and to what we now know as the Southern States, where they were found by Sir Walter Raleigh and brought to England. The French *Encyclopædia* honoured them by an article in 1763, but said that they could only be digested by the robust stomachs of the peasant classes. Very shortly after the publication of this article the corn harvest failed three successive years, and as the peasants lived exclusively on bread, extreme distress

ensued. Efforts to find an alternative source of nourishment were sought for, and the Academy of Besançon offered a prize for the best essay on the subject. A noted philanthropist, Parmentier, devoted increasing efforts to the development of the potato in the departments of France, and thus it became one of the staples of national food.

M. DE VOGÜÉ ON THE WAR OF 1870.

M. Edouard Rod, in his third article upon Goethe, deals with the "sentimental crisis," a phase of Goethe's life by no means unknown to English readers, and we therefore pass on to the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé's review of Commandant Rousset's "History of the Franco-German War," with particular reference to the first of September, which was the eve of Sedan. M. de Vogüé, looking back over a quarter of a century, says that though the mist of time effaces, he nevertheless sees the vision and hears the low thunder of the storm through all the newer impressions of more recent years. M. de Vogüé was at the time a young collegian, brought up to hate the Empire; and when the war was over that section of the youth of France to which he was attached filled up their anathemas on a single scapegoat. "It required long experience, and longer reflections, to cure our injustice towards that poor fatalist, weak, sick, and too sincere in cherishing his chimera of a liberal Empire, and who allowed himself to be for years chased backwards and forwards at the bottom of that hollow without issue, wherein lay Sedan." M. de Vogüé accuses the French Liberal party of starving and strangling the army in order to cripple the Empire. In order to weaken the centre of power, so as to leave it without defence against interior revolt, they refused money and men, none of them, with the sole exception of M. Thiers, foreseeing that the shock might come from without. M. de Vogüé spent those days at Aix, in Savoy, and in the same lovely town he tells us that he wrote his reminiscences twenty-five years later, "amidst the same cyclamens flowering upon the mountains, and the same large-eyed daisies in the meadow-land." The same trees tremble in the wind as on those days when the two great nations fought a bloody duel which displaced the equilibrium of the world. He was among the young fellows sent pell-mell to the seat of war, insufficiently equipped and almost innocent of drill. He and his battalion were trapped on their way to Metz, and put into cattle-waggons; indeed, they did not regain a clear idea of what they were about till they were turned into a German citadel, there to spend many weary days.

THE MALAGASY WAR OF 1829.

In the second number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* M. Gailly de Taurines gives a very clear account of the French expedition to Madagascar which took place under the Bourbon Monarchy in 1829. When Mauritius was ceded to England by the Treaty of Paris, Madagascar was not included in the "dependencies" of that colony, and when the English governor, Sir Robert Farquhar, declared that he considered it his right to extend to the larger island, he was ordered to relinquish the idea and give up the ancient French settlements in Madagascar to the French authorities of Bourbon. The fall of the French monarchy in the following year changed the plans of the French in regard to Madagascar, and Louis Philippe recalled the troops, alleging that the expedition was too expensive. The article affords a clue to that which is now being done.

SOME ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

McClure's Magazine.

McClure's Magazine for October contains many features, but by far the most remarkable is the fact that it carries no less than eighty-two pages of advertisements and three cover pages. It is a marvellous sixpennyworth; the illustrations, the letterpress and the paper are wonderfully good. Its chief article, Mr. Creelman's illustrated essay on the London *Times*, is noticed elsewhere. Mr. Anthony Hope's story, "The Crime of Count Nicholas," is one of the fiction features, and another is a story by Mr. Stanley Weyman, entitled "The Cat and



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

the King." There is a paper which is thoroughly appropriate at the present time, which is entitled "The Real John Keats." Mr. Roosevelt writes on closing the New York saloons on Sunday, and there is an account of the equestrian statues of Grant and Lincoln, which were modelled in brass. The frontispiece, part of which I reproduce here, is a striking full-length portrait of General Miles, who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. He also forms the current number of the "Human Document" Series, which contains eleven portraits of him from his youth up.

In the *Sunday at Home* for October there is an interesting paper by a Chinese missionary on "Vegetarian Sects in China." It was written before the recent massacre, and certainly gives no indication of the latent ferocity of which we have recently had so terrible an example.

Good Words.

In *Good Words* the late Dean of Durham writes on Rugby and Oxford in 1880 and 1885. The Rev. Mr. Buckland describes the girl martyrs of China. We have the first illustrated paper on Lambeth Palace, and a paper on Falconry by R. B. Lodge, illustrated by photographs taken from life. There is also a reproduction of some of the treasures of the British Museum print-room.

Harper's Magazine.

SOME of the best articles in *Harper* are noticed elsewhere. The best illustrations are those in the first article on "Hindoo and Moslem." The story of the German struggle for liberty is continued, and the portraits of Central American presidents in Mr. R. H. Davis's description of his adventures in Honduras, are admirable specimens of engraving. Mr. Pennell and S. P. Hall illustrate Mr. J. R. Hunter's paper on "Balmoral."

The Leisure Hour.

In the *Leisure Hour* Mr. Tighe Hopkins concludes a very curiously illustrated paper on the "Art and Mystery of Tattooing." Mr. Collings describes Toynbee Hall, Oxford House, Passmore Edwards's settlement, and working men's clubs and institutes in the East End. Canon Tristram continues his rambles in Japan, and May Crommelin writes pleasantly enough upon "Life in Chili."

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE *Pall Mall Magazine* for October, although still published at eighteenpence, does not contain any coloured illustrations. It is almost entirely given up to fiction, but there are two or three articles which cannot be classed under that head. One is Mr. Grant Allen's account of the Adoration of the Magi as the best type in a very varied and mutable composition in early Italian Art. Louisa Parr's paper on "The Follies of Fashion" is illustrated by facsimiles of originals in Dr. Parr's collection of prints. Mr. A. P. Martin pays a tribute to Bob Lowe and his friends. Mr. A. H. Miller tells the story of the false Martin Guerre, the hero of the Tichborne case of the sixteenth century.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* concludes a volume with this number. Miss Belloc contributes a morning call upon Caran D'Ache at Passy. There is a very interesting paper describing the life of a steeplejack. It confirms the general opinion that drunken men can even climb steeples and chimneys in safety in a state of intoxication which renders it impossible for them to keep perpendicular on level ground. There is a good paper on chamois hunting, and the "Son of the Marshes" discourses upon hedge gleaners. Mr. Grant Allen has an art paper, and there is the usual quantum of short stories.

The Sunday Magazine.

In the *Sunday Magazine* Mrs. James Stuart describes St. Luke's in Osnaburgh Street as a home of peace for the dying. Mr. Alexander Stewart describes Dr. John Smith at home, Dr. John Smith being one of the leading United Presbyterian leaders in Edinburgh. Beatrice Marshall describes the little known and seldom visited Wendish meres in Germany. The other papers are of a miscellaneous character.

THE CENTURY.

THE *Century*, which, this month completes its fiftieth volume, is a very good number. There is, it is true, the usual over-load of Napoleonic matter, for the *Century* is running articles both on Napoleon I. and Napoleon III., but, excepting for that defect, it would be difficult to have a better number than that for October. It opens with a charming paper on the Norfolk Broads, written by Anna Bowman Dodd, and copiously illustrated with drawings by Mr. Joseph Pennell. There is, what is rather rare in American magazines, a racy and humorous paper on the Humours of Political Campaigning in Kentucky. There are two papers, with many illustrations and autographs, on Keats. Mr. Kenyon West writes the biographical article, while the critical paper is contributed by Henry van Dyke. Among the more serious articles the first place is naturally given to Lombroso's criticism of Nordau's degeneration. Nordau regards Lombroso as his master, his book was dedicated to Lombroso, and it was therefore difficult for the master to point out faithfully the errors of the disciple. Lombroso praises Nordau for supplying psycho research which being interpreted means the application of knowledge as to the treatment of mental diseases, the literary criticism. But he thinks that he has gone astray and has so far overshoot the mark as to impair the effect of his purpose. Lombroso points out that many geniuses are maddish without being insane. Only the mediocre, says Lombroso, have not maddish forms, for the very reason that they lack originality, which is the basis of genius. A man of genius is a man who does better than his contemporaries, and in a different way. He is therefore an abnormal being, an exception, with an intelligence different from other people; but their very craziness is a consequence and proof of their genius, whereas Nordau's conclusion is they are insane, therefore they are not geniuses. He analyses minutely Nordau's opinion of Wagner, which he condemns. He also thinks that he exaggerated in many directions and shows himself in his own book the gaps and errors which belong to a man of genius. Mr. Willard, who writes under the name of Josiah Flynt, sums up the conclusions at which he has arrived from personal experience as an amateur tramp. The principal causes of vagabondage he summarises under five heads; first, the love of liquor; secondly, the love of wandering; thirdly, the county gaol with its herding of boys and criminals; fourthly, the rowdy element in villages and towns; and, fifthly, the reformatory schools. He thinks that a good deal might be done to deter lads from taking up the profession of tramp or of criminal if it were explained to them carefully at school how very slender were the chances of their success in such a profession. A brief but extremely interesting paper is that on the Marriage State of College Women. The writer says that the co-educational marriage rate exceeds that of the separate system by five per cent., but the probability of a college woman's marriage by the time she comes to forty does not reach two-thirds of the average of the women of her age. Why the average is so, is a question which the writer discusses. It is not, he says, because they crave a more exciting and public life, for the college woman, like the college man, is retiring, conservative, respectable and conventional. He thinks that it is due partly to the fact that so many are employed as teachers in girls' schools, which is inimical to marriage. Another cause is that the college woman has a higher standard of marriage than her sister, and she is better able to maintain herself if she does not meet the man who comes up

to her mark. Unhappy marriages are said to be virtually unknown among college women. Then another cause is that many men dislike intellectual women. One male student explained the matter simply by saying that the college girls who were his friends had no illusions about him. They could beat him at the blackboard, and at mathematics, and so they could not imagine him to be a prodigy. But no sooner had he left college than he met a dear little girl who thought that he knew everything, and it just keeled him right over. To this naïve confession the college girl replied that we want just as much to look up to our husbands as they want to be looked up to, only it is so hard to find somebody who is sufficiently ahead for us to be able to look up to him, and that no doubt is a difficulty which it is hard to get over.

The Idler.

In the *Idler*, the *Idlers' Club* has devoted a series of papers to "How I Bring up My Parents" by the children of various persons, such as Mr. Alden, Mr. Jerome, Mr. Grant Allen, Mrs. Fenwick Miller, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and so on. The fun is rather forced. In the paper upon "What Playwrights Earn," there are collected many useful statistics which will make the mouth of the impecunious dramatist water. Oliver Goldsmith received £450 for "She Stoops to Conquer," Sheridan £1,000 for "The School for Scandal," while Sheridan Knowles received £12,000 for "The Hunchback" and other plays. It was not until after the Sixties that authors received much more than £1,000 for the most successful play. Eight years ago "The Silver King" brought Mr. Henry Arthur Jones £10,000, and the play is running still. Mr. Gilbert has, however, received more than £25,000 for "Pygmalion and Galatea." The profits of Mr. Charles Hawtrey from "The Private Secretary" have been placed as high as £100,000, although in this case they include the profits to the manager. "Charley's Aunt" brought Mr. Brandon Thomas at least £30,000, and the play has still to run. Mr. J. M. Barrie, for his "House Boat Comedy," received £250, but his second, "The Professor's Love Story," has brought him as much as any of his books. On an average, the author from a reputable London house receives 5 per cent. on all receipts up to £500 a week; from £500 to £800, he receives 7½ per cent.; and from £800 to £1,000, 10 per cent. The Haymarket and the St. James's bring in from £245 to £250 a night; the Gaiety £300, the Lyceum £420, and Drury Lane even more. The pit in the Adelphi alone is worth £200. There are the usual quantities of illustrated fiction in the number, "A Romance in Black and White," is this month devoted to a chat with Mr. H. R. Millar.

New Magazines.

THERE are quite a company of new magazines announced. Mr. Fisher Unwin is about to produce a review with the hideous but high sounding name of the *Cosmopolis*. It is to be an international review, and he has already secured the promise of contributions from some of the most prominent men in England and France.

The success of the *Badminton Magazine* has induced another publisher to announce the *Country House*, a magazine which is to be for the women of the country gentlemen.

Mr. Harmsworth announces the forthcoming publication of the *London Magazine*. The *Ludgate Monthly* has been bought by the proprietors of *Black and White*, and is to be improved and enlarged.

THE ART MAGAZINES.

"THE STATELY EDEN."

WITH the October number the *Magazine of Art* completes its present volume. Mr. E. Rimbault Dibdin has an article on the comparatively little known river Eden. Its proximity to the mountain region of Cumberland, he thinks, is one cause of its want of popularity, but he feels assured that there are few rivers whose scenery would better repay attention. He would not inquire too curiously into the origin of its name, lest the poetry should be taken out of it, so appropriate is it in its original Chaldean meaning to the rich and smiling valley through which the river takes its course:—

Hemmed in on either side by the stern "forests" of the North, it is indeed "a place of pleasure and delight" which might fitly suggest to the folk of old time a likeness to the garden where there grew "every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food."

As it is usual to travel to the Lakes by the London and North-Western Railway, tourists miss the beautiful upper valley of the Eden between Kirkby Stephen and Carlisle on the Midland route. Mr. Dibdin, however, follows the water on foot from the rise of the river at Mallerstang to Carlisle, and entertains us with stories connected with the places passed on the way—the church bells of Kirkby Stephen, the glass chalice of Edenhall, "Long Meg and Her Daughters," "Merrie Carlisle" and the Border Ballads, etc. The cathedral, too, where Sir Walter Scott was married, comes in for brief description, and several illustrations of "The Stately Eden" are supplied by Mr. A. Fairfax Muckley. At Wetheral the prospect is truly enchanting:—

A great railway bridge joins the steep banks. Wetheral, a charming place with a quaint old church, is perched on the left bank, while to the right are Corby Castle and grounds, the warm and delicate arrangement of which exceeds the power of description by pen or pencil.

On another page Mr. Claude Phillips writes of the sculpture of the year, but he is surely in error when he says that Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's recumbent bronze statue of Bishop Goodwin was destined for Durham Cathedral. Has it not been unveiled in the cathedral at Carlisle?

THE ARCTIC AS A SKETCHING-GROUND.

The *Studio* of September has an interesting notice of the etchings of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Quebec is described as a sketching-ground by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, Mr. Arthur Fish has another word on the poster, and there is an interview with Mr. Frank Wilbert Stokes, who has been twice to the Arctic regions. Mr. Stokes says:—

I do not think the Arctic is likely to become a popular sketching-ground for many reasons. I had peculiar opportunities. I was very far north, and from the circumstance of my longer stay there on the second visit I got to know my surroundings, and was able to wait for exceptional effects.

I did all the sketches in the open, but it was not an easy matter. The paint froze as it left the brush, and rolled off in dry pellets. Sometimes there was a driving storm of sleet all the time, so that I had literally to scrape the snow off my panel and drop the colour into its place. Of course, under such circumstances, I could only jot down the colours as quickly as possible out of doors, and get the sketches into shape, without altering anything, in my studio.

OTHER ART ARTICLES.

The October number of the *Art Journal* has for frontispiece an etching after Mr. E. Blair Leighton's "How

Lisa Loved the King." The original picture is in the possession of Mr. Merton Russell Cotes, whose collection is described in the *Journal*. The account of the "Caillotte Bequest" is continued; Mrs. Bruce Clarke writes on the "Laces of Queen Margherita of Italy"; and Mr. George Montbard gives the first part of an article on the "Sacred Island of Philae." The *Art Annual*, to appear in November, will deal with the life and work of Mr. Luke Fildes, the painter of "The Doctor."

The September part of the *Monthly Illustrator* brings to a close the third quarter of the year with a special autumn number. Each number of the magazine is copiously illustrated—indeed, there is quite as much picture as letterpress.

The *Artist*, which is now published by Messrs. A. Constable and Co., is much improved since the present series was begun. The most important article in the September number is that on "The National Competition of Schools of Art," with thirty-four illustrations.

Atalanta begins a new volume with the October number. "Scenes from Tennyson," by Mr. J. Cuming Walters, promises to be an interesting series of articles. The subject of the first is "The Lady of Shalott."

The *Chautauquan* is turning its attention to illustrations. The September number, which concludes the present volume, has an interesting article on notable inns round London, by Nettie Louese Beal.

SOME FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

With the September number *Velhagen* enters upon its tenth year, and the publishers are glad to announce that they have secured Frau Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach's new story, "Bertram Vogelweid," and other stories for its pages. As a supplement Dr. Conan Doyle's "Micah Clarke" is to be given in German. The biographies of artists are continued, Franz Skarbina being the first of the series in the new volume.

The monthly *Ueber Land und Meer* begins the new volume with a new cover, but it has not yet taken up coloured illustrations as seriously as *Velhagen* has done. The monthly *Vom Fels zum Meer* was abandoned a year ago for a fortnightly publication, in which coloured illustrations are a prominent feature. The second volume of the new series has just been begun.

Another illustrated fortnightly is the *Universum*, which has just completed its eleventh volume. The *Gartenlaube* and the *Daheim*, which are also well illustrated, remain as popular as ever. In all these periodicals fiction and short stories are an important feature.

In the September number of the *Monde Moderne*, M. Julien Tiersot writes on Hector Berlioz and His Work. There are several descriptive articles, e.g., Montenegro, Archangel, Luxemburg and Sigmaringen. All are copiously illustrated. The *Revue Encyclopédique* is also well illustrated.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* Mr. E. O. Walker, of the Civil Service of India, describes life at "An Indian Station." His paper is brightly written and gives a vivid idea of the way in which our countrymen live while governing in our Oriental empire. Mr. James Cassidy in the same magazine gossips pleasantly concerning the manufacture of "Fishing Tackle." Incidentally he mentions a fishing rod which had been in active use for fifty-two years and was still in good condition. It was well used, for its owner sometimes captured a thousand trout in a season.

THE PENNY POETS: A PENNY HYMNAL FOR THE PEOPLE.

"HYMNS THAT HAVE HELPED ME."

THE songs of the English-speaking people are for the most part hymns. It is a significant illustration of the deep, inbred seriousness of our race, that for each song that is sung from Sunday morning to Saturday night that deals with love, or war, or wine, or sport, there are one hundred sung relating to religion. Even those who may deplore this will not dispute the fact. The Englishman who does not sing hymns, as a rule sings nothing. This rule is even more invariable in the case of Englishwomen. Hence for the immense majority of our people to-day the only minstrelsy is that of the Hymn-book. And this is as true of our race beyond the sea as it is of our race at home.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE COLLECTION.

Of the making of collections of hymns there is no end. Almost every little sect has its own Hymnal, and some of the denominations have three or four. These collections have been made on almost every conceivable principle but that which seems to me to be the most obvious and the most natural. The compilers of hymnals have been guided by their sense of the poetic beauty of the sacred verse, or by the theological accuracy of the sentiments which they express. But so far as I have been able to discover, no collection of hymns has ever been made based upon the principle of including in it only those hymns which have been most helpful to the men and women who have most influenced their fellow-men. Yet surely those hymns which have most helped the greatest and best of our race are those which bear, as it were, the hall-mark of Heaven.

HYMNS WITH THE HALL-MARK OF HEAVEN.

Hence, in preparing the "Penny Hymnal," which I hope shortly to publish as one of the numbers of the Masterpiece Library, I shall give it the title—"Hymns that have Helped Me," and I invite the co-operation of all my readers to make the collection as complete and as useful as possible. The root idea of the Hymnal is to allow the selection of the hymns to be made, not by the fine or finicky ear of the critic in the study, or even by the exalted judgment of the recluse in the cloister, but by the recorded experience of mankind. Here and thus did this hymn help me: that is the best of all possible arguments in favour of believing that it will prove helpful under similar circumstances to similar characters. The hymn may be doggerel poetry, it may contain heretical theology, its grammar may be faulty and its metaphors atrocious, but if that hymn proved itself a staff and a stay to some heroic soul in the darkest hours of his life's pilgrimage, then that hymn has won its right to a place in the "Penny Hymnal" as one of the sacred songs through which God has spoken to the soul of man.

SOME HYMNS THAT HAVE HELPED.

Take, for instance, the hymn beginning, "If you cannot, on the ocean," which worked itself into every fibre of the warp and woof of the life of Abraham Lincoln; the fact that it was his favourite hymn, and that it had such an influence upon the most typical American of this century, surely entitles it to a place in such a collection. It may not be properly a hymn at all, as the critics say, but its music helped to mould one of the greatest characters of our epoch. It was to him a veritable Psalm of Life, and as such, hymn or no hymn, into the "Penny Hymnal" it must go.

Take another instance. When Henry Martyn, one of the earliest and most saintly of the early Protestant missionaries, was threatened with torture and death in Persia because he would not forswear the Christian faith, he found constant consolation by repeating in his tent, amid the revilings of his enraged persecutors:—

If on my face, for Thy dear Name
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail, reproach, and welcome, shame,
If Thou remember me.

The mere fact that such a hero-saint as Henry Martyn found that verse a stand-by when in the direst extremity, franks the hymn to which it belongs, altogether irrespective of its poetic merits or its theological accuracy. Circumstances sometimes consecrate. After the brilliant victory of Dunbar, when "the Scotch army, shivered to utter ruin, rushes in tumultuous wreck," "the Lord General made a halt, and sang the hundred and seventeenth psalm, till our horse could gather for the chase." Whatever might have been the fate of Rous's version of this psalm, after that memorable day, no collection of Hymns that have Helped can be complete without the verses which on that supremely fateful moment sprang spontaneously from the war-wearied veterans who rode with Cromwell. "Hundred and seventeenth psalm," says Mr. Carlyle, "at the foot of the Doon Hill; there we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky:—

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nations that be;
Likewise ye people all, accord
His name to magnify."

Doggerel, no doubt; but who would exchange that rugged verse, sung from the lips of the victors of Dunbar while the smoke of their powder was still lying low over the dead, for the most mellifluous verse whose melody charmed the ear of the critic, but never stirred the mighty hearts of heroes?

THE MAGIC MINSTRELSY OF THE HYMN.

Who is there among the men and women of this generation who has not, at some time or other, experienced the strange and subtle influence of sacred song? Hymns

have rung in the ears of some of us while still wandering idly in the streets of the City of Destruction, stern and shrill as the bugle-blast that rouses the sleeping camp to prepare for the onslaught of the foe. Their melody has haunted the ear amid the murmur of the mart and the roar of the street. In the storm and stress of life's battle the echo of their sweet refrain has renewed our strength and dispelled our fears. They have been, as it were, the voices of the angels of God, and when we have heard them we could hear no other sound, neither the growling of the lions in the path nor the curses and threatenings of the fiends from the pit. Around the hymn and the hymn tune how many associations gather from the earliest days, when, as infants, we were hushed to sleep on our mother's lap by their monotonous chant! At this moment, on the slope of the Rockies, or in the sweltering jungles of India, in crowded Australian city or secluded English hamlet, the sound of some simple hymn tune will, as by mere magic spell, call from the silent grave the shadowy forms of the unforgotten dead, and transport the listener, involuntarily, over land and sea to the scene of his childhood's years, to the village school, to the parish church. In our pilgrimage through life we discover the hymns which help. We come out of trials and temptations with hymns clinging to our memory like burrs. Some of us could almost use the hymn-book as the key to our autobiography. Hymns, like angels and other ministers of grace, often help us and disappear into the void. It is not often that the hymn of our youth is the hymn of our old age. Experience of life is the natural selector of the truly human hymnal.

SELF-EXCLUSION FROM THE SACRAMENTS OF LIFE.

There is a curious and not a very creditable shrinking on the part of many to testify as to their experience in the deeper matters of the soul. It is an inverted egotism—selfishness masquerading in disguise of reluctance to speak of self. Wanderers across the wilderness of life ought not to be chary of telling their fellow-travellers where they found the green oasis, the healing spring, or the shadow of a great rock in a desert land. It is not regarded as egotism when the passing steamer signals across the Atlantic wave news of her escape from perils of iceberg or fog, or welcome news of good cheer. Yet individuals shrink into themselves, repressing rigorously the fraternal instinct which bids them communicate the fruits of their experience to their fellows. Therein they deprive themselves of a share in the communion of saints, and refuse to partake with their brother of the sacramental cup of human sympathy, or to break the sacred bread of the deeper experiences.

"Hymns that have Helped Me." What hymns have helped you? And if they have helped you, how can you better repay the debt you owe to your helper than by setting them forth, stamped with the tribute of your gratitude, to help other mortals in like straits to yourself? "I am not worthy," you say. "I am not a hero or a saint. Why should you ask me?" Heroes and saints,

alas! are few. But all of us have our moments when we are near to the mood of the hero and the saint, and it is something to know what hymns help most to take us there and keep us at that higher pitch.

A PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

For my own part, I will gladly take my turn with the rest in testifying, conscious though I am that the hymn which helped me most can lay no claim to pre-eminent merit as poetry. It is Newton's hymn, which begins, "Begone, unbelief." I can remember my mother singing it when I was a tiny boy, barely able to see over the book-ledge in the minister's pew; and to this day, whenever I am in doleful dumps, and the stars in their courses appear to be fighting against me, that one doggerel verse comes back clear as a blackbird's note through the morning mist:—

His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink.
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.

The rhyme is atrocious, no doubt, the logic may or may not be rational; but the verse as it is, with all its shortcomings, has been as a lifebuoy, keeping my head above the waves when the sea raged and was tempestuous, and when all else failed. What that verse has been to me, other verses have been to other men and other women. And what I want to do in this "Penny Hymnal" is, to collate from the multitudinous record of diversified human experience the hymns which have helped most, in order to present them with some record of how, and where, and when and whom they have helped, as a compendious collection for the use of every one.

AN APPEAL FOR CO-OPERATION.

But for this I need help—the voluntary co-operation of a multitude of willing workers. I want their own experience in the first place, and in the second the well-authenticated record of how this or that hymn has helped those "whose lives sublime shed undimmed splendour over unmeasured time;" in the third place, brief note of instances in which hymns have altered human lives; and fourthly, reference to circumstances or incidents such as that of the victor psalm at Dunbar, where a hymn has figured conspicuously in some notable episode of human history.

Out of the materials thus accumulated I hope I may get together a Hymnal which, although it may not have any claim to supreme literary merit, will have a unique value as containing none but the hymns which have a well-attested value as having been the channel through which mortal man has heard the voice of God, or which have enabled him to commune with his Maker. Some day, I hope, if I may be spared, to edit a commentary on the Bible on similar principles. But for the present, I content myself with submitting this suggestion for a People's Hymnal to my readers, and soliciting their co-operation.

"POEMS TO BE LEARNT BY HEART."

It has been suggested to me by Mr. C. E. Theodosius, of the North London Collegiate School for Boys, that it might be very useful for teachers if one number of the Masterpiece Library were to be specially devoted to a collection of poems which every one ought to know by heart. I am afraid Mr. Theodosius's idea of poems which every one should commit to memory is something like Macaulay's conception of what every schoolboy knows; but the idea of compressing into a penny number the cream of the cream of English poetry, so as to render it more easily accessible for those who wish to commit it to memory, is a good one. So I asked Mr. Theodosius if he would be so kind as to draw me up his list of the poetry that should be learnt by heart, in order that I might submit it to other authorities, scholastic or otherwise. This he has done, and the following list is the result. Mr. Theodosius considered that most of the poems selected should be lyrical, and that the total number of lines should not exceed 2,500. If any one were therefore to commit to memory eight lines a day, excluding Sundays, he would in one year have enriched his mind with the most precious freight our literature can furnish. I shall be glad of suggestions as to the improvement of the list from readers interested in the subject.

A SUGGESTED LIST.

	No. of lines.
1. Come live with me and be my love (Marlowe.)	28
2. Blow, blow, thou winter wind (Shakespeare.)	20
3. Come away, come away, death (Shakespeare.)	16
4. Fear no more the heat o' the sun (Shakespeare.)	18
5. Full fathom five thy father lies (Shakespeare.)	9
6. Tell me where is fancy bred (Shakespeare.)	10
7. The quality of mercy (Shakespeare.)	22
8. To be, or not to be (Shakespeare.)	32
9. How happy is he born and taught (Wotton.)	24
10. Queen and huntress chaste and fair (B. Jonson.)	18
11. Drink to me only with thine eyes (B. Jonson.)	16
12. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may (Herrick.)	16
13. Bid me to live (Herrick.)	24
14. Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind (Lovelace.)	12
15. Go, lovely rose (Waller.)	20
16. L'Allegro (Milton.)	152
17. Il Penseroso (Milton.)	178
18. O say what is that thing called light (Cibber.)	20
19. 'Twas on a lofty vase's side (Gray.)	42
20. Elegy written in a country churchyard (Gray.)	128
21. Ye distant spires, ye antique towers (Gray.)	100
22. Rule Britannia (Thomson.)	28
23. Toll for the brave (Cowper.)	36
24. If doughty deeds my lady please (Graham of Gartmort.)	32
25. John Anderson (Burns.)	16
26. The Land o' the Leal (Lady Nairn.)	24
27. I am monarch of all I survey (Cowper.)	48
28. O Brignall banks are wild and fair (Scott.)	60
29. Where shall the lover rest? (Scott.)	40
30. She was a phantom of delight (Wordsworth.)	30
31. Stern daughter of the voice of God (Wordsworth.)	56
32. Three years she grew (Wordsworth.)	42
33. Ode on Intimations of Immortality (Wordsworth.)	200
34. Coronach (Scott.)	24
35. She walks in beauty like the night (Byron.)	18
36. When we two parted (Byron.)	32
37. There's not a joy the world can give (Byron.)	20
38. The Assyrian came down (Byron.)	24
39. The Isles of Greece (Byron.)	96
40. A chieftain to the Highlands bound (Campbell.)	56
41. Ye mariners of England (Campbell.)	40
42. On Linden when the sun was low (Campbell.)	32
43. The Soldier's Dream (Campbell.)	24
44. In a drear-nighted December (Keats.)	24
45. To a Nightingale (Keats.)	80

	No. of lines.
46. To Autumn (Keats.)	33
47. A wet sheet and a flowing sea (Cunningham.)	24
48. After Blenheim (Southey.)	66
49. Not a drum was heard (Wolfe.)	32
50. I remember, I remember (Hood.)	32
51. Oft in the still night (Moore.)	28
52. Swiftly walk over the western wave (Shelley.)	35
53. When the lamp is shattered (Shelley.)	32
54. Rarely, rarely comest thou (Shelley.)	48
55. To a Skylark (Shelley.)	105
56. To the West Wind (Shelley.)	70
57. Music when soft voices die (Shelley.)	8

Total 2,500

THE POPULARITY OF THE "PENNY POETS."

I continue to receive most gratifying communications from all parts of the country concerning the "Penny Poets."

The Right Rev. Primus of Scotland writes to me as follows:—

I think your scheme of the Masterpiece Library a very admirable one, and have brought it under the notice both of my own Diocesan Synod and of our Education Board for Scotland, by whom it has been very favourably received.

Now I wish to bring it forward at our Representative Church Council in Edinburgh next month, and for this purpose shall be glad to have a few hundred prospectuses to distribute, and one hundred copies of No. 1 to give away.

The Bishop of Wakefield writes not less cordially. He says:—

I do not think it is a rash prophecy to say that the next generation will owe you an enormous debt of gratitude for importing into their educational resources a knowledge of poetry, which except for your happy venture they would have found it difficult to acquire, and which is a refining and purifying, as well as a delightful element in all education.

"A Girl Secretary," who does not send her name and address, writes:—

I must add one more letter to the number you are sure to have received with regard to the "Penny Poets." I think you are a "brick!" I can't help saying it—I really do. The Review of Reviews alone is enough to make one enthusiastic about you, but now the publication of the "Masterpiece Library" is enough to send one about saying, "Stead for ever—for ever, Stead." To be able, when running for one's daily train, to rush to the bookstall, throw down a penny and snatch up the poet one wants without demur at price or binding is—is grand! And when one lives in a house like I do, where there are books—books, any amount—"up in the library," but inaccessible, staring at one through glass doors, locked! the owner having bought them with the other household fittings, wholesale, the necessity of their appearance being indisputable but to read! is it wicked if one swarms the said house with the little orange-coloured pennyworths and—and glories in it? I don't think there are many of those kind of people left existing here, the species are dying out, but there are a few. So three cheers for the "Penny Poets," hoping you will never stop until you have published in this way every thing that is worth reading under the sun.

A correspondent at Plumstead sends me a letter which may be commended to the attention of those publishers who imagine that the publication of the "Penny Poets" will ruin the sale of the more expensive editions:—

Thanks heartily for the "Penny Poets," which are a "boon and a blessing" to my home. My wife and I have enjoyed them very much, especially that of Mrs. E. B. Browning, whom we feel has a message for us, and who has become a regular member of our home. This particular number has awakened a desire in us to know more of Mrs. Browning; and it is in this particular that I think the "Penny Poets" would have,

been of even greater service than they now are if they had contained a few words informing us what are the best books to continue the study, with their price, and publisher. However, they are really grand, and thanks very much.

The suggestion is a good one, and I shall act upon it in future issues.

Another correspondent, in ordering a Poets' Corner box, says:—

Enclosed is 5s. to pay for a bookcase for the "Penny Poets." My little girl has a birthday on the 23rd inst., and as she has of her own accord purchased all your "Penny Poets" up to date, and devoured them, I wish to give her a receptacle for them.

The Poets have not obtained the same appreciation in Ireland as in "the adjacent island of Great Britain." But *per contra* it is from Ireland that I have received one of the most promising suggestions which have yet been made for increasing the circulation of the poets. A director of one of the most important railways in Ireland has written to me saying that the idea has occurred to him of trying an experiment in the stations on his line where there are no bookstalls. It would be necessary for him to obtain the assent of his brother directors, but if they agree what he proposes is this: Bookstalls exist at only very few of the Irish railway stations, and travellers waiting for trains are left without any literary resources at a great majority of stopping places. My correspondent proposes that we should send a certain supply of all the numbers which have been published and entrust them to the station-master, who would sell them as he now sells the time tables of the local railway company. A small card would announce that the "Penny Poets" could be had from the station-master. It would entail little or no extra work on the railway officials, and would supply a means of meeting the needs of the travelling public for something to read in a simpler fashion than any that has yet been suggested. I need not say how cordially I welcome the suggestion, and should any station-master on any line where there is at present no existing agency for supplying reading matter to travellers, communicate with me, I shall be delighted to arrange with him for supplying the "Penny Poets." The principle is a sound one, and may be adopted by others besides station-masters. I had hoped that it would have been possible to have secured the distribution of the "Poets" by the method of a penny-in-the-slot

machine, but on consultation with the engineers who make the machines, the idea was abandoned as impracticable.

I am glad to know that the "Penny Poets" have been received as enthusiastically in Australia as in any part of the old country. The press notices as yet come to hand are very enthusiastic.

It is always interesting to see one's self as others see us, and a writer in the *Glasgow Evening News* says that I have never been a boy, that I was born an old man, bald and toothless, and therefore cannot possibly have an

opinion worth having as to boys' literature. As a further proof of my incapacity to form an intelligent judgment upon this subject, the fact that I referred to the success of the "Penny Poets" as indicating a demand for good literature at a cheap price, the writer says:—

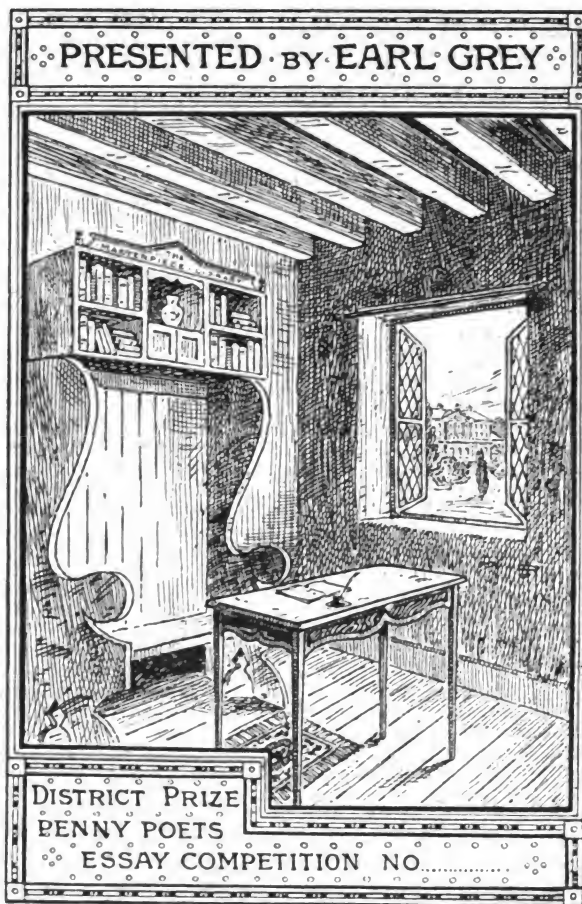
We have Mr. Stead—very, very old and Atlas-laden—delivering himself of opinions upon Boys' Books! Comically enough, he finds that the sale of two million copies of his "Penny Poets" has a bearing on the situation. Has the intelligent reader observed the butcher's apprentice engrossed in the orange-coloured paper-poets as he takes round the day's *gigot* to the area? Has he seen the extracts from Milton or Wm. Morris peeping out of the jacket pockets of the tramway trace boys? I haven't. So far as I can discover, the more gorgeously bound penny dreadful still holds the field unchallenged.

Oddly enough, I had not laid the *Glasgow Evening News* down for three minutes before I took up a letter from a correspondent in Liverpool, which runs thus:—

A further record of social service in Liverpool would be inadequate without mention of the progress of the "Penny Poets" in our midst. It is

cheering to see these beneficent guides to purer tastes in reading in the hands of the artisan and the errand boy—in whose interests you brought them out—in place of a sporting paper and a flimsy sheet of wretched, so-called boys' tales. As my work takes me a-journeying daily by road, and rail, and river, I have observed that a "Penny Poet" is quite as indispensable a companion on a journey as a penny paper—not for Demos alone, but for all kinds and conditions of travellers. Indeed, something akin to a literary revival—an appreciation of the earlier makers of English—has occurred in the neighbourhood.

I don't for a moment profess to say that the "Penny Poets" have solved the question of boys' literature, but I do venture to think that Scott and Macaulay, to mention no others, do supply reading which the youngest boys can appreciate. The "bald and toothless" conception of



myself comes to me with a pleasant vein of novelty. Most of my friends complain that though I have the misfortune to be forty-six this year, I never have been and never shall be anything but a schoolboy to the core. Mr. Catford, the Assistant Secretary of Bunhill Adult School, writes as follows:—

We at Bunhill Adult School are doing our best in connection with the "Penny Poets," to foster a taste for high-class literature amongst our members and in our neighbourhood. Besides having the "Penny Poets" on sale each week, we have this quarter arranged for three Saturday evenings with the Poets. We have asked our friends who are kindly lecturing, to, as far as possible, base their talks upon the "Penny Poets" edition, which will be on sale in the hall. Next Saturday we shall attempt rather to bring out the individual talent of those of our members who are able to recite or read from the Poets. United Social Meeting, October 5th, in Class Room E: "The Poets' Corner. Selections from the 'Penny Poets,' including Lowell, Whittier, and Longfellow." On October 19th, "An Evening with Longfellow," by Dr. W. E. Darby. This will partly be an experiment. All of us at Bunhill Adult School, and especially our Presidents, are deeply in love with the "Penny Poets," and feel very grateful to the originator of the series.

Up to the present time I am only informed of two prizes which have been won by scholars for essays on subjects suggested by the "Penny Poets." Lord Grey has had much greater success in Northumberland, where the number of essays is considerable. He has now announced a further series of prizes:—

COMPETITION No. III.—Scholars should write "a short life of Robert Burns," and in addition write an essay on one of the following topics:—(1) A description of the poem you like best in the volume, and the reasons why you like it. (2) A prose account of "The Cottar's Saturday Night." The result of the competition will be announced in the Children's Corner of the *Weekly Chronicle*. All communications to be addressed "Master Pieces," Moot Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Essays to be forwarded not later than Saturday, October 26th, 1895.

Lord Grey has had a very neat book-plate engraved, a copy of which is reproduced on the preceding page, which is placed in every prize that is issued in connection with this competition.

CASES FOR THE "PENNY POETS."

After very much experimenting, I think I have at last arrived at the best form of case for the "Penny Poets." This is a pasteboard box measuring 7½ inches by 5 inches, with a movable lid, on the back of which is printed in gilt the titles of the poets included in the first quarter's issue of the Masterpiece Library. The box is made to hold twelve numbers, so that four boxes will contain the whole series. Each case will stand in a book-shelf like an ordinary volume. The case with twelve parts is sold complete at eightpence. *This, unlike the other boxes, will be supplied to the trade at ordinary trade terms.* Readers may therefore order it from any newsagent or bookseller, who will supply the case and make it unnecessary to pay postage. For reading on board ship or for those who move about from place to place, these cases will be found to be much more handy than any of those which have been designed to contain the whole set. The first quarterly case contains the following numbers:—

- No. 1. Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and other Poems.
- No. 2. Scott's "Marmion."
- No. 3. Byron's "Childe Harold," Cantos I. and II., and other Poems.
- No. 4. Lowell's Poems. Selections.
- No. 5. Burns's Poems. Selections.
- No. 6. Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

- No. 7. Longfellow's "Evangeline," and other Poems.
- No. 8. Selections from Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Poems.
- No. 9. Selections from Thomas Campbell.
- No. 10. Milton's "Paradise Lost." (Abridged.)
- No. 11. Stories from "The Earthly Paradise." By Wm. Morris.
- No. 12. Byron's "Childe Harold." Part II.

The twelve numbers contain over seven hundred pages, and for convenience of reference and handiness of carriage there is nothing to rival them in any of the more expensive editions. The following is the list of poets published and in process of publication which will form case number two:—

- No. 13. Whittier's Poems of Liberty, Progress, and Labour.
- No. 14. Tales from Chaucer, in Prose and Verse.
- No. 15. Milton's "Paradise Lost." Part II.
- No. 16. Tom Moore's Poems.
- No. 17. Selections from Wm. Cullen Bryant's Poems.
- No. 18. The Story of St. George and the Dragon. From Spenser's "Faerie Queen."
- No. 19. Poems by Keats.
- No. 20. Scott's "Lady of the Lake."
- No. 21. Whittier's Poems.
- No. 22. Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."
- No. 23. Pope's "Essay on Man," etc.
- No. 24. Poems of Tom Hood.

Our edition of "Romeo and Juliet" has been sold extensively at the doors of the Lyceum, although the play as played is not the play exactly as Shakespeare wrote it, and a comparison of the original play with the play as acted is interesting and instructive.

The Keats number has been issued in connection with the Keats' Centenary. The following are its contents:—

Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil. The Eve of St. Agnes. La Belle Dame sans Merci. Lamia. Hyperion. Odes—1. On a Grecian Urn; 2. To Psyche; 3. To Autumn; 4. On Melancholy; 5. To a Nightingale; 6. Sonnets; 7. Endymion: Extracts.

The following are the new portraits issued in connection with the "Poets' Corner Album," which will be completed in six numbers, issued monthly at one shilling:—Tennyson, Browning, Shelley and Wordsworth.

MR. ERNEST B. SMEED has compiled, and Messrs. Stubbs and Baxter, of 112, North Street, Brighton, have published, a pamphlet on "Statistics and Notes on the General Election of 1895." It is only a pamphlet of twenty-eight pages, and it is published at five shillings. The compilation, however, is a task which I should certainly not like to undertake for fifty pounds. The analyses are very carefully done. The tables show that the Unionists, who have secured sixty-one and one-third per cent. of the members, did not poll more than forty-nine and a third per cent. of the votes. Fifty per cent. and two-thirds were given to the various Radical, Nationalist, and Parnellite candidates.

Lantern Bureau.—Mr. F. N. Eaton asks me to state that the Lantern Bureau at 29, Queen Anne's Gate, which he conducted last winter with the friendly co-operation of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, has been given up. His own ill-health and the death of his brother have rendered the closing of the Bureau inevitable, and he has disposed of his stock of slides to Mr. Walter Tyler, of 50, Waterloo Road, London.

THE NATIONAL SOCIAL UNION.

I.—LENDING LIBRARIES FOR SCHOOLS.

IT is to be hoped that this winter will not pass without some effectual step being taken to carry out the proposal made by Mr. Greenwood, the Secretary of the Library Committee of the National Social Union, for improving and developing the existing libraries in public elementary schools. The discussion on the literature for boys and girls, which went on in the *Daily Chronicle* last month, called attention to the need of getting something done. There is no doubt at all that, in this respect, London is distinctly behind Plymouth, and that not even Plymouth is as far advanced as Milwaukee. The aim and object of every good citizen is that he should see to it that the foremost city of the world should be first in everything that promotes the well-being and the education of the citizens of the future. At the present moment, although Mr. Acland, when Minister of Education, declared that every board school and public elementary school should have its own lending library, this is very far from being the case. Sir John Gorst, Mr. Acland's successor, is, I believe, making inquiries into how far it is possible to obtain, by the machinery of the department, a census or return of the books now really in circulation in our elementary schools. He will not have to thrust his probe very deep in order to find that a very great deal remains to be done. Take London, for instance: we have 800,000 children in our elementary schools, and not 100,000 books in all the libraries available for all the scholars. Within the last six months alone a small group of fortunate speculators have literally netted millions of pounds sterling as the reward for gambling in the Kafir Circus. Is it not disreputable to the last degree that the schools are left stunted and starved, without sufficient books to go half round even the elder scholars? Why should not such a man as Mr. Barnato, for instance, who has made a million in a single coup, fling down a tithe of his million to establish a first-class lending library for girls and boys in every public school in London? He would never miss the £100,000, and yet who can estimate the incalculable benefits which would result to the next generation from such a wise and judicious expenditure of wealth? Then there is Mr. Waldorf Astor. His family is honourably distinguished in New York by the Astor Library, which they founded. Why should we not have an Astor library in London, or on even more extended and popular scale? I make no apologies for throwing out these suggestions. Men of enormous wealth should regard those who make good suggestions for the utilisation of the shreds of their fortunes as their greatest benefactors. It is about time that we had some public-spirited citizen who would show, by a princely benefaction, such as the founding of a National School Library, that the accumulation of great wealth has not atrophied the heart and crushed out the soul of those to whom it has been given.

September was rather an unfortunate month for moving in the matter, as most of the persons whose co-operation it was necessary to secure were out of town. I hope, however, before the next number of the *Review of Reviews* is published to be able to report that some definite action has been taken towards realising this great need. I am glad to be assured by Sir John Gorst of his heartiest sympathy with every effort that is

made to bring up our educational appliance in this respect to the level of the best managed American cities. In municipal matters we are ahead of the Americans, but in this question of cultivating a taste for reading among scholars, the Americans in many of their cities leave us far behind. This ought not to be.

In this connection, I am glad to call attention to the admirable Sixpenny Pamphlet on "School Libraries," how they may be formed, and books they should contain, which has been reprinted from the *Schoolmaster*. The list of suitable books, with the discount price, will be very useful to all those who are forming libraries.

II.—TEMPERANCE REFORM.

THE publican having now triumphed all along the line and all chance of passing Local Option having vanished into thin air, the question arises whether the time has not come for an attempt to arrive at some common denominator among all those who desire to do something to stem the ravages of intemperance. The two planks in the common denominator agreed upon by the provisional committee of the National Social Union relating to the drink question run as follows:—

DRUNKENNESS.—Agreement as to legislative remedies has not yet been arrived at, but no difference of opinion exists as to the evils of drunkenness and the duty of all good citizens individually and collectively to enforce the laws which exist for the prevention of intemperance, and to resist any and every attempt to place the administrative, judicial, or legislative authority under the control of the purveyors of intoxicants.

TEMPERANCE.—That ample opportunity should be afforded for supplying the needs of the community for recreation and refreshment, apart from premises licensed for the sale of alcoholic drinks.

As abstract truths these resolutions are excellent. The question is, What is to be done to carry them into effect? I merely throw out the suggestion tentatively in the hope that some who have devoted their serious attention to the question may be able to come forward with a practical suggestion.

In the meantime it is interesting to note what is being done in other countries—where the curse of intemperance is felt almost as keenly as it is here.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FROM FRANCE.

In the *Annals of the American Academy* for September I find an interesting summary of the conclusions which have been arrived at by the Superior Council of Public Charity in France, which has been giving special consideration to a report, prepared by MM. les docteurs Magnan and Legrain, on the question of creating special asylums for inebriates. The committee, to which this question was referred, adopted the following resolutions, to be submitted to the whole Council:—

First, inebriate paupers ought to be treated in special establishments. Until such establishments are created in the various departments, such persons should be isolated in other institutions, and placed in special quarters.

Second, certain changes are necessary in the law on drunkenness, and the Poor Law of June 30th, 1838, which authorised the arrest of delinquent drunkards and inebriate paupers, and their maintenance during such time as would be necessary to cure them. Every delinquent drunkard should be made the object of a critical report, in consequence of which the authorities should have power to place him in a special asylum for inebriates.

In addition to these resolutions, the Council expressed the wish, that in order that the evils of alcoholism might be diminished, the following public action might be authorised:—

1. That an increased duty be placed on the production of alcohol in France, and stricter measures taken to guarantee the quality of such alcohol as is produced.
2. That the taxes which in any way affect wine, cider, beer, tea, coffee, and sugar, be reduced as much as possible.
3. That the license fees of saloons be increased.
4. That licenses be granted in the future only under stated conditions (according to the number of population, etc.).
5. That the sale of spirituous liquors be prohibited within the prisons, and that the quality of spirituous liquors sold in the military taverns of the state and municipality be submitted to a special supervision.
6. That a more rigorous application of the laws against drunkenness be insisted upon.
7. That the total abstinence societies and liquor organisations continue and assist a healthy reform commenced by these asylums.
8. That the establishment of restaurants and eating-houses for total abstainers may complete this group of curative means to resist alcoholism.

THE HOME SALON.

The *Homiletic Review* for September publishes an account of the successful effort which has been made by Bishop Fallows in Chicago to supply counter-attractions to the public-house by opening a Home Salon:—

In a basement at 155, Washington Street, Chicago, in the midst of a row of exceedingly dingy beer saloons, and surrounded by nearly a thousand more of similar character, has been established this first experiment. It aims to reproduce all the regulation features of the grog-shop with the single important exception of the intoxicating liquor. There is a long, highly-polished bar of the regulation pattern, backed by mirrors and an array of cut glass. At one end is a refrigerator with rows of bottles visible within. Back of the bar hang the portraits of the venerable Neal Dow and Miss Frances E. Willard. In connection with the bar is that peculiar Chicago institution, the cafe-tira, which is a lunch counter, wherefrom the customer helps himself. The bill of fare consists of roast beef, roast pork, pork and beans, baked whitefish, cod-fish, cakes, Frankfurter sausages, and beef sandwiches. A plate of any one costs 10 cents. For 15 cents one can have chicken or lobster salad. The customer helps himself to these, and the necessary knife, fork, spoon, condiments, bread, and butter. With this lunch the customer obtains free any one of a long list of temperance drinks, the chief of which is "bishop's beer." This pet invention of Bishop Fallows has all the appearance and nearly the taste of lager, but it does not contain a drop of alcohol. One of the most responsible firms of Chicago manufactures it under contract, guaranteeing its purity in every particular. It contains the best elements of the malt and hops. It is estimated that 800 people daily patronize this "Home Salon." One strong evidence of its value is that the liquor interest has done its best to injure the movement. But the Salon is prosperous, and others will be opened soon which can be made to pay a handsome dividend on the capital invested.

THE EXPERIENCE OF NEW ENGLAND.

In the *New England Magazine* for September there is an article describing the results of a policy of no-license which has been adopted in Cambridge. The writer says:—

The no-license policy has not ushered in the millennium; it has not put an end to drunkenness; it has not abolished the liquor traffic altogether. But it has made the streets safer, quieter and cleaner; it has removed allurements from the young, and pitfalls from the path of the weak and tempted; and it is easier to do right and harder to do wrong by reason of it.

Another article in the same magazine gives a very curious account of the rum-drinking, proclivities of the descendants of the Puritan fathers:—

"In early times," says the historian of Wallingford, Connecticut, "rum was largely consumed. A half pint was given to every day labourer. In all families, rich or poor, it was offered to male visitors as an essential part of hospitality, or even good manners. Women took their schnapps, then called 'Hopkins's Elixir,' which was the most delicious and seductive means of getting tipsy that had been invented. Crying babies were silenced with hot toddy, then esteemed an infallible remedy for wind in the stomach. Every man imbibed his morning dram; and this was regarded as temperance.

It was not until the beginning of this century that temperance in the form of total abstinence began to be considered as a virtue even among the strictest of the Puritans.

III.—THE RE-SETTLEMENT OF ENGLAND.

THE question of the Unemployed is inseparably bound up with the Re-settlement of England. I had hoped to have published a survey at some length of the various efforts which are being made in different parts of the country for the purposes of bringing the people back to the land, and promoting the colonisation of England. Space and time, however, have necessitated the postponement of this manual, but meanwhile it would be well if Mr. H. W. Wolff could arrange some method by which all those who are most interested in the subject could be brought together to advise a practical scheme for giving effect to that co-operation in agriculture which he describes so well in his article in the *Contemporary Review*, of which the following is the substance:—

CO-OPERATION IN AGRICULTURE.

After alluding in passing to the various nostrums that have been put forward as the one hope of salvation for the farmer, he sets to work to show from European experience that the best hope of our improvement is by letting small owners cultivate their own land, availing themselves of co-operation in order to promote their common interests. He says that the great agricultural countries of the Continent are all alive with agricultural co-operation, and are daily extending their connections. It is barely twelve years since the French Agricultural Syndicate was founded. There are now over a thousand such societies. These syndicates have compelled the manufacturers of manures to reduce their prices by from forty to fifty per cent., and have increased the annual expenditure on manures and feeding stuffs from 2,000,000 to 6,000,000 sterling.

Germany, Austria, and Switzerland have organised exactly the same thing on their own national lines with the same results, and even now Roumania and Servia are re-modelling their own agriculture on the same principle. Hence, Mr. Wolff declares the banker was quite right who said that what we are suffering from is not so much a depression of agriculture, as a depression of brains. If every county in England had its own agricultural co-operative association it would buy all the manures, feeding stuffs and other articles in large quantities at wholesale prices under conditions that would guarantee the quality. It is impossible to get this done in England, because such co-operative dealing enforces cash dealing, and farmers doing business on a credit system are precluded from availing themselves of what they could otherwise enjoy. But, as Mr. Wolff proceeds to point out, the co-operative bank supplies the

very element that is needed by enabling each of the members of the association to enjoy all the advantages of co-operative credit.

Then, again, the association would arrange for co-operative threshing-machines, steam-ploughs, and other machinery. And again, they could co-operate in preparing their produce for the market. The wine-growers of the Rhine and Transylvania get twice as much wine out of their grapes by co-operative pressing as when they press them separately. We do not make wine in England, but we could imitate our neighbours in the making of cider and the co-operative selling of hops. Co-operative dairies and co-operative cheese factories are also indispensable. Co-operative dairies in France and Germany have raised the selling price from 30 to 35 per cent.

Again, the collection of the goods and the conveying of them from the farmer to the market is another branch of co-operation which enables the Danes to flood our country with eggs and the French to deluge us with their fruit. The co-operative syndicate of Nantes sold 1,400,000 pears and 1,092,000,000 bunches of radishes in England in 1893.

In Holland and in France the agricultural syndicates maintain co-operative butcheries, and they also render invaluable service by the way of enabling small holders to have the best pedigreed stock for breeding purposes.

German co-operative associations maintain their own lawyer, who gives gratuitous advice to all members, and when he advises that proceedings should be taken, the association pays from half to two-thirds of the cost.

In conclusion, Mr. Wolff tells of the starting of a little farm in Kent which the Co-operative Society has taken and cultivated in order to supply its stores with produce.

IV.—THE NATIONALISATION OF RAILWAYS.

THE United Kingdom is but a small country, but it is none the less true that even in England the prosperity of agriculture depends upon the facility and cheapness of railway accommodation. The Light Railways Act is a recognition on the part of the legislature that something must be done in that direction. At the next session it is to be hoped that the interdict will be taken off the carriages driven on the high road by mechanical traction, but when all that is done, it is probable that any serious attempt to deal with the agricultural question will leave us face to face with the much larger question of the nationalisation of railways. In this, as in many other things, Mr. Chamberlain is the one hope of the reformer. Without committing myself definitely to all that the National League claims, there is every reason to believe that the arguments of the following letter which I have received from Mr. William Wilson, the treasurer of that association, will command more and more attention, as the agricultural question comes to be more closely looked into.

The immense advantages that would accrue to the nation from the State acquiring the railways and working them, are so many, that I can only briefly mention a few, which will prove that in its far-reaching benefits, railway nationalisation will excel the penny post, and ought therefore to be put on the foreground of all social legislation. Our railways are dear and hence exclusive, and as Continental State Railways give cheaper facilities for transit the foreigner undersells us in our own markets. Their lines are worked for the public at lowest cost while ours are worked in the interest of dividends with ill success, the average dividends being about 3 per cent., while £50,000,000 of railway stock pay nil. In the United States, which shares with us in the Monopolistic Company system, dividends are as bad or worse, and £562,000,000 of stock pay nil.

Our high rates result in seven-eighths of the average carriage seats being vacant. Hence it is beyond doubt that our railway system is at fault under the companies. We are told on excellent authority that "our directorates are crowded with titled men who know little of business-life and still less of democratic requirements." Many of these men are pluralists, and have no time to gain knowledge. There are about 3,000 directors in about 250 boards, in whom are confided the interests of 400,000 shareholders, an equal number of employes, and the far greater needs of the outside public. Many of these boards are superfluous and antagonistic, and with all their competitive lines, staffs, repairing shops, offices, &c., reduce profits to a minimum. There is also the complexity of the clearing-house with its 2,000 clerks frittering their time registering the transit of tarpaulins, waggons, carriages, &c., over rival lines.

The amalgamation of these conflicting boards and unification of all lines under one Central Government Board it is estimated will save at least £10,000,000 yearly. The supposed healthy competition of the companies is a delusion, because "where combination is possible competition is impossible." There are 6,000 railway stations in the United Kingdom, and only at 1,500 do competing lines meet, so that 4,500 stations have a complete monopoly, and can charge their maximum rates.

The companies refuse to abate the statutory fare of one penny per mile, except for a few excursion trains, unduly crowded in consequence of their fewness. About one-third of the entire nation are working men, averaging less than £1 per week, and, as they cannot pay penny per mile fares, we have a large army of unemployed continually tramping the country. State railways carry passengers, third-class, from Buda-Pesth to Kronstadt, 457 miles for 6s. 8d., or a party of ten agriculturists for three-fourths, = 11 miles fully per penny.

The Great Eastern Railway have for years taken workmen to Enfield and back daily, i.e., 22 miles, for 2d. These facts show that cheapness and profit go together. As regards goods, our high rates result in 5-ton trucks averaging 1-ton loads. American bogie trucks carry 30 tons as cheaply as our antiquated trucks carry 10 tons. Railway rates kill agriculture. A few weeks ago a Somerset farmer sent a ton of apples to London and got 7d. profit.

In 1893 the goods and passenger trains of the United Kingdom ran a total distance of 322,841,802 miles, and the total working expenses were £45,693,119. Thus the sum of 2s. 10d. per mile pays for maintenance, repairs, wages, traffic, rates, taxes, Government duty, compensation claims, law and Parliamentary costs, steamboats, canals, harbours, and every other expense. It follows, therefore, that a third-class carriage with 40 passengers, at a penny per mile, pays the journey, with 18 per cent. profit. Railway success, then, is a matter of trains being fairly well filled.

The 874,751,928 passengers of 1893 paid £30,317,379, or say 8½d. per head per annum. The 293,341,247 tons of goods in 1893 paid £40,994,637, or say 2s. 9½d. per ton per annum. It seems incredible that £971,000,000 should be sunk for such trifling results, all due to high fares and rates. One of the large companies could have carried all the 874,751,928 passengers. The average 8½d. per head is very low, but the 83,000,000 passengers on the Great Eastern Railway paid £2,264,983, or about 6½d. per head; the 44,000,000 passengers on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway paid £1,884,556, or 10½d. per head; the 90,000,000 passengers on the Metropolitan, about 1½d. per head; while the 60,000,000 on the Great Western Railway paid £4,124,013, or 16½d. per head; the 63,000,000 on the London and North-Western Railway paid £4,830,228, or 18½d. per head; and the 28,000,000 on the South Eastern Railway paid £1,529,581, or 13d. per head. Here 18½d. per head is the highest average, and cannot be satisfactory. Farthing per mile fares would certainly fill up largely the seven-eighths of vacant seats, and be more profitable, for it pays better to carry five passengers for 2½d. than two passengers for 2d. Present fares and rates are self-condemning, for net receipts were only enough to pay on capital in 1889 4·21 per cent.; in 1890, 4½ per cent.; in 1891, 4 per cent.; in 1892, 3·85 per cent.; in 1893, 3·60 per cent., so that the vanishing point will come if the system lasts.

The companies fear competition and do all they can to crush it, hence the most competitive canals have been bought up and their trade strangled. Docks and harbours have also been largely bought up to strengthen the monopoly. They have compelled the Postmaster-General to adopt the retrograde step of running mail coaches to Brighton, etc., to save railway charges. For the same reason the Manchester people spent about £15,000,000 on a 35-mile canal needlessly. In 1883, when the Parcel Post was established, the railways at once reduced their parcel rates largely, from 60 to 80 per cent. in some cases, the result being 20 per cent. more parcels in 1892 than in 1882, but in these ten years Parcel Post increased from 22 to 51 millions, so that a new trade of 51 millions arose from cheapness alone. The Glasgow Corporation work the gas, water, trams, buses, and ferry boats, and raise revenue. Lincoln has also bought over water and gas companies, and lights the city for nothing. What municipalities do with gas and water companies is an example for the State in the great boon of nationalised railways. State railways in Germany yield £17,500,000 to the Exchequer, and relieve taxation. Our railways have not fulfilled their trust. They have run parallel lines to the big cities, with parallel trains, at parallel hours, which is all wasteful mismanagement and rivalry, while the smaller towns are in many cases neglected. Thus, Stoneham in Hants, with 10,309 people, is $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from its nearest station, viz., Southampton, and Warley in Yorkshire, with 9,249, is 3 miles from Halifax, and so on.

Sir Arthur Arnold, in his Report in July last, said:—"Out of 200 railway stations in London, 176 need improved accommodation." Just as State telegraphs have reduced thousands of mileage charges to uniform charges of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per word whether for 1 mile or for 800 miles, and reduced the average charge from 2s. 2d. to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per telegram, and increased the stations from 3,000 to 10,000, bringing into communication villages that the companies ignored as unprofitable, so I believe similar and more important benefits would follow the establishment of State railways. Under the company system, Ireland is a spectacle to the world of a most disjointed railway system. Under State railways the broken circuits between Sligo and Ballina, Waterford and Wexford, Downpatrick and Dublin, etc., would long ago have been remedied, and that "distressful country" would have had one "injustice" less. The Government might well try State railways first in Ireland, and they would quickly follow in Great Britain.

V.—A SOCIAL SETTLEMENT AT WORK.

BROWNING HALL.

MR. ASQUITH has consented to attend and speak at the first formal Inaugural Meeting of the Robert Browning Hall, of York Street, Walworth, S.E., which will be held on November 21st. An interesting and encouraging report has been issued of the first eight months' work at this new settlement. Within one square mile of Browning Hall, 115,000 human beings are crowded together, and it is in the midst of these that the settlement has been formed. They have now 270 registered members of their P. S. A. Association; over 200 members of the P. T. A. for women only. Every fortnight during the summer this association was entertained by Mrs. Briant in her garden at Loughborough Park. Mrs. Morgan, of Stroud Green, also has acted as hostess; and there are clothing, boot, blanket, and coal clubs in connection with the P. T. A. The Settlement House is at 82, Camberwell Road, ten minutes' walk from the Hall. Here the resident staff and family live, and accommodation is provided for guests as temporary residents. Public discussions on social duties have been held fortnightly throughout the winter. People's Drawing Rooms are given on alternate Thursdays. Saturday evening entertainments are run from January to May. These are chiefly musical, but some have been illustrated with the lantern. Every available seat is

crowded. The boys' brigade now numbers fifty members. A gymnasium is held every Monday, at Clayton Hall. There are two club-rooms, and eighty members, in the Browning Hall Club. About fifty "Penny Poets" are purchased weekly by the men. They have begun to form a picture gallery, and have already a small library. £300 have been spent in renovating and decorating the club-rooms. On Tuesdays two gentlemen attend to give legal advice gratuitously to those who cannot afford to pay for it. There is a Band of Hope with one hundred members. A Happy Evening for the children is provided once a week through the winter. On Saturdays parties from fifty to one hundred children are taken to the parks and entertained to tea. There was a May Day Celebration on the morning of the 1st of May, and there was a special celebration of Browning's baptism and birthday. The Fourth of July was commemorated by a demonstration in favour of the Unity of the English Speaking World, attended by representatives from the United States and the Colonies. There is a Flower Mission. Trips are arranged to the parks and to the seaside. A very successful ten days' encampment at Court Farm, Whyteleafe, Surrey, from August 2nd to 12th, was made by members, varying from three dozen to one hundred. Every Wednesday evening there is an hour on social study of the Kingdom of God, which is said to have been well attended, and followed with keen interest. Two dramatic dialogues representing Jeremiah at the Temple Gate, and the Maccabees at Modin have deeply impressed those scenes on the memory of the class. The adult school for men on Sunday morning has only recently been opened. The report concludes by stating:—

Among our most pressing needs are a trained hospital nurse in readiness; other residents of both sexes; lady visitors who will regularly give a certain number of hours a week to visiting the houses of the poor; and money to keep the work going on all its sides. Whoever has the will to work or give can certainly find amongst the many branches of the Settlement's operations some object suited to his desire.

VI.—PLAYGROUNDS FOR CHILDREN.

A CORRESPONDENT in Liverpool sends me an account of a benefaction in that city, which I hope may stir up some other benefactors to do likewise in other cities. She says:—

On the 7th of September last, a great new park was opened to the public amid civic rejoicings. This park, the gift of an anonymous donor, is consecrated to the children of the city, and is known by the name of Wavertree Playground. Wavertree is one of the most populous centres of Liverpool, and so healthful an open space, endowed in perpetuity—never to be built upon—is a boon whose value is not to be reckoned. The cost of maintenance is practically defrayed by the income from houses and rents, etc., connected with the land, which the generous giver has placed at the disposal of the ratepayers. The playground is a wide expanse of undulating meadowland, with broad walks, bordered with trees and shrubs; shelters and cloak-rooms, and lavatories and seats are abundantly provided; and the donor has suggested by his representative that schools and clubs might have parts allotted them for a small annual rent. The opening day was really "Children's Day" in the city. Sports, prizes, and fireworks were provided, and a great army of children, drawn from all the schools—national schools, board schools, training schools, and ragged schools—marched four abreast through the grounds to the sound of music. This symbolic taking possession was a significant spectacle, prophetic almost, one might term it. The barefooted, bareheaded child of the slums, dressed in fluttering rags, walked in procession with his brother of broadcloth and shining boots, and the orphan charity girl in her uniform marched with her more fortunate sister, whose white frock and blue sash proclaimed she came from home and mother.

The same correspondent sends me an excellent account of a mission for children on the other side of the Mersey:—

In Birkenhead, the lesser Liverpool, some human-hearted men and women have resolved themselves into a company for the spread of philanthropy, and in the name of Charles Thompson's Mission to Poor Children, are making existence sweeter to thousands of the hungry and homeless of Birkenhead. It is some years since Mr. Arthur I. Preston, the honorary secretary and treasurer of the mission, relieved Mr. Charles Thompson from the fast multiplying cares which business and the duties of his voluntary guardianship of a host of "the least of these, my brethren," showered upon him and set him free to promote the work he loves best. Mr. Preston's intuition has not misled him. The usefulness of the mission has gradually developed, with its basis founded on practical lines, and with the purchase of the new hall in Hemingford Street. Birkenhead has an unenviable notoriety for drunkenness, among women especially, and there are hundreds of little ones—worse than orphaned—whose only friend is Charles Thompson, and their home the mission-room in Hemingford Street. There by night and by day, he is in readiness to take in the abandoned baby, to feed the starving, and to clothe the naked. Nor does he stay at home to wait for the destitute; he goes forth in search of them, and brings them to the cheer and warmth of the home. It is an unforgettable sight to see the little ones going reluctantly away when the meeting at the hall is over for the night. Associated with the work of the mission is a staff of voluntary workers who attend at meals to cut bread and butter, and who dress dolls, and mend clothes, and play with the children. A great feature of the mission is the periodic excursion by road and rail. All the summer through, waggon and train and boat loads of happy ragged "have nots," are taken out to the country residences of those "who have," to enjoy a long day amid fields and flowers, with the accompaniment of games and tea, and cakes, and milk. During the winter campaign, concerts and tea-parties prevail, and Christmas is a season of great rejoicing.

VII.—BOARD SCHOOLS AND SOCIAL INSTITUTES.

Few enterprises promise as much for the economical and effective utilisation of time and of work as that which Dr. Paton has in hand for securing the employment of board school buildings as Social Institutes. The preliminary experiment which was made last winter in one large board school in the North-East of London was very successful, and there is good reason to hope that, if adequate support be forthcoming, the example will be followed in many of the buildings which are used for the education of scholars in the daytime, but which, for the most part, stand empty and useless in the evening. Application is being made on behalf of those social institutes to the Governors of the City Parochial Charity Trust, which has funds at its disposal for purposes which cannot be more effectually served than by utilising board schools in this fashion. Grants from the Trust to cover the working expenses in supporting such institutions would go far to provide for the toiling population of London a people's palace in every district, well warmed, well lighted, centrally situated, and available for all purposes of education, recreation, and of social intercourse.

VIII.—ST. ANTHONY'S BREAD.

MR. CHARLES ROBINSON, writing in the *North American Review* for September, gives the following interesting but brief account of the excellent charitable agency which has sprung up in France within the last three years:—

Less than three years ago there was founded, in the back room of a small store on a side street in Toulon, a charitable

project which bids fair to do more towards bringing about the solution of the social problem in France than all the congresses and conferences that have been held, and all the books and articles that have been written with that end in view. It is rapidly assuming the proportions of an international economic movement of the first magnitude.

This charity, which has become an object at once of the astonishment and admiration of all Europe, is named "St. Anthony's Bread," after St. Anthony of Padua, and it is by the voluntary contributions of his clients that it is maintained.

"St. Anthony's Bread" comprises not only food, but also clothing and medical attendance—everything, in fact, necessary for the relief of the poor in general, and of the sick and afflicted poor in particular: for its directors wisely hold that with this class one should always "make the good God visible." They ascertain the names of the labourers in the various parishes who are out of employment and help them to procure work, quite irrespective of their religious belief, or want of religious belief. Orphans are sent to school, the aged, the blind, the deaf and dumb are all placed in special establishments; letters are written for those who are themselves unable to write, and advice procured from either doctor or lawyer when needed. While the deserving poor are thus sought out and all their wants supplied, professional beggars are tracked and exposed.

The promoters of this charity, however, do not labour merely to solve the Social Problem, important though that work undoubtedly is. The corporeal necessities of the poor are relieved through the medium of "St. Anthony's Bread" only on the understanding that their spiritual duties are not neglected. The conditions imposed upon the workmen in this regard are of the lightest possible character. For example, one of the publications issued under the auspices of "St. Anthony's Bread" consists wholly of light literature, except for one brief paragraph of religious matter at the end of the last page. "We must give them the *feuilleton* or they would not read the instruction," it is explained. In friendly conferences, held at stated intervals, the same *clientèle* is taught the lesson of mutual help and sympathy.

IX.—THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS.

It is interesting to know that, in the opinion of a thoughtful writer in the *Annals of the American Academy*, "no more interesting or significant event has taken place for some time in the sphere of economic and political education than the recent establishment of the London School of Economics and Political Science, which will begin work in October, 1895." He says:—

The establishment of such a special school for the study of economics and politics in London, has a significance, not merely for that city or even for England alone, but for the world. The influence which a properly equipped school, devoted to these subjects, might exert throughout the world, from London as a centre, is absolutely incalculable, and the only wonder is that we have had to wait so long for its establishment.

The work of the school will take the following forms:—

1. Public lectures, and classes in connection with them, on the following subjects: Economics (including Economic Theory, and Economic History), Statistics, Commerce, Commercial Geography, Commercial History, Commercial and Industrial Law, Banking and Currency, Finance and Taxation, and Political Science.
2. Special classes, arranged as a three years' course of study, concluding with a research course.
3. The promotion, by means of scholarships or otherwise, of original research.
4. The publication of books containing the results of researches in economic and political subjects conducted by the teachers of the school or under their direction.
5. The collection of a library for the use of the students of the school, consisting of books, reports and documents illustrative of Economic and Political History and Theory.
6. The organisation of an "information department," to assist British students and foreigners visiting England for the purpose of investigation.

It is not proposed to prepare students especially for any examination, but the lectures and classes already arranged will be found useful to candidates for the following public examinations among others, viz., Civil Service (Class I. and Indian), Council of Legal Education, Institute of Bankers, Institute of Actuaries, London University (Mental and Moral Science), London Chamber of Commerce (Commercial Education).

The lecture courses of the school, which will be open to the general public as well as to the members of the school, will usually be given in the evening between the hours of six and nine. The classes will be held both in the daytime and in the evening; but it will not be necessary for students to attend both day and evening classes. Women will be admitted on the same terms as men.

The school year, commencing on October 10th, will be divided into three terms: October to December, January to March, April to July; the first two terms embracing ten weeks each, the third or summer term from twelve to fourteen weeks.

Mr. Hewin, who is entrusted with the direction of the school, says:—

From my experience of lecturing for University Extension, I am convinced that if London is well "worked," we ought in time to have two thousand students, full members of the

school, who will be engaged in the systematic and continuous class work.

X.—THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

THE Pope's letter to the English people, to induce them to return to the fold of the Church over which he presides, has elicited two responses—one from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the other from the Grindelwald Conference. The Archbishop of Canterbury's letter is a somewhat ineffective document. Dr. Benson utters the pious hope that the Anglican Church may be called of God to do something in the way of reuniting the Eastern and Western Churches. When the Anglican Church and its Primate have done something to reunite Protestant Christendom, or even to establish civil relations and visiting terms between Church and Dissent, it will be easier to believe in the providential mission to which the Archbishop alludes than it is at present. The address which was drawn up at Grindelwald, and which has been influentially signed by the leading representatives of the Churches represented there, is a somewhat less fatuous document.

OUR CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

AS will be seen from the list of new centres formed last month, the popularity of our Circulating Library is increasing as it becomes better known. There is now scarcely a county in England which has not taken at least one of our Library boxes:—

BEDFORD—Cardington.
CHESHIRE—Frodsham, Preston Brook.
CORNWALL—Perranarworthal.
DERBY—Castle Donnington.
DEVON—Buckfastleigh.
ESSEX—Southend.
KENT—Lee.
LANCASHIRE—Garstang.
NORTHUMBERLAND—Embleton, Norham.
STAFFORD—Hednesford.
SUFFOLK—Eye.
SURREY—Burstow.
WILTSHIRE—Downton.
WORCESTER—Edgbaston.
YORKSHIRE—Brighouse, Cowling, Sheffield.
WALES—Oakenhoet, Beaumaris.
IRELAND—Ballynahinch, Co. Down;
Castle Freke, Co. Cork.
SCOTLAND—Carradale, Kintyre, Rescobie, Forfar.
ABROAD—Bathurst, E. Gambia;
Gaboon.
Old Calabar.

At first the cheaper boxes of books were not nearly so popular as the boxes containing the dearer books. This is, however, no longer the case, probably because the smaller villages have just begun to hear of the scheme.

The scheme of circulating boxes of books seems not only to have met with success among our rural population, but it also has supplied a long-felt want among the small colonies of English-speaking people scattered all over the world. Last month boxes were despatched to three towns on the West Coast of Africa for the use of the English residents who find a difficulty in getting English books. I have applications almost every week from all parts of the world asking whether we cannot supply boxes of books to places situated outside the United

Kingdom. It may therefore be well to set forth here the conditions on which we are able to send book-boxes abroad. I cannot undertake to supply boxes to foreign countries unless the centre can arrange to take at least two boxes, which they will interchange half-yearly. The boxes need only be returned to London at the end of the year. To return them at shorter intervals would be impracticable, as too much time would be lost in transit. The centre wishing for boxes of books must undertake to pay carriage both ways, and also to pay a year's subscription in advance.

With the help of Mr. Wallis-Jones I have drawn up a list of one hundred Welsh books suitable to be included in the boxes circulated in Wales. This list has been revised by Professor Anwyl of Aberystwith College, and others. Therefore, as soon as I receive twelve orders for boxes containing Welsh books, I will make up the sets. The following is a specimen of the books supplied with one of the boxes:—

1. Caniadan Hiraethog (a) (songs).
2. " Elfed (songs) (b).
3. Gwaith Alun (b).
4. Cofiant Parch J. Jones Talysarn (a) (biography).
5. Tro yn yr Eidal (a) (travels).
6. Hanes y Merthyrion (b) (history).
7. Enoc Huws (a) (novel).
8. Y Ferch o Gefn Ydfa (b) (novel).
9. Pregethan Parch E. Morgan (b) (sermons).
10. Gwyrthiau. Dr. O. Evans (a).
11. Geninen. Vol. I. (a) (magazine).
12. Gems of Welsh Melody.

The Welsh books have been divided into two sets, a and b, so that a centre will have the choice of having either six or twelve Welsh books in its box.

The experience of the secretary of one of our centres in the West of Scotland as to what the people read should tend to reassure those who believe that the present generation is given over entirely to novel-reading. He writes:—

I have been here as a teacher for five years, and formerly

was employed in large schools in towns such as Glasgow, Coatbridge, etc. During all my life I have done what I could to encourage reading amongst the people where I worked. In my experience I have found that readers in rural districts, as a class, are deeper than readers in towns. I know that many people in this district have asked me to lend them books, such as the different works of Carlyle, I would never have dreamed of offering them.

The Parish Councils have been very slow to take advantage of the permission, granted them by the Parish Councils Act, to establish village libraries. In Wales it was stated at the time of the election that this was the most popular of the new powers delegated to the Parish Council. But the Councils do not seem as yet to have justified the anticipations of those who expected that they would inaugurate a movement in favour of small libraries. Of the need of these village libraries there is no doubt. In a very interesting article, which appeared last month in the *Times*, on the Work of the Parish Councils, the chairman of one of them wrote as follows:—

One of the greatest wants in most villages is some kind of public reading-room, to rival the attractions of the public-house, and provide quiet and rational entertainment for many who would otherwise be fuddling themselves in a tap-room or loafing about the roads or village green. A parish council that would take up and persuade their parish meeting to adopt the "Public Libraries Act" with this object would indeed deserve well of its constituency. But not many parish councils, I fear, are turning their thoughts to this. The public-house interest is too strong, and the taste for reading and quiet as yet too little developed in the rural mind to make libraries a felt want in rural districts, where, as a rule, every one thinks that he already knows as much as he wants to know. The success, too, of reading-rooms started by the clergy or Ladies Bountiful has not been very encouraging. Men and lads use them for a while; but when the novelty has worn off they tire of this, as of everything else, and gravitate back to the "public" and to the roads. I do not believe that any such institution imposed upon them from above by their social superiors will have a long or vigorous life in an average country village. But parish councils might do something to create and encourage a demand from below, by the people themselves, for a public library or club which should be their own, in whose success they would feel a common interest, and whose civilising influence they would all share. I do not know how things are in the North, but in the South of England such an idea seems at present Utopian. It would be generally stigmatised as a waste of public money, putting the parish to needless expense.

From the letters which I have received from chairmen and others it does not seem to be the expense that has proved to be the stumbling-block, but the adoption of the Libraries Act. Many Councils have expressed their willingness to subscribe to the scheme provided they could do so without adopting the Act. As this was impossible, they have endeavoured, in some cases, to have the scheme established by voluntary effort. Why there should be this reluctance is not quite clear, as the rate can never exceed one penny in the pound, and the limit may be drawn even lower. Whatever the reason may be, it seems to be an undoubted fact that in many of our villages the Libraries Act is likely to prove a hindrance rather than an encouragement to the establishment of village libraries.

As many Parish Councils seem to be in doubt as to the provisions of the Libraries Act, it may be well to give a summary of it here:—

The object of the Act is to provide all or any of the following institutions: public libraries and museums, schools of science, art galleries and schools of art. The parish meeting has not only to decide the question

whether the Act shall be adopted or not; but it has also to decide whether, in the event of the Act being adopted, a limitation should be placed on the maximum rate to be levied for the purpose, which in no case can exceed one penny in the pound.

When the opinion of the meeting on the above questions has been once ascertained, no further proceedings can be taken for that purpose until the expiration of a year. No charge can be made for admission to a library or museum, but the Parish Council may, if it thinks fit, grant the use of a lending library to persons who are not inhabitants of the parish, either gratuitously or for payment.

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN publishes a poem in the *National Review* addressed to Ireland, beginning "What ails you, Sister Erin?" for Erin's face, like the mountains, is bedewed with tears. "Sister Erin," in three powerful stanzas, sets forth the cause of her tears. She says:—

"They would not suffer me to weep or pray.
Upon the altar of my Saints they trod;
They banned my Faith, they took my Heaven away,
And tried to rob me of my very God!
And when I sued them leave me where I lay,
And get them hence, still, still they would not go.
They reft the spindle from my famished hands,
My kith and kin they drove to other lands,
Widowed and orphaned me! And now you know
Why all my face is wet, and all my voice is woe!"

Then the poet endeavours to comfort her in stanzas of which I quote a couple:—

I crept a little nearer, and I laid
My hand on hers, and fondled it with mine;
And, "Listen, dear Sister Erin," soft I said,
"Not to the moaning of the salt-sea brine,
Nor to the melancholy crooning made
By thoughts attuned to Sorrow's ancient song,
But to the music of a mellowed day.
Forgive! Forget! lest harsher lips should say,
Like your turf fire, your rancour smoulders long.
Now let Oblivion strew Time's ashes o'er this wrong.

"The Triune Flag," none now save Tyrants read,
That with Imperial peace protects the world,
Has by the sinewy sons you bore and bred
Round the wide globe been carried and unfurled.
Where danger greatest, they it was who led,
And stormed death rather than be backward driven.
Now, gaze no more across the western main,
Whose barren furrows hope still ploughs in vain.
Turn Eastward, where, through clouds by sunrise riven,
England holds out her hand, and craves to be forgiven.

MRS. T. H. HUXLEY contributes the following poem to *McClure's Magazine* for October, entitled "The Glacier Stream":—

The glacier stream comes striding down
With roar and spring from echoing steep,
Straight from the heights of yon snow crown,
Where, 'twixt ridged walls of gray and brown,
A serpent glacier downward creeps.
Bound fast in cold lies yonder snow,
In deep ravines, by rocky towers;
The sun's touch comes, and 'neath its glow
With shock of life transmuted flow,
In rushing streams, the crystal flowers.
O Love! Thou art that frozen snow;
Thy spirit sleeps, nor seeks its goal.
Be mine the love to shed the glow,
To loose the stream of feeling's flow,
And wake to life and light thy soul!

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

“TRILBY,” BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.*

“**T**RILBY” was published last year, therefore “Trilby” can hardly be regarded as a book of the month in the sense of being a product of the month. But in England, to-day, owing to its production on the stage and the appearance of a new edition, it may be regarded as the book that is more talked about than any other book, and therefore in a sense may be said to be the Book of the Month.

I.—THE TRILBY BOOM IN AMERICA.

When the sun is rising at 5 o'clock in the morning in England, it is the witching hour of midnight in New York, the difference in latitude causing New York to be always five hours behind London. When it is a question of latitude and longitude, distance can be measured exactly and is invariable, but there are multitudes of other things in which no such exact measurement is possible. Sometimes, as on the dial of the clock, England is far ahead of America, in others America is as much ahead of England, nor can any one define the law governing these things with sufficient accuracy to predict in any particular case which country will come out ahead. Sometimes England will take up some subject and discuss it threadbare before the first echoes of the discussion reverberate across the Atlantic. At other times some book or some theory will sweep over America like a cyclone, and it will have spent its force in the United States before the first breath of wind is felt in the United Kingdom. The case of “Trilby” is a case in point. Mr. Du Maurier is resident in London. His genius with the pencil, although recognised on both sides of the water, found its first welcome and its permanent appreciation in the pages of *Punch*; but when Mr. Du Maurier began to write novels, he found a more appreciative audience in America than in his native country. “Peter Ibbetson,” his first novel, achieved a fair but no astounding success either in the old country or in the new. “Trilby,” his second, which followed rapidly on the heels of the first, received a friendly welcome in England, but in America it achieved a success which has been one of the wonders, not merely of this publishing season, but of many publishing seasons. It is one

characteristic of the American public, that a great emotion or enthusiasm, fad or craze, passes over them as a hurricane strikes a field of standing corn. Their press is one gigantic sounding-board stretching from San Francisco to the Atlantic coast; and the system of syndicated articles, by which the same essay or story is published simultaneously in a hundred different centres, makes them peculiarly susceptible to the influence of those sudden booms. For nearly two years past America has been suffering from a Napoleonic craze, magazines having doubled their circulation by publishing portraits and lives of the French Emperor. Newspapers have been compelled to devote columns upon columns every week to the discussion of all manner of problems connected with the career of the Bonaparte of Corsica and St. Helena. But the Napoleonic craze was as nothing compared with the sudden universality of the “Trilby” boom. For some weeks, or almost months, it was Trilby here, Trilby there, Trilby everywhere. Edition after edition was sold out, the newspapers were full of criticisms and observations, the small talk of the press bristled with allusions to Trilby or Little Billee or Svengali. Theatrical companies played “Trilby,” and not even Sunday offered a respite to the prevailing fever. Grave ministers of religion thundered against what they considered the immoral tendency of Mr. Du Maurier's novel, and their congregations having heard all that could be said to the detriment of that



“IT WAS TRILBY!”

young person's morals, immediately bought the book and went crazy over her manifold perfections. The “Trilby” foot became an established standard of excellence, giving rise to no end of jokes and endless pictures of ladies' feet. Dances were named after “Trilby,” and the name itself was adopted as a synonym for the nude model. I remember reading an article in a Chicago paper on “The Trilbys of Chicago,” which was the headline for an article describing the life led by the girls who posed as models in the Chicago School of Art. Altogether there has been nothing like the “Trilby” boom. “The Heavenly Twins” had a considerable vogue for a short time, but it passed, whereas the

"Trilby" boom seems almost as if it had come to stay. It will not stay, however—nothing does stay of that kind in the United States. Life there is lived at too feverish a rate, one sensation succeeds another with great rapidity, each newcomer obliterating, more or less, the traces of its predecessor. But even if no other copy of "Trilby" was sold in the United States, the reception accorded to that work must be regarded as one of the most significant signs of the times.

It is often far more important to know how a book is received by a great nation than it is to discuss the intrinsic merits of the book itself; and the fact that the "Trilby" boom has swept America, is more important to us than the interest of the story, or the artistic skill with which Mr. Du Maurier drew his characters and handled his plot. It is somewhat difficult to ascertain exactly the causes of the "Trilby" boom; but, broadly speaking, it seems to have been due to two causes: first, and by far the widest, the interest which was excited by the portrait of Trilby herself; and the second, the weird interest attached to the hypnotic influence wielded by Svengali. The story, in fact, turns upon two questions—hypnotism and sex. Both of them subjects of the day, and in each Mr. Du Maurier raised the corner of the veil which hides a vast unknown land from the inquisitive gaze of ordinary mortals. The interest in hypnotism, as illustrated by the powers of Svengali, is natural enough, and of it little needs to be said.

The interest excited by "Trilby" is more subtle and more suggestive of a change in the public mind in relation to the great question of sex morality.

II.—SALVATION BY SEX.

Trilby is one of those heroines whose position in real life would be dubious, to say the least. An artist's model who had been the mistress of two or three lovers is not exactly the kind of lady over whose fortunes we might expect to find Americans wax enthusiastic. Trilby, in fact, was a distinctly improper young person, Bohemian to her finger-tips, and by no means a model whom the American matron would care to set before her growing daughter. Nevertheless, "Trilby" has been all the rage both among men and women. It was probably on this account that the American pulpit felt itself constrained to censure so severely the popularity of Mr. Du Maurier's heroine. This, however, does not touch the core of the "Trilby" problem. The fortunes of the frail lady have been the favourite stock-in-trade of the story-teller from time immemorial; both in romance and on the stage, the figure of the woman who loves "not wisely but too well" is most familiar.

THE TRILBYNESS OF "TRILBY."

But the curious thing about "Trilby" which gives it its special and more or less unique position either for weal or woe, is that while Trilby led the life she did she was an unmoral person rather than an immoral one. Nothing could be further from Mr. Du Maurier's object than to represent Trilby as a repentant Magdalen. The sense of sin is by no means conspicuous in the story. Trilby leads her life among the students with a frank abandon to their impulses rather than to her own that might be expected in a South Sea Islander before the day of the missionaries. Conduct which gives its tragic significance to Hawthorne's story of "The Scarlet Letter," or that which has made Effie Deans immortal in "The Heart of Midlothian," seemed to her as natural as undressing for her pose. She seems to have done it in the same

childish spirit of obligingness with which she might accompany a friend to a circus, or for a stroll on the boulevards. If this had stood alone and Trilby had got no further, it would be very difficult to save her creator from the censure which the pulpit has dealt out to him so freely; but it is at this point that Mr. Du Maurier saved the situation by bringing into strong relief a point which is very seldom seen by those stern moralists who take slight account of the endless variety of individual idiosyncrasies.

THE MOMENT OF AWAKENING.

After Trilby has been leading this life for a time, she falls in love, and then suddenly, as by a flash of that divine inspiration, she wakes up to a sense of womanhood, and realises what, for want of a better phrase, we may call the divinity of sex. She does not become a moral person according to conventional standards, otherwise in refusing her lover's hand she could never have offered to be his servant, his mistress, or anything else he likes. But from that moment the woman's soul was re-born within her, and it becomes impossible for Trilby ever to fall back into the old unmoral promiscuity from which her love for Little Billee rescued her. Trilby, before the waking moment, was as Eve before she tasted of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil: she did things, or allowed them to be done to her, with as little appreciation of their moral significance as if she had been a somnambulist who went trespassing in her sleep. The sense of sex, the conscious woman-soul in her, was absolutely asleep, and realised nothing of what was actually being done. What our moralists of old time have brought about by awakening of conscience, Mr. Du Maurier represents as being achieved by a dawning of the divine sense of sex in the soul of woman. From that moment everything becomes different.

HOW IT ALL BEGAN.

Salvation by sex is no doubt one of the channels of Divine grace, and the story of "Trilby" is very cleverly told so as to emphasise its possibilities. Trilby O'Ferrell, the daughter of a Scotch barmaid in Paris and a dipsomaniac Irish clergyman, had been brought up to pose as a model for the "altogether," as she called it, from her earliest childhood. She had none of that first flush of shame and horror which gives so tragic a pathos to the picture of "La Première Pose," which I remember in the Art Gallery of the last Paris Exhibition. As she said afterwards:—

"I never thought anything about sitting. I sat first as a child to M. Carrel. Mamma made me, and made me promise not to tell papa, and so I didn't. It seemed as natural to sit for people as to run errands for them."

The poor child was hardly in her teens before a friend of her mother's, whom she trusted, took advantage of her confiding innocence; and, once started on the crooked road, she kept on in it, living first with M. Baratier and then with M. Besson, although she said afterwards, when she was accusing herself, "I knew how wrong it was all along—and there's no excuse for me, none." She excuses herself immediately by adding, "Though lots of people do as bad, and nobody in the Quartier seems to think any the worse of them." People often do wrong believing they are doing wrong, but not realising it. Every theologian is aware of the difference between a tacit acknowledgment on the part of sinners of their shortcomings and the sudden awakening of the alarmed penitent to a vivid sense of his own exceeding sinfulness. In Trilby's case the girl never realised the real significance of her conduct until in one fateful moment her sleeping sex-sense

suddenly waked up. Then like our first parents in similar case she was exceedingly ashamed.

THE TOO OBLIGING TRILBY.

Of her early frailties her creator tells us—

Whether it be an aggravation of her misdeeds or an extenuating circumstance, no pressure of want, no temptation of greed or vanity, had ever been factors in urging Trilby on her downward career after her first false step in that direction—the result of ignorance, bad advice (from her mother of all people in the world), and base betrayal. She might have lived in guilty splendour had she chosen, but her wants were few. She had no vanity, and her tastes were of the simplest, and she earned enough to gratify them all, and to spare.

So she followed love for love's sake only, now and then, as she would have followed art if she had been a man—capriciously, desultorily, more in a frolicsome spirit of *camaraderie* than anything else. Like an amateur, in short—a distinguished amateur who is too proud to sell his pictures, but willingly gives one away now and then to some highly valued and much admiring friend.

Sheer gaiety of heart and genial good fellowship, the difficulty of saying nay to earnest pleading. She was *bonne camarade et bonne fille* before everything. Though her heart was not large enough to harbour more than one light love at a time (even in that Latin Quarter of genially capacious hearts), it had room for many warm friendships; and she was the warmest, most helpful, and most compassionate of friends, far more serious and faithful in friendship than in love.

Indeed, she might almost be said to possess a virginal heart, so little did she know of love's heartaches and raptures and torments and clings and jealousies.

With her it was lightly come and lightly go, and never come back again; as one or two, or perhaps three, picturesque Bohemians of the brush or chisel had found, at some cost to their vanity and self-esteem; perhaps even to a deeper feeling—who knows?

TRILBY'S MORAL SENSE.

Again he says:—

She was equally unconscious of self with her clothes on or without. Truly she could be naked and unashamed—in this respect an absolute savage. She was absolutely without that kind of shame as she was without any kind of fear.

Long afterwards, when she was dying, poor Trilby, reflecting upon the worst thing she had ever done and that of which she had most bitterly repented, gave the first place to her disappointing her little brother Jeannot. She had promised to take him out to St. Philippe du Roule on Palm Sunday, but when the time came she put the child off and left him at home while she went holiday-making to St. Germain fair. This she declared was the lowest and meanest thing she ever did. When reminded of her frailties, she replied, "Oh yes, I know what you mean—it was horrid, and I was frightfully ashamed of myself, but it was not amusing a bit. But then it wasn't deceiving or disappointing anybody, or hurting their feelings—it was only hurting myself. Besides, all that sort of thing in women is punished severely enough down here, God knows."

Here there was no sense of sin, which is the first sign of the working of Divine grace upon the heart of the sinner. To disappoint a child of an outing seemed to her, even on her death-bed, infinitely more heinous an offence than all her lapses from the straight path. This reminds one of St. Augustine, who, in his "Confessions," dilates on the enormity of his sin as a boy in stealing apples, and yet records as a positive virtue his abandoning (instead of marrying) the woman whom he had lived with for years, and who was the mother of his son. This, however, must be a relapse, a reversion to the old Trilby before Little Billee was pained and shocked at finding

her sitting undraped in the midst of the students at Carrel's studio.

Mr. Du Maurier somewhat inconsistently interpolates a couple of pages in defence of the employment of nude models, but the whole drift and tendency of his story is against it.

"It makes me quite sick," says Little Billee, on the day of her first appearance, "to think she sits for the figure." And it was the sudden sight of Trilby, sitting undraped in the midst of the students, that almost drove him mad.

"The sight of her was like a blow between the eyes, and I bolted. I shall never go back to that beastly hole again."

And it was the sight of Little Billee's shocked surprise that changed Trilby's life.

THE AWAKENING OF WOMANHOOD.

Carrel had posed her as Ingres's famous figure in his picture called "*La Source*," holding an earthenware pitcher on her shoulder. The scene that followed is thus described:—

And the work began in religious silence. Then in five minutes or so Little Billee came bursting in, and as soon as he caught sight of her he stopped and stood as one petrified, his shoulders up, his eyes staring. Then lifting his arms, he turned and fled.

But Trilby was much disquieted, and fell to wondering what on earth was the matter.

At first she wondered in French: French of the Quartier Latin. She had not seen Little Billee for a week, and wondered if he were ill. She had looked forward so much to his painting her—painting her beautifully—and hoped he would soon come back, and lose no time.

Then she began to wonder in English—nice clean English of the studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts, her father's English—and suddenly a quick thought pierced her through and through, and made the flesh tingle on her insteps and the backs of her hands, and bathed her brow and temples with sweat.

She had good eyes, and Little Billee had a singularly expressive face.

Could it possibly be that he was *shocked* at seeing her sitting there?

She knew that he was peculiar in many ways. She remembered that neither he, nor Taffy, nor the Laird, had ever asked her to sit for the figure, though she would have been only too delighted to do so for them. She also remembered how Little Billee had always been silent whenever she alluded to her posing for the "*altogether*," as she called it, and had sometimes looked pained, and always very grave.

She turned alternately pale and red, pale and red all over, again and again, as the thought grew up in her; and soon the growing thought became a torment.

This new-born feeling of shame was unendurable—its birth a travail that racked and rent every fibre of her moral being, and she suffered agonies beyond anything she had ever felt in her life.

"What is the matter with you, my child? Are you ill?" asked Carrel, who, like every one else, was very fond of her, and to whom she had sat as a child ("*L'Enfance de Psyche*," now in the Luxembourg Gallery, was painted from her).

She shook her head, and the work went on.

Presently she dropped her pitcher, that broke into bits; and putting her two hands to her face, she burst into tears and sobs—and there, to the amazement of everybody, she stood crying like a big baby—*La source aux larmes*?

"What is the matter, my poor dear child?" said Carrel, jumping up and helping her off the throne.

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know—I'm ill—very ill, let me go home!"

And with kind solicitude and despatch they helped her on with her clothes, and Carrel sent for a cab and took her home.

And on the way she dropped her head on his shoulder and wept, and told him all about it as well as she could, and

Monsieur Carrei had tears in his eyes too, and wished to Heaven he had never induced her to sit for the figure, either then or at any other time. And pondering deeply and sorrowfully on such terrible responsibility (he had grown-up daughters of his own), he went back to the studio; and in an hour's time they got another model and another pitcher, and went to work again. So the pitcher went to the well once more.

THE BIRTH OF SELF-RESPECT.

And Trilby, as she lay disconsolate on her bed all that day and all the next again, thought of her past life with agonies of shame and remorse that made the pain in her eyes seem as a light and welcome relief. For it came and tortured worse and lasted longer than it had ever done before. But she soon found, to her miserable bewilderment, that mind-aches are the worst of all.

The disconsolate Trilby wrote to Little Billee's friend the Laird. After describing how Little Billee had been so shocked and disgusted that he ran away and never came back, she went on to say:—

"It seemed as natural for me to sit as for a man; now I see the awful difference. And I have done dreadful things beside, as you must know, as all the Quarter knows. It makes me almost die of shame and misery to think of it, for that's not like sitting; and I am never going to sit again, not even for the face and hands."

And neither she did. Trilby forswore the profession of model and became a washerwoman or finished laundress—the happiest woman in Paris.

And with shame, and repentance, and confession, and forgiveness had come a strange new feeling, that of a dawning self-respect.

Hitherto for Trilby, self-respect had meant little more than

the mere cleanliness of her body, in which she had always revelled; alas! it was one of the conditions of her humble calling. It now meant another kind of cleanliness, and she would luxuriate in it for ever more; and the dreadful past, never to be forgotten by her, should be so lived down as in time, perhaps, to be forgotten by others.

THE SACRIFICE OF TRILBY.

Alas! it was only for a time. Little Billee loved her with his whole soul. Nineteen times he begged her to marry him, and nineteen times she refused. She loved him too much, she said to herself, to expose him to the shame of marrying her. At last the twentieth time came, and Little Billee declared he would leave Paris for ever unless she would marry him. Poor Trilby, torn between her passionate but unselfish love for Little Billee and her conviction as to what would be best for him, reluctantly consented. Little Billee was in ecstasies. He wrote home and told his mother. Instantly, overcame the mother with her clergyman brother to Paris. They met Trilby, and Trilby, learning from them that Little Billee would be ruined if he married her, immediately promised to disappear, and kept her word. Her self-sacrifice extorted praise even from the irate mother and



MR. GEORGE DU MAURIER.

(From a photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

uncle. Their intervention is the turning-point of the story.

No one, of course, can blame them; they acted after their kind. Nothing could be more obvious than their duty. Trilby was a most objectionable young person. She was in no sense of the word respectable. For Little Billee to link his name and fortunes for life to a baggage like her was manifestly impossible, and must be stopped at once. And stopped it was, at the cost of two lives. For

Little Billee went down, heart crushed, into brain fever, and Trilby—poor Trilby fell a prey to the evil magician Svengali.

But what did that matter? Respectability was vindicated. Little Billee was snatched from the toils of this disreputable adventuress. Mrs. Bagot had done her duty and enjoyed the supreme blessing of an approving conscience. It is the way of the world, especially of the good, well-meaning world, which knows its duty and does it at any cost—sometimes without even counting the cost—until the bill comes to be paid, and then—ah, then—somehow, as in the case of Trilby, even zealous Mrs. Bagots learn too late how perilous it is to interfere from the outside with ruthless hand in the innermost secrets of others' lives.

"A SHAME, A HIDEOUS SHAME."

One word more and I leave this painful subject. Few passages in the book are finer, or have a truer ring, than that in which Little Billee blazes out at his friends, who, after the manner of men, had hinted that Trilby's past was not exactly that which was to be desired in a bride. Then Little Billee broke out in righteous wrath:—

"Oh! oh! good heavens! are you so precious immaculate, you two, that you should throw stones at poor Trilby? What a shame, what a hideous shame it is, that there should be one law for the woman and another for the man! . . . Poor weak women; poor, soft, affectionate things that beasts of men are always running after, and pestering, and ruining, and trampling under foot . . . Oh! oh! it makes me sick!" And finally he gasped and screamed, and fell down in a fit on the floor.

These were his last words for months, save his muttered raving in the delirium of the fever, from which he emerged with a heart that had lost all power to love.

III.—THE STORY OF "TRILBY."

The story of "Trilby" is very simple. Three English artists, occupying one studio in the Latin Quarter of Paris, make the acquaintance of Trilby, an artist's model, who meets at their studio a Polish Jew, named Svengali, and his companion Gecko. Svengali was a musician of diabolical genius, an artist of the uncanny and unapproachable perfection of Paganini, and a mesmerist to boot. Of the three Englishmen, two fall in love with Trilby, while Svengali and Gecko are equally devoted to the fair creature, who possessed many charms, but whose supreme excellence was her foot.

THE TRILBY FOOT.

Of this foot Du Maurier writes much and always enthusiastically. Trilby's feet, we are told, were astonishingly beautiful, such as one only sees in pictures and statues, a true inspiration of shape and colour, all made up of delicate lines and subtle modulated curves and noble straightnesses, and happy little dainty arrangements in innocent young pink and white. Of the three Englishmen Trilby herself falls in love with Little Billee, a charming character, full of simplicity, innocence and genius. Taffy, the Laird of Cockpen, Little Billee's friend and companion, falls in love with her, and proposes, only to be rejected. Trilby accepts Little Billee, only to give him up at his mother's wish, as I have just described.

LITTLE BILLEE.

Little Billee, finding his charmer gone, took brain fever, and for a long time lay between life and death. When he was nursed back to life the spring of his soul seemed to have been broken. He lost the faculty of loving; some clot of blood seemed to have formed on his brain, and life had lost its zest, youth its joy, and the dull dead

feeling of apathy and of utter inability to love even those nearest and dearest to him took possession of him. This did not, however, interfere with his professional success. He returned to England, rapidly achieved a great reputation, and became one of the lions of the artistic world. But success in his profession did not restore the bloom to his life or the glow to the cold, pale, dull grey sky which formed his horizon.

SVENGALI.

So the years passed by. Meanwhile, all this time nothing was heard of Trilby. Before the sudden destruction of all Little Billee's hopes Svengali was constantly meeting Trilby at the studio of the three Englishmen. On one occasion he had relieved her of a violent neuralgic pain in her eyes by making mesmeric passes over her. The ease with which she yielded to his treatment showed that she was an admirable subject for the hypnotist. Svengali invited her to come to him whenever her eyes troubled her again, and he would always cure her. She did not like him, but he fascinated her with a kind of horrible charm. On one occasion he declared, "When your pain arrives then you shall come once more to Svengali and he shall take it away from you and you shall hear nothing, see nothing, and think of nothing but Svengali, Svengali, Svengali." Her English friends warned her against the uncanny musician, but both her fear and her repulsion grew together. The words Svengali, Svengali, Svengali, kept ringing in her head until it became an unendurable burden almost as hard to bear as the pain in her eyes. The Laird told her that Svengali had mesmerised her, "that's what it is—mesmerism. They get you into their power and then make you do anything they please—lie, steal, murder, anything, and kill yourself into the bargain when they get done with you. It is just too terrible to think of."

IN THE TOILS OF THE MAGICIAN.

After Trilby left Paris, promising her lover's mother that she would never see him again, she went to Vibras, where her poor little brother died. She went mad with grief and with the pain in her eyes. She wanted to kill herself. She dressed herself up as a workman in cap, blouse and trousers, and went back to Paris, walking about all night until daylight. She tried to commit suicide, but had not the pluck to jump into the Seine. Finally she went to Svengali. He at once removed her pain and put her to sleep. She slept for two days and two nights. Then he told her how fond he was of her, how he would always cure her, and take care of her and marry her if she would go with him. She refused to marry him because she was faithful to the memory of Little Billee, but she consented to allow him to teach her how to sing. Poor Trilby had a voice as remarkable as her feet, but she had no idea of tune. Hence, when she tried to sing she was ridiculed mercilessly. Svengali, however, had observed the marvellous quality of her voice, and it occurred to him that, if he could mesmerise her, it would be possible to give her the suggestion of tune which she lacked, and so enable her to combine her marvellous voice with his own not less marvellous genius for music.

CREATING A SONGSTRESS.

Aided by Gecko, who was devoted to Trilby, the plan worked successfully. Gecko, after Trilby's death, told Little Billee's sister and her husband, Taffy the Laird, the whole story of how the enterprise was carried out. For three years Svengali and Gecko taught Trilby morn-

ing, noon and night for six or eight hours a day. "We took her voice note by note, Svengali with his little flexible flageolet, and I with my violin. That is how we taught her to make the sounds, and then how to use them. She could keep on one note and make it go through all the colours of the rainbow, according to the way Svengali looked at her." When Trilby was under mesmeric influence she could sing divinely, and her fame spread throughout Europe. It was as La Svengali while she was singing in Paris, that Little Billee and his friends were astonished to discover the lost Trilby in the person of Madame Svengali. When Svengali and Trilby drove by in their carriage she cut them dead, and shortly afterwards Little Billee, meeting Svengali in the courtyard of his hotel, was startled by Svengali spitting at him in the face. A fight immediately followed, which was terminated by Taffy the Laird seizing Svengali by the nose, twisting it violently, and then slapping his cheeks in a way which almost shattered the musician's nervous system for ever. Under the magic influence of Trilby's voice, wedded to the demoniac genius of Svengali, Little Billee's faculty of loving came back, and with it torment, for he believed that Trilby was the wife of Svengali.

THE BREAKING OF THE SPELL.

After a time Trilby was announced to appear in London. Everything went well until a few days before the concert, when Svengali, becoming impatient at a rehearsal, struck Trilby, a brutality which so enraged Gecko that he stabbed his master in the neck. The wound was not dangerous, but Svengali was unable to take his proper place when Trilby had to sing at the opera. He occupied a box, from which he hoped to be able to exercise his hypnotic influence, but the excitement, the wound, and the shock of meeting Little Billee and the Laird was too much for him, and he died suddenly of heart disease. His death broke the spell, and when Trilby was brought upon the stage she had no knowledge of what she was expected to do. When she was told to sing she did her best to sing her old song in her old way. In a moment the house dissolved in cat-calls, shrieks and hisses. This was not the Svengali whose marvellous singing had thrilled Europe. In the midst of all the hubbub she suddenly exclaimed, "Why, you are all English, ain't you? What is all the row about? Why have you brought me here? What have I done, I should like to know?" It was the voice of a being from another world. The tumult was stilled for a moment, then a voice from the gallery shouted, "Why don't you sing as you ought to sing? You have voice enough anyhow. Why don't you sing in tune?" "Sing in tune! I don't want to sing at all. I only sang because I was asked to sing. I won't sing another note." All this time the dead Svengali was sitting in his box with a grin of hate upon his pale and livid features. Amid indescribable tumult Trilby left the stage, the death of Svengali was announced, and the audience dispersed. Little Billee and his friends took Trilby home. They found that she had absolutely no memory of the life she had passed with Svengali. She knew nothing of her triumphs as a songstress, nothing whatever of the extraordinary enthusiasm which her singing had occasioned. Only on one occasion when she was staying in Prague and Svengali had fainted did she remember being puzzled at the extraordinary enthusiasm and the lavish generosity with which gifts were showered upon her. Beyond that she remembered nothing. All that she knew was that she used to be put to sleep by Svengali, and when she woke up she would be very

tired and would sleep for hours. All her singing was done during the time she was in the mesmeric sleep. Of course she remembered nothing.

THE SECRET OF THE TWO TRILBYS.

Long afterwards Gecko told the story. He said:—

I will tell you a secret.

There were two Trilbys. There was the Trilby you knew, who could not sing one single note in tune. She was an angel of paradise. She is now; but she had no more idea of singing than I have of winning a steeplechase at the Croix de Berny. She could no more sing than a fiddle can play itself! She could never tell one tune from another—one note from the next. Do you remember how she tried to sing "Ben Bolt" that day when she first came to the studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts? It was droll, *hein? à se boucher les oreilles!* Well, that was Trilby—your Trilby! That was my Trilby too—and I loved her as one loves an only love, an only sister, an only child—a gentle martyr on earth, a blessed saint in heaven! And that Trilby was enough for me!

And that was the Trilby that loved your brother, Madame—oh! but with all the love that was in her! He did not know what he had lost, your brother! Her love, it was, immense, like her voice, and just as full of celestial sweetness and sympathy! She told me everything! *ce pauvre Litrebilli ce qu'il a perdu!*

But all at once—pr-r-r-out! presto! *augenblick!* . . . with one wave of his hand over her—with one look of his eye—with a word—Svengali could turn her into the other Trilby, his Trilby—and make her do whatever he liked . . . you might have run a red-hot needle into her and she would not have felt it . . .

He had but to say "Dors!" and she suddenly became an unconscious Trilby of marble, who could produce wonderful sounds—just the sounds he wanted, and nothing else—and think his thoughts and wish his wishes—and love him at his bidding with a strange, unreal, factitious love . . . just his own love for himself turned inside out—*à l'envers*—and reflected back on him, as from a mirror . . . *un écho, un simulateur, quoi! pas autre chose!* . . . It was not worth having! I was not even jealous.

Well, that was the Trilby he taught to sing—and—and I helped him. God of Heaven forgive me! That Trilby was a singing machine—an organ to play upon—an instrument of music—a Stradivarius—a flexible flageolet of flesh and blood—a voice and nothing more—just the unconscious voice that Svengali sang with—for it takes two to sing like La Svengali, monsieur—the one who has got the voice, and the one who knows what to do with it . . . So that when you heard her sing the "Nussbaum," the "Impromptu," you heard Svengali singing with her voice, just as you hear Joachim play a *chaconne* of Bach with his fiddle! Herr Joachim's fiddle . . . what does it know of Sebastian Bach? And as for *chacunes* . . . *il s'en moque pas mal, ce fameux violon!*

And our Trilby . . . what did she know of Schumann, Chopin? Nothing at all! She mocked herself not badly of "Nussbaum" and "Impromptu." . . . They would make her yawn to demantibulate her jaws! . . . When Svengali's Trilby was being taught to sing . . . when Svengali's Trilby was singing—or seemed to you as if she were singing—our Trilby had ceased to exist . . . our Trilby was fast asleep . . . in fact, our Trilby was dead.

Ah, monsieur . . . that Trilby of Svengali's I have heard her sing to Kings and Queens in royal palaces! . . . as no woman has ever sung before or since . . . I have seen emperors and grand-dukes kiss her hand, monsieur, and their wives and daughters kiss her lips, and weep.

I have seen the horses taken out of her sledge and the pink of the nobility drag her home to the hotel . . . with torch-lights, and choruses, and shoutings of glory and long life to her! . . . and serenades all night, under her window! . . . she never knew! she heard nothing—felt nothing—saw nothing! and she bowed to them, right and left, like a queen!

I have played the fiddle for her while she sang in the streets, at fairs and festas and Kermessen . . . and seen

the people go mad to hear her . . . and once, at Prague, Svengali fell down in a fit from sheer excitement! and then suddenly *our* Trilby woke up and wondered what it was all about . . . and we took him home and put him to bed and left him to Marta—and Trilby and I went together arm-in-arm all over the town to fetch a doctor and buy things for supper—and that was the happiest hour in my life!

Ach! what an existence! what travels, what triumphs! what adventures! Things to fill a book—a dozen books. These five happy years—with those two Trilbys! What recollections! I think of nothing else, night or day . . . even as I play the fiddle for old Cantharidi. Ach! . . . To think how often I have played the fiddle for La Svengali . . . to have done that is to have lived . . . and then to come home to Trilby . . . *our* Trilby . . . the *real* Trilby! Gott sei dank! Ich habe geliebt und gelehrt! geliebt und gelehrt! geliebt und gelehrt! Christo di Dio . . . sweet sister in heaven . . . O Dieu de Misère, ayez pitié de nous . . .

It soon became evident that Trilby had been worn out by the treatment to which she had been subjected by Svengali. Her days were numbered. Little Billee's mother waited upon her with an affection which in vain endeavoured to undo the ghastly consequences of her mistaken interference. "I have misjudged you so," she said to Trilby, "and was so unjust, but I would give worlds to make you some amends; I should be just as fond of you if you had committed a murder, I really believe. You are so strange, you are so irresistible. Did you ever in all your life meet anybody who was not fond of you?" "No," said Trilby, "I cannot say I ever did. But I have forgotten such lots of people."

TRILBY'S CREED.

Then came the effort to prepare Trilby for death. Little Billee's mother was a good pious Christian of the Evangelical persuasion, and she wished Trilby to receive a visit from Little Billee's clergyman uncle. In these last pages Mr. Du Maurier expresses his views as to the fate of mortals in the next world, which has, perhaps, something to do with the anathemas which have been freely pronounced on his book. Trilby was absolutely free from all fear of death. "Poor people," she said, "don't think much of death; it is all in the day's work, and we are all in the same boat." Mrs. Bagot, Little Billee's mother, talked to her of the wrath of God if she died unrepentant. "Oh, but," said Trilby, "I have been repentant all my life; besides there will be no wrath for any of us, not even the worst. There will be a general amnesty. Papa told me so, and he had been a clergyman like Mr. Thomas Bagot. I often think of God. I am very fond of God." "Did you ever pray, Trilby?" asked her mentor. "Well, no," she replied, "not often in words or on my knees with my hands together, don't you know. Thinking is praying very often—don't you think so?—and being sorry and ashamed when one has done a mean thing and glad when one has resisted a temptation, and grateful when it is a fine day and one is enjoying oneself without hurting any one else. What is it but praying when you try and bear up after you lost all you cared to live for, and very good praying too. There can be prayer without words, just as songs, and Svengali used to say that songs without words are the best." For her misdeeds in her youth Trilby maintained that she had been pretty well punished, "richly as I have deserved to be." She admitted that she had never been confirmed, and when she was asked about the atonement, the incarnation and the resurrection, she said she used to know about those things, as her mamma had been very particular about her learning the catechism on Sundays. "It all seemed very complicated, but papa told me not to bother too much about it, but to be good. He said God would make it all right to us somehow in the

end, all of us. He told me to be good, and not to mind what priests and clergymen told us. I have not been very good, there is not much doubt about that, I am afraid, but God knows I have repented often enough, and am sorry enough. I am rather glad to die, I think, and not a bit afraid—not a scrap. I believe in poor papa. There will be no hell for any of us—he told us so, excepting that we make for ourselves and each other down here, and that is bad enough for anything. He told me always to think of other people before myself, never to tell lies, and be afraid and keep away from drink, and I should be all right. But I have sometimes been all wrong all the same, and I have known it and was miserable at the time and after, and I am sure to be forgiven, perfectly certain, and so will everybody else, even the wickedest that ever lived. Why, just give them sense enough in the next world to understand all their wickedness in this, and that will punish them enough, I think. That is simple enough. Not all the clergymen in the world, not even the Pope of Rome, could make me doubt papa or believe in any punishment after that we have to go through here. That would be too stupid."

HER SWAN SONG AT DEATH.

So it came to pass that Trilby was allowed to die in her father's faith, but not before one last marvellous scene. She was nearing the end; her four friends were with her when a portrait of Svengali was brought in; where it came from no one knew. But no sooner was it set up than the sight of the familiar features exercised the full force of the old hypnotic suggestion. The Trilby who had been talking a short time before went out, and the mesmerised Trilby for the last time obeyed the irresistible impulse of the hypnotist. Suddenly she began to sing Chopin's impromptu in A flat. She sang it just as she had sung it before, but it sounded still more ineffably seductive. The four watchers by that couch were not only listening to a most divinely beautiful, but to the most astonishing feat of musical utterance ever heard out of the human throat. When it was over she murmured a few words in French, and then said, "My friends, I am fatigued; good night." Her head fell back on the pillow and she fell fast asleep. Then Little Billee knelt down, took her hand in his, and said, "Trilby, Trilby." He put his ear to her mouth to hear her breathe. Soon she folded her hands across her breast and uttered a short little sigh, and in a weak voice said, "Svengali, Svengali, Svengali." For some minutes they remained silent, terror-stricken. Then the doctor entered and found her dead.

That was the end of Trilby. When Trilby was buried, Little Billee, who had not slept for four nights, burst into Taffy's room declaring that he was going mad. He was torturing himself with the thought that Trilby had died with Svengali's name on her lips. "She thought of him; she forgot every one else," he said. "She has gone straight to him after all, in some other life, to sing for him, to slave for him, and help him to make better music for ever." And Little Billee fell on the floor in a fit. A long illness followed, from which he never completely recovered, and Little Billee was not long in following Trilby into the other world. "All blameless as his short life had been, and so full of splendid promise and performance, nothing ever became him better than the way he left it. It was as if he were starting on some distant holy quest, like some gallant knight of old—'A Bagot to the rescue' in another life."

IV.—THE MORAL OF "TRILBY."

That is the story of "Trilby." Whether we like it or dislike it, it is a story of undeniable power, a tale which

appeals directly to the hearts of men and women. It is the latest and most popular sermon preached on the great saying of Jesus of Nazareth, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." Trilby is not exactly a Mary Magdalene. But she has probably made thousands realise something of the significance of St. Mary Magdalene in the Catholic Church. Imagine Trilby mesmerised, not by a devil like Svengali, but by Little Billee himself, in order that under the magic influence of hypnotic suggestions he might develop all the latent potentialities of her womanhood, and you would have something still nearer the metamorphosis with which the cult of the Magdalene has familiarised Christendom for nineteen centuries. Trilby's life, her character, her fate, plead more eloquently than words for a little more tolerance, a little more charity, a little less draconic severity in stoning the woman whose frailty or whose eccentricity offends our sense of propriety or of virtue.

Of the character of Little Billee I need say nothing, excepting that it is possibly the nearest counterpart in a man to Dickens's pathetic creation of Little Nell. The

whole of the story of the Bohemian life of Little Billee and his two good friends is an admirable piece of portraiture—idealised perhaps, but still true enough to be valuable as a study from life.

The other element in the book, which illustrates and emphasises one of the possibilities of hypnotism, has been handled very deftly. If Mr. Du Maurier's purpose had been to create a shudder, he might, without going beyond the authentic records of hypnotic experiment, have obtained much more gruesome examples of the new witchcraft than the comparatively innocent practices of Svengali. It is difficult to believe that if Svengali had such absolute power of suggestion over Trilby as to keep her in the hypnotic trance for so many hours every day for years, that he could not have used the same power to compel her to marry him. That, however, is only a passing criticism.

On the whole, Trilby is a tale with a message—a message that has been recognised and acclaimed enthusiastically in the United States. It will be very interesting to see the reception which it will now be accorded in the United Kingdom.

OUR MONTHLY PARCEL OF BOOKS.

DEAR MR. SMURTHWAYT,—A parcel which includes new volumes of fiction by Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Stanley Weyman, and Mr. H. G. Wells, reminiscences by Mr. Archibald Forbes, narratives of the adventures of the Chitral relieving force, and of two decades spent in Khama's country, and half-a-dozen really important new editions, cannot be cavilled at on the score of quality. As can be seen from the following list of what has been selling best during September, readers, now that the holiday season is over, are not confining themselves so exclusively to the lighter forms of literature, and, as a consequence, publishers are bringing up their heavy artillery, and the collection I send does not lack healthy variety:—

The Woman Who Wouldn't. By Lucas Cleeve. 3s. 6d.
The Chitral Campaign: Narratives of Events in Chitral, Swat, and Bajour. By H. C. Thomson. 14s. net.
Minor Dialogues. By W. Pett Ridge. 3s. 6d.
Fred C. Roberts of Tientsin; or, For Christ and China. By Mrs. Bryson. 3s. 6d.
Cartoons of the Campaign. By F. Carruthers Gould. 1s.
From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Stanley Weyman. 6s.

It is a testimony to the success "The Woman Who Did" has had that "The Woman Who Wouldn't" (Simpkin, 3s. 6d.) heads the list, for it is written with the direct object of controverting Mr. Allen's novel. But although it has not the particular faults which made Miss Cross's "The Woman Who Didn't" so unwelcome, it isn't good enough for me to send you. And, after all, you agree with me, Mr. Allen's story is its own best antidote. Among the books of travel and adventure you will find none more thoroughly up to date than Mr. H. C. Thomson's "The Chitral Campaign" (Heinemann, 14s. net.), which contains no fewer than fifty-nine illustrations, reproduced from photographs, together with maps and plans. Mr. Thomson went with the relieving forces as a press correspondent, and his narrative of one

of the most successful little wars in which we have been engaged is exceedingly interesting. On the vexed question of the retention of Chitral he is very careful to avoid saying anything that would prejudice his story. But no one can read carefully what he does say without recognising that in his eyes the occupation of Chitral is by no means the end, but rather the beginning, of a series of other wars. Some of Mr. Pett Ridge's "Minor Dialogues" (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.) I think it likely you will have read as they appeared in the *Pall Mall Budget*, the *New Budget*, and elsewhere. Mr. Ridge, although his humour is rather less subtle, his aims somewhat less high, emulates Mr. Anstey's "Voces Populi" with considerable success. He seems to know the vulgar side of London life absolutely down to the ground, and some of his cockney scenes are quite cruel in their uncompromising fidelity to nature. He knows, too, how to treat conversation, to concentrate its points and yet to convey an impression of reality. It is an amusing book. The next volume on the list, Mrs. Bryson's "Fred C. Roberts of Tientsin; or, For Christ and China" (Allenson, 3s. 6d.) is of a very different kind, but it has a very actual interest at the present moment. The Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., contributes a preface. The cream of "Cartoons of the Campaign" (*Westminster Gazette* Office, 1s.), Mr. F. C. Gould's inimitable contributions to political caricature during the recent crisis, you have already seen in the Review, and, no doubt, in the *Westminster Gazette* itself. It is too late in the day to praise Mr. Gould: he is simply unique. The Conservatives have no artist to touch him in his own line. By the way, the edition I send you, bound in buckram, is the *édition de luxe*, and is signed by Mr. Gould himself; the ordinary issue, bound in paper covers, costs only a shilling. It was Mr. Chamberlain, I believe, himself the subject of a great number of the most pungent drawings, who first suggested their republication in collected form. It was a happy idea.

Since Mr. Stanley Weyman's "A Gentleman of France" followed so hard upon Dr. Conan Doyle's "The Refugees," it was inevitable that the two writers should rank as rivals in the public mind. Both books sent one back to Dumas; both had for background the history of France. One was reminded of this comparison by the appearance almost simultaneously of a new volume from each writer; but they are volumes luckily that cannot be compared. "From the Memoirs of a Minister of France" (Cassell, 6s.) shows Mr. Weyman still faithful to the scenes and

period which helped to make his previous book so successful. Didn't he tell some interviewer that living in England he found it impossible to realise the romance of its history? That is as it may be, but certainly it is difficult to imagine a field which would afford Mr. Weyman's talent better material than he has worked up and invented from suggestions given by old French chronicles and the memoirs of the Duc de Sully, the "Minister" of his title. Critics said of "A Gentleman of France" that its string of adventures were too little connected. The adventures in his new book Mr. Weyman presents in a series of short stories, which hang together naturally enough, however, from the fact that Rosny is the hero of each (as Sherlock Holmes and the Brigadier Gerard are the heroes of collections of tales made on very much the same plan by Dr. Doyle), and that the same characters, including the King, appear again and again. They are admirable stories, displaying an almost Dumasque fertility of invention, full of humour and legitimate sensation. You will escape noticing the inevitable monotony of subject

if you refrain from reading more than one story at a time. Dr. Doyle's new book, "The Stark Munro Letters" (Longmans, 6s.), is not exactly a success, I fear, although it is worth reading. So much of the volume is "in the air," vague theorising about religion and the facts of life that is so common in type that it does not help the reader much in realising the character of Dr. Stark Munro, the unfledged physician whose sixteen letters to a friend Dr. Doyle pretends to have edited. By the way, I should hardly have expected so old a hand at novel-writing as Dr. Doyle to return to the antiquated epistolary form. The hero is of a kind too common to be par-

ticularly interesting, but there is a certain Dr. Cullingworth who plays a considerable part who is a really fine piece of character drawing. A magnificent quack, his doings are diverting in the extreme, and of themselves make the book readable. Here and there his creator introduces a touch too extravagant. As in his description of Cullingworth, after his day's work at healing the sick, parading "slowly through the principal streets with his canvas bag, full of money, outstretched at the full length of his arm." The bag contained the takings of the day,

and on his either side walked his wife and Dr. Munro, his colleague, the whole proceeding being in order to impress the town. But he is certainly "an original" of the first water. You will skip a great deal of these letters, I expect—for after all we have had over and over again in fiction a detailed description of the first troubles of a young and penniless doctor endeavouring without influence to make his way in his profession and build up a practice. It is the kind of reading you can recommend your family physician the next time you are unlucky enough to require him in your house: perhaps it will remind him of his own young days.

And here, after Mr. Weyman and Dr. Doyle, I must draw your attention to "The Wonderful Visit" (Dent, 5s. net), the new book, successor to "The Time Machine," which Mr. H. G. Wells has just published. But it has little of the peculiar power of its predecessor. A huge strange bird has been seen by the natives of a country parish, and the rector, a zealous ornithologist, sallies forth and shoots it. It turns out to be an angel—an angel of our dreamland, of the Fourth Dimension, not

an angel from Heaven. Luckily the shot only breaks his wing, and he recovers, to make, not unnaturally, a tremendous sensation in the village. The doctor, called in to tend the injured wing declares him one of Nordan's mattoids, and remarks with mild curiosity on the "reduplication" of the arms and the strange feathery effect. Mr. Wells has treated his idea much as Mr. Anstey might have treated it. It is a subject of farce. Nobody will believe that the strange creature, with his wings concealed under his ill-fitting clerical coat, borrowed from his captor and benefactor, is other than a hump-backed adventurer: and



MR. H. G. WELLS.

(From a photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

his ignorance of the world and his ingenuous conduct give rise to escapades of the most diverting order. Everyone calls him Mr. Thomas Angel, and when he vanishes in a fire, at a moment marked by strange abnormal phenomena, that name is inscribed upon his tombstone. It is an amusing story, bound to have a success, and with many pages of the most excellent comedy. But Mr. Wells must take more time over his next book. I can't help feeling he hasn't made the best of an original idea.

To turn now to the ordinary contents of the parcel. In the department of history you will find the second volume of Dr. Aubrey's "The Rise and Growth of the English Nation, with Special Reference to Epochs and Crises" (Stock, 7s. 6d.), covering the period between 1399 and 1658. "A History of and for the People" is the sub-title, and many English histories though there are, you will be glad of the continuation of Dr. Aubrey's work. Then a sort of short cut to the same subject is provided by Mr. David Ross's "Mnemonic Time Charts of English History" (Stanford), which claims to "show at a glance, in chronological relation," all the kings, the reigns, the genealogies, the parliaments, important events, etc.; and you will be glad of Miss Elizabeth Sewell's "Outline History of Italy from the Fall of the Western Empire" (Longmans, 2s. 6d.), an excellent little book of its class, very useful for reference.

I do not often have so thoroughly interesting a volume of reminiscences to send you as Mr. Archibald Forbes's "Memories and Studies of War and Peace" (Cassell, 15s.), or one so full of excitement and of admirable writing. My word! Mr. Forbes does know how to make a battle-picture or a sudden skirmish clear to his readers' eyes. The Franco-German War, the Commune, the Zulu War, and the Russo-Turkish War, are his chief subjects, and afford him, apart from his own personal adventures as a war correspondent, material which he works up into some of the most vivid, picturesque pages of the sort I have ever read. The life of the press correspondent, who has to have his being in the thick of the fighting, shirking no danger, alert for the best means of outwitting his rivals and getting his hardly-earned news to his paper in London before they have finished writing their telegrams, has never been better treated. And there are one or two English episodes—notably that of the north-country murderer who escaped condemnation—that suggest that in Mr. Forbes, the war correspondent, the world has lost a very capable novelist. The final chapter, in which he discusses the merits of the different military chiefs with whom he has served, and with whom he has had more or less intimate relations, has special interest, for some of the generals he writes about with extreme frankness bear names which are in all men's mouths. Mr. T. H. S. Escott's "Platform, Press, Politics, and Play" (Arrowsmith, 6s.), described as "pen-and-ink sketches of contemporary celebrities," and with an excellent plate portrait of Mr. Escott himself as frontispiece, is another book you will read with pleasure. It is a volume every whit as readable, and, in its way, valuable, as you would expect from its author. Mr. Escott says, by the way, that it was a suggestion made by a *Punch* reviewer which first set him to work on these "reminiscences." But it is little short of a public scandal that neither this book nor Mr. Forbes's "Memories" has an index. And yet another well-known figure who has produced her reminiscences, is Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, whose "Pioneer Work. Opening the Medical Profession to Women: Medical Sketches" (Longmans, 6s.), I send you in commendation.

The Rev. M. Kaufmann's "Socialism and Modern Thought" (Methuen, 2s. 6d.), a volume of the series devoted to Social Questions of To-day, is the most suggestive and timely of the four political books I send you. The subject is too large and wide-reaching for the space at the author's disposal, but still the book is one that neither you nor any other reader interested in socialism, and its trend and influence, can afford to leave unread. The three others are, a new volume of Lord Brassey's "Papers and Addresses" (Longmans, 5s.), dealing with political and miscellaneous questions from 1861 to 1894, such as the Eastern Question, Our Relations with Russia, Employers' Liability, and Home Rule; Mr. Granville C. Cunningham's "A Scheme of Imperial Federation: a Senate for the Empire" (Longmans, 3s. 6d.), made up of papers reprinted, with additions, from the *Westminster Review* of 1879, with a preface by Sir Frederick Young, K.C.M.G.; and a new volume of the series of Economic Classics—Richard Jones's "Peasant Rates: being the First Half of an Essay on the Distribution of Wealth and the Sources of Taxation (1831)" (Macmillan, 3s. net), a monograph, half forgotten now by economists, but which John Stuart Mill used freely, and described as "a copious repertory of valuable facts on the landed tenures of different countries."

In science I hope you will like Miss B. Lindsay's "An Introduction to the Study of Zoology" (Sonnenschein, 6s.). It is evidently written by a lady who has the gift of exposition and the faculty of keeping out extraneous matter, whether religious or irreligious. The introduction has several notable features. First, it adopts the new German classification of the animal kingdom into grades; second, although abstaining from all expositions of a theological or anti-theological nature, it asserts strongly the sound humanitarian teaching regarding the feeling and rights of animals, a point of view too often ignored in working treatises. A wide berth is given to disputed text-books, but due honour is given to Darwin in the history of the Darwinian controversy. The chapter relating to reproduction is excellently done. Other volumes of science are, Miss Agnes M. Clerke's "The Herschels and Modern Astronomy" (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), a volume of Sir Henry Roscoe's Century Science Series; Mr. H. H. Donaldson's "The Growth of the Brain: a Study of the Nervous System in Relation to Education" (Scott, 3s. 6d.), the latest issue of the Contemporary Science Series; and the second volume, in Allen's Naturalists' Library, of Dr. Bowdler Sharpe's "Handbook to the Birds of Great Britain" (Allen, 6s.). All these four are illustrated, the last having many excellent coloured plates.

Dr. Agar Beet's "New Life in Christ: a Study in Personal Religion" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. 6d.), a sequel and supplement to his "Through Christ to God," is the most important volume in theology I have to send. "Inward spiritual experience and practical life occupy a large place" in Dr. Beet's treatment of his theme. Then there is a new volume of the excellent little series, the Guild Text-books, the Rev. George Milligan's "The English Bible: a Sketch of Its History" (Black, 6d. net); and I should mention here that this series is being republished in larger form under the title of the Guild Library. Dr. Grant's "The Religions of the World" (Black, 1s. 6d. net), has been the first volume to appear.

I send you three volumes of fiction other than those I have already mentioned. Mr. Robert Cromie's "The Crack of Doom" (Digby, 3s. 6d.), is the kind of scientific wonder romance which M. Jules Verne used to produce, and whose popularity has returned with the success of Mr. Wells's "Time Machine." It is an exciting story,

replete with sensational and really novel incidents, and written with a good deal of power and imagination. The mysterious Cui Bono society, which figures so prominently in its pages, is a distinct invention. Then you will find Miss Katharine Tynan's "Isle in the Water" (Black, 3s. 6d.), a collection of Irish short stories, full of that observation and restraint which have been the characteristics of all Mrs. Hinkson's work; and a new volume of the Mayfair set, Mr. Gerald Campbell's "The Joneses and the Asterisks" (Lane, 3s. 6d. net), a volume of social satire in dialogue, in the

manner of Miss Hunt's "Maiden's Progress." It is very amusing.

To the pretty Eversley Series, Messrs. Macmillan have added Dean Church's "The Beginnings of the Middle Ages" (5s.), and I send it you. This is one of the best chosen collections of books that any publisher issues. Each volume is valuable, and the series is to include very shortly Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," in two volumes at five shillings each. Hitherto their price has been prohibitive to the ordinary reader; so the new edition will be very welcome.

THE BABY AND MARRIAGE EXCHANGE.

IT takes a great deal of careful negotiation to arrange for the adoption of children by foster-parents. I am glad to say that since going to press last month one forlorn mite, a little girl (No. 11 in our list), has been adopted by foster-parents who are in a position to give her very unusual advantages. No. 1 on our last month's list of babies has also found a home with a couple who will be good parents to him.

The following is a revised list of the babies who are available for adoption. When it came to the point, one mother could not bring her mind to part with her child, but will struggle on for it. It is therefore withdrawn from the last month's list:—

1. A little boy, 1 year and 9 months old. Fair, with flaxen hair; a nice healthy little fellow. Illegitimate.

2. A little boy, born July 28th last; more particulars not given, but correspondence with any one wishing to adopt a child offered.

3. A little boy; illegitimate. * All information easily obtained if necessary.

4. A little boy. His mother died when he was one month old. No relatives able to help. Father alive, but in very poor circumstances, yet wishes to keep out of the workhouse. Guardians will not take the child unless the father comes into the House with it.

5. A little boy. His mother would give up all claims on him if she found foster-parents willing to adopt him, as her husband is abroad, and she wishes to join him, and cannot take the baby with her. Will give all particulars if necessary.

6. A little girl, "very pretty child, dark, a dear little baby." Her mother has been deserted by her husband for months. This baby was born 14th of July this year.

7. A little girl, "quite a lovely child" and very healthy. Illegitimate. Born in the beginning of July.

8. A baby. Not stated whether boy or girl. Illegitimate. Born in April. It is a very fine, healthy, fair child.

9. A little boy, six weeks old. "Healthy, well-made little fellow." Illegitimate. Mother pianoforte teacher, and cannot afford to keep the child.

10. Little baby girl, one year old, "curly hair, strong, healthy, intelligent, and pretty."

11. A baby boy. Healthy in every respect. Fair complexion. Born end of August. Parents married, but have to go abroad to a bad climate for children, they are afraid he might die. They are too poor to leave him behind in England. Are willing to part with him entirely, if they knew he was well provided for.

12. A baby girl three and a half years of age. A really lovely child. Very healthy and well grown. Brown hair, dark eyes, and pretty fair complexion. She is very sweet-tempered. She is illegitimate.

13. A baby boy. A year old. Of gentle birth. Deserted by its father.

14. A little boy. Five years of age. Father dead.

15. A baby boy. Born October, 1894. Illegitimate.

Here is a letter from the grandmother of a child now happily adopted:—

Please pardon me for taking up your valuable time, but my heart is so full of thankfulness, that I must express my gratitude to you that my grandchild will have such a brilliant future is at present more than I can realise, so that I cannot let another day pass without thanking you for lifting so great a burden off me; that I have been in dreadful distress the last year and a half. You may imagine my heart was too full on Saturday to let me thank the future parents or express to them my feelings. Again I thank you, also the ladies, for their kindness to me, which I shall never forget.

It may save trouble and avoid some confusion if I restate distinctly here what I have to say to all applicants for babies, as well as to those who have to dispose of them. No baby can be entered for the Exchange unless its parents are able and willing to execute a formal instrument making over the child absolutely to whomsoever I may decide to deliver it. With this instrument, which must be duly signed and witnessed by at least one other person of standing and respectability, there must be a doctor's certificate as to the health of the child, and the certificate of birth for purposes of identification. On the other hand, no applications can be taken into consideration unless I have first an undertaking from the applicants to adopt formally and altogether the child that is made over to them. In this document they must accept parental responsibility for the child, and exonerate me absolutely from all further responsibility in the matter. Secondly, there must be a reference to at least two persons of respectability and standing as to their character, and as to their ability to adequately provide for the children. It is also desired that both parties should accompany their applications with photographs of the child on the one side, and of the persons who wish to adopt it on the other.

With regard to the Marriage Exchange, I have received a considerable number of letters which convince me that the institution would be a very useful one. But if it is to come into existence, it will not be by the insertion of occasional announcements as to the matrimonial aspirations of swains who take care to stipulate that whatever else their prospective brides may have or may lack, they must not be wanting in "siller." Correspondents who have sent to me notices of their desires in this respect, will take this as a sufficient reason for the non-appearance of their letters.

INDEX.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index, which is limited to the following periodicals.

A. C. Q.	American Catholic Quarterly Review.	Fr. L.	Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.	Naut. M.	Nautical Magazine.
A. M. C.	American Magazine of Civica.	Free R.	Free Review.	N. E. M.	New England Magazine.
A. A. P. S.	Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.	G. M.	Gentleman's Magazine.	N. I. R.	New Ireland Review.
Ant.	Antiquary.	G. O. P.	Geographical Journal.	New R.	New Review.
Arch. R.	Architectural Record.	G. W.	Girl's Own Paper.	New W.	New World.
A.	Arena.	G. T.	Good Words.	N. C.	Nineteenth Century.
Arg.	Argosy.	Harp.	Great Thoughts.	N. A. R.	North American Review.
As.	Asclepiad.	Hom. R.	Harper's Magazine.	O. D.	Our Day.
A. Q.	Asiatic Quarterly.	H.	Homiletic Review.	O.	Outing.
Ata.	Atlanta.	I.	Humanitarian.	P. E. F.	Palestine Exploration Fund.
A. M.	Atlantic Monthly.	I. L.	Idler.	P. M. M.	Pall Mall Magazine.
Bank.	Bankers' Magazine.	I. J. E.	Index Library.	Phil. R.	Philosophical Review.
B. S.	Bibliotheca Sacra.	I. R.	International Journal of Ethics.	F. L.	Post-Lore.
Black.	Blackwood's Magazine.	Ir. E. R.	Investors' Review.	P. R. R.	Presbyterian and Reformed Review.
R. T. J.	Board of Trade Journal.	Ir. M.	Irish Ecclesiastical Record.	P. M. Q.	Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review.
Bkman.	Bookman.	Jew. Q.	Irish Monthly.	Psy. R.	Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.
B.	Borderland.	J. Ed.	Jewish Quarterly.	Psychol. R.	Psychological Review.
Cal. R.	Calcutta Review.	J. Micro.	Journal of Education.	Q. J. Econ.	Quarterly Journal of Economics.
Can. M.	Canadian Magazine.	J. P. Econ.	Journal of Microscopy.	Q. R.	Quarterly Review.
C. F. M.	Cassell's Family Magazine.	J. R. A. S.	Journal of Political Economy.	Q.	Quiver.
C. S. J.	Cassell's Saturday Journal.	J. R. C. I.	Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.	K. R. R.	Religions Review of Reviews.
Cas. M.	Cassell's Magazine.	J. R. C. I.	Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.	Rel.	Reliquary.
C. W.	Catholic World.	J. R. U.	Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.	R. C.	Review of the Churches.
C. J.	Century Magazine.	S. I.	Juridical Review.	R. R. A.	Review of Reviews (America).
C. M.	Chambers's Journal.	Jur. R.	King's Own.	R. R. Aus.	Review of Reviews (Australasia).
Char. R.	Charities Review.	K. O.	Knowledge.	St. N.	St. Nicholas.
Chaut.	Chautauquan.	K.	Leisure Hour.	Sc. G.	Science Gossip.
Ch. Mis. I.	Church Missionary Intelligencer.	L. H.	Liberty.	Sc. P.	Science Progress.
Ch. Q.	Church Quarterly.	Libr.	Lippincott's Monthly.	Scots.	Scots Magazine.
C. R.	Contemporary Review.	Lipp.	London Quarterly.	Scot. G. M.	Scottish Geographical Magazine.
C.	Corinthian.	L. Q.	Longman's Magazine.	Scot. R.	Scottish Review.
Cos.	Cosmopolitan.	Long.	Lucifer.	Scrib.	Scribner's Magazine.
Crit. R.	Critical Review.	Luc.	Ludgate Illustrated Magazine.	Str.	Strand Magazine.
D. R.	Dublin Review.	Lud. M.	McClure's Magazine.	Sun. H.	Sunday at Home.
Econ. J.	Economic Journal.	McCl.	Macmillan's Magazine.	Sun. M.	Sunday Magazine.
Econ. R.	Economic Review.	Mac.	Manchester Quarterly.	T. B.	Temple Bar.
E. R.	Edinburgh Review.	Man. Q.	Medical Magazine.	Th.	Theatre.
Ed. R. A.	Educational Review, America.	Med. M.	Men and Women of the Day.	Think.	Thinker.
Ed. R. L.	Educational Review, London.	M. W. D.	Mind.	T. C.	Twentieth Century.
Eng. M.	Engineering Magazine.	Mind.	Minster.	U. S. M.	United Service Magazine.
E. H.	English Historical Review.	Min.	Missionary Review of the World.	W. R.	Westminster Review.
E. I.	English Illustrated Magazine.	Mis. R.	Monist.	W. M.	Windsor Magazine.
Ex.	Expositor.	Mon.	Month.	W. H.	Woman at Home.
Ex. T.	Expository Times.	M.	Monthly Packet.	Y. R.	Yale Review.
F. L.	Folk-Lore.	M. P.	National Review.	Y. M.	Young Man.
F. R.	Fortnightly Review.	Nat. R.	Natural Science.	Y. W.	Young Woman.
Forum.		N. Sc.			

Abbotsford: A House-Party at Abbotsford, by Nina L. Smith, Cos, Sept.

Advertising:

Advertisements in Old Books, by Esmé Stuart, T B, Oct.
American Posters, Past and Present, by H. C. Bunner, Scrib, Oct.

Africa (see also Egypt):

The Kaffirs in British South Africa, C J, Oct.

Agriculture (see also Rural Life, United States, and Contents of the *Journal of the Board of Agriculture*):

Co-operation in Agriculture, by H. W. Wolff, C R, Oct.
Pottering with Agriculture, by P. A. Graham, New R, Oct.

Aiken, Aunt Lizzie, Mrs. G. Anderson on, O D, Sept.

American People:

American Traits, by Martin Morris, New R, Oct.
The American Young Man, by Mrs. Haweis, Y M, Oct.

Amiel, Henri Frédéric, E. Newman on, Free R, Oct.

Antarctic Exploration: The Need for an Antarctic Expedition, by Clements R. Markham, N C, Oct.

Anthropology: Criminal Anthropology: Its Origin and Application, by Prof. C. Lombroso, P, Sept.

Arabia: Dhofar, Land of Frankincense and Myrrh, by J. T. Bent, N C, Oct.

Arc, Joan of, L. de Conte on, Harp, Oct.

Archæology, see Contents of *Antiquary*.

Armenia: An Unbiased View of the Armenian Question, by W. B. Harris, Black, Oct.

Armies (see also Ballooning, and Contents of the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution, United Service Magazines*):

Advancement in the Army, Major A. Griffiths on, F R, Oct.

The English Officer, Col. H. Knollys on, Black, Oct.

Arnold's (Sir Edwin) "Light of Asia," Rev. R. M. Ryan on, C W, Sept.

Astronomy: A Chapter in the History of Astronomy, by J. E. Gore, G M, Oct.

Athletics: Women as Athletes, by W. de Waghstaffe, Fr L, Oct.

Australia: Coolgardie; the Eldorado of the West, Y M, Oct.

Automobile, H. C. Marillier on, New R, Oct.

Ballooning: War Ballooning, by C. Knight, Str, Sept.

Balmoral, Queen Victoria's Highland Home, by J. R. Hunter, Harp, Oct.

Beecher, Dr. Lyman, H. A. Glass on, Sun M, Oct.

Bentley, Richard, Anne Bentley on, Arg, Oct.

Bible and Biblical Criticism (see also Contents of *Expository Times, Homiletic Review, King's Own, New World, Thinker*):

Archæology v. Old Testament Criticism, by A. H. Sayce, C R, Oct.

The Law of Moses and the Higher Criticism, by Rev. A. F. Hewitt, C W, Sept.

The Dawn of the Trinity, by C. Waterer, W R, Oct.

St Paul's Escape from Damascus, by Rev. Hugh Macmillan, Sun H, Oct.

Birds:

Accidents to Birds, C, Oct.

Domesticated Birds, N. S. Shaler on, Scrib, Oct.

Bhnt, Wilfred S., Poetry of, P. Addresshaw on, Nat R, Oct.

Bonfires in London Streets, by G. L. Apperson, G M, Oct.

Brickfields: A Kentish Brickfield, by Beatrice A. Dau, G W, Oct.

Brodie, Deacon, Charles Whibley on, New R, Oct.

Brontë Family: A Crop of Brontë Myths, by A. M. Mackay, W R, Oct.

Brunetiere, Ferdinand, Mlle. Y. Blaze de Bury on, F R, Oct.

Bunyan, John, and the "Pilgrim's Progress," Kate M. Warren on, Sun M, Oct.

Bnder, Lady Eleanor, G M, Oct.

Calculating Boys, Str, Sept.

Campbell, Mrs. Patrick, interviewed by M. Griffith, Str, Sept.

Canada (see also Contents of *Canadian Magazine*):

The Dominion of Canada, by Dr. W. H. Withrow, Chaut, Sept.

Canadian Poets and Poetry, by T. O'Hagan, C W, Sept.

Canning, George, and John Moody, by P. S. Cassidy, C W, Sept.

Carlyle, Thomas.

Dr. D. Pryde on, Scots, Sept.

Carlyle and Wordsworth, T B, Oct.

Cashmere, see under India.

Catholic Church (see also Missions and Contents of *Catholic World*):

The Asserted Growth of Catholicism in England, Dean Farrar on, F R, Oct.

France and Roman Catholicism, by G. Bonet-Maury, New W, Sept.

Central America: Three Gringos, by R. H. Davis, Harp, Oct.

Chamberlain, Joseph, W H, Oct.

Chamote-Stalking, by W. A. Baillie Grooman, E I, Oct.

Chill: the Home of the Huasos, by May Cromwell, L H, Oct.

China (see also Korean War, Missions):

Vegetarian Sects in China, by Charles G. Sparham, Sun H, Oct.

- Chitral:**
 Spenser Wilkinson on, **Nat R.**, Oct.
 Chitral to Gilgit, **C.**, Oct.
- Christian Endeavour Movement**, Rev. F. E. Clarke on, **N A R.**, Sept.
- Church History:** The Unity of the Church in Apostolic Times, by Dr. T. M. Lindsay, **C R.**, Oct.
- Churches:** Our Wooden Churches, by Sarah Wilson, **Q.**, Oct.
- Clergy:** The New Clergy, by Rev. H. R. Hawels, **C R.**, Oct.
- Coal Mine Explosions and Coal Mine Fires**, **K.**, Oct.
- Coleridge, Samuel T.**, *Ex Anima Poetae*, **New R.**, Oct.
- Couch, A. T.** Quiller, interviewed by F. Dolman, **Y M.**, Oct.
- Cricket:** The Evolution of Cricket, by A. T. Story, **Str.**, Sept.
- Crime:**
 Criminal Anthropology; Its Origin and Application, by Prof. C. Lombroso, **F.**, Sept.
 Criminals in Private Life, by Major A. Griffiths, **W M.**, Sept.
 The Murder of Dr. George Parkman by Prof. John W. Webster; a Famous Crime, by George C. Holt, **Cos.**, Sept.
- Cuba:**
 The Situation in Cuba, by S. Alvarez, **N A R.**, Sept.
 Should Cuba be Free? by C. King, **F.**, Sept.
 Santiago: The Ancient Capital of Cuba, by John T. Hyatt, **Cos.**, Sept.
 Cushing, Lieut., and the Ram *Albemarle*, by T. Roosevelt, **St. N.**, Oct.
 Outpurse, Moll, **Mac.**, Oct.
- Degeneration**, see under Nordan (Max).
- "Don Quixote,"** Sources of, by C. B. Luffman and L. M. Lane, **T B.**, Oct.
- Donkeys' Dairy** in London, **F.**, Steelcroft, **Str.**, Sept.
- Dress:** The Follies of Fashion, by Mrs. Parr, **P M M.**, Oct.
- Ducks and Duck-shooting**, by S. Jenkins, **Can M.**, Sept.
- Duelling:** The Last Duel in the Place Royale, **Mac.**, Oct.
- Earthquakes:** Railroaded over an Earthquake, by Cy. Warman, **McCl.**, Oct.
- Education** (see also Contents of *Educational Reviews, Hand and Eye, Educational Times, Journal of Education, Kindergarten Magazine*):
 Methods and Difficulties of Child-Study, by Mrs. A. H. Barnes, **F.**, Sept.
 Rugby and Oxford, 1830-185, by Dean W. C. Lake, **G W.**, Oct.
 Life at Newnham, Cambridge, **M.**, Oct.
- Egypt:** The New Race: Prof. F. Petrie's Discoveries, **Sun H.**, Oct.
- Electric Lighting:** The People's Lamps, by Prof. Frank Parsons, **A.**, Sept.
- Electricity:** Marvels of Electricity, by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, **A.**, Sept.
- Elliot, George**, by Frederic Harri-on, **F.**, Sept.
- Engineering**, see Contents of *Engineering Magazine*.
- Ericson, John**, Engineer, J. J. O'Shea on, **C W.**, Sept.
- Ethics and Economics**, by F. P. Powers, **Lipp.**, Oct.
- Evolution:**
 How Evolution Evolves, by Stinson Jarvis, **A.**, Sept.
 The Sanction for Morality in Nature and Evolution, by J. T. Bixby, **New W.**, Sept.
 The Constructive Power of the Doctrine of Evolution, by E. P. Powell, **New W.**, Sept.
- Exeter, Sarah**, Countess of, **C.**, Oct.
- Fiction:**
 The Place of the Novel, by G. Mortimer and J. Leatham, **Free R.**, Oct.
 The Gift of Story-Telling, by Brander Matthews, **Harp.**, Oct.
- Field, Bishop**, Rev. A. R. Buckland on, **Q.**, Oct.
- Finance** (see also United States, and Contents of *Bankers' Magazine, Board of Trade Journal, Investors' Review*):
 English Industry and Eastern Competition, R. S. Gundry on, **F R.**, Oct.
 The Benefits of Hard Times, by E. Atkinson, **F.**, Sept.
 Gold-Mining Madness in the City, by S. F. Van Oss, **N C.**, Oct.
 Firdausi, Persian Poet, by J. Herbert Parsons, **G M.**, Oct.
- Fishing:**
 English Trout, by Sir Herbert Maxwell, **Black.**, Oct.
 Fishing Tackle, by James Cassidy, **G M.**, Oct.
- Flaubert, Gustave**, D. F. Hamlin on, **W R.**, Oct.
- Folk-Lore**, see Contents of *Folk-Lore*.
- Foreign Policy of England**, Captain J. W. Gambler on, **F R.**, Oct.
- France:**
 "Fraternal France," Rear-Admiral C. C. P. FitzGerald on, **Nat R.**, Oct.
 France and Roman Catholicism, by G. Bonet-Maury, **New W.**, Sept.
 Life in the Tuilleries under the Second Empire, by Anna S. Bicknell, **C M.**, Oct.
 Marseilles, by Walter H. Pollock, **Long.**, Oct.
 The Presqu'île de Crozon, by E. H. Barker, **T B.**, Oct.
- Garfield's Ride at Chickamauga**, by J. R. Gilmore, **McCl.**, Sept.
- Garrick's (David)** Farewell to the Stage, by Austin Dobson, **Long.**, Oct.
- Gaunt, Mary**, **Bkman.**, Oct.
- Geography:** International Geographical Congress, **Scot G M.**, Sept.; **N Sc.**, Oct.; **K.**, Oct.
- Geology**, see Contents of *Geological Magazine, Journal of Geology*.
- Germany:**
 The German Struggle for Liberty, by P. Bigelow, **Harp.**, Oct.
 In Germany: a Sketch, by Duchess of Sutherland, **N C.**, Oct.
 Among the Wendish Meres, by Beatrice Marshall, **Sun M.**, Oct.
 Glave, E. J., by Robert H. Russell, **C M.**, Oct.
 Grant, General, at Pilot Knob, by Gen. J. M. Thayer, **McCl.**, Oct.
 Greek Language, Pronunciation of, J. Genadias on, **N C.**, Oct.
 Griffin, Sir Lepel, interviewed by E. J. Hart, **W M.**, Sept.
 Guerre, Martin.—The False Martin Guerre, by A. H. Millar, **P M M.**, Oct.
- Hafiz**, Persian Poet, J. H. Parsons on, **G M.**, Oct.
- Hagenbeck, Carl**, Menagerie Owner, by C. J. Cornish, **E I.**, Oct.
- Hamilton, Alexander**, **Mac.**, Oct.
- Hamilton, Lady, M.** Toddhunter on, **W R.**, Oct.
- Hamley, Sir E. B.**, Life of, **Black.**, Oct.
- Harnack, Prof. Adolf**, Rev. D. Macfadyen on, **Ex T.**, Oct.
- Healey, Wm. Ernest**, H. B. Marriott Watson on, **Bkman.**, Oct.
- Herron, Prof. George D.**, and His Work in California, Symposium, **A.**, Sept.
- Highways of the World**, by Marion M. Pope, **Lipp.**, Oct.
- History:** The New Spirit in History, by W. S. Lilly, **N C.**, Oct.
- Hockey, H. F.** Bittersby on, **W M.**, Sept.
- Holmes, Dr. O. W.**, and His Writings, by Dr. J. O. Murray, **Hom R.**, Sept.
- Homes and Shelters:**
 St. Luke's Home, Osanburgh Street, Mrs. James Stuart on, **Sun M.**, Oct.
- Hop-Pickers**, **G O P.**, Oct.
- Hopper, Nora**, **Bkman.**, Sept.
- Houses of Celebrated People**, by R. S. Warren Bell, **W M.**, Sept.
- Husbands: Ideal Husbands**, **Free R.**, Oct.
- Huxley, Prof. T. H.**,
 Hutton, Richard H., on, **F.**, Sept.
 Smalley, G. W., on, **Scrib.**, Oct.
 Reminiscences of Prof. Huxley, by Sir W. H. Flower, **N A R.**, Sept.
 Huxley and Agnosticism, by J. M. Robertson, **Free R.**, Oct.
- Iceland:** Notes on the Geography, Geology, Agriculture and Economics of Iceland, by Dr. H. Johnston-Lavis, **Scot G M.**, Sept.
- India** (see also Chitral and Contents of *Indian Church Quarterly Review, Indian Magazine and Review, India*):
 "The Rulers of India," W. S. Seton-Karr on, **Nat R.**, Oct.
 The English in India, by Rev. W. Bonnar, **C R.**, Oct.
 The Closing of the Indian Mills, Lord Brassey on, **N C.**, Oct.
 Hindoos and Moslem, by E. L. Weeks, **Harp.**, Oct.
 Staghpur, an Indian Station, by E. O. Walker, **G M.**, Oct.
 In the Punjab, by J. H. Wick, **Sun M.**, Oct.
 Kashmir, **C.**, Oct.
- Indian Exhibition**, **W M.**, Sept.
- Inns:** Notable Inns Around London, by Nettie L. Beal, **Chaut.**, Sept.
- Ireland** (see also Contents of *Irish Monthly, Irish Ecclesiastical Record*):
 The Outlook for Ireland, by the Earl of Crewe, **N A R.**, Sept.
 The Prospects of Home Rule, **W R.**, Oct.
 Ireland, by a Disenchanted Nationalist, **F R.**, Oct.
 Faction-Fighting in Munster, by J. F. MacNamara, **W R.**, Oct.
 The Rock of Cashel, by C. E. B. Barrett, **Min.**, Oct.
- Irish Literature:**
 Norse and Irish Literature, W. Larnale on, **C R.**, Oct.
 Contemporary Irish Poets, by W. B. Yeats, **Bkman.**, Sept.
 A List of the Best Irish Books, by W. B. Yeats, **Bkman.**, Oct.
- Irrepressibles**, by Mrs. Lynn Linton, **C J.**, Oct.
- Italy:**
 The Political Situation in Italy, Marchese de Viti de Marco on, **N C.**, Oct.
 Amendments to the Italian Constitution, by G. A. Ruiz, **A P S.**, Sept.
 The Anniversary in Rome, **Mac.**, Oct.
 The Roman's Villeggiatura, by Countess Martinengo Cesaresco, **C R.**, Oct.
 A Roman Reverie, by Alfred Austin, **F R.**, Oct.
- Japan** (see also Korean War):
 The Japanese Constitutional Crisis and the War, **C R.**, Oct.
 The Genius of Japanese Civilisation, by L. Hearn, **A M.**, Oct.
 Rambles in Japan, by Canon H. B. Tristram, **L H.**, Oct.
- Jews:** Among the Russian Jews in the East-End, by R. Garfield, **Q.**, Oct.
- Journalism:**
 The London Times, J. Creelman on, **McCl.**, Sept.
 The New York Tribune in the Draft Riots, by J. R. Gilmore, **McCl.**, Oct.
- Keary's (C. F.) Book**, "A Wanderer," Mrs. W. K. Clifford on, **Bkman.**, Oct.
- Keats, John**,
 The Real John Keats, by J. G. Speed, **McCl.**, Oct.
 Keats in Hampstead, by Kenyon West, **C M.**, Oct.
 The Influence of Keats, by Henry van Dyke, **C M.**, Oct.
- Kelly, John**—Tammany under John Kelly, by E. J. Edwards, **McCl.**, Sept.
- Kentucky:** Humours of Political Campaigning in Kentucky, by Edward J. McDermott, **C M.**, Oct.
- Knox, Quintus**, by E. H. Lacon Watson, **G M.**, Oct.
- Korean War:** The Chinese Navy—the Battle of the Yalu, **Black.**, Oct.
- Labour:**
 The Labour War, by Harold Thomas, **W R.**, Oct.
 Municipal Progress and the Living Wage, by D. McG. Means, **F.**, Sept.
 The Labor Exchange, F. W. Cotton on, **A.**, Sept.
 Labour Legislation in the United States, by G. K. Holmes, **Eng M.**, Sept.
- Lake District:** The Wordsworth Country on Two Shillings a Day, by A. F. Sauborn, **A M.**, Oct.
- Lambeth Palace**, Rev. J. Cave-Browne on, **G W.**, Oct.
- Landscape:** Some Thoughts on Landscape, by N. W. Williams, **W R.**, Oct.
- Liberal Party**, see under *Parliamentary*.
- Libraries**, see Contents of *Library*.
- Literature** (see also Canadian Literature, Irish Literature, Fiction, Poetry):
 Living by Literature, **Bkman.**, Sept.
 Pessimism in Literature, by Rev. William Barry, **H.**, Oct.
 The Country Gentleman in Literature, by Sir George Douglas, **Bkman.**, Sept.
 The Vocal Interpretation of Literature, by T. O'Hagan, **Can M.**, Sept.
- Liverpool To-day**, by R. Mackray, **Can M.**, Sept.
- Living, Art of**,—the Case of Women, by R. Grant, **Scrib.**, Oct.
- Locker-Lampson, Frederick**, C. Kernahan on, **N C.**, Oct.
- Lookout Mountain**, B. Torrey on, **A M.**, Oct.
- Lourdes:** A Medical View of the Miracles, by Dr. Berdoe, **N C.**, Oct.
- Lowell, James Russell**, Brauder Matthews on, **St N.**, Oct.
- Maclaren, Alexander**, Rev. J. B. Shaw on, **Hom R.**, Sept.
- Macleod, Fiona**, **Bkman.**, Sept.
- Mahomet and Mahomedanism:**
 Islam and Its Critics, **F R.**, Oct.
 Hindoo and Moslem, by E. L. Weeks, **Harp.**, Oct.

Marriage:

The Moloch of Modern Marriage, by Rev. J. Frome Wilkinson, **H**, Oct.
 The Marriage Rate of College Women, by Millicent W. Shinn, **C M**, Oct.
 Medicine, see Contents of the *Medical Magazine*, *Provincial Medical Journal*.
 Memory: The Picture Galleries of the Memory, by Rev. F. A. Malleson, **L H**, Oct.

Mendicancy: How Men become Tramps, by Josiah Flynt, **C M**, Oct.

Milburn, Rev. Dr., Interviewed, **R R R**, Sept.

Missions (see also Contents of *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, *Missionary Review of the World*):

A Catholic Foreign Mission in the Province of Canton, **Black**, Oct.
 The Girl Martyrs of Ku-Cheng, by Rev. A. R. Buckland, **G W**, Oct.
 Municipal Progress and the Living Wage, by D. McG. Means, **F**, Sept.
 Museums: The British Museum Print Room, by A. Whitman, **G W**, Oct.

Napoleon I.,

Davis, John, on, **A**, Sept.

Sloane, Wm. M., on, **C M**, Oct.

Napping, Pauline W. Roose on, **T B**, Oct.

Natural History (see also Birds, Sea-Life, and Contents of *Knowledge*, *Natural Science*):

Luminous Animals, by T. R. R. Stebbing, **Black**, Oct.
 Field and Hedge Gleaners, by "A Son of the Marshes," **E I**, Oct.
 Tenacity versus Strength, by H. B. M. Buchanan, **Arg**, Oct.
 Autumn Sessions in a Buchan Garden, by E. V. Boyd, **Nat R**, Oct.
 Navies (see also Contents of the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*, *United Service Magazine*):
 The Naval Manœuvres, W. Laird Clowes on, **F R**, Oct.
 The Fleet in Being, by David Hannay, **New R**, Oct.
 The Building of a Battleship, J. F. Fraser on, **W M**, Sept.
 The Evolution of the Blue-Jacket, by Admiral P. H. Colomb, **N A R**, Sept.
 The Future in Relation to American Naval Power, by Capt. A. T. Mahan, **Harp**, Oct.
 The New Centurion, by James Eastwick, **Long**, Oct.

New England (see also Contents of *New England Magazine*):

Representation in New England Legislatures, by G. H. Haynes, **A A P S**, Sept.

New Guinea: Inside New Guinea, by J. P. Bocock, **Lipp**, Oct.

New York City:

Municipal Reform Movement, E. Porritt on, **Nat R**, Oct.
 Unsanitary Schools and Public Indifference in New York, by Dr. D. H. Stewart, **F**, Sept.

Norlaun's (Max) "Degeneration," Cesare Lombroso on, **C M**, Oct.

Norfolk Broads: A Cruise on the Norfolk Broads, by Anna B. Doid, **C M**, Oct.

Norse Literature and Irish Literature, W. Larmiele on, **C R**, Oct.

Omnipresent Divinity, by Henry Wood, **A**, Sept.

Orient, (see also Japan, etc.):

Oriental Arms, by D. Trelawney, **Min**, Oct.

Owen, Sir Richard, Dr. James Macaulay on, **L H**, Oct.

Parliamentary:

The Liberal Leadership, by Jas. Annand, **New R**, Oct.
 Wanted a New Liberal Programme, by T. Scanlon, **W R**, Oct.
 The Anecdotic Side of English Dissolutions, by M. J. Griffin, **F**, Sept.
 Peace, Charles, Charles Whibley on, **New R**, Oct.
 Philosophy (see also Contents of *Philosophical Review*):
 Men of Science and Philosophers, by Herbert Spencer, **C R**, Oct.
 Photography, see Contents of *Wilson's Photographic Magazine*, *Photogram*.
 Physics, see Contents of *Physical Review*.
 Poacher and His Craft, by R. Kearton, **C F M**, Oct.
 Poetry (see also Canadian Literature, Irish Literature):
 Poetry and Reform, by B. O. Flower, **A**, Sept.
 Pastoral Poetry, C. W. Bide on, **Scots**, Sept.
 Political Economy (see also Contents of *Economic Journal*):
 Ethics and Economics, by F. P. Powers, **Lipp**, Oct.
 Political Science: British Constitution versus Evolution, **W R**, Oct.
 Ponsonby, Miss Sarah, **G M**, Oct.

Pope, Alexander, A. M. Williams on, **G M**, Oct.

Positivism, (see also Contents of *Positivist Review*):

The Religion of Humanity, W. H. Mallock on, **N C**, Oct.
 Polocks, Countess, Susan Colledge on, **A M**, Oct.
 Psychological Research: Dynamic Thought, by Prof. W. F. Barrett, **H**, Oct.
 Psychology, (see also Contents of *Psychological Review*):
 The Pharmacy of the Soul, by Mrs. V. W. Martin, **H**, Oct.
 Punjab, see under India.

Queen Victoria (see also Balmoral):

The Maiden Monarch, **W H**, Oct.

Rates: The Incidence of Rates, by H. Llewellyn Davies, **W R**, Oct.

Reaction and Its Lessons, by Frederic Harrison, **F R**, Oct.

Richmond, H. D. Lowry on, **W M**, Sept.

Riggs, Mary, Rev. A. R. Buckland on, **Sun M**, Oct.

Road-Making, Romance of, by Henry Frith, **C F M**, Oct.

Robertson, J. Forbes, Interviewed by Harry How, **Str**, Sept.

Rugby, see under Education.

Rural Life (see also Agriculture, etc.):

The Peasant-Farmer of Lancashire, **Mac**, Oct.

Ruskin as Master of Prose, by Frederic Harrison, **N C**, Oct.

Sadi, Persian Poet, Herbert Parsons on, **G M**, Oct.

Santiago, Cuba, see under Cuba.

Sanitation (see also Contents of *Public Health*):

Unsanitary Schools and Public Indifference in New York, by Dr. D. H. Stewart, **F**, Sept.

Science (see also Contents of *Science Progress*, *Knowledge*, *Physical Review*):

Men of Science and Philosophers, by Herbert Spencer, **C R**, Oct.

Scotland (see also Abbotsford, Balmoral):

The Dove-Road in Scotland, **Mac**, Oct.

Sea-Life: In the Realm of the Wonderful, by C. B. Hudson, **C**, Sept.

Servants: Tyrannies of Private Life, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, **Nat R**, Oct.

Sherbrooke, Viscount, and His Friends, by A. P. Martin, **P M M**, Oct.

Shipping, see Contents of *Nautical Magazine*.

Sidney, Sir Phillip, Biographical, **M P**, Oct.

Silk: English Silks, by Kineton Parkes, **Nat R**, Oct.

Smith, Dr. John, A. W. Stewart on, **Sun M**, Oct.

Snuff-Boxes, E. W. Low on, **W M**, Sept.

"Social Evolution": The Larger Issues of Mr. Kidd's Position, by L. P. Jacks, **New W**, Sept.

Social Purity: Recent Age of Consent Legislation in America, by Helen H. Gardener, **A**, Sept.

Social Reform: The Pig—or the Pig-stye? by Rev. Walter Walsh, **H**, Oct.

Socialism: A Search for Socialism, by S. B. Booth, **Free R**, Oct.

Somerset House: The Literary Research Room, **C J**, Oct.

Spain, Romance of, by C. W. Wood, **Arg**, Oct.

Speech, Expressiveness of, by Prof. A. R. Wallace, **F R**, Oct.

Sport, see Fishing, Duck-shooting, Chamolts-stalking, etc., and Contents of the

Badminton Magazine, *Outing*.

Stanton, Father, and St. Alban's, Holborn, **R R R**, Sept.

Steeplejacks, Wilfred Wemley on, **E I**, Oct.

Stephen, James Fitz James, Julia Wedgwood on, **C R**, Oct.

Stevenson, R. L., and His Life at Vallima, by Lloyd Osbourne, **Scrib**, Oct.

Sudermann's Drama "Helmut," H. Schütz Wilson on, **G M**, Oct.

Sunday in Victoria Park, **Sun H**, Oct.

Switzerland:

Graduated Taxation in the Canton de Vaud, by W. B. Duffield, **W R**, Oct.

Climbing the Matterhorn, by J. P. Serviso, **McCl**, Sept.

Tasso, Torquato, Last Days of, by Marie Walsh, **Fr L**, Oct.

Tattooing, Tighe Hopkins on, **L H**, Oct.

Taylor, Ann, Jane, and Isaac, by Sarah Tytler, **G O P**, Oct.

Temperance and the Liquor Traffic:

King Alcohol and Liberalism, **Free R**, Oct.

Intemperance Past and Present, by Arthur Shadwell, **Nat R**, Oct.

Old-Time Drinking Habits, by C. Northend, **N E M**, Sept.

Closing the New York Saloons on Sunday, by T. Roosevelt, **McCl**, Oct.

Tennyson's (Lord) "Lady of Shalott," J. Cumling Walters on, **Ata**, Oct.

Theatres and the Drama, see Contents of *Theatre*.

Theosophy, see Contents of *Lucifer*.

Thompson, Sir John, O. A. Howland on, **Can M**, Sept.

Times, see under Journalism.

Titles of Honour, W. Everett on, **N E M**, Sept.

Toynbee Hall, Rev. T. C. Collings on, **L H**, Oct.

Trafalgar Captains, W. Laird Clowes on, **N C**, Oct.

Translation, Ethics of, **Mac**, Oct.

Trout-Fishing, see under Fishing.

Twain, Mark, as a Critic, by D. F. Hannigan, **Free R**, Oct.

United States (see also American People, Labour, Navies, New England,

Universities; Kentucky, New York, Utah, Lookout Mountain):

Trend of National Progress in the United States, by Prof. R. H. Thurston,

N A R, Sept.

Reviving Business in the United States, by J. H. Eckels, **N A R**, Sept.

Income Tax Decisions and Constitutional Construction, by C. G. Tiedeman,

A P S, Sept.

Petty Tyrants of America, by Max O'Rell, **N A R**, Sept.

Sources of American Federalism, by W. C. Morey, **A A P S**, Sept.

The Enforcement of Law in the United States, by T. Roosevelt, **F**, Sept.

The United States Civil Service as a Career, by H. T. Newcomb, **F**, Sept.

A History of the last Quarter-Century in the United States, by E. B.

Andrews, **Scrib**, Oct.

Crop Conditions and Prospects in the United States, by H. Farquhar,

N A R, Sept.

Universalism: Progressive Changes in Universalist Thought, by Rev. Marion

D. Shutter, **A**, Sept.

Universities:

A Great University for London, by Lord Playfair, **N C**, Oct.

The Religion of the Undergraduate, by Rev. A. C. Deane, **N C**, Oct.

Rugby and Oxford, 1830-1850, by Dean W. C. Lake, **G W**, Oct.

The University of Chicago, by R. Herwick, **Scrib**, Oct.

Utah: Brigham Young and Modern Utah, by John A. Cockerill, **Cos**, Sept.

Vaccination: The Ethics of Legal Compulsion, by J. B. Martineau, **H**, Oct.

Ward, Mrs. Humphry, by Mrs. S. A. Tooley, **Y W**, Oct.

Weather and Weather Wisdom, by Ellen O. Kirk, **A M**, Oct.

Westminster, Duke of, and Eaton Hall, by Mary S. Warren, **W H**, Oct.

Women:

Mutual Relations of Men and Women, by A. Clerk, **New R**, Oct.

The Art of Living—The Case of Woman, by R. Grant, **Scrib**, Oct.

Our English Girls, by Mrs. Humphry, **I**, Oct.

Why American Women Do Not Want the Ballot, by Bishop Crowell Doane,

N A R, Sept.

The Position of Russian Women, by Countess A. Kapriste, **H**, Oct.

Burmese Women, H. Fielding on, **Fr L**, Oct.

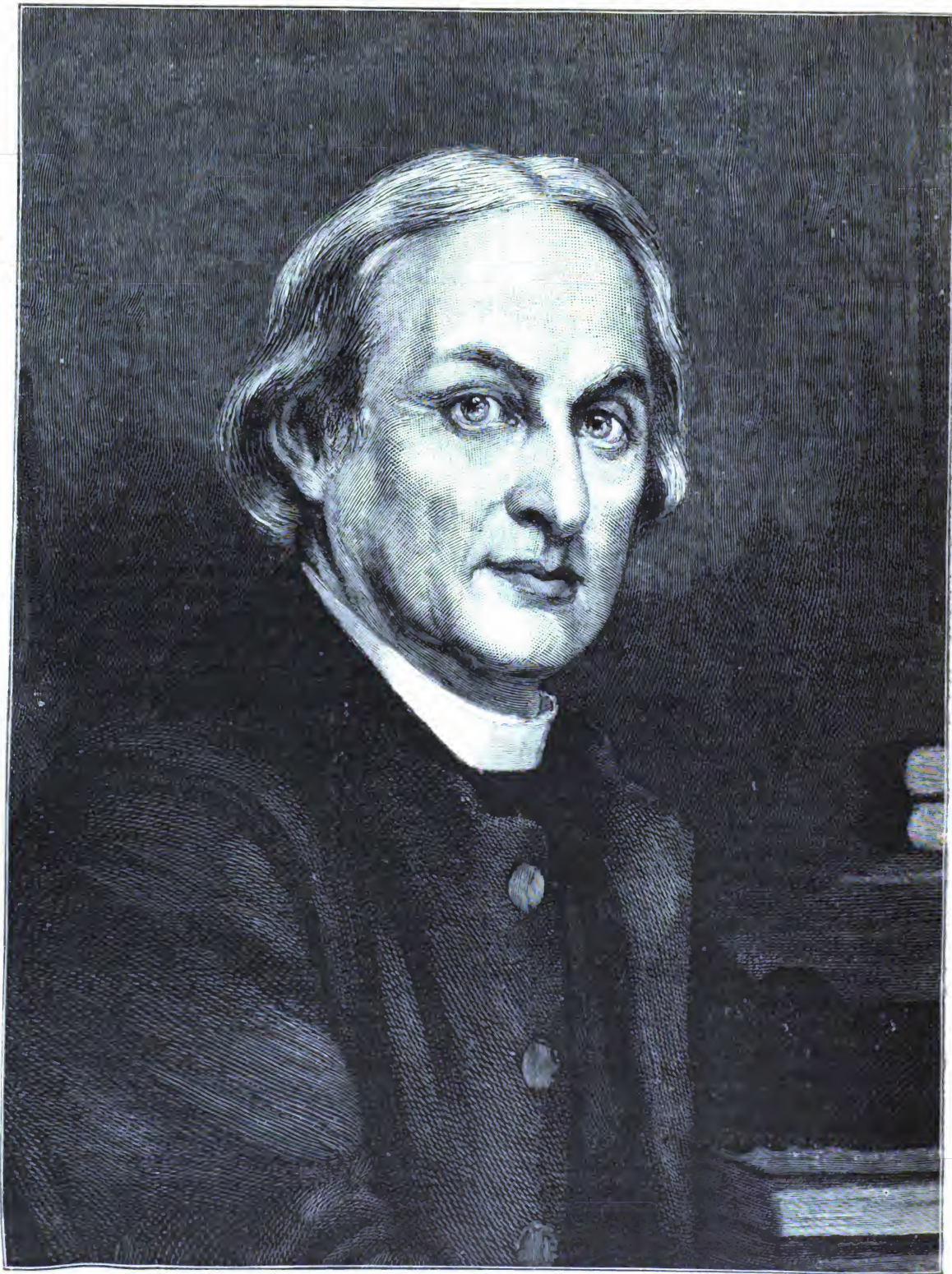
Woolwich Arsenal, J. Munro on, **C F M**, Oct.

Wordsworth and Carlyle, **T B**, Oct.

Yachting: Defence of the America Cup, by W. J. Henderson, **McCl**, Sept.

Zoophily, Ethics of, Frances Power Cobbe on, **C R**, Oct.

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THE MOST REVEREND EDWARD WHITE BENSON, D.D.,
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY MR. LANCE CALKIN.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, November 1st, 1895.

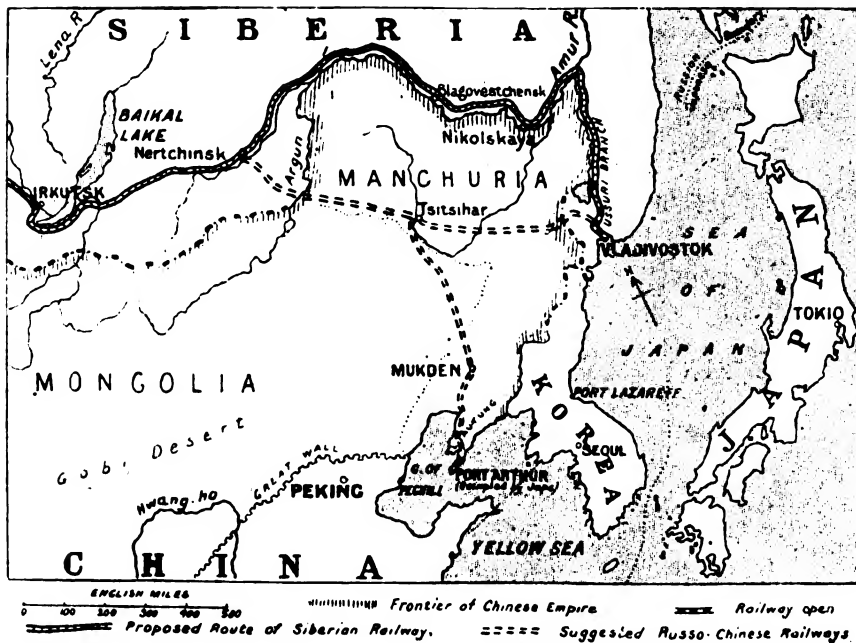
The Chief Enemy yet burst, and with every day's respite of Peace. The storm cloud which threatened has not there is hope that the sky may clear, and the rumbling of distant thunder die away along the horizon. At present the alarms of war are only audible in newspaper offices, for the Journalist is fast coming to be recognised as the worst enemy of the peace of the world. Forty or fifty years ago our fathers used to believe that the reign of the pen was likely to supersede the more sanguinary rule of the sword. Unfortunately, experience proves that the men who wield the pen are far less weighted with responsibility, and far more reckless in inciting to international quarrels than the soldiers, who are at least steadied by a realising sense of the immensity of the issues of peace and war, and the ghastly possibilities of military defeat. It is not the Sovereigns and the Statesmen of the Old World and the New who will make the next war; it seems more than probable that its outbreak will be forced by Journalists, whose hot-headed sensationalism, and reckless indifference to every consideration of humanity and civilisation, would richly justify their execution as public malefactors.

The Firebrands of the Modern World. This last month has witnessed two pitiable exhibitions of this evil element of modern journalism. One example has been furnished by the English, the other by the American Press. No sane human being—I say nothing of Christianity or intelligence—can look over the newspaper files for the month of October without feeling that too many English and American journalists have justified the worst censure that has ever been pronounced upon their craft. The Hebrew proverb refers to the casting of firebrands as one of the distinctive marks of the fool. If this were true in the comparatively archaic condition of ancient Palestine, before gunpowder was invented, what can be thought of the criminal lunacy of those irresponsible scribblers who insist upon hurling their journalistic firebrands broadcast in the powder-magazine of the modern world? It was said of old time to be sport for a fool to do mischief, and the progress of civilisation does not seem to have changed the character of the fool, excepting so far as it has intensified his capacity for injuring his neighbours. Dr. Lunn some time ago projected an International Peace Conference at Grindelwald, the chief object of

which was to consider whether or not some method could be found for abating the journalistic menace to peace. The conference never came off, the more's the pity; the need of it has seldom been more signally illustrated than in the last month.

Let us take our own Press first. The Last Month's Foolometer. telegram from Hong Kong announced what had been for some time past more or less an open secret, that Russia had obtained permission from China, in return for the guarantee of the recent loan, to run the Siberian railway through Northern China. The telegram added that Russian warships were to be authorised to anchor in Port Arthur, and that the Russian railway would terminate in a Chinese port on the ice-free ocean. Thereupon several of our sapient editors afforded the world a melancholy exhibition of the possible minimum of intelligence with which newspapers can be conducted. Some of the articles in the English Press—notably one which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—are enough to make one despair of the intelligence of mankind. The articles might have been written in Colney Hatch and printed in Bedlam. Their lucubrations were equally devoid of humanity, dignity, or ordinary common sense. Heaven help England, if her Ministers had not more sense than those brawling journalists, who do not seem to take the trouble to master the elementary A B C of the questions with which they have to deal! Take, for instance, this famous Hong Kong telegram, the contents of which had been treated as if they would almost justify preparations for an immediate war with Russia on our part.

The Scare about Port Arthur. What does it amount to? First, that Russian warships are to have a right to anchor in Port Arthur. Now, English warships have at this moment a treaty right to anchor in Port Arthur as often as they please. At this very moment Russian warships are anchored in Port Arthur; and it is probable that there has never been a moment since Port Arthur was created that some foreign warship has not anchored in its harbour. Yet it was at once assumed that because a Hong Kong correspondent deemed it worth while to spend some pounds in telegraphing, as a special clause of the secret treaty, a right which Russia and all the Powers have long enjoyed under other treaties, that Port Arthur had been annexed by Russia. That was blunder number one. Blunder number



and most useful advance of Russia to the ice-free waters of the Far East. So far from this advance being hostile to British interests, it is eminently to be desired on behalf of our own people. It is in vain quoting the Golden Rule to Jingo journalists hot for war; but it is well to remember now and then that unless we can put ourselves in the place of our rivals, we shall never be able to understand the strength of their position or the weakness of our own. Russia has the whole northern half of Asia in her absolute and undisputed possession. She is, at great cost

two was to assume that the Russian occupation of Port Arthur would necessarily be fatal to British trade in China, and to the whole British position in the Far East. On the top of this blunder was piled another: viz., that nothing was left for it but to scramble for alliances with Japan or the United States, in order to plunge headlong into war to prevent such occupation. Now, even if Russia had seized Port Arthur, and the consequences of such seizure were as grave as those described, the question of how to meet such an advance on the part of Russia would be one of the most momentous questions of Imperial policy with which we have ever had to deal. Our decision either way would probably influence history for a hundred years; it might wreck our Empire and remodel the map of the world. Worthily to meet such a grave crisis would test to the uttermost the wisdom and self-control of the nation. Yet these irresponsible advisers were for settling everything offhand with a headlong plunge, more worthy of street arabs scrambling for halfpence in the gutter, than of the trusted advisers of a great people, confronted with an issue of life and death.

Fortunately, our statesmen are wiser than our journalists, and there is reason to believe that Lord Salisbury and his colleagues have not the least intention of rushing in with an impossible veto upon the necessary, natural,

to herself, constructing a railway spanning the continent, but at present, owing to the peculiar configuration of her frontiers, she cannot make a direct line to the sea without passing through Chinese territory. Hitherto the refusal of China to permit railways to be made across her vast domains has been the despair of the statesman and the trader. We have done everything short of shelling Peking in order to induce the Chinese to allow an engineer to run an iron way across the Celestial Empire. Now it is announced that Russia has at last succeeded, and a Siberian railway will pass through northern China to a port in the ice-free waters of the Yellow Sea. This is a great victory for civilisation, and will undoubtedly, no matter what obstacles may be placed in the way by hostile tariffs, redound to the advantage of British trade. But our imbecile advisers in Fleet Street regard this great achievement, which will open up the whole fertile back country of Southern Siberia to our merchants, as if it were a direct menace to the British Empire. It is difficult to have patience with these people; but sometimes, when I read the English Press, I feel as if some journalists had been created for the purpose of delivering us from pride of intellect, by keeping mankind in that position of humility natural to those who, although they may be a little lower than the angels, seem to be often sillier than the brutes of the field.

Venezuela. It is a trivial question in itself, and I am quite free to admit that England may be as much in the wrong as her American critics maintain ; but, if so, all the more idiotic is the frenzy into which certain newspapers have been lashing themselves for



the last month. A question of a disputed frontier between two communities, neither of which counts for as much in the world as a single English county or one American State, is certainly not good enough to justify public talk of such an infamous crime as a civil war between England and the United States. The whole question in dispute turns round a very narrow point—viz., whether the debatable land between British Guiana and Venezuela begins at the Essequibo River or at the Schomberg line, which lies about half-way between the Essequibo and the Orinoco. We are willing to arbitrate upon everything that we consider to be fairly in dispute, but we hold that the region between the Schomberg line and the Essequibo River, which has never been occupied by the Venezuelan Government, but which we have occupied and administered, and claimed ever since it was ceded to us by the Dutch, cannot fairly be regarded as a region whose ownership can be disputed, any more than we could dispute the title of the United States to the State of New York. On the other hand, the American friends of Venezuela maintain that old maps show that Venezuela when a Spanish colony claimed the territory up the Essequibo River, and therefore, they say, no matter what has happened in the last hundred years, our colonists and administrators must be cleared out of all territory west of that river. Clearly, here is a question not for one arbitration, but for two. The prior question that has to be decided is as to what territory should form the subject of arbitration. After that preliminary decision has been given, then the question so limited would come up before the Court, which would go into the whole matter. This, or some other solution, certainly does not lie beyond the scope of sane statesmanship, but it is obvious we are not likely to reach that or any other goal, if every step on either side is accompanied with a *charivari* of howls and yells and execrations from a blatant and irresponsible mob of journalists.

**Our True
Policy in Asia
and America.**

From a British point of view it seems to me our policy is clear in both the questions that have created the journalistic ferment this month. In Asia, British policy should be to come to terms with Russia, and to facilitate the opening up of Siberia by every means in our power. It is monstrous—it is even inhuman—to expect Russia, with half a continent on her hands, to put up for ever with no other outlet to the sea than a port at the Back of Beyond, which is frozen up half the year. So far from regarding the Russians gaining access to an ice-free harbour with jealousy,

we ought to make the attainment by Russia of that end one of the objects of our own policy, taking as a *quid pro quo* for our support that commercial treaty with Russia which both the late Emperor and M. Wischnegradsky regarded as most desirable in the interests of both Empires. In the western hemisphere our policy is equally plain. American opinion is very much disposed to insist upon an application of the Monroe doctrine, which would practically exclude any British colony from extending its frontiers in the western hemisphere. That is not a contention which Britain—which after all was an American power before the United States came into existence—can possibly accept, but it ought not to be impossible for the Government of Washington and St. James's to agree upon some modification of the Monroe doctrine which could be accepted jointly by both Powers, and enforced, if need be, by their united fleets—such, for instance, as would bar the occupation of any part of the western continent by a military Power, for purposes of conquest or aggression. And it might be at the same time arranged that the two English-speaking Powers should combine in an alliance to forbid any war in the western hemisphere, at least until after the disputants had submitted their dispute to the arbitrament of a joint Anglo-American tribunal. Some such understanding may be unattainable, but it should none the less be a settled object of English policy.

**The Union
Jack an
American
Flag.**

What the Americans do not quite understand is that the Union Jack is as much a flag of the western hemisphere as it is of the United Kingdom. As the representatives of those who dwell beneath its shadow, we cannot consent to sacrifice to the Monroe or any other doctrine the rights which Canadians, Jamaicans, and our colonists of British Guiana have as citizens of America, equally with those who dwell under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes, to push their fortunes, to extend, if necessary, their frontiers, and to defend their own interests with as free a hand as if they had no connection whatever with any government in the Old World. No version of the Monroe doctrine which excludes Canada from full liberty of action in the western hemisphere can be tolerated by the Power whose flag flies over the Dominion. It may be said that the presence of that flag in Canada, Jamaica, the Bermudas, the Bahamas, Honduras and British Guiana is a temporary incident, and that sooner or later the connection between Great Britain and her American Colonies, or Federated Commonwealths as they should be called, will cease. That



KIAMIL PASHA.

New Grand Vizier of the Ottoman Empire.

(Photograph by Abdullah Freres, Constantinople.)

may be. But we must wait until it comes to pass before we can act on the assumption that what is now prophecy has become history. We are the representatives of the rights of the Canadians and other fellow subjects who are residents of the American continent, and as long as they trust their foreign affairs to our management, we cannot fool away the trust that is committed to our care.

The one danger which threatened an immediate disturbance of the peace of Armenia.

the world has passed by for the moment. Lord Salisbury has not been compelled to begin the general scramble for the possessions of the sick man by ordering the British fleet to rendezvous off the Golden Horn, where it would certainly have been met by the Russian Black Sea fleet, entering the Bosphorus from the other end. After a period of considerable perturbation, accentuated by massacres in the capital, in Trebizond, and various centres of population in Asia Minor, an agreement was arrived at by which the Sultan was to accept, on paper, the proposals of the Powers. Russia, France, and England were to declare their willingness to receive this paper submission as a settlement of their demands, and everything is to go on just the same as before. That, in plain English, seems to be the sum and substance of

the outcome of our recent diplomatic intervention on behalf of the Armenians. Mr. Gladstone has expressed very freely in a letter to Madame Novikoff his disgust at the spectacle with which this elaborate comedy inspires him. He wrote:—

I see in mind that wretched Sultan, whom God has given as a curse to mankind, waving his flag in triumph, and the adversaries at his feet are Russia, France, and England. As to the division of the shame among them I care little. Enough that I hope my own country will (for its good) be made conscious and exhibited to the world for its own full share, whatever that may be. May God in His mercy send a speedy end to the (governing) Turk and all his doings; as I said when I could say, and even sometimes do, so I say in my political decrepitude or death.

This is a good, comprehensive damn from the G. O. M., but, unfortunately, like all the other anathemas that have been hurled Eastward, it produced no effect. The situation in the East remains to-day as yesterday, the same.

Wanted, a The Imperial decree by which the reforms
Massacre a demanded by the Powers are formally
Week.

paraded is not worth while referring to here. It is merely one piece of waste paper the more added to the haystack of abortive "reforms" with which the Sultan has time and again fobbed off the demands of Europe for an improvement in his internal administration. No reform in Turkey is worth anything that does not make



THE ARME

TINOPLE.

the ultimate seat of responsibility a power other than the Turk. Madame Novikoff's proposal, that the whole of the dominions of the Sultan be put under European Commissions, is no doubt the only solution that will afford any security to the Christian population. But unfortunately Europe is by no means disposed to undertake the arduous task of governing the Ottoman Empire by commission. Where are the troops to come from? None of the Powers trust each other sufficiently to allow any one to act alone, and it is more than doubtful whether they could be induced to sanction the one necessary step, viz.: the enrolling of an international gendarmerie officered promiscuously by men of all nationalities, paid and controlled by the European Commission. There is not a chancellery in Europe where such a suggestion would not be scouted at this moment, but it is by no means impossible that such a solution will be forced upon all of us before very long. It will take a good many massacres to break down the inveterate suspicion that exists between, let us say, England and Russia on this question. But a massacre a week would do it in a month, and it seems by no means improbable that a massacre a week will be forthcoming.

Mr. Gladstone regards the Sultan as a **Why Europe** God-given curse to mankind. But bad **Recalled.** as he may be, he is not so intolerable as the Kurdish chieftains and the local leaders of the Mohammedan mob. We can get at the Sultan for one thing, whereas these other ruffians are out of range of the artillery of Europe. Whatever may be the case in the distinctively Christian districts in Europe, in Asia there is no doubt that where the populations are very much mixed, the Sultan, although a very biassed policeman, who is always sure to hit a Christian's head in a *mêlée* rather than that of the Moslem who began it, he is a very much better policeman than none at all. It was probably a consideration of this fact which led Lord Salisbury to stay his hand instead of persisting in demanding guarantees which the Sultan had evidently made up his mind to refuse, even at the risk of his throne. Unfortunately, the Sultan is between the devil and the deep sea. If he makes no concessions he is threatened by the Powers; if he makes real concessions, his life is in danger from the representatives of Mahommedan fanaticism. Judging from his action the last few days, he is much more afraid of those who threaten his life than those who merely

bluff him as to international coercion. Hence, he put his back to the wall and practically dared us to do our worst. When it came to that point Lord Salisbury gave way, and accepted a diplomatic success at the sacrifice of his *protégés*. The upshot of all this is that, until we are prepared to advocate putting Turkey in commission and raising an international force of gendarmerie to keep the population from worrying each other to death, nothing will be done.

The French war in Madagascar has Conquest of come to an end. Peace reigns in Anta-Madagascar. nanarivo. The resistance of the Hovas collapsed ignominiously the moment the French approached the capital. A nominal army of seventy thousand men bolted like hares before the attack of a handful of French troops, the Queen hoisted the white flag, and Madagascar is now a French Protectorate. It may be very unreasonable, but I cannot help being somewhat disappointed with the London Missionary Society. Their missionaries have been preaching the Gospel to the Hovas for the last forty years, and at the end of it all there does not seem to have been a pennyworth of fight in the whole Hova army. A very little of the genuine Puritan stiffening would have made short work of General Duchesne and his forlorn hope. There probably never was a campaign in which so few shots were fired, but all the same it has cost France very dearly, both in money and in men. Of the 15,000 troops sent out from France, 7,500, or every other man in the whole expedition, has been *hors de combat* from fever. Those who have actually died are probably nearer 3,000 than 2,000, and of the others, at least one-half will probably be worth very little for the rest of their lives. The French, of course, are delighted with the result; they have sung a *Te Deum* in Notre Dame, and the Chamber will, no doubt, cheerfully sanction the borrowing of all the money necessary to pay the bill. For to run into debt for the purpose of acquiring a ruinous property which they have neither the men nor the capacity to develop is one of the favourite amusements of modern France.

M. Ribot's Cabinet did not survive by The Fall of M. Ribot. more than a week the meeting of the Chamber. Its fall had been discounted, but no one expected that it would topple over on the question that ultimately proved fatal. It came about in this wise. Senator Magnier, who was convicted of receiving bribes in connection with a railway concession, was sent to gaol for twelve

months. The story got abroad that he had been let off cheap because he had consented to keep silence as to the other guilty parties who occupied much higher positions than he. Hence the extreme Right and the extreme Left coalesced in order to demand the prosecution of all offenders and the publication of all information as to the rascals whose corruption is suspected rather than proved. M. Ribot refused, his Minister of Justice, who is unpopular in the Chamber, made a clumsy speech, and as the result the Cabinet was overthrown. This makes



M. EDMOND MAGNIER.

the thirty-third Cabinet since the French Republic was founded only twenty-six years ago. French ministries are short-lived, but the more ministries the merrier. Each fresh crisis offers a new chance to politicians to draw a prize out of the lucky bag, and as the government of the country goes on just the same all the time, the electors do not mind much. It seems odd to us, but probably no small measure of the popularity of the Republic depends upon this continual shuffling and re-shuffling of the portfolios. As our officers in old days used to drink to the toast, "Bloody war and quick promotion," so deputies and senators are probably of opinion that half the charm would be gone from the Republic if Ministers succeeded each other at such long intervals as they do on this side of the Channel.

Prince Lobanoff.

In the present grouping of the Powers, France is chiefly important as the purse-bearer and the squire of Russia. Nothing that has been said by any French politician has attracted as much attention as the statements by Prince Lobanoff during his recent visit to Paris. The Prince was interviewed by M. de Blowitz, and in the course of his remarks managed to say many things of great interest. None of his observations was more interesting than his declaration that France, absorbed in the preparations for

the great exhibition of 1900, was intent on works of peace. That is, no doubt, as Russia intends it to be, and in that fact we have great security against any policy of reckless adventure. Prince Lobanoff after leaving Paris went to Berlin, and there are those who profess to see a change in the attitude of Germany towards this country as the result of the Prince's visit. It is well, however, to receive all such stories with healthy scepticism. No small part of the strength of Great Britain in the world depends on the fact that from of old we have never concerned ourselves greatly upon the extent to which our pre-eminent virtues were recognised by our neighbours. There is precious little love lost between the governments of Europe, and it would be absurd to distress ourselves every time the thermometer drops a point or two.

Russia, according to Prince Lobanoff, is De Witte. absorbed with one subject and one alone ; the expected accouchement of the Empress. If the coming baby be a boy, then the succession would be secured, and it is possible that the Tzar might after his coronation devote some attention to the affairs of the Empire which he is supposed to govern. The Tzarevitch, his brother, is sinking rapidly, but his death will make less change in the situation than the fact that the Minister of the Interior, M. Durnovo, of whom little was known in Europe, has been succeeded by another official, of whom nothing is known. Prince Lobanoff and De Witte continue to monopolise the stage to such an extent that people are beginning to say that Russia is administered by a duumvirate. The activity of De Witte is feverish and incessant. In his own way he is as great a scourge to his department as Peter the Great to the old Boyards. The Russian official does not like to be hurried. Anything for a quiet life is his motto, and to such a man De Witte must appear a little better than a demon. Meanwhile everything seems to be going Russia's road. De Witte, at the same time that he is credited with the arranging of a secret treaty securing an outlet for the Siberian railway in the extreme east of Asia, is reported to be not less intent upon running a trunk line of railway through Lapland to a port in Norwegian territory. Of this we shall hear more anon. In the Balkans there seems every reason to believe that the long-standing feud with Bulgaria is to be patched up, and that the principality will once more become the ally of the empire to whose sacrifice its existence.

**The Kaiser
and the
Socialists.**

In Germany the Social Democrats have been holding their annual Conference at Breslau, with little practical result beyond that of widening the split between their town and country sections, and enabling their leaders to indulge in a more or less modified defiance of the Emperor. "Germany," they said, "could get on better without the Kaiser than without the Social Democrats." The Kaiser, on his part, keeps up a running fire of objurgations by the way upon the Social Democrats, with whose agitation, however, he is powerless to cope. The month has brought the usual quantum of patriotic speeches about the war; but, on the whole, celebrations of the anniversary of the great victory which consolidated the unity of Germany and destroyed French ascendancy have passed off very well. The French seem to have turned a deaf ear to all the patriotic oratory on the other side of the Rhine.

**Austria's
Unrest.**

In Austria there is ferment and strife, with many subterranean rumblings which bode trouble when once the firm hand of Francis Joseph is removed from the helm. Count Badeni, the new Austrian Prime Minister,

has entered upon his duties in a spirit which seems to indicate that he means to be something more than the mere index finger of a parliamentary majority. But even the advent of the new Premier has excited less attention than the election of an

in the election of a new Mayor, and future developments will be waited for with interest, not unmixed with anxiety, in more than one capital in Europe.

Italy is full of rumours of military and naval preparations. Why, no one seems to know. But there is a restlessness in

the peninsula which does not add to the tranquillity of Europe. The campaign in Abyssinia has been marked by a victory which is said to be brilliant, but which cannot be decisive. King Menelek has been killed by a flash of lightning, and for a moment no danger threatens Italy in the country of Rasselas. At home the only incident has been the veto which the Pope put upon the visit of the King of Portugal to the Italian Court. Don Carlos, who is related to King Humbert, proposed to pay a visit in the course of a tour which he is making through Europe. A somewhat tart intimation from the Vatican that such a visit would be resented by the Pontiff sufficed to bring Don Carlos to heel. The Italian visit was given up in deference to Papal susceptibilities, but beyond furnishing Signor Crispi with an opportunity of giving vent to a somewhat bitter sarcasm, the incident is without importance.

Although shut out of Italy, the King of Portugal paid a visit to the heretical kingdom of Great Britain. His visit

is to be concluded on the day on which this REVIEW is published. It is hoped that his visit to this country will tend to cement the ties which traditionally and naturally unite the two countries. The late Portuguese Minister, Monsieur Soveral, rendered yeoman service to the interest of both countries by making a good understanding between Lisbon and London. It is to be hoped that his successor will continue his good work. Portugal is our natural ally, for a friend at Lisbon is almost as indispensable to us as a garrison at Gibraltar.

The insurrection in Cuba continues to preoccupy the attention of Spain. Cuba and the United States. Marshal Martinos Campos holds his

own within the range of his guns, but outside the cities and the seaports the country is in the hands of the insurgents. Popular sympathy in the United States is finding vigorous expression in favour of the recognition of the Cuban insurgents as belligerents, and there is much talk at Washington of giving Spain a term within which to suppress the insurrection, or be prepared for an American recognition of her revolted colonists. President Cleveland's message to the Congress this month will be read with unusual interest at Madrid.



COUNT CASIMIR BADENI,

The New Austrian Premier.

(Photograph by J. Henner, Limberg.)

anti-Semitic Mayor by the City Council of Vienna. Vienna is a city in which the Jews have long ruled the roast. They are now confronted by a popularly elected City Council, in which two out of every three members owe their seats to their hostility to the children of Israel. The combination between Catholics and Socialists against the Jew capitalist found its formal embodiment and emphatic expression

War with the Ashantees. The last day of October brought the unwelcome news that the King of Ashantee had rejected our ultimatum, and refused to accept the British protectorate, which will interfere, among other things, with the cherished traditional custom of massacring hecatombs of slaves and captives on the occasion of a royal funeral or Ashantee festival. He prefers war, and war he is going to have. An expeditionary force of about 1,000 British troops, chiefly West Indian and Hossas, will probably hoist the Union Jack in Coomassie by Christmas Day. Twenty-one years ago, I remember writing a series of articles strongly protesting against a policy which was then adopted of fighting our way to Coomassie, and then scuttling from the country. My protest fell upon deaf ears, and Lord Wolseley no sooner reached Coomassie, and burned it, than he marched back to the coast. That mistake is not likely to be repeated to-day. As France has established its authority in Dahomey, so will England in Coomassie. If Mr. Chamberlain could only manage to find some of the gold mines which, from time immemorial, have been worked in that kingdom of darkness, the result of the expedition would be profitable, but at present it seems more likely to result only in an increase of expenditure without opening any new markets.

The Murder of Mr. Stokes.

Additional evidence has been obtained as to the murder of Mr. Stokes which, if it be authentic, leaves no room for doubt that Captain Lothaire was guilty of a crime for which he ought to be tried and, possibly, executed. It seems that Stokes, so far from supplying ammunition to the native chiefs who were at war with the Belgians, had actually been operating against them on his own account, and had compelled them to pay a fine in ivory. Stokes then paid a visit to the



HIS MAJESTY CARLOS I., KING OF PORTUGAL.

(Photograph by Camacho, Lisbon.)

Belgian camp, when, to his immense surprise, he was seized by Lothaire, accused, tried, sentenced, and hanged next morning, against the vehement protests of the only other white man on the station. There is always a danger that isolated European officers may act lawlessly when buried in the heart of a vast continent, where they have to fight for their lives in the midst of a multitudinous native population; but hitherto it was recognised they should at least refrain from murdering white men, judicially or otherwise. If the latest news be correct,

this tradition has been set at nought by Captain Lothaire. As all white governments have an interest in maintaining this unwritten law, it ought to go hard with Lothaire.

Slavery Under the British Flag. Lord Salisbury has to face a difficult problem in Zanzibar, where, according to evidence, which seems to be indisputable, the establishment of British authority has not been followed by any diminution of the horrors of domestic slavery. Scores of thousands of slaves, three-fourths of whom are the victims of slave raids in the interior, continue to occupy a position of absolute slavery, held in bondage by an authority which in the last resort is that of Great Britain. A meeting at the Mansion House has protested against the continuance of this state of things, obviously dishonouring to the British name; but there are grave practical difficulties connected with the problem. Lord Salisbury, however, will be allowed a free hand to do what he pleases, provided that he does not indulge in blazing indiscretion such as is natural to him in the shape of a cynical observation which would lead the public to feel that he was not in earnest about the question. One cynical remark would do more to tie his hands than all the indignation meetings that could be held at the Mansion House.

The Next Foreign Secretary. Rumour has it that Lord Dufferin, who has resigned the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, which entails a heavy expenditure that almost ruined Lord Granville, will be asked to relieve Lord Salisbury of the burden of the Foreign Office. To be Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary is possible when the world is at peace, but with three continents seething with unrest, and a score of burning questions smouldering all along the horizon, it is practically impossible for the Prime Minister adequately to perform the duties of Foreign Secretary. Either Lord Dufferin or Sir Edward Malet would bring to the Foreign Office an intimate knowledge of the diplomatic situation, and the appointment of either would lead to the strengthening of the Cabinet in more directions than one. Nothing is said publicly of this, but the telegrams in the morning papers are enough to convince any one who knows what the Foreign Secretary has to do, that the present arrangement cannot last long. The affairs of the furthest East alone might well occupy the unremitting attention of a most hard-working Minister.

The Government and the Farmers. Foreign affairs, although important, and threatening at any moment to become predominantly important, do not command all the attention of Lord Salisbury. During the last month he has made one speech, from which it would appear that he is more preoccupied with administrative legislation than with questions of Imperial defence or Asiatic policy. He declared that the question before the Government was the question of social amelioration. "We have got as far as we can to make this country more pleasant to live in to the vast majority of those who live in it. There is, I am convinced, very much to be done in that respect. We have been a century mending the machine; for Heaven's sake, let us do some work with it, now we have mended it!" Lord Salisbury went on to explain, by this he meant two things: First, that the Government must abstain from all predatory legislation; and, secondly, that they must do all they can to mitigate the threatening and increasing ruin of the agricultural class. "This is the greatest evil with which we have to deal, and the terrible drawback to the prosperity of our country." He fully recognised, he said, that agriculture is the first interest that requires our attention, that the suffering under which agriculture is groaning is the first evil to which we must apply ourselves. Lord Cadogan, who had spoken earlier in the month, had given pledges not less emphatic.

Lord Rosebery's Watchword. The only notable speech on the Liberal side last month, with the exception of Mr. Asquith's municipal speech at Morley in the West Riding, was delivered by Lord Rosebery at Scarborough. It was a moderate, reasonable speech, advocating the policy of what may be described as marking time, until the electorate is better educated as to the superiority of Liberal to Conservative methods of administration and legislation. The situation is not one which calls for dashing charges or a bold forward movement. Many Liberals, no doubt, would have liked to have heard Lord Rosebery address his indomitable legions in the strain of Henri IV. at the battle of Ivry, but the hour for the oriflamme of war is not yet struck. What we want is not so much the helmet of Navarre, as the devoted resolution and unsleeping patience with which Wellington held the lines of Torres Vedras.

The Denominational School. The only question upon which Lord Rosebery seemed to think there was any prospect of a party fight was that of the proposed increase in the subsidy paid to denomina-

tional schools. Rumour has it that the Government intends to get out of this difficulty by increasing the grant per scholar from 17s. 6d. to £1 2s. 6d. This increased rate will be paid equally to voluntary and denominational schools. Mr. George Dixon, Unionist and Birmingham Churchman, has taken the chair at the meeting of the Memorial Hall, summoned to protest against the granting of any increase of public money to the schools under private management. I doubt whether we can make any effective fight on this line. On the question of denominational schools, the Liberal Party is simply wiped out, owing to the fact that all the Irish Home Rulers will vote to a man in favour of denominational education. The forlorn rump of the Opposition can only emit its protest, which, even if pitched so high as to amount to a squeal, cannot be otherwise than feeble and ineffective. What we should do is to make the best of a bad job, and concentrate all our force on the attempt to obtain for the rural schoolmaster a tenure of office that will not be at the mercy of the parson. No workhouse master can be dismissed by the Board of Guardians without the consent of the Local Government Board. If Sir John Gorst would adopt that policy in relation to the teachers of every elementary school that receives the Government grant, he would secure the undying gratitude of the teaching class, perhaps the most influential in all England at this moment, excepting the publicans, and he would disarm the hostility of the Opposition.

One of the best signs of the times is **Temperance Reform.** the fact that the Bishops are really beginning to realise somewhat of the responsibility which lies upon them in relation to moral reform. The Archbishops, of course, are doing nothing, but many of the Bishops—notably the Bishop of Durham and the Bishop of Chester—are taking a very spirited and encouraging lead. The professional leaders of the Temperance Party are hopelessly discredited, and there is great need for more intelligent guidance. The Bishops point the way to the Gothenburg system, and the acceptance of some practical, reasonable measure of temperance reform. One of them, greatly daring, has even gone so far as to suggest that temperance men might do well to take the better brewers and publicans into their councils. As if to show that some at least of the trade would meet them half-way, we have the suggestion from a country brewer that owners of more than four public-houses should be requested to close one public-house in five. By this means he thinks the

number of public-houses might be summarily reduced by twenty per cent. This brewer's proposal may be pooh-poohed, but if it were carried out it would do more to diminish the number of public-houses than has been done by the United Kingdom Alliance in the whole course of its existence.

The L.C.C. and the Music Halls. The need for the energetic action of all those who care for the moral and social welfare of the people has been strikingly illustrated by the failure of the London County Council to maintain the high standard which it took up twelve months ago, in relation to drink and prostitution at music-halls. The result of the reverse which was inflicted upon the Progressive Party at the last election—a reverse which would have been impossible if London Churchmen had not largely held a candle to the Devil—paralyses the party of reform, and, as a result, restrictions imposed upon the Empire last year have been rescinded, to the huge delight of the standing army of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

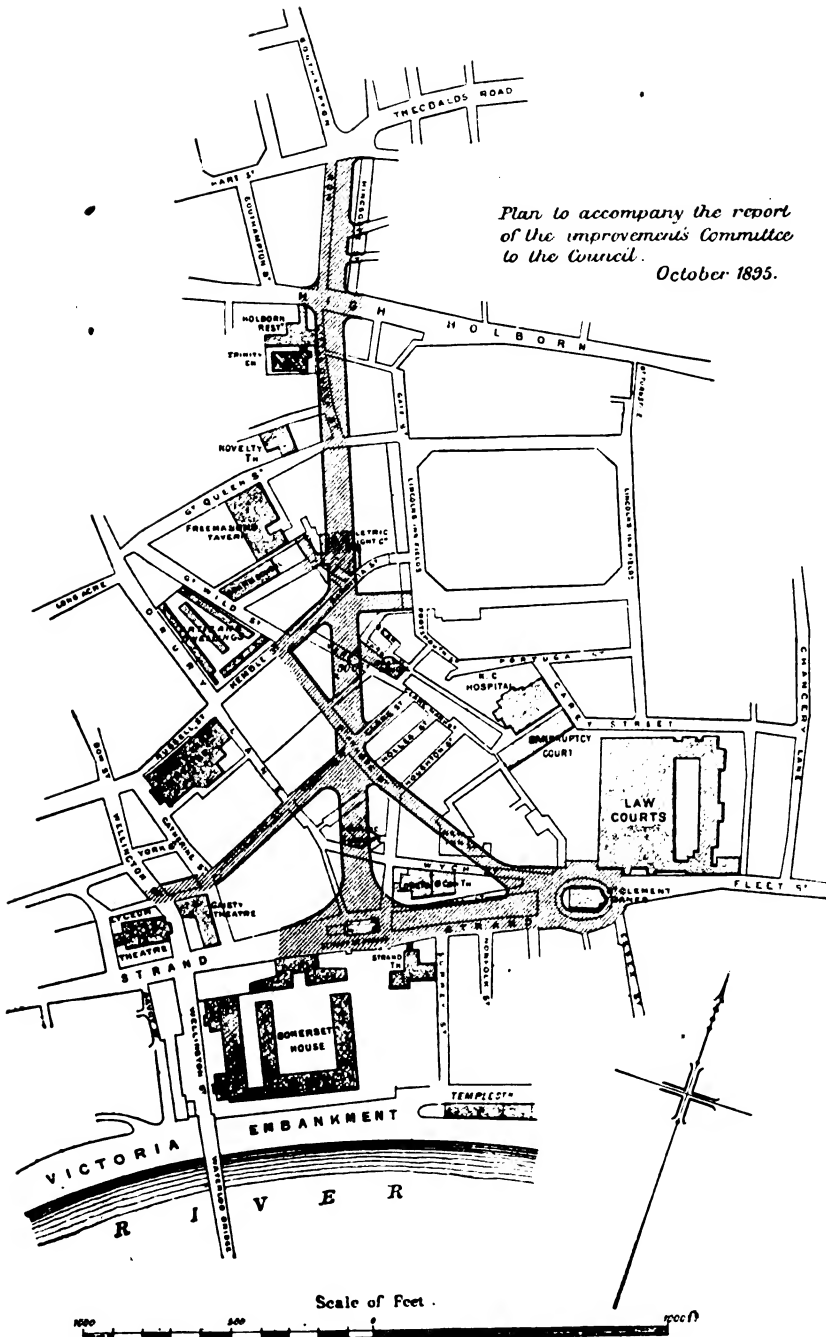
The Municipal Elections. Citizen Sunday was observed in London last month by the delivery of some three hundred sermons in churches and chapels throughout the city, insisting upon the religious significance of municipal work, and summoning the electors to do their duty. The municipal elections, which will be held throughout the country before these pages see the light, will show how far these appeals have fallen upon deaf ears. The most interesting contest is expected to take place at Liverpool. Here the enlargement of the city boundary has brought



MR. W. H. WATTS,
Outgoing Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

(Photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell, Liverpool, London, and Manchester.)

in a large suburban element, which, being mainly Conservative, will, it is feared, swamp the Liberal majority, which, for three years past, has been doing



THE PROPOSED THOROUGHFARE—THE STRAND TO HOLBORN. AND PROPOSED REMOVAL OF BUILDINGS BETWEEN HOLYWELL STREET AND THE STRAND.

admirable work in moral and social improvement. It will be an evil day for the Conservative Party if sober and serious Englishmen come to regard Conservatism as synonymous with debauchery and

drunkenness; but things at present seem to be tending in that direction.

The Progressive reverse in London has told adversely to the interests of the people in various directions other than those of morality. It has infected the Council as a whole with timidity, with the result that one scheme after another of immense importance has been shelved until a more convenient season. A notable incident of this is the much-needed plan for constructing a main thoroughfare from Holborn to the Strand. The narrow and tortuous street which winds through the slums of Clare Market, and which would be a disgrace to a third-rate provincial city, is at present the most direct route between the northern and southern railway stations. But the Council of the Influenza, as it was named at the time of its election, has not got the nerve to deal with this, or indeed with almost any other great question.

A very interesting ceremony took place last month in the shape of a presentation of a testimonial to Sir James Stansfeld, from women who subscribed £800 for the purpose of expressing their gratitude to a statesman who has constantly striven for the equality of men and women in all respects before the law, and has not felt any personal sacrifice too great in his devotion to freedom, justice and morality. Never was a testimonial better

deserved. Sir James would only consent to accept £100, with which a silver bowl was purchased, with a suitable inscription; the other £700 is to be set apart for the benefit of equal rights for

women. In acknowledging the presentation, Sir James made a speech, full of that fervent faith in the triumph of Right, and that patient but dogged determination to lay siege to the citadel of Wrong, which have characterised the whole of his career. The presentation and speech which it evoked are in curious contrast to another utterance in the opposite sense at Vienna. In Austria, for the first time, a woman has received a Government medical appointment. Court Councillor Albert, a distinguished surgeon of the University, has just issued a pamphlet entitled "Women and the Study of Medicine." Dr. Albert roundly declares that women are not fit for the medical profession. All the work of the world is done by men. Women are inferior to men. Man alone is a being of method, an animal of culture. If any girl should, after all this demonstration of incapacity, still attempt to study medicine, "let her be examined," he exclaimed, "with all the severity possible on the part of the examiner." For one who is so supremely confident in the innate superiority of his own sex, this animal of culture seems to be somewhat lacking in chivalry.

Death of
Signor
Bonghi.

Signor Bonghi, whose death occurred suddenly towards the close of the month, was, after Signor Crispi, one of the few strong men of whom Italy could boast. His strength lay both in his many-sidedness—he was at once statesman and historian, professor and journalist—and in his capacity for judging friends and adversaries with equal impartiality. He was a loyal subject of the House of Savoy, and of late a thorough supporter of the Crispi régime; but he was never blind to the many grievances under which the Italian people are groaning, and his extreme outspokenness more than once gave offence in high quarters. On the other hand, though Bonghi had renounced formal allegiance to Rome, he always

wrote of Leo XIII. in words of profound respect and admiration. He was a man of enormous information and vast industry, a zealous educationalist, a great student of English life and politics, and an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Gladstone. In these columns we have frequently summarised his numerous articles in the *Nuova Antologia* and the *Rassegna Nazionale*, for his utterances on Italian questions were always lucid, statesmanlike and full of information. Signor Bonghi only held office once, in the Minghetti Ministry, as Minister of Education, when he did much good work; he preferred, on the whole, the liberty of a free lance to the responsibilities of office; his most formidable weapon was his pen, and he will be missed on the Italian press even more than in the Italian parliament.

A New
Factor in
Civillisation.

The Motorcycle, as the horseless carriage is to be named in future, has come to stay. At Tunbridge Wells an exhibition of these vehicles was given last month, and this month a great Motorcycle race at Chicago will bring the new vehicle still more prominently before the world. The horse has survived steam; will he be able to defy petroleum?



A MOTORCYCLE; OR, FOUR-

GIG.

DIARY FOR OCTOBER.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

- O.t. 1. Further Rioting in Constantinople.
Vienna Municipal Elections.
Opening of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations at Brussels.
International Geodetic Conference at Berlin.
The New Hungarian Civil Marriage Law put into force.
Colliery Explosion at Tyldesley; five killed.
Opening of the Medical Session.
Meeting of the London County Council; Discussion of Scheme for New Street from Holborn to the Strand.
Opening of Inquiry into the East London Water Supply.
Opening of Congress of Railway Servants at Manchester.
News received of the Death of Bishop Maples of Nyssaaland.
2. Opening of Leeds Musical Festival.
Formation of New Ministry in Austria, with Count Baleni as Premier.
News received of successes gained by Government Troops in Cuba.
3. Meeting of the London School Board; Resignation of Lord George Hamilton, Chairman; Discussion on the Religious Question.
Conclusion of Inquiry into the *Tona* Disaster; Verdict of "Death by misadventure."
Kiamili Pacha appointed Grand Vizier.
4. Details published of the Despatch from the United States Secretary of State to the American Ambassador in London on the Venezuelan Boundary Question.
Close of the National Temperance Congress at Chester.
Close of the Assembly of the Congregational Union at Brighton.
Close of the Congress on the Law of Nations.
Close of the Congress of Railway Servants.
5. Rev. Dr. Talbot appointed Bishop of Rochester.
Meeting of the Executive of the National Union of Teachers to protest against Mr. Riley's Declaration re Promotion.
Funeral of M. Pasteur.
Conclusion of the Leeds Musical Festival.
Conclusion of the Inquiry into the East End Water Supply.
Collective Note from the Ambassadors of the Six Powers at Constantinople presented to the Porte.



COLONEL SIR WALTER WILKIN,
The New Lord Mayor.
(Photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.)

6. Opening of Socialist Congress at Breslau.
Commemoration at Dublin of the Anniversary of Mr. Parnell's Death.
Railway Accident near Ottignies, Belgium; seventeen killed.
7. Opening of the Assembly of the Baptist Union at Portsmouth.
Parnellite Convention at Dublin.
Opening of the Congress of the National Free Labour Association at Newcastle.
Opening of the National Protestant Congress at Preston.

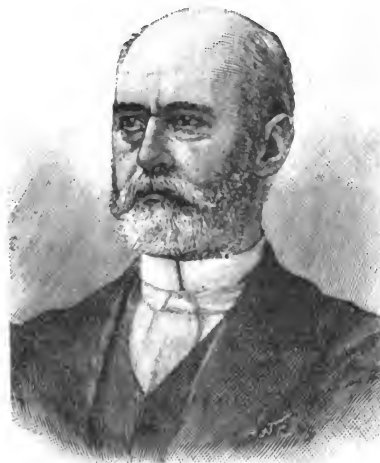
8. Opening of Dairy Show at Islington.
News received of the Capture of Antananarivo by the French on September 27.
Aberdare Hall, Cardiff, opened by Mrs. Sidgwick.
Meeting of the London County Council: Discussion on the Proposed New Street from Holborn to the Strand, postponed.
Massacre of Armenians at Trebizond.
Reply of the Porte to the Collective Note of the Six Powers.
Murder of a Manufacturer at Mulhouse, Alsace, by an Anarchist.
9. Meeting of the Incorporated Law Society opened at Liverpool.
Close of the National Free Labour Congress.
Bill Reducing the Salary of the Governor of South Australia from £5000 to £4000 passed.
Baron Pasetti appointed Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the Quirinal.
Fall of a Factory at Bocholt on the Rhine; thirty-eight killed.
10. Manifesto issued by Mr. John E. Redmond on behalf of the Independent Irish Party.
Close of the Baptist Union Assembly.
Debate at the Meeting of the London School Board, on Mr. Athelstan Riley and the London Teachers.
Close of the Meeting of the Incorporated Law Society.
News received of Collision off Schleswig-Holstein; loss of the *Livonia* and fourteen lives.
French Capture of the Hova Works at Farafatra.
Terms of Peace between France and Madagascar published.
Evacuation of the Churches in Constantinople by Armenian Refugees.
11. Resignation of Mr. C. T. Ritchie, Chairman of the Moderate Party of the London County Council; and election of the Earl of Onslow to fill his place.
Close of the Dairy Show.
The Agrarian Programme rejected by the Social Democratic Congress at Breslau by 153 to 6 votes.
Conference of Railway Presidents in New York.
Rates to be adjusted by Permanent Board; Annual Meeting of the Architectural Association at Conduit Street.
Strike in the Shipbuilding Trade at Belfast.
Italian Victory in Abyssinia.



SIR HERBERT H. MURRAY,
Newfoundland.
(Photograph by Russell, Baker Street.)



LORD LAMINGTON,
Queensland.
(Photograph by Russell, Baker Street.)



COLONEL GERARD SMITH,
Western Australia.

THREE NEW COLONIAL GOVERNORS.

12. The Periyar Irrigation Works, India, opened by Lord Wenlock.
Close of the Socialist Congress at Breslau.
Resolution condemning Mr. Riley's Action in the matter of the Circular passed by the Metropolitan Board Teachers' Association.
Revolt of Portuguese Troops in Goa.
News received of Disturbances in Korea.
Student Disturbances in Barcelona.
14. Formation of New Coalition Ministry in Norway.
Meeting at the Mansion House to protest against the Slave Trade in Zanzibar and Pemba.
Peerages conferred on Sir Algernon Borthwick, Mr. David Plunket, and Baron Henry de Worms.
Formation of New Cabinet in Roumania with M. Demeter Sturdza as Premier.
Rioting at Agram.
15. Victorian Tariff Bill passed.
Diocesan Conferences at Durham, Lincoln and Manchester.
Meeting of the London County Council; Discussion of the Water Question.
Testimonial from Women presented to Sir James Stansfeld.
Strike Outrage at Carmuix.



THE LATE BISHOP MAPLES, OF LIKONA,
NYASSALAND.

(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

16. Freedom of the Borough of West Ham conferred on Mr. Passmore Edwards.
The German Emperor at Metz.
Meeting of the Central Council of the National Agricultural Union.
17. Proposed Armenian Reforms sanctioned by the Sultan.
Meeting of the London School Board; Discussion of the Religious Question.
Dedication of Selwyn College Chapel, Cambridge.
Diocesan Conference at Bristol.
Disturbances in Lebanon.
18. Statue of the Emperor Frederick unveiled by the German Emperor at W8rth.
Result of the Elections for the Saxon Diet published.
The Duke of Oporto appointed Commander of the Portuguese Goa Expedition.
Manifesto issued by the Irish Hierarchy protesting against certain irreverent Newspaper articles on the Catholic Bishops.
19. M. Magnier, French Senator, sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for Corruption.
New Buildings of the Cambridge Teachers' College opened by the Marquis of Ripon.
Decree describing Brussels as a Seaport signed.
British Ultimatum presented to Venezuela.
Launch of the Battleship *Victorious* at Chatham.
21. Lord Salisbury appointed Warden of the Cinque Ports.
Commemoration of Trafalgar Day.

- Autumn Meeting of the Peace Society at Birmingham.
- Brewers' Exhibition opened at the Agricultural Hall.
- The Emperor Frederick Memorial Church opened, and the Monument to the Empress Augusta unveiled at Berlin by the German Emperor.
- The New Wear Valley Extension of the North Eastern Railway opened by Sir Joseph Pease.
- Diplomatic relations between Italy and Portugal suspended.
- New Hungarian Church Laws passed.
22. Annual Meeting, at Manchester, of the United Kingdom Alliance.
Re-opening of the French Chambers.
Re-opening of the Austrian Reichsrath.
Meeting of the London County Council; Debate on the Water Question.
Railway accident at Paris; one killed.
Arrival of the *Windward*, of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition, at Gravesend.
Conference of the National Union of Women Workers opened at Nottingham.
23. Diocesan Conferences opened at York, St. Albans, Hereford, etc.
Meeting at Southwark of the National Association of Hop-Growers.
Conference at Carlisle in connection with the Strike in the Shipping Trade.
Presentation to Lord Roberts of the Freedom of the Burgh of Wick.
Exhibition of Wood-Turning opened at the Mansion House.
24. Diocesan Conferences opened at Ripon, St. David's, and Truro.
Close of the Conference of Women Workers.
Meeting of the London School Board; Discussions on Mr. Riley's Memorandum and Evening Continuation Schools.
Details published of Negotiations between the Powers and Japan on the Question of the Liao-tung Peninsula.
Interpellation in the French Chamber on the Carmaux Strike.
An Editor at Leipzig sent to prison for *lese-majeste*.
Budget presented in the Austrian Reichsrath.
News published of Russia's Right of Anchorage in Port Arthur.
Centenary of the Institute of France.
Baron von Aehrenthal appointed Austrian Minister to Roumania.
25. Settlement of the Dispute in the Shipbuilding Trade on the Clyde.
Restrictions removed from the Empire Theatre.
Trial of Jabez Spencer Balfour and others opened at the Law Courts.
26. End of the Debate on the Carmanx Strike in the French Chamber.
Text of the Treaty between France and Madagascar published.
Foundation Stone laid of New Imperial Courts of Justice at Leipzig.
Full text published of Armenian Reforms sanctioned by the Sultan.
Night March in the Metropolis of Guards and Volunteers.
Conference of Assistant Teachers at Burton-on-Trent.
27. Citizen Sunday in London.
Further Massacre of Armenians near Balburt reported.
28. Resignation of the French Ministry after Defeat on the Question of the Southern Railway Scandal.
Betrothal of the Princess Maud of Wales to Prince Charles of Denmark.
29. Dr. Lueger, Anti-Semite, elected Burgomaster of Vienna.
Centenary of the School of Modern Oriental Languages at Paris.
Council Meeting of the Liberation Society for Discussions on Disestablishment and National Education.
Release of Miss Lanchester from Roehampton Lunatic Asylum.
Gas Explosion in the Strand; four killed.
Conference, in London, of Representatives of Chambers of Commerce on the Companies Acts.
Durham Election Petition withdrawn.
30. Chester Diocesan Conference at Stockport.
Scottish Home Rule Association Meeting at Edinburgh.

Meeting, at the Mansion House, on the Nest of the Church in Australia.
Conference at the Memorial Hall to consider the Voluntary Schools Question.
French Annexation of Hushine and Bolabola, Pacific Islands, reported.

31. New French Ministry with M. Bourgeois as Premier.
News received of the Mahomedan Capture of Lan-chau-fu, China.
News received of the Rejection of the British Ultimatum to Ashantee.
Marquis of Londonderry elected Chairman of the London School Board.
Opening of the Bulgarian Sobranje by Prince Ferdinand.

CHURCH CONGRESS AT NORWICH.

- Oct. 8. Congress opened.
Inaugural address by the Bishop of Norwich.
Canon E. Daniel on Religious Education in Elementary Schools.
Rev. W. R. Finch on Federation for Schools.
Canon Scott on the Report of the Archbishops' Committee.
Bishop Barry on Home and Colonial Systems of Education.



THE LATE MRS. ALEXANDER.

(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

- Mr. Athelstan Riley, on National and Religious Education on the Continent.
- Rev. Dr. Noyes on National Education in England as compared with France.
- Rev. R. G. Fowell on National Education in Canada.
- Rev. M. Kaufmann on the Church and Social Democracy.
- Dean of Ely on the Church and Trade Unionism.
- Rev. C. T. Cruttwell on Co-operation.
- Bishop Blyth on Missions to the Jews.
- Rev. G. Ensor on Missions to Japan.
- Bishop Moule on Missions to China.
- Canon Eyre on Parochial Missions.
9. Prof. Sayce, Mr. T. Pines, and Dr. M. R. James on Recent Archaeology.
- Mr. J. S. Holmes and others on the Financial Position of the Church.
- Prof. A. Robinson on the Christian Prophets.
- Archdeacon Sinclair on the Teaching of the Catechism.
- Rev. Dr. Wace, Prebendary Meynell, and Rev. the Hon. Edw. Lyttelton on Religious Education in Schools and Colleges.
- Canon Scarth and Archdeacon Wootnam on the Duty of the Church to Sailors and Fishermen.
- Bishop Creighton on Faith and Science.
10. Rev. Dr. Jessopp, Bishop Creighton, Bishop Herzog, and the Bishop of Salisbury, on the National Church.
- Archdeacon Thomas, Archdeacon Howell, Canon J. Owen, Canon Thompson, and the Earl of Selborne on the Welsh Dioceses.

Discussion on Christian Unity, by Canon Garnier, Canon Hammond, and others.
Dr. Philip Armes on the English Church Music of Purcell's Period.
Prof. Bouney, on Faith and Science.
Discussion on Women's Amusements.

11. Devotional Meeting on the Second Coming of Christ.
Mr. J. Murray, Mr. F. Sherlock, Mr. G. F. Chambers on the Sunday Question.
Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness, on the Church and the Deaf and Dumb; and Mr. E. de M. Rudolf, on the Church and Waifs and Strays.
Bishop of Southwark, Canon Venables, Canon Donaldson and others on the Utility of Cathedrals.

SPEECHES.

- Oct. 2. Sir C. M. Kennedy, at Bristol, on Diplomacy and International Law.
Mr. Macnamara, at St. Jude's Institute, on Secondary Education.
3. Mr. George Alexander, at Leeds, on Amateur Acting.
4. The Bishop of Chester, at Chester, on Temperance Legislation.
5. Prof. Caird, at Toynbee Hall, on Abraham Lincoln.
Marquis of Ripon, at Halifax, on Conservative Pledges.
6. Cardinal Vaughan, at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, on Signor Crispi's Speech on the Papacy.
7. Lord Halifax and others, at Norwich, on the Renunciation of Christendom.
Sir Edward Clarke, at Plymouth, on the Government.
Mr. John Rehnold, at Dublin, on Home Rule.
8. Sir H. T. Wood, at the Royal Photographic Society, on the Progress of Photography during the Year.
9. Lord Knutsford, at Bow, on the Unionist Policy.
Mr. Ben Tillett, at Whitechapel, on the recent Trade Union Congress.
11. Sir Walter Besant, at Wolverhampton, on Books.
Sir Edward Malet, at Berlin, on the Diplomatic Service.
12. Lord Cadogan, at Culford, on the Agricultural Depression.
15. Sir Richard Webster, at Newport, on the Isle of Wight.
Mr. Justin McCarthy, at Bristol, on Irish Discontents.
16. Mr. Asquith, at Morley (Yorks), on Municipal Life.
Mr. Gerald Balfour, at Leeds, on the Government and Ireland.
Sir Edward Clarke, at the Cutlers' Company, on the Bar.

Sir H. B. Poland, at Dover, on Criminal Law Reform.

- Mr. Justin McCarthy, at Bristol, on "Great Men I have Met."
17. Mr. John Burns, at Battersea, on the London Water Question.
Mr. Justin McCarthy, at Newport, on Home Rule.
18. Mr. Leonard Courtney, at Liskeard, on the Unionist Party.
Lord Rosebery, at Scarborough, on the Government and the Liberal Party.
Meeting of the Association of Municipal Corporations at Westminster.
Bishop Temple, at St. Paul's, on the Church and Religious Instruction in the Schools.
Dr. W. S. Church, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, on Harvey and the Rise of the Physiology in England.
Mr. George Dixon, at Birmingham, on the Church and the Schools.
19. Lord Ripon, at Cambridge, on the Education of Women.
20. Sir Frederick Pollock, at St. George's Hall, on Professor Tyndall.
21. Bishop Temple, at Manchester, on Temperance Legislation.
Mr. Thomas Graham, at the London Chamber of Commerce, on Roumania as a Market for English Manufactures.
Bishop Westcott, at Gateshead, on Temperance Reform.
Professor Jebb, at Lincoln, on the Press and Literature.
Sir J. Leese, at Accrington, on the Indian Import Duties.
22. Bishop Boyd Carpenter, at Birmingham, on Education.
Slatin Pasha, at Vienna, on his Soudan Experiences.
23. Mr. Bredrick, at Kingston, on the Navy.
Mr. Curzon, at Kingston, on the Government.

Mr. Walter Long, at Edinburgh, on the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act.

- Lord Londonderry, at Scarborough, on Lord Rosebery and the Newcastle Programme.
24. Lord Trevelyan, at Glasgow, on the Franchise.
25. Mr. Hall Caine, at Toronto, on Canadian Copyright.
Admiral Colomb, at Fishmongers' Hall, on Collisions at Sea.
Lord Huntly, at Aberdeen, on Historical Research.
26. Mr. J. T. Thornycroft, at New Cross, on the Economy of Transit.
Lord Londonderry, at New Seaham, on the Unionist Party.
28. Lord Russell, at Lincoln's Inn, on Legal Education.
Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, at the London Chamber of Commerce, on the Nicaragua Canal.
29. Lord Rosebery, at Edinburgh, on Scottish History.
Bishop Westcott, at Durham, on Temperance Reform.
Mr. G. Peel, at Bristol, on Currency.
Duke of Norfolk, at the Holborn Restaurant, on Conservative Policy.
30. Lord Salisbury, at Watford, on Political Topics.
Duke of Devonshire, at Leeds, on the General Election, etc.
Mr. E. Walter Maunder, at University College, on the approaching Total Eclipse of the Sun.
Lord Knutsford, at the Tower Hamlets, on the General Election.
31. Duke of Devonshire, at Leeds, on Agricultural Education.

OBITUARY.

- Oct. 3. Hon. Arthur Grenville Fortescue, 37.
Robert Nightingale, artist, 80.
4. Prof. H. H. Boyesen, 47.
5. Miss Ada Cavendish, actress.

5. Rev. Dr. Stuart Russell, author of "The Parousia."
6. W. W. Story, American sculptor and author, 75.
7. Admiral Sir James Drummond, "Black Rod," 83.
8. Mr. Justice Harrison, 72.
11. Admiral Sir L. T. Jones, 97.
12. Mrs. Alexander, 77.
14. Bishop Burnford, 92.
17. Archdeacon Palmer, 71.
21. Henry Reeve, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, 82.
R. Blagrove, viola-player.
Father Hirst, 52.
Victor Rydberg, Swedish author.
22. Daniel Owen, Welsh writer.
Ruggiero Bonghi, 67.
23. Marquis of Waterford.
25. Sir Charles Hallé, 76.
26. Dr. Robert Brown, 53.
29. Inspector-Gen. Sir W. Mackenzie, 84.
30. Sir J. B. Patterson, of Victoria, 62.



NEW TOWN HALL, MORLEY, OPENED BY MR. ASQUITH ON OCTOBER 16TH.

(From a photograph by Speight, Morley.)

CHARACTER SKETCH.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER. BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM.

NO thinker of our time has exerted a deeper, though often unrecognised, influence on thought in general than Mr. Herbert Spencer. To the historian of the future it is probable, indeed, that the second half of the nineteenth century will present itself mainly before the mental vision as the era of evolution. The evolutionary concept accomplished during those fifty momentous years its conquest of the world; before the century's end, the apostles of the development theory had established their right to be heard with respect in every art, every science, every department of historical or social research. Most people, it is true, connect this great revolution in thought mainly with the honoured name of Darwin; but in that belief they are, to a great extent, mistaken. Organic life alone was Darwin's sphere: the universe is his rival's. It is to Herbert Spencer that we owe distinctively the general doctrine of evolution as a whole: to Darwin we owe only the minor principle of the origin of species by natural selection. Not that I wish for a moment to belittle the great biologist of Down, a mighty and marvellous architect of thought in his own chosen line; he wisely confined his attention almost entirely to the vast field of plant and animal life, or to human origins viewed from the purely anatomical and physiological standpoint: whereas Herbert Spencer has taught us that still wider and deeper view of evolution which recognises its action in suns and worlds, in plants and animals, in minds and ideas, in the societies of men, and in all the various products of human organisation or human activity. There are diversities of gifts, and each of these profound thinkers is, in his own way, supreme and transcendent.

How comes it, then, that while the name of Darwin is familiar to all, the name of Spencer looms larger to the philosophical and psychological student than to the "man in the street" of our latter-day civilisation? I think there are two reasons for this curious fact. In the first place, Darwin's work, touching directly upon the origins of man and of life in general, caught the public attention at once, and roused, in particular, that special kind of religious opposition which is really the best possible advertisement for man, book, or system. He had the good luck to come into direct conflict with the first chapters of Genesis. In the second place, Darwin was also fortunate in finding his own name tacked on immediately to his particular views; everybody talked, from the outset, of Darwinism, Darwinians, the Darwinian theory. With Mr. Spencer, on the contrary, the man to a great extent has been merged in the work. He has effaced his personality. Few people have ever described themselves as Spencerians, still fewer ever speak of the Spencerian doctrine. It is Mr. Spencer's *ideas* that have conquered the world; it is his phrases and catchwords that are in everybody's mouth, not the name of their discoverer. No philosopher has ever been read and quoted so much in his own lifetime, no philosopher has ever seen his ideas so permeate humanity, yet none has ever received so small a meed of fame, proportionately to his merits, from his own countrymen. It is in foreign nations, above all, that he is known and respected; it is from after ages that he will gain at last his proper recognition in the roll of profound and epoch-making thinkers. Even at the present day he is far better

known in Russia and California than in London or Manchester.

If anybody doubts this supremacy of Herbert Spencer among the organising thinkers and teachers of our time, he has only to think of the numerous phrases which sum up, as it were, the current thought of our century, and he will find that almost every one of them bears on its very face Mr. Spencer's mint-mark. Evolution, evolutionism, are the facts of our age. Well, most people are not aware of it, but the use of those words, in their modern sense, is wholly and solely due to Mr. Spencer. Nobody employed them in that sense before him; whoever has employed them since has taken them straight out of the "System of Synthetic Philosophy." Once more, the man in the street talks glibly nowadays of "Survival of the Fittest." Probably he thinks the phrase is Darwin's. But it is not. It was invented by Mr. Spencer, as a better one than Darwin's "Natural Selection." Again, everybody employs the words "adaptation to the environment" as a common locution of everyday life; few know that they are entirely and exclusively Mr. Spencer's invention. The fact is, our great philosopher has supplied our speech with all the current phraseology of evolution and the evolutionary concepts, just because he is a great philosopher, with a singular faculty for generalisation, and therefore for summing up the results of the process in a single neat and comprehensive formula. All the formulæ of evolutionism come straight from his workshop; he is the author, as it were, of the digest of modern concepts.

Or, to put it in another way, the reason why Mr. Spencer gets less than his due share of recognition nowadays is simply this, that, unconsciously to ourselves, we are all Spencerians. The very success of his revolution has obscured to some extent the fame of the chief revolutionist. He has imposed his opinions upon us to so great an extent that most people now look upon them as their own, or, at least, as common property. Ideas which when Mr. Spencer began to write were startling heresies are nowadays so familiar that only special students of the history of thought ever dream of crediting them to their actual author.

A character sketch of a man who has so profoundly, if often unobtrusively, influenced the course of human thinking throughout the civilised world must surely be of interest to those who have drunk so deeply at his fount—who have repeated without knowing it his philosophical catchwords.

I.—HIS LIFE.

Herbert Spencer belongs to the great generation of thinkers and writers of whom but a few last survivors still remain among us. Twenty years younger than the century, five years younger than the thunders of Waterloo, he was born at Derby in 1820, of a cultivated and scientifically minded ancestry. Time, place, and circumstances were all significant. As regards date, he belonged to the first race of evolutionary giants. Darwin was just eleven years his senior; Hooker and Lewes arrived three years before him on the scene; while Wallace and Huxley were respectively two and five years his juniors. Roughly speaking, therefore, he was well in the mid-line of the coming van of evolutionary thinkers, abreast of



MR. HERBERT SPENCER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS" BY THE STEREOSCOPIC CO.

the full tide that was to lead on in time to that momentous change in men's conceptions of the universe. As regards place, once more, he was an Englishman of the Midlands; and England, we may recollect with pride, has led the advance throughout in this evolutionary movement. Moreover, just then was the day of the Midlands. Earlier, thought and literature had had their home for the most part in the south, round Thames and Cam; later, they have begun to fix their seat in the north, from Mersey and Humber to the foot of the Scotch Highlands. But in the forties, fifties, and sixties, the days of Spencer's prime, the Midlands led the very vanguard of the movement in England. Darwin was a Shrewsbury man; Spencer came from Derby; George Eliot was of Warwickshire. Nor is it a point to be overlooked that Mr. Spencer was descended from a Nonconformist house, like George Eliot and Bright: his father was a Wesleyan. All these antecedents helped to give direction to his peculiar genius. A rebel and a dissenter, the prophet of the mixed influences of heredity and environment, he is himself a conspicuous and striking instance of the practical working of his own theories.

Mr. Spencer, the father, was a schoolmaster, and secretary of the Philosophical Society at Derby. He had a taste for science, and he imbued his son early with a genuine love of natural history. More than that, however, though not himself averse to the ordinary belief in supernatural causes, he taught the boy to search as far as possible for natural causes of all phenomena that fell under his notice. From the very beginning, Herbert Spencer's training was almost exclusively scientific. For languages, he had no taste; and, born insurgent that he is, he rose up with all his soul against the conventional despotism of Greek and Latin. Fortunately, he had a wise and judicious father, who did not insist on warping his mind clean away from its true bent by doses of grammar; and the consequence is that at the present moment our great philosopher, learned in all the learning of sun, star and planet, bird, beast and fish, the mind of man, the growth of human societies—does not even read the letters of the Greek alphabet. Yet see how vain is the argument usually adduced for our common and exclusively linguistic education, that it teaches men how to use aright their own language! No modern writer employs the English tongue with greater precision and logical accuracy than Mr. Spencer; no other coins new words of classical origin, wherever they are needed to express his ideas, with greater freedom or with greater effectiveness. The dictionary bristles to-day with learned neologisms of Greek descent which we owe to the man who refused to learn the classical languages. I cannot remember that any one of them sins against the strictest laws of Hellenic word-building.

Young Spencer was mainly brought up in the neighbourhood of Bath, by an uncle who was a clergyman of the Church of England, and rector of Hinton Charterhouse. Here his scientific leanings were encouraged, especially in the direction of mathematics, and his faculty of observation was developed by careful training. To Cambridge, however, he would not go; his lack of Greek made a University course, as things then stood, an absolute impossibility. It was necessary to find him a profession, and at that time of day civil engineering was almost the only profession open to a man who declined the classics. So at seventeen Herbert Spencer was sent to learn the work of a railway engineer, under Sir Charles Fox, the builder in later days (unless I mistake) of the Crystal Palace. That was in 1837,

during the heroic age of railway enterprise in England, and Mr. Spencer was employed on the Gloucester and Birmingham Railway, a line now merged in the existing Midland.

The young man's heart, however, was not in engineering. All knowledge was his province. Beyond any other man that ever trod this earth, Herbert Spencer, indeed, is the pure type of the philosophic generaliser. It was not detail that attracted him, but the underlying truths and realities of the world; not sleepers and girders, strains and resistances, but the vast secular process of suns, stars, and nebulae, the endless procession of bird and beast and fish and insect. He must know the Cosmos. That trait is the very keynote of Mr. Spencer's character. He is all pure intellect; and even within the realm of intellect itself, he is an engine of generalisation. Of no other man can it be so truly said that the history of his life is the history of his thinking. Other things there are in the life to be sure—heroic self-sacrifice, profound resolve, deep devotion to a high and abstract ideal; but these things link themselves directly on, not to the affections, as is usual, but to the course of his philosophy. It is the intellect of the man that governs and directs the channels of his emotions. Hence in his life, thought comes first; the high character and noble action are themselves but appendages of a splendid and almost unique generalising organ.

In order to understand the subsequent development of Herbert Spencer's nature, therefore, we have to consider with ourselves the world in which he was cast, and the intellectual influences by which he was surrounded. Especially is it important to remember the truth, too often overlooked, that evolutionism was a natural growth, and that Mr. Spencer was an evolutionist long before the publication of Darwin's great work on "The Origin of Species." Most people imagine that Darwinism and Evolution are one and the same thing; that Darwin was the original discoverer and author of the evolutionary theory, and that Spencer came in later as its philosopher and systematiser. No idea could be further removed from the actual truth. If Darwin had never lived, Herbert Spencer would still have given us the greater part of his wonderful "System of Synthetic Philosophy;" the fundamental conception of evolution which lies at the root of that system had been largely elaborated long before Darwin gave a word of his special organic hypothesis to the world of science.

The truth is, evolutionism was not the work of a single mind, or even of a group of minds; it was a necessary moment and foregone conclusion in the slow unrolling of human thought with regard to the origin and system of the universe. It was itself evolved by slow degrees in a hundred minds; and each step in the process was almost necessarily implied by the various steps that had already preceded it. Long before either Charles Darwin or Spencer was born, Erasmus Darwin had announced the fundamental truth that plants and animals were sprung from a common source, and had diverged by degrees from a central ancestor. Buffon in his day had coquetted with the notion; Lamarck had striven by a collection of instances and a volitional theory to give it greater coherence and probability. Goethe had been fascinated by it; Oken had involved it in a misty atmosphere of German metaphysics. At the moment when Herbert Spencer was just entering manhood, every thinker in Europe had his attention directed on the question of the origin and development of living beings; and most of them tended more or less definitely towards a vaguely evolutionary solution of the problem.

Several other influences conducted thinkers along other lines towards analogous conclusions. Geology had familiarised men's minds with the idea of a world which had grown by slow degrees, crust over crust, and range above range, into its present shape, instead of having been turned out ready-made—hill, dale, and ocean—at a single word by the fiat of the Creator. Kant and Laplace had suggested still earlier a natural origin for the constellations, the stars, and the solar system, from contracting nebulae, and had shown how the existing arrangement of matter in the mass might be explained as the result of an evolutionary process. Malthus's theory of population, to take another line, had led men to consider scientifically the laws of multiplication in men and animals; while Von Baer's researches into the development of embryos had largely strengthened the Lamarckian argument for the common descent of the leading animal groups from a primitive ancestor. All round, the raw material of embryonic evolutionism, if I may be allowed so bold a phrase, was being accumulated piecemeal by workers in every field of science. What was needed now was a broad philosophical and organising mind capable of taking up these scattered strands, and weaving them into the tissue of a coherent system.

At a very early date Herbert Spencer accepted this gigantic task, a task laid upon him, as it were, by the very constitution of his exceptional intellect. It would be hard to say how early he began to regard himself as the predestined reorganiser of science and philosophy; certainly from the very first dawn of adult life his disposition led him towards the highest reconstructive and generalising work—to use his own pregnant phrase, "the unification of knowledge." His earliest published writing, it is true, was concerned with the domain of social and political thought, a series of letters to the *Nonconformist*, "On the Proper Sphere of Government," written in 1842, when he was twenty-two, and republished in pamphlet form some twelve months later. But even in this earliest treatise, in so restricted a field, the conception is present that human progress depends upon adaptation to the social surroundings; that human nature itself is modifiable in this manner; and that it tends by slow degrees towards the natural establishment of an ultimate equilibrium. These are central Spencerian doctrines in the germ; they show even thus early the bent of a mind which sees always the general through the confusion of the particular, the prevalence of law amid the most apparently capricious or causeless circumstances.

Mr. Spencer's first important work, however, was the "Social Statics," published in 1850, when he was just thirty. Soon after, the wider trend of his mind towards general biological and cosmical studies made itself seen in several essays on evolutionary subjects contributed to the *Leader*, the *Westminster Review*, and other periodicals, between 1850 and 1860. From one of the earliest and most interesting of these, the pregnant essay on "The Development Hypothesis," published in 1852, I will venture to quote a few striking paragraphs, somewhat condensed by omission of minor points, in order to show the complete independence of Mr. Spencer's doctrine of Organic Evolution from Darwin's later and more specialised theory of the Origin of Species:—

Even could the supporters of the development hypothesis merely show that the production of species by the process of modification is conceivable, they would be in a better position than their opponents. But they can do much more than this: they can show that the process of modification has effected and is effecting great changes in all organisms, subject to

modifying influences . . . they can show that any existing species—animal or vegetable—when placed under conditions different from its previous ones, immediately begins to undergo certain changes of structure fitting it for the new conditions. They can show that in successive generations these changes continue until ultimately the new conditions become the natural ones. They can show that in cultivated plants and domesticated animals, and in the several races of men, these changes have uniformly taken place. They can show that the degrees of difference, so produced, are often, as in dogs, greater than those on which distinctions of species are in other cases founded. They can show that it is a matter of dispute whether some of these modified forms are varieties or modified species. They can show too that the changes daily taking place in ourselves; the facility that attends long practice, and the loss of aptitude that begins when practice ceases; the development of every faculty, bodily, moral or intellectual, according to the use made of it, are all explicable on this same principle. And thus they can show that throughout all organic nature there is at work a modifying influence of the kind they assign as the cause of these specific differences, an influence, which, though slow in its action, does in time, if the circumstances demand it, produce marked changes; an influence which, to all appearance, would produce in the millions of years, and under the great varieties of condition which geological records imply, any amount of change.

Now, observe: this essay was written and published in 1852. Darwin's "Origin of Species," in which our great biologist first set forth his evolutionary doctrine as to the mode of development of plants and animals, did not appear till 1859,—that is to say, some seven years later. Yet the passage I have quoted would seem to most people to contain almost all the prominent ideas they are accustomed to associate with the name of Darwin. In other words, it contains the theory of "descent with modification," without the distinctively Darwinian addition of natural selection, which subsidiary principle it is the special glory of the thinker of Down to have introduced to science. The fact is, ever since Lamarck, biological students of every country had been eagerly employed in searching for the clue to the origin of species. In 1844, indeed, Robert Chambers had published his "Vestiges of Creation," a book which united glimpses of something like Lamarck's developmental hypothesis with a tacit acceptance of the belief in a guiding Creator. Thus the question of the evolution of plants and animals was "in the air," as we say; and it was not likely that a mind like Spencer's, ever prone to behold the general in the particular, should not eagerly follow out the lines of investigation suggested by such considerations.

The decade of the fifties—embracing the period between Mr. Spencer's thirtieth and fortieth years—was for him an epoch of rapid and formative advance. It was then that his life-philosophy took shape and crystallised. The essay on "The Development Hypothesis," which contained the germ of the "Principles of Biology," was followed in 1854 by another, equally striking, on "Manners and Fashion," which similarly contained the germ of "Ceremonial Institutions," now incorporated as a portion of the "Principles of Sociology." In 1855, he published (in one volume) the first form of the "Principles of Psychology," in which he applied the evolutionary concept to the explanation and genesis of mental phenomena. All this, be it observed, was still well before Darwin. In 1857 came his magnificent essay on "Progress, its Law and Cause," in which he first gave the world, in a more or less nebulous form, the general concept of evolution as a whole, a law which could be applied to every evolving aggregate, whatever its character. This was the finest generalisation he had yet achieved, and it formed later on the basis for the "First Principles."

Meanwhile, during all these years in which Spencer had been applying his wide and cosmic brain to the vast task of correlating the whole domain of knowledge, Darwin in his Kentish retreat had been working away manfully at the narrower field of plant and animal origins. Years before, after his voyage in the *Beagle*, he had conceived the doctrine of natural selection, that doctrine which was destined to change the theory of organic evolution almost in one day from a happy guess to a provable certainty. But with characteristic caution, Darwin delayed the publication of his great discovery till he had accumulated an immense mass of facts and illustrations, which should prove his thesis up to the hilt before a scientific tribunal. At last, in 1859 a mere accident made him hurry forward the appearance of his long projected book. Alfred Russel Wallace, then a rising naturalist in the Malay Archipelago, had simultaneously and independently hit upon the central idea of natural selection, and sent home a paper setting forth his view to the Linnean Society. Thereupon, Darwin thought it well to push on with his work; and at the end of 1859 the first edition of "The Origin of Species" fell like a bomb-shell upon the astonished world.

It was not to be expected that Herbert Spencer would not gladly accept and welcome this powerful new ally of the evolutionary doctrine. Indeed, he had himself just trembled on the verge of the discovery of the principle of natural selection, and had missed it by an oversight which now seems almost inexplicable. He warmly adopted the Darwinian idea, and even supplied it with the alternative name of "Survival of the Fittest," by which it is now perhaps even more familiar than by the one it received from its original sponsor. At the same time, it should be added that Mr. Spencer has never accepted the all-sufficiency of natural selection to so great an extent as Darwin himself did, and certainly not to so great an extent as the younger and more dogmatic followers of Darwin.

In 1860 the great work of Mr. Spencer's life was taken up in earnest. The period of growth and incubation was now complete; the period of systematic production was just beginning. In that year, when he had turned forty, he issued the prospectus of a proposed series, to be called "A System of Philosophy," which title was afterwards altered (with excellent reason) to "A System of Synthetic Philosophy." In the prospectus he described the series as having been for several years in preparation, and gave an outline of that wonderful and comprehensive scheme, the vastest, perhaps, which it has ever entered into the mind of man to conceive. As originally planned, the work was to consist of ten volumes, and was to cover the entire field of the knowable and the unknowable. Beginning with the most general laws of the aggregation and dissolution of all bodies whatsoever, it was to go on to the evolution of organic nature, the development and variation of plants and animals, the origin and growth of mind, and the laws of psychology. Thence it was to proceed to the then unconstituted science of sociology—a conception which we owe almost entirely to Mr. Spencer—dealing by degrees with political, ecclesiastical, and industrial organisation, and also with those higher super-organic products, such as language, science, and arts, whose evolution had never as yet been studied in any complete or systematic manner. I will give a little later on some fuller indication of the manner in which this gigantic scheme has been finally filled in; for the present, it must suffice to say that its extraordinary comprehensiveness half frightened even the encyclopædic brain which conceived and developed it.

Mr. Spencer was fain to note, in passing, that many previous essays contained, in the germ, the ideas he was to elaborate in one part or another of his proposed work, and at the end of all he apologised in these words for the apparent vastness of his suggested undertaking:—

In anticipation of the obvious criticism that the scheme here sketched out is too extensive, it may be remarked that an exhaustive treatment of each topic is not intended. But simply the establishment of principles, with such illustrations as are needed to make their bearings fully understood.

It may also be pointed out that besides minor fragments, one large division ("The Principles of Psychology") is already, in great part, executed. And a further reply is, that impossible though it may prove to execute the whole, yet nothing can be said against an attempt to set forth the "First Principles," and to carry their applications as far as circumstances permit.

To the first volume of the "System of Synthetic Philosophy" in its final form, where this prospectus is reprinted as an introduction, Mr. Spencer also appends the following very characteristic prefatory note. Its impersonality, and its marked sense of the necessity and importance to humanity of his great treatise, regarded in an objective rather than in a subjective manner, is redolent throughout of his peculiar individuality. To him, if to any one, the work is everything, the man nothing, or just a brain to produce it:—

This programme I have thought well to reprint for two reasons:—the one being that readers may, from time to time, be able to ascertain what topics are next to be dealt with; the other being that an outline of the scheme may remain, in case it should never be completed.

The sacrifices involved in the preparation and production of the gigantic work thus heralded to the world were little short of heroic. Those who know Mr. Spencer by his books alone may have thought of him merely as devoting himself to philosophy out of the abundance of his material wealth and comfort. The truth is far otherwise. No man ever lived a more ascetic life or denied himself more, for the sake of the task he had undertaken for humanity. In his evidence given before the Commission on Copyright he tells us in plain words, though in the most severely impersonal and abstract manner, the story of his hard and noble fight during the unrecognised days of his early manhood. Not a fight for bread, not a fight for fame, remember, but a fight for truth. For his first book, "Social Statics," in 1850, he could not find a publisher willing to take any risk; so he was obliged to print it at his own cost, and sell it on commission. The edition consisted of only seven hundred and fifty copies; and it took no less than fourteen years to sell. Such are the rewards of serious thought in our generation! Five years later, he printed the original form of the "Principles of Psychology." Again no publisher would undertake the risk; and he published on commission. Once more, seven hundred and fifty copies were printed; and the sale was very slow. "I gave away a considerable number," says Mr. Spencer pathetically; "and the remainder sold in twelve and a half years." During all that time, we may conclude from the sequel, he not only made nothing out of those two important and valuable books, but was actually kept out of pocket for his capital sunk in them.

Similar experiences with his collected Essays and with the work on Education led him to conclude in a few years more that philosophical publication was not a veritable Golconda. "I found myself in the position of losing by all my books," he says: so when he began to issue the "Synthetic Philosophy," he did so in the form

of quarterly parts for subscribers, with volumes, when complete, for the general public. "Before the initial volume, 'First Principles,' was finished," he observes, "I found myself still losing. During the issue of the second volume, the 'Principles of Biology,' I was still losing. In the middle of the third volume, I was losing so much that I found I was frittering away all I possessed. I went back upon my accounts, and discovered that in the course of fifteen years I had lost nearly £1,200—adding interest, more than £1,200. As I was evidently going on ruining myself, I issued to the subscribers a notice of cessation."

He had been living, meanwhile, in "the most economical way possible"; in spite of which, he found he had trenched to that large extent on his very small capital. Spartan fare had not sufficed to make his experiment successful. Nevertheless, he continued to publish, as he himself bravely phrases it, "I may say, by accident." Twice before in the course of those fifteen weary years he had been able to persevere, in spite of losses, by bequests of money. On this third occasion, just as he was on the very point of discontinuing the production of his great work, property which he inherited came to him in the nick of time to prevent such a catastrophe. Any other man in the world would have invested his money, and fought shy in future of the siren of philosophy. Not so Mr. Spencer. To him life is thought. He went courageously on with his forlorn hope in publishing, and it is some consolation to know that he was repaid in the end, though late and ill, for his single-minded devotion. In twenty-four years after he began to publish he had retrieved his position, and was abreast of his losses. Just think of that, you men of business! Twenty-four years of hard mental work for no pay at all, and at the end of it to find yourself just where you started! Since that time, it is true, Mr. Spencer's works have brought him in, by degrees, a satisfactory revenue; but consider the pluck and determination of the man who could fight so long, in spite of poverty, against such terrible experiences. Not only that, but even in later days he expended once more on the preparation of his "Sociological Tables" (to be described hereafter) no less a sum than £2,958, of which he remarks playfully that he does not expect to get back the money out of hand if he lives to be over a hundred.

II.—HIS WORK.

A life in whose course intellectual interests have so greatly predominated as Mr. Spencer's is best to be judged, we may see at a glance, by its intellectual output. The man appears among us as a teacher and thinker; we have to ask ourselves, therefore, what are the main results of his gift of thinking? what additions has he made to the aggregate sum of human knowledge and of human concepts?

In answering these questions we must remember, first of all, that when Herbert Spencer began to write, the very name of evolution had not been heard among us, while now, in his later days, evolutionism is so triumphant that most people overlook the work of the master in the infinite detail of the work of his disciples. Let me seek to epitomise, in the briefest possible way, the chief products of Mr. Spencer's teaching.

The foundations of his doctrine are naturally contained in the wonderful introductory volume to the "System of Synthetic Philosophy," which bears the title of "First Principles." This volume appeared in its original form in 1862, but was re-issued in an altered and largely remodelled shape, with great improvements in the

argument and exposition, in 1867. It contains the framework of Mr. Spencer's central philosophical tenets, and supplies the ground for all the rest of the synthetic philosophy.

The First Part, entitled "The Unknowable," deals briefly with the cosmos as it is in itself, and shows, on lines already in part laid down by Hamilton and Mansel, that all phenomena are but manifestations of an Unknown Power, the Absolute, which transcends not only human knowledge, but human conception. In this recognition of the existence of an unknown and for ever unknowable Reality underlying phenomena, Mr. Spencer sees the one possible reconciliation of Religion and Science. At the same time it would be a great mistake to consider this Spencerian Unknowable in the light of what is commonly called a God, as is too often done by dishonest or incompetent religious thinkers, anxious to press into the service of their creed the authority of so great a philosophic writer. As we shall see hereafter, Mr. Spencer is by no means a theist; and his destructive criticism of the idea of a God, introduced as a philosophic argument into the "Principles of Psychology," is meant to be as crushing in one direction, as his historical reconstruction of the origin and development of the belief in Gods, introduced as an episode of human progress into the "Principles of Sociology," is meant to be crushing in another. Mr. Spencer's Absolute, in fact, is a purely abstract philosophic conception, differing widely from the common conception of a personal and more or less anthropomorphic God, who can interfere from without with the course of phenomena. If anybody wishes to accept the Spencerian Absolute in place of a deity, he must be content to strip off from his concept of the Godhead every positive attribute of whatever sort—justice, mercy, omniscience—and to accept in their place the bare idea of unconditioned Being, divorced from every knowable or thinkable property. To most religious minds, this is not a God, but a philosophic substratum for mind and matter.

The second and far more interesting part of "First Principles" consists of that portion of the work which deals with the Knowable, and lays down the widest and most universal laws which govern the synthesis of concrete beings. Mr. Spencer begins by defining philosophy as "unified knowledge," and then goes on to seek for such knowledge in our ideas of space, time, matter, motion, and force. After dealing with such generally recognised scientific principles as the indestructibility of matter, the continuity of motion, and the persistence of force, he proceeds to show by an acute piece of reasoning that all these are merely analytical truths; and no analytical truths, no combination of analytical truths, can ever make up that synthesis of thought which alone must be the interpretation of the synthesis of things. In other words, if we are to unify knowledge, we must know not only the separate laws which govern phenomena, but also the way in which those laws work together in practice in order to produce the concrete histories of actual aggregates—the birth and growth of suns and worlds and plants and animals and minds and societies.

To arrive at these laws of synthesis, Mr. Spencer begins by showing that every aggregate passes, in the course of its history, through two distinct and opposite phases—a phase of evolution and a phase of dissolution. In the first phase, it proceeds from the diffuse or the imperceptible into the compact and the perceptible; in the second phase, it proceeds from the compact and the perceptible into the diffuse and the imperceptible. These two opposite processes constitute the history of every

existence under its simplest form. The one consists in an integration of matter and a concomitant dissipation of motion; the other consists in an absorption of motion and a concomitant dissipation of matter.

Starting from this point, our teacher builds up slowly step by step his famous definition of Evolution, which he was the first to formulate in general terms as a cosmical process. Adding one element after another to his growing concept, and wisely confining the reader's attention to a stage at a time, he at last arrives at the generalised statement that "Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." This celebrated law, the final flower and highest achievement of Mr. Spencer's unique generalising faculty, can only be fully understood by following out in the original the various steps by which the mind of the master slowly attains it. Still less is it possible to understand the application of so abstract a formula to concrete nature without the copious illustrations given by Mr. Spencer of all its embodiments in inorganic, organic, and superorganic products.

From the law itself, considered as an empirically-found principle, Mr. Spencer proceeds to the interpretation of the law by its affiliation on certain other underlying facts and principles of nature. The chief of these are his two great generalisations of the Instability of the Homogeneous and the Multiplication of Effects—discoveries which rank second only to the Law of Evolution itself as aids to the synthetic reconstruction of the comprehensible cosmos. These two laws, with the further consideration of the Spencerian principles of Segregation and Equilibration, conclude the treatment of evolution as a whole. A chapter on Dissolution completes the work. Such is a brief outline of the drift of "First Principles," a great but difficult book whose full meaning can never be grasped save by philosophical students, and any attempt to expound the chief tenets of which in popular language could only result in a foregone conclusion of failure.

What even the most casual reader can understand in the work, however, is its astonishing width and depth of cosmical outlook. We feel at once in approaching it that we stand in the presence of a profound and deeply learned encyclopædic philosopher, whose mind is alert to all the manifold aspects of every problem, metaphysical, physical, biological, psychological, sociological, and ethical. There is no point or field which the treatise does not include in its purview, from the starry heavens to the mind of man, from the unknown and unknowable to the Egyptian hieroglyphics and the Babylonian bas-reliefs, the wings of insects and the leaves of plants. It gives us what it professes to give—a skeleton synthesis of the universe; it sums up in one vast and all-embracing law all the actions of all entities, from atoms to systems, from suns and comets, nebulae and planets, to the nests of ants and the ecclesiastical organisation of human communities. Still more is this the case with subsequent volumes of the series, which trace out in detail the endless ramifications of evolutionary doctrine through the various forms of the concrete sciences.

Next in logical order after the "First Principles" ought to have come the application of the theory of evolution to the inorganic cosmos—that is to say, to the facts of astronomy and geological history. That great division, however, as the prospectus explained, it was proposed from the first to pass over, partly because the scheme

was already too vast without it, and partly because the interpretation of organic nature after the proposed method was then and there of more immediate importance. I may add that the main lines of the applicability of evolutionism to cosmic and terrestrial phenomena had already been briefly indicated in "First Principles," and that the progress of astronomical and geological knowledge, and more particularly the growth of the meteoric hypothesis, have since largely filled up from outside this lacuna in Mr. Spencer's original treatment.

The next two volumes of the series were therefore devoted to the "Principles of Biology." To the outsider, this is perhaps the most fascinating and charming of Mr. Spencer's books, giving as it does in a most masterly manner a reconstruction of the course of plant and animal evolution. It rebuilds life for us. But like everything else that Mr. Spencer does, it is eminently orderly and philosophical in its arrangement. The author begins by inquiring wherein living organisms differ essentially from the mass of inorganic aggregates around them; and he finds the answer in their peculiar power of altering their shape or inner arrangement in various ways, in accordance with alterations in surrounding nature. Hence he gives his celebrated definition of life as "correspondence with the environment," or more formally as "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." And I may add in passing that in nothing does Mr. Spencer show himself more thoroughly a philosopher than in his power of framing such definitions and formulæ, a vast number of which have now to a great extent fixed themselves in the language.

An important part of the "Biology" deals with the various functions of life in the abstract, such as growth, development, adaptation, individuality, genesis, heredity, and variation. His treatment of the problem of reproduction, in particular, is a rare masterpiece of scientific insight. Taking this which seems to most people so profound and inexplicable a mystery, he shows how it is essentially similar in principle to growth, and especially to the reproduction of lost parts in the lower animals; and by a curious mastery over detail he makes one feel at last that nothing more remarkable occurs in the hereditary transmission of characters or the likeness of father to son than is involved in the fact that two parts of one and the same whole remain alike when divided, or that one and the same rose-tree puts forth similar leaves and blossoms in successive seasons. In fact, he abolishes for us the mystery of reproduction, and shows us in its place the mystery of growth, the tendency of a particular kind of organic matter to replace its own parts afresh in the same order always, just as a crystal plunged in the mother liquid tends to replace its own broken or abraded portions. We feel as we read that we have hitherto wholly misunderstood the problem. It is life itself, not reproduction, that is the real marvel.

These chapters upon heredity and the reproductive process rank among the finest and most luminous work that Mr. Spencer has done. They succeed in making us understand the true inwardness of a phenomenon which to most people seems not only mysterious but almost miraculous. And the doctrine of Physiological Units to which they finally lead up seems to my mind the greatest triumph the spirit of man has ever yet achieved in the domain of Biology. Unfortunately, that doctrine is far too abstruse, I might almost say occult, to be unfolded to any but an esoteric audience.

Hardly less interesting is the subsequent part of the work, in which Mr. Spencer deals with the evolution of life in the concrete. Here he trenchantly contrasts the

hypothesis of evolution with the hypothesis of special creation, and shows ground for holding that the latter is unthinkable and impossible, while the former is supported by a vast mass of evidence, classificatory, embryological, morphological, and geographical. He then goes on to consider the *factors* of evolution, and to show how the development of life as we know it is a necessary result of the action of external circumstances upon the peculiar and very impressionable chemical compounds which go to make up organic matter. A succeeding Part is devoted to tracing the growth and development of the various component members of plants and animals—the origin and differentiation of leaves, branches, and flowers, the rise of the diverse animal forms in their concrete variety. This is perhaps the most popularly comprehensible portion of the whole great series; it is full of vivid side-lights on the origin and meaning of innumerable plant and animal peculiarities.

From shapes and limbs Mr. Spencer proceeds with his accustomed orderliness to actions and functions; his sketch of morphological development is followed, in other words, by a sketch of physiological development in the two great divisions of organic nature. In this portion of his synthesis he shows how division of labour began between the various parts of plant and animal bodies—how definite organs arose for eating and digesting, or assimilating food, for the conveyance of material, in sap or blood, from place to place, for the subordination of each limb, or gland, or bone, to the general needs and welfare of the organism. Thence he proceeds to the laws of multiplication in men, animals and plants, and gives the only wide and comprehensive treatment of the population question ever yet attempted on a philosophical basis. His conclusions in this matter are that there exists a natural and necessary antagonism between growth and genesis, as well as between development in the individual and genesis, and likewise between physiological expenditure and genesis; while, on the other hand, there exists a natural and necessary coincidence between high nutrition and the reproductive activity. In short, genesis depends upon the surplus of nutrition above the amount required for growth and for physiological expenditure. This philosophic treatment of so abstruse a subject is wholly peculiar to our great cosmical thinker. Indeed, what marks him off everywhere from the ordinary biologist or the ordinary economist is this peculiar power of envisaging his subject in its widest, its deepest, and its most abstract aspect.

From physical life the teacher proceeds next to mental life, and in the two volumes of the "Principles of Psychology" subjects the abstruse and elusive science of Mind to the same thorough-going evolutionary treatment as he had already extended to the science of form and structure. Here he builds up the human and animal intelligence by slow degrees from the simplest and vaguest elements of consciousness, showing how its development goes step by step with that of its correlated physical organ, the nervous system. His first volume is taken up by this direct evolutionary reconstruction of mental manifestations and their mode of origin. The second consists of a searching analysis of mental operations viewed in themselves, which is perhaps the most profoundly original work Mr. Spencer has performed, and the stiffest to follow for the general reader. It contains, among other things, the celebrated theory of Transfigured Realism, by whose aid our teacher endeavours to prove, against the pure idealists, the objective reality of an external world—a world of matter outside

the percipient mind, and to render more precise the conception of the relations that exist between this world and the mind that perceives it. In short, he here tackles and endeavours to settle the old philosophical crux of subject and object. Mr. Spencer, I may add, is by no means a materialist. Though his attitude may best, perhaps, be described as one of ultimate Monism, he is, on the whole, rather more spiritual and ideal than material.

The concluding chapters of the "Psychology" lay the foundation, as it were, for the next great work, the "Principles of Sociology," which has appeared slowly of late years, in scattered fascicles, as the task of producing it was continually interrupted by ill health, or laid aside for a while to make room for the early part of the "Principles of Ethics." The "Sociology" attempts, for the first time, to lay down the framework of a science of man, in all spheres of his social activity—to deal with his religions, his governmental agencies, his language, his arts, his industry, his organisation, on scientific principles. For this purpose it was needful to have wide collections of facts and evidence; to procure these, Mr. Spencer instituted his great compilation of sociological tables, on which several competent scholars were engaged in extracting and classifying facts for several years. Some of their results have been published in tabular form by Mr. Spencer, but the expense involved (to which I have before alluded) was too great to enable him to continue the publication of the tables in their entirety. On the basis thus supplied, from investigations into the habits and organisation of the most diverse races, ancient and modern, in all parts of the world, the philosopher has slowly raised the magnificent superstructure of the "Principles of Sociology," a part of his work in which, more than anywhere else, he has had no predecessor, and very few fellow-workers.

The most interesting portion of this division to the general reader is undoubtedly the section which treats of the origin of religion. Mr. Spencer traces the belief in gods and other supernatural beings, in the last resort, to what he regards as the erroneous psychology of primitive man, which led him to imagine the existence within himself of a soul or spirit, distinct from the body, and capable of a separate and immaterial existence. Hence came by slow degrees the belief in ghosts, or surviving doubles; the faith in an under world of spirits, and in another life to follow this one. Propitiation of ancestral ghosts with food and drink led gradually to the ideas of sacrifice, and to the altar and temple, which last was originally the tomb or home of the dead chieftain. By degrees certain royal ghosts came to be thought of as more important and powerful than others; these were invested in imagination with supernatural prerogatives; in Mr. Spencer's opinion, such are the earliest gods. Idols spring from mummies and mummy-cases, or from other representations of the dead ancestor; perhaps in some cases from tombstones and wooden images rudely carved at grave-heads. So by gradual stages Mr. Spencer traces the development of religion, with its departmental gods, its nature gods, its stone-worship, its tree-worship, and its final evanescence in pure monotheism, to the primitive propitiation of ancestral ghosts by the fiercest savage. This "ghost theory" of the origin of religion, as it is ordinarily called, has roused, of course, the bitterest opposition in many quarters; but it still remains almost the only theory in possession of the field which explains the genesis of religious ideas without recourse to the existence of the supernatural. Its sole rival in this respect is Dr. Tylor's closely similar theory of primitive animism.

Other important parts of the "Sociology" deal with Political Institutions and with the rise and progress and varieties of the Family. This last subject is of the utmost value at the present day, and has nowhere else been treated with so wide a knowledge of facts and on so unprejudiced a survey.

The "Principles of Ethics" round off this great life-work, and give the evolutionary basis of moral action.

But why have I not told you in detail more of Mr. Spencer's actual conclusions? Why have I not led you at one leap into the very keep of the stronghold? Why have I not given you in a sentence the gist of ten volumes? That is a question which I am often asked. People say, "Can't you sum up for us in a word or two the keynote of his system?" I can only answer, "Mr. Spencer's aim is to unify knowledge; and to knowledge, we all know, there is no royal road." Auguste Comte once wished that Hegel would publish a little book explaining his system "succinctly, and in French." "Monsieur," responded Hegel, "my system can be explained *ni succinctement, ni en Français*." It is much the same with Herbert Spencer. He writes for those who really wish to *understand* the world, not for those who wish only to get through it comfortably. His natural audience consists of the chosen few with whom the desire to know is a profound passion. For them, he has epitomised the course of evolution into a relatively brief exposition of nine or ten stout and closely packed volumes; how can one epitomise this epitome still further for the general run of men who think the history of the universe in all places and ages might be boiled down for their use into a few short sentences? It is not for such, believe me, that philosophers were created.

There exists, it is true, an admirable epitome of the "Synthetic Philosophy" by Mr. Howard Collins—an epitome approved by Mr. Spencer himself, and which I can confidently recommend as a refresher or index to all earnest and conscientious Spencerian students. It is intended, however, not as a substitute for the original, but as an aid in reading it. If you wish to get any real good from this great life with which humanity has endowed us, you must read the "Synthetic Philosophy" through, not once or twice, but "tearfully and prayerfully" many times over. You must study it hard; you must seek to assimilate its inner meaning. "But I am a busy man," you say, "who can only find time at odd moments for a little occasional reading." Oh, if you think the universe into whose midst you are cast can be adequately relegated to a few minutes of leisure in the intervals of money-making—well, Herbert Spencer's message will not do you much good. He writes for those to whom questions like these—the questions, "What am I?" "Whence come I?" "What is the world around me?"—are matters of vital importance far before anything else that life can offer one. He writes for those to whom the construction of a philosophy is the first religious duty of man. And *they* will not grudge him the time he occupies. Rather will they be grateful to him with all their hearts for light cast on the dim abyss that surrounds the narrow limits of our little consciousness.

Nor must you expect, if you make up your mind to tackle Mr. Spencer's great work, to find any particular

tenderness displayed for your creed or your class, your own pet prejudices, social, religious, political, or moral. In all probability you will discover, to your dismay, that everything you hold most sacred in life is rudely called in question. The existence of a God, the reality of creation, the truth of the Bible narrative, the immortality of the soul, the foundations of morality, the origin and meaning of marriage and the family, the inherent right of majorities to coerce minorities, the absolute wisdom of governmental agencies, and a thousand other points on which you have hitherto held dogmatic opinions, you will see subjected to most searching and unsparing analysis and criticism. If there is anything that you believe, and if you don't want to be disturbed in your belief, my advice to you is—avoid Herbert Spencer. You will find your whole social, moral, religious, and political world turned topsy-turvy before your very eyes, and you will be compelled to *think*, whether you like it or lump it.

I do not mean to imply, however, that in every one of these points I am at one with Mr. Spencer. He has no more tenderness for my particular beliefs than for yours or anybody else's. All I mean to say is that, right or wrong, he is well worth listening to. You must reckon with him about all of them. You may agree with him or you may differ from him, but if you are a serious thinker you cannot afford to ignore him.

There are a few works of Mr. Spencer's outside the "Synthetic Philosophy" which are specially directed at the general reader. One of these is the interesting little red book in the International Scientific Series, "The Study of Sociology"—not to be confounded with the "Principles of Sociology" which forms a portion of the great synthetic series. This little book is a most wise and able introduction to the study of politics—the *study*, I say advisedly, as opposed to the mere ordinary empiric dabbling in political nostrums. Another, still more generally valuable, is the admirable treatise on "Education," which ought to be in the hands of every father and every mother in England. Mr. Spencer's main idea in this work is that it might be really possible to *educate* our children instead of merely cramming them with a few facts about language, to fit them for life by training their faculties, and to supply them with such knowledge as is really most useful. He shows in detail how this might be done, and sketches out a scheme of real education worth more than many millions to any nation which should have the courage and the wit to adopt it unreservedly.

Yet when all is said and done, it is in the "System of Synthetic Philosophy" that we must look in the end for the real Herbert Spencer. His value to our age, and to all subsequent ages, is actually this: that he has taught us to see life and the cosmos as one and whole throughout; has unified and systematised the vast mass of phenomena; has given us a standpoint whence to view the universe. Those, indeed, to whom the universe is nothing will not thank him for that gift; but those to whom the comprehension of their own inner meaning—the realisation of the relation in which they stand to things about them—is the most important matter in life, will always owe him a homage and a gratitude which no one age can ever adequately acknowledge.



LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE CASE FOR AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

By DR. E. J. DILLON AND MR. A. J. WILSON.

IN the *Contemporary Review* for November, the first place is allotted to Dr. E. J. Dillon for an article in which he discusses our foreign policy. Dr. Dillon knows Russia well, and he has recently had a great opportunity for investigating the actual state of the Ottoman empire. It is, therefore, interesting to learn on such first-class authority, that Constantinople is virtually in the hands of Russia at this moment. He says:—

A cursory glance at the statistics of the Russian Empire suffices to warrant the assertion that in the present state of European politics it would be as feasible to dispossess Russia of her Western provinces, keep her out of Constantinople, and drive her back to Asia, as to lasso an avalanche, or hang up the ocean to dry on a grape vine.

WHY WITH RUSSIA?

Dr. Dillon is little disposed to listen to the representations of those who would have England join the Triple Alliance. There is a much stronger case, Dr. Dillon thinks, for our adhering to the Franco-Russian alliance. He says:—

It is impossible to blink the fact that there is a growing feeling among the English people in favour of a formal alliance with Russia alone, which would, of all others, prove, it is believed, most conducive to the well-being of the empire and the peace of the world. Most of the capital interests which Great Britain has to safeguard, and most of the dangers of which she endeavours to steer clear, lie outside of Europe. And of the European Powers who have heretofore crossed her path, Russia is politically by far the most formidable. Her expansive power is marvellous, her enterprise indomitable, and her success with Mahomedan and barbarous races signal. The qualities, opportunities, and resources, which have made her thus far formidable as a rival, and dangerous as an enemy, would, it is affirmed, in future render her invaluable as a friend. The basis for an intimacy of this kind is already existent in the alleged parallelism of the interests of the two countries, and the peculiar nature of their respective needs and resources, which mutually supplement each other.

WOULD RUSSIA AGREE?

All this may be very true, but is there any disposition on the part of the two nations to strike up such an alliance? Dr. Dillon is somewhat discouraged because the late Government did not strike when the iron was hot, and convert the good feeling which existed immediately after the late Tsar's death into a firm understanding between the two empires. Notwithstanding this disappointment he says:—

Now, I cannot refrain from observing that Russian statesmen, on the whole, seem extremely disposed to favour an *entente cordiale* with Great Britain. I was struck with the eagerness with which two of the most eminent among them assured me quite recently that the idea would meet with unqualified approval in Government circles, and that no more propitious moment could be chosen to realise it than the present. And I have every reason to know that these assurances were sincere.

To what extent, it may be asked, would France's relations with Russia be affected by an Anglo-Russian alliance? In the absence of positive data, it would be venturesome to hazard an answer to this question, but it seems highly probable that in essentials they would undergo no change.

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

Summing up the balance of argument at the close of his survey, Dr. Dillon dismisses summarily the proposal

that we should join the Triple Alliance, and thus discusses the other alternative:—

A sincere and cordial alliance with Russia, providing always that sincerity and cordiality are at the beck and call of both parties, would seem from a theoretical point of view well within the range of possibility, Russia being the one great power in Europe whose interests do not naturally and necessarily clash with ours. Moreover, Russian statesmen seem on the whole desirous of favouring some such arrangement, while a considerable class in England would welcome it with a sigh of relief. From the outsider's angle of vision it seems hopeless to discover any unanswerable objection to the scheme, but whether the initiated would have any difficulty in pointing out many such, is a question on which they alone can throw any light. And judging by the Liberal Government's neglect to profit by the exceptionally favourable opportunity that presented itself at the close of last year, the presumption is that there are more serious obstacles in the way than meet the eye of the outsider.

The only other course that remains—the isolation of self-reliance—involves certain drawbacks, the most serious of which consists in the apprehension of frequent diplomatic rebuffs and reverses at the hands of an international alliance, the members of which have agreed to bury for a while their enmities and their squeamishness in order to present a united front to the “shameless egotist.”

AND ITS COBOLLARIES.

If England is to remain isolated there are two things which he thinks we must do first. We must make arrangements to improve the manning of our fleet by providing some method for keeping up the strength of reserves as efficacious as the French and German *inscription maritime*.

Another measure of almost equal importance, which only a strong government can carry through, will effect the removal of the foreign policy and the defences of the empire once for all from the petty parochial arena of party politics.

To my thinking, these two sorely needed reforms, which have long since been introduced into every country in Europe, contain the key to the future foreign policy of England.

MR. A. J. WILSON'S COUNSEL.

Mr. Wilson discusses the same question in the *Investor's Review*. Mr. Wilson, like Dr. Dillon, is quite convinced that Turkey is past praying for. At the same time he is not as clear as Dr. Dillon about the possibility of coming to terms with her. So far as we can gather from his article on our position in Turkey and China, he would be disposed to make terms with Russia in Western Asia, and prepare to fight her in the far East. Mr. Wilson says:—

In friendliness with Russia, we may gain some concessions; in opposition to her, we are powerless. The Government of St. Petersburg, in the event of our opposing its designs upon the remains of the Turkish Empire, has but to say to the Afghans, to the dozens of blood-letting marauders of the Asiatic plateau beyond our Indian mountain borders, “Make war on the English in and around India,” and from that moment all our strength is employed in defending ourselves there. When Armenian discontent broke out into open revolt in Constantinople a month ago, some of our political leaders, whose business it is to teach the parrot multitude what to say, talked bravely about a British “occupation of Smyrna,” and a “demonstration in the Dardanelles.” Much good these would do us. We could not stay in the Dardanelles, unless we ourselves mean to lay hold of Constantinople and found a new British Empire there; nor could we hold Smyrna for any length of time. And either of these coercive measures, or any conceivable number of such, directed against the Turk would serve Russia's objects even more

effectually than our continual scoldings do. The dilemma, in short, is that whatever weakens the power of the Turk hastens the day when the Wolf of the North will be able to eat him up. That day may be a few months hence, or a few years; it makes little difference. The important fact for us is our impotence to avert the impending doom. We can now no more prevent the ultimate triumph of Russia in that quarter of the world, than we can prevent the loathsome corruptions of the Sultan's Government from coming to their inevitable end.

A JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

With the Turk, however, nothing can be done, but in the far East Japan seems, to Mr. Wilson, our natural ally. His advice is that, by an alliance with the Japanese, we should bully the Russians into brotherly kindness. He says:—

We ought to join hands with Japan; and in making common cause with her against the Chinese, and, for the occasion, against Russia, so arrange matters as to not only checkmate Russian influence at Peking, but to some extent baulk her in her designs on Turkey likewise, and force her to abandon her approaches to the Indian frontier. Were we able to say to Russia, "We shall, if need be, destroy your fleet in the Far East, and prevent you from bringing your Siberian Railway across Northern China to a port in the Gulf of Leao-Tong or on the Japanese seas, unless you abstain from extorting any monopolies from the Chinese Government in your own favour, cease to intrigue against us with the tribes and races around our Indian border, and give us guarantees in Europe that our trade with the Danubian countries and our position in Egypt shall not be interfered with," the counter-stroke might well be worth a dozen "demonstrations of the fleet" in the Dardanelles, before Smyrna, or elsewhere. That would be a policy of common sense devoted to the protection of our commercial interests, which are really our only "imperial" interest worth fighting for.

THE BITTER WAIL OF THE TITHE-PAYER.

A WARNING TO THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

In the *National Review* for November, the late Henry R. Farquharson, M.P., makes an appeal to Churchmen, which is very significant reading. Mr. Farquharson was a Churchman, and his solemn warning, published after his death, is well calculated to make our Church defenders pause. Mr. Farquharson declares that the exactions of the tithe-owners, who have remorselessly demanded the last pound of flesh, have seriously endangered the position of the Established Church, first in Wales and afterwards in England. He says:—

In Essex they have devastated half a county—no conquering army could leave greater ruin in its course; and in other counties millions of acres are annually impoverished in order to meet their exactions.

Mr. Farquharson does not mince his words. Judging from his article it would seem that he has solid ground on which to base his indictment:—

By means of two flaws in the Act of 1836 they have in some cases taken 50 per cent. more than they are properly entitled to; and when Parliament, in 1891, endeavoured to some extent to limit their demands, they have had recourse to a miserable subterfuge to defeat its humane intention. It is by these means, then, that the Church has made enemies among those who should be her foremost friends.

Things were bad enough before, but since 1891 they have been a very great deal worse. It was in 1891 that the Tithe Act was passed, and this measure, instead of doing anything for the tithe-payers, made things immeasurably worse by facilitating the method of exacting an impost which was always onerous, and which is now grossly unjust,—

Entirely ignoring the grievances of the tithe-payers, enormously increasing the capital value of the tithe, and making the landlords responsible for, and the unpaid collectors of, the clergyman's tithe. It is hardly an exaggeration to assert that that Act, designed as it was to enrich and to strengthen the Church, will prove, if it has not already done so, the very preamble of her destruction as a State Establishment. The exasperation it has caused in Wales is evidenced by the determination of the Welsh constituencies to destroy the Church within their borders: but the exasperation it has caused in England is a force yet to be measured by the bishops and laymen responsible for schemes of Church Defence.

Mr. Farquharson points out that the peculiar hardship of which the tithe-payers complain is due to the fact that the value of the produce is estimated by the market quotations, but now that grain has fallen so much in price, it is only the best samples that are brought to market. Three-fourths of the crops are consumed on the farm, and the value of the lower qualities would reduce the average price by 4s. a quarter. The net effect of this injustice is stated by Mr. Farquharson as follows:—

It has been estimated by the most competent authorities that a variation of 1s. a quarter on the average of seven years will make a difference of £125,000 in a year's tithe at the present time, and it is therefore clear that the obsolete machinery which makes the average value of the year's corn crop too high by 4s. a quarter, renders it incumbent on tithe-payers to pay the tithe-owners £500,000, or some 15 per cent. a year more than is justly their due.

The Case of the Imprisoned Doctor.

"WANTED, a Sherlock Holmes!" continues to attract a considerable amount of public interest. The *Westminster Gazette* have published an article on the subject, calling attention to the case of Dr. Bynoe, and various references have been made to the matter in the press, both in London and in the provinces. Sir Matthew White Ridley, who has been enjoying a long holiday, is now able to give the subject his attentive consideration, and strong hopes are expressed that the unfortunate Dr. Bynoe may be liberated before Christmas. His health, I am sorry to say, is suffering from long suspense. My anonymous correspondent, who is known as the pseudo "Oliver," who was concerned in the fraud, for which Dr. Bynoe is being unjustly punished, has written to me several letters asserting Dr. Bynoe's innocence, with this curious result that in influential quarters it is asserted that these letters must have been written by Dr. Bynoe himself! The handwriting is very similar, for that indeed is part of our case. But although it is admittedly impossible that Dr. Bynoe could get letter paper in Portland with which to write letters that I have received here, posted in London, the preternatural suspicion of those who are determined to believe anything and everything rather than admit the possibility of such a miscarriage of justice as that of which Dr. Bynoe has been the unfortunate victim, leads them to suppose that these letters may, after all, have been written by Dr. Bynoe. I make a suggestion, therefore, to the pseudo "Oliver." The only way I have of communicating with him is by paragraphs such as this. May I ask him, therefore, as soon as his eye falls upon this paragraph, to take the paper of the day, copy out for me the first paragraph or two of the first leading article, and then post it to me at once. The postmark and the contents of the copied extract will be conclusive evidence that it was not written by Dr. Bynoe, for prisoners in Portland are not yet allowed the privilege of perusing the newspapers of the day.

WHAT SHOULD THE GOVERNMENT DO?

VARIOUS SUGGESTIONS BY VARIOUS WRITERS.

THE Quarterly Review, writing on the triumph of Conservatism, declares that:—

England has adopted Conservatism as her political creed, to an extent to which no parallel can be found within the century now drawing to its close. Every indication would seem to show that this change in popular sentiment is due to permanent and general, not to temporary and accidental causes.

But notwithstanding this, the reviewer would not have the Conservative Party rely too much upon the permanence of the victory. He says:—

Common prudence dictates that while the Conservative temper is in the ascendant amidst the British public, no opportunity should be lost of showing the masses that their interests are more likely to be advanced and protected by the Conservatives than by their opponents.

OBLITERATE LIBERAL UNIONISM.

The first thing to be done is for the Liberal Unionists to get out of the absurd habit of considering themselves an independent party. Tories they have become, and Tories they must remain. Says the *Quarterly* reviewer:—

The time has arrived when, in our opinion, some modification should be made in the arrangement under which certain seats are, so to speak, set apart for Liberal Unionists as distinguished from Conservatives. At the time that this compact was made it was an eminently fair one. In their common interest, it is not desirable to perpetuate any arrangement either inside or outside Parliament which tends to mark the distinction between Conservatives and Liberal Unionists.

Questions of political change, such as the redistribution of seats and the reform of the House of Lords, the reviewer scouts as unnecessary. What then would he have the new Government do? First of all, the *Quarterly* reviewer would have them increase the subsidy paid to the voluntary schools. Secondly, he would subordinate political to social legislation. The principal heads of social legislation are borrowed apparently from Mr. Chamberlain.

TRY SOCIAL LEGISLATION.

First of all, he would have the Government adopt Mr. Chamberlain's proposal for making employers responsible for all injuries to workmen in their employment. Secondly, he would give sympathetic consideration to all schemes for supplementing by State grants the income of workmen who had partially prepared for old age by saving up in Friendly Societies or deposits in the Post Office Banks. Measures to facilitate the purchase of their own houses by the working classes would, he thinks, be eminently Conservative. All that is required is a law enacting that any workman who desired to own his own house should have the right to buy any house that might be for sale with the proceeds of a loan advanced him by the municipality, which would retain the first mortgage on the house until the loan had been repaid. A similar principle should be adopted in order to secure the multiplication of allotments. Applicants for small holdings should be allowed to borrow money from the State in order to buy out the landlord. His last suggestion is that a measure empowering the Government to exclude alien pauper emigrants would look well and do no harm.

A SCOTCHMAN'S ADVICE.

The *Scottish Review*, which is a Unionist organ, discusses the result of the Scotch elections from its own point of view. It is, of course, extremely delighted with the

Unionist gain of eight seats, and it maintains that the election—

places the Unionists in the position of being the true national party of Scotland. This would have been obvious to everybody had 36 or 37 seats been carried. The Unionists hold 33, and the Separatists 39. But of these 39, two divisions of Glasgow, and four divisions of Lanark, can at once be set down as held simply and solely by favour of the Irish vote. The same is probably true of the three Lothians and the East Division of Edinburgh, and a careful investigation would possibly show other seats in the same position.

"A Scottish Conservative," who writes the article, is by no means disposed to rest and be thankful. He has a whole programme of legislation which he proposes should be carried out by the new Ministry. Here are some of his ideas:—

The practical inconveniences that have given some bottom to the cry of Home Rule all round ought to be removed by the institution of a tribunal to make the inquiries necessary in Private Bill legislation. It may be of vital importance to the future of National Religion in Scotland, that by some simple legislative declaration, such as has been already submitted to Parliament, and substantially assented to by herself, the constitutional obstacles which at present divide her from those holding the same principles in regard to the righteousness and advantages of a National Establishment should be removed. Most important of all perhaps is a sound and cautious but courageous handling of questions connected with the ownership and occupancy of land. Scottish agriculture has its own case for a revision of local taxation. Compensation for improvements should always be assessed and paid at the termination of a lease irrespective of whether the tenant is going to take the farm again or not. The expense of assessing compensation might also be reduced. To meet the case of the better-class crofter and of the small tenant of the north who has no complaint against his hereditary landlord, but fears the sale of the estate and the heavier hand of a new purchaser, the honest and most effective remedy is to be found in an application to Scotland of the legislation outlined in the Ashbourne Acts. The Unionist Government in 1892 passed measures for encouraging small holdings and allotments, but the limited extent to which these have been taken advantage of seems to invite further consideration whether assistance in borrowing money on favourable terms might not be given by Government to landowners desirous of equipping small holdings, and of improving and extending the house accommodation for labourers on their estates, but hampered by the want of ready money and the additional heavy burdens recently imposed on them. It is also desirable that the conditions in, and under, which land may be compulsorily acquired for pressing public purposes, such as the extension of a rising town, which finds itself "cribbed, cabined, and confined," should be carefully laid down with due regard to the public interest and the private right, and it is worthy of consideration whether the solution of this question may not be facilitated by the institution of the proposed Private Bill Commission, to one member of which in the ordinary case, and to the whole tribunal in special cases, the final appeal might be made. The real social difficulties of the Highlands, which were simply mocked by Sir George Trevelyan's Crofters Bill, with all its provocations to controversy outside the Highland line, demand special consideration, and Scotland no less than England will benefit by a bold handling of the questions connected with accidents in industrial employment, and will rejoice no less if the party, to whose legislation the developments of thrift and industry, secured by the Friendly Societies' and similar Acts are due, and which has lightened the burdens of the ploughman and the artisan in the upbringing of his family when their education pressed hard upon him, can do something to secure a comfortable and respectable old age for the honest and industrious worker.

It is evident that the new Parliament will not lack suggestions to keep it busy even if Liberals for the time

being take their ease and let the other side have the running.

LORD FARRER ON EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.

Lord Farrer, in the *National Review*, takes stock of the present position of employers' liability:—

Where personal negligence is brought home to the employer, I should see no injustice in imposing very heavy penalties or penal damages on the employer, or in preventing him, if it be practicable, from protecting himself against the consequent liability, either by contracting out with the workmen or by insurance with an outside company.

But in all other cases it would be desirable that facilities should be given for substituting for the proposed indemnities a mutual insurance scheme to which both employers and workmen should contribute, and which workmen should manage or help to manage; due provision being made that employers joining in such a scheme should contribute at least as much as they would be liable to pay at law in the absence of such a scheme. A provision to this effect would prevent any such insurance scheme from operating as an inequitable method of "contracting-out," and all other forms of contracting-out might be expressly prohibited.

I am quite aware that there will be many difficulties of detail in working out any such proposals as those above suggested. But if they can be worked out in detail, they will have the following advantages:—

1. The penal and vindictive remedy for negligence will be confined to cases where there is actual personal negligence.
2. The innocent workman will obtain an indemnity in all cases of accident.
3. Opportunities for costly and vexatious litigation will be avoided.
4. Both workman and employer will have a motive for doing all in their power to prevent accidents.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE IN SCOTLAND?

Blackwood's Magazine discusses the question of "Land in the Highlands," and asks, Should the Government legislate? Its instinct is to say No; but those supporters of the Government who have the best right to speak have pledged themselves to deal with it. The writer asks:—

What are the remedies which a strong Government—too strong to be frightened by agitators or to be appalled by difficulties—should take?—1. To improve communications; 2. To develop industries; 3. To facilitate emigration; 4. To reduce local taxation where it is excessive; 5. To promote both occupation and ownership of land in parcels of reasonable size.

The fifth point is the difficulty, and the rest of the paper is devoted to its discussion. The suggestion is made that the congested District Boards afford the best hint as to what should be done:—

- (1) Certain large areas in the Highlands are congested—that is, the population is too large for the wealth, or the wealth too small for the population. (2) Legislation of a special kind has been applied to the Highland counties in which these congested areas lie, placing them in a sense in a position apart from that occupied by the rest of Great Britain. (3) This legislation has by State authority reduced the rent paid by 14,708 holdings by 30s. apiece, but has done practically nothing else. (4) The desire of the people is for larger and new holdings; they wish to stay where they are, and unlike most of their class, prefer the country to the town. (5) The landlords are not averse to the increase in the number and size of small holdings, but they cannot afford to place lands now yielding a return in the hands of occupants without capital. (6) The late Government have tried their hand by Commission and legislation, and have failed to please anybody. (7) The Highland constituencies have revolted from the agitator, and now for the first time since the last Reform Bill return an equality of Unionists, 4—4. (8) Congested districts in Ireland very similar in character have been subjected to special legislation.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE IN IRELAND.

THE editor of the *National Review* has invited several representative Irishmen to discuss what policy the new Government should pursue in relation to Ireland. He sets the ball rolling by the publication of an anonymous article, which suggests that the true Unionist policy would be to abolish the Lord-Lieutenancy, and to establish a royal residence with a regular court in Ireland. He would also substitute County Boards for the Grand Juries if the Irish really desired them; in education he would capitulate to the Christian Brothers, then he would establish a Ministry of Agriculture and a Ministry of Industry. Lord Mounteagle leads off by objecting to the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenant; approves of the capitulation to the Christian Brothers, demurs to the establishment of County Boards. He approves of the Ministry of Agriculture, but doubts whether it would not be better to begin with a Ministry of Ways and Communications which would deal with railways, rather than a Ministry of Industry. Lord Castleton sums up his recommendations as follows:—

Assist the settlement of the Land Question by acting fairly by both sides, and by facilitating the sale and purchase of land. Aid the agricultural and industrial resources in every possible way as suggested in this article, meet with sympathy and assistance the views of the Roman Catholic section of the community in whatever way the most enlightened of their clergy may counsel, and by slow degrees induct the people of Ireland into the knowledge of local self-government.

Mr. William O'Brien thinks that the new Government should have fair play, but he warns them that the peace of Ireland depends more upon what they do for the evicted tenants and political prisoners than upon anything else. The Lord Mayor of Dublin thus summarises what he thinks the Unionist policy for Ireland:—

1. The creation of a competent body to deal with all purely local questions, not now within the powers of the Local Government Board.
2. A settlement of the land question. I trust this will include the reinstatement of the evicted tenants.
3. The development of Ireland's chief industry, its agriculture, by the appointment of a Minister or the formation of a competent Board; also the development of Irish fisheries.
4. Aid in the development of other industries which recent experiments, notably Foxford, show may be planted, and successfully reared in many places.
5. Such a settlement of the education question as will be satisfactory to all parties.
6. The establishment of technical schools and colleges.
7. Sittings in Dublin of the Appeal Tribunal of the House of Lords.
8. A careful inquiry into the proper proportion which Ireland should contribute to the Imperial taxation, and restitution to Ireland, based upon the over-payments of the last century.
9. A further extension of Mr. A. J. Balfour's Light Railways.
10. Aid in developing Ireland as tourist and health resort.

Finally, and this embraces everything, I understand "the policy" to mean a real endeavour, by the expenditure of a reasonable amount of public money, to remedy the evils caused by ninety-five years of "Union."

The Lord Mayor promises the Government support as long as they do right, but he warns them that it all will be of no use if it is intended to extirpate Home Rule. Mr. Montgomery writes at much greater length.

THE Marquis of Ormonde, K.P., blossoms into print in the current number of *Good Words*, with a description of a short cruise to Norway and Spitzbergen. Sir Herbert Maxwell in the same number makes a fervent, and let us hope effectual, plea for the preservation of the fowls of the air. Women, by their love for feathers, are the chief enemy.

WHAT SHOULD THE LIBERALS DO?

MR. LILLY'S ADVICE.

MR. W. S. LILLY, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* upon "Illiberal Liberalism," discusses the Newcastle Programme, criticises it adversely, and then is at some pains to explain to the Liberals what it is that they should do if they hope to restore their position in the country. This is very kind of Mr. Lilly, and the Liberals, no doubt, will be greatly obliged to him for his consideration. First of all, he says they must strengthen the Upper House as a fortress against the tyranny or imbecility of the elective Chamber. The House of Commons represents mere numbers, the least important factor in national life. The House of Lords must be reconstituted upon a broad basis, to raise it above the vulgar range of party politics and make it the most powerful Senate in the world. Secondly, they must advocate a large measure of local self-government, which will secure a devolution in amplest measure of local business to local assemblies. Thirdly, they should take up army reform, and cleanse the Augean stables of the War Office. Fourthly, they must take up the Condition of England question. In doing so, they must confront the Socialist movement; because Socialism means the extinction of civil and religious liberty, and because Socialism is the outcome of the apostasy of the Liberal Party from Liberal principles. What they must do by way of contending against Socialism is to secure to the working class four of the fundamental rights of man. First, the right to real freedom of contract; secondly, the right to a fair wage; thirdly, the right to public provision in return for a life of toil; fourthly, the right to a just fiscal system, which bases its imposts on equality of sacrifice, and on the levying of indirect taxation, not upon necessities, but upon luxuries. By adopting these measures, Mr. Lilly says the Liberal Party has a magnificent opportunity of retrieving its name and fame.

MR. ANNAND'S COUNSEL.

Mr. Annand, in a paper in the *New Review* on the re-organisation of the Liberal party, deals faithfully with the shortcomings of Liberal leaders and Liberal organisations. He is of the same opinion as Lord Rosebery, that education is the watchword of the hour. He says:—

There is no hope for the Liberal party except in education, and by education I mean not a mere hand-to-mouth dishing up of party superficialities, but a thorough and honest exposition of the principles of national policy and the story of our national life. A Liberalism that is based on anything more narrow and shadowy than this is not worth preserving, and may as well be allowed to die in peace. The Liberal leaders will be wise, if they recognise that there is not a single Liberal proposition that has been accepted of old, and become part of the nation's policy, but needs to be re-argued from the rudiments upwards in the hearing of the new generation.

The following passage as to the need of more wisdom in the direction of the Liberal auxiliaries ought to be taken to heart by many good people whose zeal is not according to knowledge. Mr. Annand says:—

The Liberal auxiliary forces at the general election were out-numbered, out-matched, out-generalled and out-done by the auxiliaries of the Tories. The Liberals had the Home Rule Union, respectable but poor, well intentioned but moribund, to pit against the Irish Unionist Alliance, aflame with zeal and bigotry, and with a fighting fund of fifty thousand pounds. The Tories brought into action the Church Defence Association, a veritable ironclad swarming with fighting men and bristling with guns; and the Liberals had nothing to put in the water to meet it except the little steam launch of the Welsh Disestablishment Committee! The United Kingdom

Alliance, whose backing, it is to be feared, is more fatal than its hostility, was, for once, heart and soul with the Liberals; but it was no match for the Brewers' organisations, with their wealth, their appeals to the spirit of good fellowship, and the service of thousands of men, who believed that the triumph of Liberalism meant their ruin.

IMPROVE WORKING-CLASS HOMES.

Mr. H. M. Bompas, Q.C., writes a paper on this subject in the *Fortnightly Review*, which is composed of two entirely different schemes. The first is a proposal to abolish all rates and substitute a sixpenny income tax on all those having incomes of more than £260 a year, and raising the rest of the money by reimposing the coal duties, putting a tax upon meat, and by a heavy license duty on public-houses. If this scheme were applied to London, it would just meet the eight millions at present raised by local rates. The income tax would bring in five millions, the coal duty one million, the meat tax one million, while one million would come from the public-houses. This scheme, however, need not be seriously discussed. More important is Mr. Bompas's advocacy of the advance of money by the State for the purpose of enabling the working classes to own their houses. Mr. Chamberlain's proposal was that the State should lend tenants four-fifths of the value of their houses, and be repaid with interest at the rate of three per cent. Mr. Bompas points out this is no good, because very few workmen can pay a sixth of the value of their houses, which would amount to three years' rent in advance. Therefore, he proposes that the local authorities should lend all the money, getting four-fifths of it from the National Government. If the repayment were extended to thirty years, the payment would only be three-fourths the present rent. A proposal which would cut down rent by twenty-five per cent. would undoubtedly be very popular. Mr. Bompas thinks that the obvious advantages could be safeguarded against equally obvious disadvantages, first of all by strict provisions against sub-letting, the premises to be surrendered to the municipal authority when they were not wanted by the owners, and secondly, a system of surrender values might be arranged for in case a workman left a district. The scheme, of course, would be introduced very gradually.

Care would, of course, have to be taken that money was only lent on buildings that were properly built, and to see that they were kept in repair; but this would be possible if there was a properly organised municipality.

A FREE BREAKFAST TABLE.

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Mulhall suggests the adoption of the following fiscal policy:—

No grander or more patriotic task could commend itself to any statesman, nor has an occasion presented itself for a long time to remodel our finances in so salutary a manner as the following: 1. To abolish the breakfast duties. 2. To repeal all the Income-tax, except those schedules which affect houses, lands, and dividends on capital. 3. To retain for imperial purposes the contributions now set apart by the Treasury for local expenditure. The abolition of the duties on tea and coffee, which amount to 2s. per inhabitant of the United Kingdom, will be a boon of three days' wages in the year to a working man. The ratio of fortunes over £50,000 is rising so rapidly that it threatens before long to reach 50 per cent. of the wealth of the nation, and this in the hands of a small group of persons. Under these circumstances it is manifestly the duty of Parliament to tax capital and not income.

LIEUTENANT J. GORDON tells us all about the making of Bank of England notes in the *Leisure Hour*; while Leonard Ontram descants upon the "Romance of the American Greenback" in the *Windsor Magazine*.

THE NEXT EDUCATION BILL.

WHAT CHURCH SCHOOLS WANT FROM THE GOVERNMENT.

THE clerical supporters of voluntary schools contemplate with grateful expectancy the educational legislation of the Government which they helped to put in a position of unexampled power. The first place in the *Church Quarterly* is given to a statement of their hopes and demands. The writer declares that every School Board was actuated as much by antagonism to the Church school as by zeal for education, and further asseverates that to compel Anglican parents to send their children to Board schools where was taught an undenominational religion they disliked was "as much a matter of persecution" as "to send them to stake" for refusing to accept the religion favoured by the State. He rejoices that "in no election have the interests of religion and the well-being of the Church of England" so influenced votes as in the last election, and confidently anticipates that the next Queen's Speech will announce a measure "to do justice to the voluntary schools." He contends for (1) "perfect religious liberty," that the parent and not the State shall choose the form of religious teaching to be taught the child, and (2) pecuniary aid to voluntary schools to free them from present pecuniary pressure.

SIR JOHN GORST'S WORK OUT FOR HIM.

His demands may be thus summarised:—

The repeal of the Cowper-Temple clause of the Act of 1890, and the adoption of some such plan for board schools as is now followed in reformatory and industrial schools.

An increase of a million and a half sterling in the Government grant to both sets of schools; and a limit to the possible expenditure of school boards.

The removal of the 17s. 6d. limit in the Government grant per child.

The exemption of all schools, voluntary or board, from local rates.

The Education Department, and not the local school board, to decide whether new voluntary schools may be built in the district.

Facilities for confederating schools of the same religious body in a given area.

To these recommendations of the Archbishops' Committee the reviewer would like to add that "parishioners or school board authorities" should "have the same power of transferring their schools to voluntary managers that voluntary managers possess for transferring their schools to boards."

AN INTERESTING PROPOSAL.

He makes a suggestion of which a good deal more may yet be heard, that,

power will be given to place the property of Church schools on a sounder basis than it at present rests on. The sites of our schools are now vested in a variety of trusts... Church schools ought to belong to the diocese, or to the whole Church, and no change ought to be made in their proprietorship without the consent of a more representative body than the clergyman who happens to be incumbent at the time.

Possibly Liberationists would chortle over this proposal and say, By all means let all the Church schools be made over to "the whole Church," that is, to "the Church of England as by law established," that is, for all legal purposes, to the State; the Church schools once nationalised, many difficulties would be out of the way. But the reviewer has other ends in view—the creation namely of a new and representative body. He says:—

If all [the Church schools] were under the management of a central body, to which every parish sent its representatives,

the narrow parochial influences, which are now so apt to exert a deleterious power over what is done, would be lessened if not destroyed.

Does this "central body," formed of representatives from every parish, stand in the reviewer's mind for "the whole Church" of which he has previously spoken? Is this the property-holding body which shall constitute the Disestablished Church of England?

Here is a nest of suggestions for the disestablisher. The latter may smile when he finds the reviewer later insisting that "What is wanted is a fearless assertion of the principle of religious equality," by which is meant that every parent be equally free to choose the religious teaching of his child.

The reviewer repudiates Mr. Hugh Price Hughes' suggested concordat.

WHAT EMINENT CHURCHMEN THINK.

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Bunting publishes a brief series of papers by eminent Churchmen. These papers were written in response to the question, on what conditions, if any, the Church could consent to transfer her schools to the School Board. The Dean of Canterbury strongly objects to transfer them at all, so does Canon Eyton, and the others, although not quite so decisive, make it quite clear that there is no inclination to hand over the Church schools to the School Boards, even among the most liberal of the clergy. Canon Scott Holland naturally delights in Mr. Price Hughes's declaration that he wants a positive creed taught in the schools. He says:—

A positive creed! That is what we desire. Yet that is just what the State cannot equitably produce. What then can it do? It can turn to those who hold such a creed—to authentic religious bodies in possession of an organised belief—and it can enable them to teach their own children through teachers who believe it. These teachers will be—not the clergy, but, in a great majority of cases, the same persons who are engaged in giving the secular instruction. For these are, very largely, devout members of Christian bodies. Only they would teach their own children with the freedom and the personal ardour which is of necessity denied them while acting under the sanction of the Board. Of course there are hideous difficulties in the way of such a solution. But I am only asked now to state the condition on which Voluntary schools could be altogether surrendered.

Archdeacon Wilson is more disposed to contemplate the transference of the Church schools, but if this is done it must be done under the following conditions. He says:—

There might be universal School Boards if that clause in the Education Act which permits the delegation of management of schools to local committees were made not permissive but compulsory in the case of schools whose buildings belong to the Church; and if the constitution of the local committees were made by statute such as absolutely to safeguard the denominational character of the school, its connection with the Church, and the rights of parents. Every such committee should have on it, of course, elected representatives of parents, and an elected representative of the public, if desired, in order to secure perfect publicity. But the appointment of teachers, and the connection of the school with the Church of England—the rights of all other parents being scrupulously protected—must be preserved intact.

Archdeacon Sinclair does not see any reason for transferring the Church schools to School Boards. He says:—

If it could be proved that by presenting its schools to the Board system the National Church would be conferring a great boon, no doubt it would be found willing for the sacrifice, as it has so often been found in days gone by. But it is my firm belief that the gift would really be made in the end to Secularism.

THE BRITISH FARMER'S ONLY HOPE.

By LORD WINCHILSEA.

THE Earl of Winchilsea contributes to the first number of the new magazine, the *Country House*, an interesting paper, in which he describes what his National Agricultural Union proposes to do by way of promoting co-operation as a remedy for British agricultural depression.

THE ABOLITION OF THE MIDDLEMAN.

He puts forward this plan as—

the result of many months of patient investigation into the whole subject, and with a view to enable British producers to contend with their rivals on more equal terms. The proposal is to form a co-operative association of British producers with an adequate share capital distributed among landowners and farmers all over the country, so as to give to as many of the producing classes as possible a direct interest in its operations. The object of the association would be to assist the producer in the disposal of his produce at every stage from the farm to the market. This it would do in the following ways:—

(1.) It would act as a wholesale agent for the sale of agricultural produce on commission, through salesmen of its own station in London and in the principal provincial markets. By this means the farmer, instead of being obliged to consign his produce to salesmen of whom he often knows little, and whose returns he has no means of checking, would be able to send it to the responsible servant of an association established in his own interest, and would thus have the best possible guarantee that it would make all it was worth.

(2.) It would establish *depôts* at convenient centres in country districts, where produce could be collected and consigned to its salesman at whatever market furnished the best demand at the moment. This arrangement would enable the association to obtain from railway companies the same rates for the carriage of home produce which are now granted almost exclusively to foreigners.

(3.) In connection with one or more of the *depôts*, according to the nature of the district, it would establish an *abattoir* or a butter factory, and these would answer the double purpose of effecting a further and important economy in the treatment of meat or butter produced in the locality, and of serving as models for the imitation of associations of farmers in other parts of the country which might desire to follow in the footsteps of the parent society, and while erecting their own *abattoir* or butter factory, as the case might be, to avail themselves of its services for the ultimate disposal of their produce in the market.

(4.) It would gradually organise a better system for the collection of produce in rural districts surrounding the *depôts*, a system which could of course be made available as an outlet for many rural industries not immediately connected with agriculture, but scarcely less valuable as a means of providing occupation for labourers and their families during the winter.

All that would then remain to complete the work of the association would be, that it should constantly diffuse among the farmers and labourers themselves a knowledge of the exact methods to be followed in the preparation of their produce, in order to meet the requirements of the wholesale market. In this it would, no doubt, find valuable coadjutors in the County Councils, who could scarcely, we should imagine, employ to better purposes the money which has been entrusted to them by the country for the purposes of technical education.

A GOOD REPORT FROM IRELAND.

In the *Humanitarian* the Hon. Horace Plunkett, M.P., gives an interesting account of the progress which is being made in agricultural co-operation in Ireland. He says:—

Those of us who for the last six years have watched the growth of the co-operative principle in the farmers' minds have been astounded at the rapidity of the inoculation. We have now in Ireland forty-nine Co-operative Dairy Societies actually at work, and twenty-seven being formed. There are

eleven Agricultural Societies at work or ready to go to work, and four Agricultural Banks being organised in addition to the one to whose formation I have referred. The output of the Dairy Societies will probably approach a quarter of a million sterling in value, and the Agricultural Societies are expected to do a trade of from twenty to thirty thousand pounds.

It is expected that at the end of five years from April 1st, 1894, if not sooner, the further growth of the movement will be spontaneous. It is part of the scheme that the Co-operative Societies when they are sufficiently numerous are to be federated in one central organisation which, upon the principles which I laid down at the beginning, will be truly representative of Irish agriculture as a whole, and capable of looking after its interests. So far as general trade action is concerned, it is probable that the Agency Society will develop into the Central Federation for the purpose of trade. The larger central body will concern itself with such matters as railway and steamship rates, the promoting of useful legislation, and the representation of the farmers' grievances to the administrative authorities. It is hoped that we are soon to have the much-needed and long-talked of Board of Agriculture in Ireland, and already the Conferences have discussed the best constitution and scope for such a body. It is remarkable how clearly farmers who have dealt with this subject at these Conferences have come to understand the dividing line between what, by combination, they can do for themselves, and what the State ought to do for them.

Lastly, this Central Committee, or whatever it may be called, will take up the work which is now being done by the Organisation Society, namely, the organisation of new societies, and the giving of counsel and advice to those already in existence. In it may be recognised some well-known elements of soundness and permanence.

We began at the very bottom. There was no bonussing of any kind whatsoever. We have never undertaken to do anything for the farmers. We have simply pointed out to them what by combination they can do for themselves. Whatever success we have met with has been attained in the face of a continually falling market.

This success, Mr. Plunkett reminds us, was not achieved without severe and arduous labour, in which he took a leading part:—

My own diary records attendance at fifty meetings before a single society had resulted therefrom.

Cromwell as a Soldier.

MAJOR BALDOCK, R.A., in the *United Service Magazine* for November, writes some notes on Cromwell as a soldier. He says:—

Cromwell's life is well worth the most careful study by the soldier, especially the English soldier. A civilian till he reached the age of forty-one, untrained in the art of war, pitted often against officers educated in the school of the great Gustavus Adolphus, not only was Cromwell always victorious, but in a few years he had re-organised the composition of armies and altered the whole system of tactics, especially in the cavalry. At Naseby we find he has converted a conglomeration of ill-trained, undisciplined troops of "tapsters and decayed serving-men," into such a force as Europe has as yet never seen, well organised, thoroughly drilled, perfectly disciplined, animated with such a spirit as will take them as far as, and further than, gentlemen will go; gentlemen, that is, lacking, as the Royalists lacked, that perfect discipline which binds men together. He has substituted shock for fire tactics in the cavalry—the well-timed cohesive charge of drilled soldiers, for the loose rush and indiscriminate skirmishing of a mass of horsemen. He has developed the use of the second and even of a third line in the attack, and demonstrated the immense value of flank attacks. Above all, he has taught his men to rally after the charge. Fritz Hoenig considers him to be the first to substitute pure shock for the mixed fire and shock tactics formerly employed by cavalry.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE ISSUE AT THE ELECTION OF 1896.

THE *Century Magazine* for November publishes two important articles in which representatives of the two American parties discuss the issues at the next presidential election. With the domestic questions we do not need to trouble ourselves; but it is of first importance to know what they say as to the foreign policy which will be submitted to the electors at the great plebiscite which decides who shall be the next President.

(1) REPUBLICAN.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is the exponent of the Republican policy, and his line is certainly pronounced enough. He says:—

It is earnestly to be hoped that the Republican party will also make an aggressive fight on the question of America's foreign policy. A policy of buncombe and spread-eagleism in foreign affairs would be sincerely to be deprecated; but a policy of tame submission to insult is even worse. In its foreign policy the present Democratic Administration has offered a most unpleasant contrast to the preceding Republican Administration. The Democrats have been unpleasantly conspicuous in forcing their party to adopt a thoroughly improper and un-American tone in foreign affairs. Unfortunately, very many decent men in the country, and especially in the Northeast, are too timid, or too unpatriotic, to wish the United States to play the part it should among the nations of the earth. America must never play the part of a bully; but even less must she play the part of a coward; and it is this last most unpleasant part which, during the last two years of Democratic Administration, she has once or twice come near playing.

A STRONG NAVY, AND HANDS OFF.

We should build a first-class fighting navy—a navy, not of mere swift commerce-destroyers, but of powerful battle-ships. We should annex Hawaii immediately. It was a crime against the United States, it was a crime against white civilization, not to annex it two years and a half ago. The delay did damage that is perhaps irreparable; for it meant that at the critical period of the island's growth the influx of population consisted, not of white Americans, but of low-caste labourers drawn from the yellow races. We should build the isthmian canal, and it should be built either by the United States government or under its protection. We should inform Great Britain, with equal firmness and courtesy, that the Monroe doctrine is very much alive, and that the United States cannot tolerate the aggrandizement of a European power on American soil, especially when such aggrandizement takes the form of an attempt to seize the mouths of the Orinoco.

A POLICY OF SELF-ASSERTION.

This does not mean a policy of bluster. No American President or Secretary of State, no American legislative body should ever make a threat which is not, if necessary, to be backed by force of arms. Honourable peace is always desirable, but under no circumstances should we permit ourselves to be defrauded of our just rights by any fear of war. No amount of material prosperity can atone for lack of national self-respect; and in no way can national self-respect be easier lost than through a peace obtained or preserved unworthily, whether through cowardice or through sluggish indifference.

The conduct of our foreign affairs under President Harrison was, on the whole, admirable. Our attitude toward Germany in the Samoan incident, and toward Chile later, raised our standard high. We behaved in each instance with great moderation, but with entire firmness, and in each our conduct was rewarded with excellent results. We preserved the same attitude toward the great European empire and the spitfire South American republic. In the latter case, indeed, it was only our timely firmness that prevented the Chileans forcing us into a position which would have certainly meant war. All of this stands in striking contrast to the behaviour of the present Administration toward Hawaii and Nicaragua, and in the dispute between England and Venezuela.

AND NO ARBITRATION.

The one failure of President Harrison's Administration was in the Behring Sea case, and this failure was due to our over-anxiety for a peaceful settlement, and consequent willingness to yield what we ought not to have yielded. Had we taken the stand which was advocated by the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Tracy, and which had already been advocated by Mr. Phelps when minister to England under President Cleveland, there would have been no war, the seals would now have been alive, and there would have been no danger of the extinction of the greatest industry of the North Pacific. We ought never to have agreed to an arbitration; but we did, and the present administration has, of course, made matters worse. It is not a page of American diplomacy upon which we can look back with pride; but it offers a most wholesome lesson. It should teach us to beware, beyond all others, of the peace-at-any-price men. It should teach us to be exceedingly cautious about entering into any arbitration. Above all, it should teach us the lesson of courteous but resolute insistence on our rights, at no matter what cost.

This is indeed an unpleasant indication of what is considered a moderate foreign policy. England is to be compelled to submit her differences with Venezuela to arbitration, and at the same time we are told that the United States ought never to have agreed to arbitrate about the Behring Sea question, and Americans are warned to be very cautious about ever entering into any arbitration whatever.

(2) DEMOCRATIC.

Ex-Governor Russell is the exponent of the foreign policy of the democratic party. He says:—

Until a comparatively recent date there was substantial agreement that such policy should not be one of conquest or aggression, but should avoid "entangling alliances," and make Washington's farewell words, and the proper assertion of the Monroe doctrine, the bulwark of national safety and honour. The San Domingo fiasco of Grant's administration was believed to have ended permanently any other course. But recently Republican leaders have revived a defeated and almost forgotten Jingoism, and proclaimed a policy of foreign interference and annexation. By annexation of the Hawaiian Islands they would have the country try the experiment of governing a distant, divided, foreign people, and of assimilating them and their institutions. By interference at Samoa they would involve us in entangling alliances with Germany and England and in a responsibility unusual and unnecessary. By assisting Nicaragua in resisting payment of England's claim and English occupancy they would pervert the Monroe doctrine and establish a precedent which would force us into the foreign quarrels of every petty, irresponsible republic of Central and South America.

THE TRADITION OF NON-INTERVENTION.

How far these views of Republican Jingoists permeate and control that party will be determined in its next convention. The Democratic administration, in its conduct of our foreign affairs, has met constant, bitter criticism, but has resolutely refused to depart from the traditional policy of our country, and to involve her in novel and everlasting foreign complications. It has not believed that conquest or colonial acquisition is conducive to her strength or welfare, nor national honour best upheld by tyranny over a feeble but friendly power. The Republican party may make an issue over this Democratic record. If so, a most important question of far-reaching consequences will demand serious attention. For one, I believe it will take much more than the bluster of Jingoism to persuade the people that it is wise, safe, or patriotic to plunge our country into the maelstrom of international strife and ambition, and to abandon a course where we have found peace with honour, and have grown to be the most powerful, prosperous, and happy of the nations of the world.

It remains to be seen how far Mr. Russell's policy will be adopted and endorsed by President Harrison.

Rumour has it that he is very much disposed to try and take the wind out of the sails of the Republican jingoes by going one better than they in relation both to Cuba and Venezuela.

MR. BRYCE'S ADVICE.

It may be well to quote in this connection the following remarks with which Mr. Bryce, in the same magazine, brings to a close his observations on the Armenian question:—

One closing word as to the influence which America may exert in these questions. She has very wisely, and very fortunately for herself, abstained from joining in any of the treaties which determine the relations of European powers to one another; and she has neither obtained any such legal right to interfere for the protection of the native Eastern Christians, nor incurred any such responsibility toward them, as is the case with the six great powers. But she has missionaries in many parts of Turkey, whom, and whose churches and schools, constantly threatened by the local Turkish governors, she is entitled to protect; and she has the enormous advantage of being obviously disinterested in all Mediterranean questions, having nothing to gain for herself in that region of the world.

Hence any action taken by her, either on behalf of her missionaries or from sentiments of humanity and sympathy for the oppressed and persecuted, cannot be misunderstood by the Turks or misrepresented by the press of continental Europe, as that press constantly misrepresents the action of England, though in interfering on behalf of the Armenians England has not, and cannot have, any selfish motive. The position of America is therefore a very strong one. The appearance of her gunboats off Turkish ports has before now had a wholesome effect upon the Turkish mind; and these gunboats would do well to appear promptly whenever the rights of her citizens and the safety of their educational establishments are threatened. At Constantinople much depends also upon the capacity and the firmness of the envoy who embodies and speaks the will of a foreign power.

When English statesmen of Cabinet rank occupying the unique position enjoyed by Mr. Bryce in the American Republic take to appealing to the United States to let their gunboats appear promptly off Turkish ports, it is evident that the days of American non-interference in foreign affairs have gone by the board.

THE VENEZUELAN QUESTION.

BY A RECENT TRAVELLER IN THE COUNTRY.

MR. H. SOMERS SOMERSET, the author of "The Land of the Muskog," contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* a very timely but somewhat hurried survey of the Venezuelan question. Mr. Somerset visited the Republic of Venezuela in the spring of the year, when, I believe, he was decorated by the President and formed a tolerably clear idea as to how the land lies in that South American Republic. In his paper Mr. Somerset sets forth the English case, the existence of which is ignored by most American controversialists.

OUR CLAIM TAKEN OVER FROM THE DUTCH.

He says that while the territory between the Essequibo and the Orinoco was unexplored and unsettled, the Dutch, who then owned what is now British Guiana—obtained an unwilling concession to a part of the Cuyuni River, and a general extension of their influence to the north of the Essequibo. The English on their arrival ran their boundary-lines inland from Point Barima, claiming that they only wished to rule over Dutch territory, and that they believed this to be the frontier of the country which they had taken by right of conquest. For the next forty years Great Britain continued to exercise jurisdiction over the whole of their colony, and paid those subsidies promised to the Indians by their Dutch predecessors. The country

in dispute was worthless and almost uninhabited, and the difficulty of its capture would have outweighed the pride of possession till the discovery of gold in 1850.

HOW THE DISPUTE BEGAN.

The Monroe doctrine had already been declared; but the fact that it distinctly recognised existing monarchical colonies did not deter the Venezuelans from attempting to do violence to British subjects in thinly populated districts, in the hope that they might ultimately drive them from their new-found wealth. The English Government, in view of the increased value of their territory, ordered a small force to the gold-mining districts for the protection of British subjects, and demanded of Venezuela a recognition of their boundary rights as they stood until such time as a more full survey of the country should have been made by both Governments and a final and definite frontier decided upon. Venezuela answered by reciting the Papal Bull of the sixteenth century, which divided the New World amongst the Catholic countries of Spain and Portugal, formally laid claim to all land north of the Essequibo, which land amounts to about one-half of the British Colony.

HOW IT WILL BE SETTLED.

The United States suggested arbitration, and England replied that she would be delighted to arbitrate upon any territory which could be regarded as in dispute, but it was altogether out of the question to arbitrate about a portion integral to British Guiana over which Venezuela never exercised any authority, and which had been colonised and had been administered by the British Government. Mr. Somerset is very reasonable in his representation of the case, nor does he by any means insist upon the extreme claims which are put forward in some quarters. He says:—

It must be borne in mind that, from the English point of view, Great Britain has never attempted to encroach upon Venezuela. If she has done so, when the demands of Venezuela become reasonable enough to allow of a boundary commission, she will withdraw.

THE MISCHIEF OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

In our dealings with Venezuela the Monroe doctrine is a standing obstacle to the redress of grievances. Mr. Somerset says:—

In all personal and individual matters connected with Englishmen and citizens of the United States it was believed that no insults or wrongs would be avenged. The common saying of the country was: "England is powerless to help her subjects through fear of America. America herself will never avenge."

A ROTTEN "REPUBLIC."

He gives a lively account of the universal corruption of the Venezuelan Government. He says:—

The home politics of the country are notoriously unjust and corrupt. Contracts, both with foreigners and natives, are not worth the paper of their deeds; and from time to time the injured populace show a marked dislike to their ruin, and a strong feeling for home reform breaks out in the city.

Political power and the honours of office mean the opportunity to pilfer the public treasure and ruin the commerce of their country by breaking contracts and infringing on the rights of foreigners.

Such, then, is the Venezuela of to-day, and such it will remain as long as the present system of republican government continues. Socially—a moral and refined aristocracy supported by a penniless but contented half-breed population. Politically—a mass of violence, fraud, and corruption; utterly untrustworthy in its promises both to individuals and nations, and liable at any moment to overthrow such promises when a new government arises by force of arms antagonistic to the political creeds of its predecessor.

Turning from Venezuela to the northern Republic, whose newspapers have been threatening war with

England, Mr. Somerset points out that hardly a week passes but some American paper declares war against a European power, and in working up the Venezuelan question they are only making copy which will be forgotten by to-morrow. Meantime the sensation has served two purposes:—

It has provided matter for the debauched mind of a lie-worn people—for, be it remembered, the theme is a good one to work on—and it has turned popular attention from the tangle of a thriving civic tyranny.

EUROPE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

While American newspapers are threatening war, and American senators are declaiming in favour of the Monroe doctrine, the European powers, according to Mr. Somerset, are practically in commercial and financial possession of Southern America. He concludes:—

There we have some of the richest and, agriculturally, most valuable lands on the face of the globe, only waiting to be developed for the good of mankind till such time as their government be stable enough to allow capitalists to invest without danger of losing all through the play of the party differences of an unsettled country. Even as it is, European and American money has poured into investments in these regions. Maritime Europe has taken possession of their import markets; England, Germany, and France have opened rapid steamship communication with their coasts. The trading instincts of the Old World have led them to study the requirements of the country. The superiority of English packing and shipment and the regular and punctual attendance to orders have vastly increased British Trade; whilst the slipshod and grinding habit of the American trader, combined with the absence of American shipping, has done much to destroy the southern commerce of that country. La Guayra, the port of Venezuela, may be said to be the only important port in Central or Southern America in which the number of the vessels of the great northern neighbour can compete with the tonnage of far distant Europe.

WHAT THE UNITED STATES SHOULD DO.

Commercially, then, as distinct from politically, the European interests predominate. Some one must guard this great mass of capital from the childish tricks of irresponsible revolutionists. In her speeches and actions the United States shows an inclination to protect these countries; but she must do more than this—she must protect herself and Europe from their corrupt practices. She must give up her ideal of a new world of friendly commonwealths, united in the cause of liberty, and ready to protect one another from the supposed assaults of the degenerate monarchical countries of Europe. For practice has shown that the reality has made her directly responsible for the greatest and most unjust tyrannies on earth.

THE REAL RULERS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, writing in *Harper's Magazine* for November, continues to throw a flood of light upon those precious American Republics which many good citizens in the United States seem to consider it their national duty to preserve at all hazards from English interference. Mr. Davis travelled in Central America through Nicaragua and Honduras in the beginning of this year. As I pointed out last month, he is under no delusion as to the miserable sham of the revolutionary Republicanism by which the half-breeds of the South impose upon the imagination of the North American. Mr. Davis, speaking of the island of Amapala, which guards the only port of entry to Honduras on the Pacific seaboard, says:—

It is supposed to belong to the Republic of Honduras, but it is in reality the property of Rossner Brothers, who sell you everything from German machetes to German music-boxes, and who could, if they wanted it, purchase the entire Republic of Honduras in the morning, and make a present of it to the Kaiser in the course of the afternoon. You have only to change

the name of Rossner Brothers to the San Rosario Mining Company, to the Pacific Mail, to Erman Brothers, to the Panama Railroad Company, and you will identify the actual rulers of one or of several of the Republics of Central America. His country, no matter what her name may be, is ruled by a firm of coffee-merchants in New York city, or by a German railroad company, or by a line of coasting steamers, or by a great trading-house, with headquarters in Berlin or London or Bordeaux. If the President wants money he borrows it from the trading-house; if he wants arms, or his soldiers need blankets, the trading-house supplies them. No one remembers now who was President of Peru when Henry Meiggs was alive, and to-day William L. Grace is a better name on letters of introduction to Chili and Peru than that of a Secretary of State.

When we were in Nicaragua, one little English banking-house was fighting the Minister of Finance and the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the President and the entire Government, and while the notes issued by the bank were accepted at their face value, those of the Government were taken only in the presence of a policeman or a soldier, who was there to see that you did take it. You find this condition of affairs all through Central America, and you are not long in a Republic before you learn which merchant or which bank or which railroad company controls it, and you soon grow to look upon a mule loaded with boxes bearing the trade-mark of a certain business-house with more respect than upon a soldier who wears the linen ribbon of the Government. For you know that at a word the soldier will tear the ribbon from his straw sombrero and replace it with another upon which is printed "Viva Dr. Somebody Else," while the trade-mark of the business-house will continue so long as English and German merchandise is carried across the sea in ships. And it will also continue as long as Great Britain and Germany and the United States are represented by consuls who are at the same time the partners of the leading business firms in the seaport over which their consular jurisdiction extends. For few Central American Republics are going to take away a consul's exequatur as long as they owe him in his unofficial capacity for a large loan of money; and the merchant, on the other hand, knows that he is not going to suffer from the imposition of a forced loan, nor see his mules seized, as long as the tin sign with the American eagle screaming upon it is tacked above the brass business plate of his warehouse.

A Free Hand for Lord Wolseley.

An anonymous writer in the *United Service Magazine*, writing on the Commander-in-Chief, thus brings his observations to the following practical conclusions:—

An officer has been appointed to the chief command, with the practically unanimous approval of the nation. He has proved himself to be an eminently successful leader in war, and a most able army administrator and skilful organiser in peace; he is undoubtedly the best man that could have been selected to carry out the difficult task of reforming the Army. If he is to succeed, however, he must be free and unfettered, and have full control of the army *en détail* as well as *en bloc*. Should he, on the other hand, be deprived of four-fifths of the responsibility, and practically of all the authority that should pertain to his office—if, in short, he is to be made a Commander-in-Chief in shadow and not in substance, his power of carrying out the work, which the nation expects to see him accomplish, will be so curbed and curtailed that failure will be courted from the very outset, and he will be in the position of Hercules, when set the task by Eurystheus of cleansing the Augean stable, but with this exception, that there will be no friendly Alpheus to enable him to accomplish the impossible.

THE October number of the *Studio* is the first part of a new volume. The magazine is enlarged, and the price is raised to one shilling. It contains a good article on the Herkomer School at Bushey, by A. Lys Baldry; Mr. Horace Townsend writes on the "Artistic Treatment of Cottages," and there are several other articles of interest.

HOW TO COUNTERACT THE "PENNY DREADFUL."

MR. HUGH CHISHOLM writes on this subject in the *Fortnightly Review*. He thinks that something might be done by means of suppression, and he advocates that the efficacy of the criminal law should be tested by instituting a prosecution against some of the serious offenders. He suggests that something should be done in improving the Board Schools, especially in their moral and religious training. Board Schools, he thinks, should be made more like Public Schools; teachers ought to have more control over the children, who should be organised into houses, so that the teachers might arrange for the pupils to have plenty to occupy their leisure. He admits this is rather hard on the teachers, but thinks it might be arranged somehow. There is more sense in his suggestion as to what might be done to promote a good supply of good reading. He says:—

The best way to counteract the "penny dreadful" is to provide an equally attractive substitute, and the teachers might do a great deal by seeing that the young folk should have access to a good supply of healthy fiction. It may be that the teachers themselves will have to be taught first, if it is true, as I have seen it stated, that the pupil-teachers, as well as the boys in the higher standards, buy "penny dreadfuls" and exchange them with one another. If that is so, the pupil-teachers betray a craving for fiction which had better be satisfied with what is healthy than with what is unhealthy. Nor are there no means for that. What else are the Free Libraries for, with all their stock of fiction, which some people seem to regard as so excessive? Some Board Schools, moreover, already have started libraries of their own, and it is a movement distinctly to be encouraged. If the Education Department would get Parliament to make a grant for extending these "juvenile" libraries, it would be money well spent. Others besides teachers, moreover, can do good by recommending the better class of fiction. Boys are quite ready to take advice, and when the Speaker of the House of Commons recommended them to read Sir Walter Scott in a speech last July, he was setting an example which other men of influence might follow.

There are, surely, ways too of supplying the multitude with good fiction as cheaply as with bad. When the schoolboy can get the "Prisoner of Zenda" for a penny he will not be obliged to buy the only thing which that modest sum will now procure in the market, some choice morsel like "Sweeney Todd" or "Jem Bludsoe." Some day, when, as Sir Walter Besant has told us, readers will be counted by tens of millions, the authors and publishers will have no business to sell their wares at the prices still current. Popular authors of ephemeral fiction now make a great deal more money than their labours are really worth, compared with the equal or greater efforts of workers and artists in other lines. But when the inevitable reaction comes they will be glad to reduce their prices, and make their profit by means of an enormous cheap circulation. Besides as copyrights run out, the dead hand will compete with the living, and the enormous mass of readable fiction published in the last fifty years will of necessity bring the new authors into a proper perspective. With Penny Populars like Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, the two Kingsleys, Marryat, Whyte Melville, Lytton, G. P. R. James, Wilkie Collins, Grant (how I loved the "Romance of War" when I was a schoolboy!), and all the rest of them, including Stevenson, Rider Haggard, and Sir Walter Besant himself, the well-directed young glutton for fiction in the next century will have the very best chance of neglecting the rubbishy heap of badly-written and clumsy sensationalism to which the protection of better literature by the Copyright Act has resulted in confining the larger number of the poor in our own day.

THE *Rassegna Nazionale* (October 16th) gives a lengthy and laudatory *résumé*, from the pen of Mrs. Isabella Anderton, of the Character Sketch of Dr. Croke in the September number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

AN AFGHAN EMBASSY IN LONDON.

MR. E. KAY ROBINSON has a very thoughtful and apparently well-informed article in the *Fortnightly Review* for November on the subject of the Afghan Alliance. He says that the Shahzada has gone home empty-handed, disillusioned, disappointed. He was sent here on a mission to secure the assent of the British Government to the appointment of an Afghan Embassy in London, and he has been defeated. The Ameer in the future will have to continue to do business with the Government of India at Simla. This he hates, for the one great object of his life is to establish his position as an independent ruling sovereign. He claims now to be the ally, not of the Viceroy, but of the Queen, and refuses to receive orders from any one but a sovereign greater than himself. Lord Lansdowne remonstrated with him for the atrocities with which he had suppressed the insurrection in Afghan Turkestan. This protest the Ameer vehemently resented, and from that time his relations with the Government of India became strained. An attempt was made to put things right by offering to send Lord Roberts to Cabul, but the Ameer demurred at the size of the escort and the matter fell through. Thus the Ameer intimated that, although his health did not permit him to accept the Viceroy's invitation to visit India, he proposed to visit England. The Ameer sent Mr. Pyne to Simla, and thus Sir Mortimer Durand went to Cabul with an invitation for the Ameer from the Queen. That invitation the Ameer regarded as the first fruit of the success of his policy to assert his right as an independent sovereign to hold direct relations with the British Government. He followed it up by instructing his son to insist upon the appointment of an Embassy in London, and these instructions the Shahzada duly carried out, but without result; hence he has gone back in a very bad temper, and there is likely to be trouble ahead in Cabul. Mr. Robinson thinks that Afghanistan has as much right to be represented by an Embassy in London as Persia, and he advocates that we should give in to the Ameer on this point in return for certain concessions on his part. These are—first, the improvement of the Afghan army, which can only be effected by the introduction of British and native officers from the Punjab for the training of his best regiments. Secondly, the civilisation of the internal government of Afghanistan. Thirdly, the removal of prohibitive taxes and restrictions on British trade in and through Afghanistan. Fourthly, the establishment of a British protectorate for Kafiristan. He thinks a small office might be established at the headquarters of the Government of India in connection with the Foreign Office in London. Change, he thinks, is now inevitable. The kingdom of Afghanistan has outgrown its leading strings, and such a kingdom cannot be retained under the control of a few Indian civilians at Simla.

Arte Portuguesa is dead. It was a bold attempt to awaken interest in art, especially Portuguese art, in that part of the Iberian Peninsula. The review was under the patronage of the King and Queen, and started with promises of support from many influential persons—promises which were not strictly kept. It was well done, but after an uphill struggle for six months the proprietor has been compelled to abandon an enterprise which proved a very costly one to him.

THE SULTAN AND HIS HAREM.

As the Sultan may be murdered at any moment, it is well to know something about the man who is likely to take his place. Mr. Richard Davey tells us something about this in his paper on "The Sultan and his Harem" in the *Fortnightly Review*.

THE SULTAN'S SUCCESSOR.

If the Sultan were to be killed or were to die, he would be succeeded by his youngest brother. Mr. Richard Davey says:—

At this time of writing, Raschid-Effendi, the present Sultan's youngest brother, and probable successor, is confined within the palace of the Cheragan, together with his harem and the officers of court—kept as a prisoner of state. He is not allowed to receive a single letter, book, or newspaper, not to mention a visitor from the outer world. To the drawbacks consequent on this seclusion must be added those of the exceedingly inferior education bestowed on the male members of the Imperial family, an education left entirely in the hands of parasites and adventurers, European and otherwise.

This is a nice look out for Europe. The new man may be a cipher or he may be an idiot. But let us, however, turn with Mr. Davey to the situation of the harem, which is the true court of the polygamous monarch.

HIS COURTIER.

The first person in the Empire after the Sultan is the Sheik-ul-Islam, the Vicar-General, whose consent must be obtained before the Sultan can be deposed. The next personage is the Grand Vizier, a hundred of whom have been executed or assassinated in the last hundred years. After the Grand Vizier comes the Chief of the Black Eunuchs.

Notwithstanding his well-intentioned household reforms Abd-ul-Hamid's Court still swarms with parasites, in the guise of secretaries, ushers, palace-agents, and such fry. All this petty host is waited on by some three or four hundred slaves and menial servants, known as "Baltadjis." The cooking of the Imperial establishment is on a quite incredible scale. The male and female population of Gildiz, inclusive of the troops in the Palace barracks, certainly cannot amount to less than between six and eight thousand persons, all fed at the Sultan's expense. There are, so I was credibly assured, over four hundred cooks and scullions employed within the Palace, under the direction of a goodly array of Turkish, French, and Italian chefs.

The harem, or women's department of the Sultan's household, consists of a number of little courts or "dairas," each surrounding some one or other of the leading ladies of this amazing female hierarchy, numbering not less than fifteen hundred persons.

The Sultan has never been through the ordinary marriage ceremony, and he has his four kadines or legitimate wives, and an indefinite number of favourites and "young ladies who are pleasant in the eyes" of their master, most of whom are purchased or stolen from Circassian or Georgian peasants when very young.

THE HEAD OF THE HAREM.

The head of the harem is the foster-mother of the reigning Sultan, who is a very able and intelligent woman of old-fashioned ideas, who rules the harem with the strictest attention to economy and propriety. Her authority is absolute over all the women; when she goes abroad she has a military escort exactly similar to the Sultan's own. The Grand Mistress of the Robes is a respectable and intelligent elderly woman, who is a kind of vice-queen or manager of Valide Sultan.

A distinguished lady who has the *entre* to the harem assures me that its present inmates dress more or less in European fashion, but almost invariably in the costliest conceivable

tea-gowns from Paris and Vienna. They wear magnificent diamonds and other jewels, and appear to lead a very happy life.

It must not for a moment be concluded that because a woman is an inmate of the Serai she does not possess a legal husband of her own. Many of the ladies are the wives of pashas, and, like our own Court ladies, have only a stated period of waiting in each year. But the majority of the married denizens of this world within a world, be they mistresses or maids, have husbands holding some palace appointment, and apartments and families within its walls. The harem ladies have a fair share of liberty. In the regulation yashmak and feridje they can go out driving and paying visits whenever they choose, and they haunt the bazaars, the Grand Rue de Pera, and other public promenades. They have, moreover, many entertainments among themselves. There is a very pretty theatre in the gardens of the palace where operas and ballets are frequently given for their entertainment. In summer they swarm up the Bosphorus to the Sweet Waters of Asia, and in spring and autumn to the Sweet Waters of Europe; but they are never seen on foot.

HOW THE SULTAN LIVES.

As to the Sultan himself, his life is of the simplest and most arduous. He rises at six and works with his secretaries till noon, when he breakfasts. After this he takes a drive or a row on the lake within his vast park. When he returns he gives audiences. At eight o'clock he dines, sometimes alone, not unfrequently in company of one of the ambassadors. Very often, in the evenings, he plays duets on the piano with his younger children. He is very fond of light music, and his favourite score is that of "La Fille de Mme. Angot." He dresses like an ordinary European gentleman, always wearing a frock-coat, the breast of which on great occasions is richly embroidered and blazoned with decorations.

He is the first Sultan who has done away with the diamond aigrettes, formerly attached to the Imperial turban or fez. The President of the United States is no more informal than the Sultan in his manner of receiving guests. He places his visitor beside him on a sofa, and himself lights the cigarette he offers him. As the Padishah is supposed to speak no language but Turkish and Arabic, his Majesty, who is a perfect French scholar, carries on conversation through a dragoman.

Much more might be added of interest and instruction, but the inexorable limits of a magazine article compel me to close with the following curious anecdote.

Quite recently a very great lady had the honour of dining with his Majesty, who, by the way, is the first Turkish sovereign who has ever admitted a Christian woman to his table. After dinner the lady noticed a mousetrap which had been forgotten on one of the chairs. "Oh," said the Sultan, "that is an excellent trap. It was sent to me from England, and I have caught ten mice in it to-day."

Reporting the Yacht Race.

In the *Practical Photographer* for November there is an interesting article by an English photographer who went to photograph the race between the *Defender* and the *Valkyrie*. In the course of his paper, which is copiously illustrated, he says:—

I saw a great deal of American press enterprise, there being on board a tug about ten reporters, artists, etc., and when I was told this particular paper expected the cost of reporting these races would amount to about 30,000 dollars, it will give some little idea of the intense interest and enthusiasm which this yacht race has caused. This paper had four tugs, as well as a stationary cable ship, from which they could flash the news of the race to all parts of the world. The tugs had carrier pigeons, with which they sent on the news, so that the people in New York were kept well posted every half-hour.

THERE are a couple of papers in the *Free Review* pleading for free love as against marriage. One is written by Mr. Frederick Rockell and the other by Mr. W. F. Dunton.

A STUDY OF WIVES.

THE *North American Review* for October publishes a "Study of Wives" in four nations—English, French, German, and Scandinavian.

ENGLISH. BY MR. GRANT ALLEN.

Mr. Grant Allen—probably because he is the one man in England who has proclaimed his disbelief in wifehood—has been selected to write on the ideal English wife. He divides wives into three classes: the wife of the labouring man, the wife of the middle-class, and the wife of the aristocrat. He says:—

The ideal wife of the labouring classes is a housewife and mother of the antique Teutonic pattern. She rules the kitchen. She spends her life in hard toil, endless household drudgery; she washes and cooks and sews and makes beds for her husband, herself, and her ten clean little ones; their faces are almost as white as their pinafores; yet she believes in God in a blind sort of way, and attaches great importance to religious ceremonies. But she has no soul; how could she find time to attend to one? She is the material ideal of a materialised, brutalised, soulless peasantry.

He is hardly less complimentary when speaking of the middle-class wife. Of her Mr. Allen says:—

Her function is not to live her own life or expand her own soul, but to play the part of his social representative. She is an appanage of his respectability. She presides with solemn and silent dignity at the head of his table. She drives out with portly pride in his carriage, when he gets one. She calls on his friends' wives, and asks their daughters in due rotation to tea and tennis. She produces six wholesome-looking children herself at measured intervals, and spends most of her time thenceforth in frittering uselessly over their nursery arrangements. She takes no part whatsoever in her husband's business, and asks no questions about it; she contents herself with spending her housekeeping money wisely, to the best advantage, and dressing herself and her pretty children as creditably as possible on their respective allowances. She keeps the home beautiful, with antimaccassars and white muslin curtains. She is the simple and unattractively virtuous ideal of a solid, stolid, unimaginative *bourgeoisie*.

It is, perhaps, well for the third class that Mr. Allen declares the ideal wife of the aristocracy does not exist. Aristocrats have wives, no doubt, but they usually end in the Divorce Court; so, at least, Mr. Grant Allen says in the following astonishing sentences:—

He sows his wild oats in many fields; then he marries, for the settlements. His wife is rich, or beautiful, or both; she lives in society. He and she go their own ways forthwith; and those ways usually land one or other in the Divorce Court. Occasionally both of them reach that goal together.

FRENCH. BY MAX O'RELL.

Max O'Rell, of course, being a Frenchman, does not vilify his countrywomen; on the contrary, he is delighted to praise up the French wife above all other wives in the world. He says:—

Her constant aim is to be interesting to her husband. She multiplies herself. In turn she is his friend, his confidante, his partner in business, his chum, and, if I may use the word in its best and most refined sense, his mistress. She is forever changing her appearance. For instance, you will seldom see a French married woman wear her hair in the same way longer than three or four weeks. She knows that love feeds on trifles, on illusion, on suggestion. She understands to a supreme degree the poetry of matrimony. I have heard men say that matrimony kills poetry! The fools! There is no poetry outside of it. Why is the French woman of forty so attractive? Because every feature of her face shows that she has been petted and loved.

GERMAN. BY KARL BLIND.

Karl Blind first discusses the German wife from a historical point of view, and then praises the wife of to-day

He repels with indignation the doctrine that German women are not expected to take an interest in affairs. He says:—

To be, not "platform mothers," but good housewives, and at the same time to take a deep interest in all that is good and noble in literature and art; to make a happy home, to bring up children with fond care, and also to think of, and so far as the difference of sex allows, to act for the public weal of their country and for the intellectual, moral, and social progress of humanity at large; such in the opinion of the best among us, be they men or women, is the ideal German wife.

SCANDINAVIAN. BY MR. BOYESSEN.

Mr. Boyesen writes on Scandinavian women. He says that many Norwegian women are very advanced, and very much given to consider they are free to do anything in the world they choose to; but, after all, they are not the type of the ideal Scandinavian wife, for the type is fixed, not by women, but by men:—

The qualities which the man demands the woman is bound to supply, or feign their possession, under penalty of celibacy. And Scandinavian man does not differ essentially from the male of other civilised races in demanding of his wife all the standard copybook virtues. He looks to her primarily to uphold the dignity of his house; to give, by her presence and manner, a certain *éclat* to his hospitality; to make his domestic machinery run as smoothly, noiselessly, and economically as circumstances will permit. He associates with his vision of her a certain sweet matronliness which grows more pronounced with the years, as the children gather about her knees.

Iceland and Its Wants.

THE *Scottish Geographical Magazine* recently published a very interesting article by Mr. H. Johnston-Lavis concerning his travels in Iceland. It is copiously illustrated, but for the most part is too technical to be quoted here. His conclusions, however, are most interesting:—

The three greatest difficulties that the Icelandic has to contend with are absence of limestone, forests, and roads. The consequence is that, with the exception of a few constructions of corrugated iron, the farm buildings of Iceland are very primitive, affording cramped, unhealthy, and imperfect shelter to man and beast. Irregular slabs of lava alternating with strips of turf form a very imperfect wall. This is indeed made less pervious by a lining of wood, which, however, must be used most sparingly, whether it has to be carried many miles on ponies or is obtained from teredo-bored drift logs thrown up on the coast. Partly in consequence of defective shelter the death-rate of the people is high, and large numbers of sheep die during the winter. To a large extent two of these difficulties would disappear if good roads were made round the island, especially if cheap narrow-gauge railways were constructed beside them. Large quantities of dairy produce, meat, fresh and salted fish could be brought to the trading ports, and sent to England, France, Germany, etc., in a few days, whilst timber, coal, and lime, besides flour and other commodities, could be obtained by the farmers in exchange. It has always puzzled me why there are no trees in Iceland. One is told that about once in ten years the ice-pack sets on the north coast and spoils the summer; but surely there must be some trees of subarctic regions, that thrive in far more rigorous and uncertain climates, which could be introduced into Iceland. I saw many sheltered spots where whole forests would find a congenial home, and where the stunted birches and willows indigenous to the island thrive in luxuriance. I could hear of no serious attempts even at acclimatising trees of any kind. . . . With such means of communication as I have suggested, Iceland offers, especially to the fisherman and devotee of the gun unrivalled opportunities, while the tourist would have within reach a new field for his summer or autumn holiday, enjoying a summer climate superior to that of Scotland, and accessible by a short and pleasant sea trip. The invalid would find relief in the innumerable and varied hot springs of the island.

WHEN THE QUEEN WAS CROWNED.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF LONG AGO.

IN the *Woman at Home* the illustrated articles now appearing about the Queen contain some interesting reminiscences of the Coronation few persons now living remember. The writer says that on her accession the girl-queen became extraordinarily popular, and this popularity made itself felt in many ways, some of which were the reverse of agreeable:—

Mothers loved her because she was such a good daughter; girls adored her because she was one of themselves, and they smoothed and braided their hair to look like the Queen, adopted her favourite colours of pink and blue, and thanked their good fortune if they chanced to be fair, blue-eyed and *petite*, while the tall, dark girls were correspondingly unhappy. Wise matrons mindful of the sad death of the Princess Charlotte with her first-born son, hoped the Queen would not rush into the perils of marriage and maternity too soon, and some even thought it might be safer for her to copy the example of Elizabeth in abjuring wedlock altogether. The young folks did not mind so long as she married for love. The condition of susceptible young men was indeed tragic. Some shot themselves, and some went mad all for love of the virgin Queen. One gentleman of position was reduced to weeding the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens in the hope of obtaining a sight of her, and when the Queen left for Buckingham Palace he had his phaeton in readiness, and drove in front of her carriage all the way to town. He continued to make himself so intrusive that the authorities were obliged to take him in hand. Charles Dickens was one of the youths who had a severe attack of Queen fever; happily he recovered, or we should not have received anything from his pen beyond the "Pickwick Papers." His youthful aberration must have come to the great novelist's memory with amusement when, at the climax of his fame, he was commanded to lunch with the Queen at Windsor, and received from her hands a copy of Her Majesty's "Tour in the Highlands," inscribed with the words:—"From the humblest to the most distinguished author in England."

What a far-away time it seems to which the following statement refers:—

The Queen was her own housekeeper, so far as circumstances permitted, and she managed things right royally, but never contracted a debt. She arranged dinner-parties, had delightful impromptu dances, picnics on Virginia Water, little evening concerts, at which she frequently sang herself, and organised riding and driving parties. She was in the saddle most days for two or three hours, attended by a gay cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen.

After describing the way in which the maiden monarch passed her day, the writer says that after dinner—the Queen had one little rule which one notes with interest. She would not allow the gentlemen to remain over their after-dinner wine more than a quarter of an hour, and always remained standing in the drawing-room until they made their appearance.

Coming to the Coronation itself, one or two incidents are mentioned which most people have forgotten:—

The Coronation, with its various ceremonies, civil and religious, lasted more than four hours, and throughout the Queen played her part with wonderful composure. Care had been taken to provide a crown suitable for her small head, but no one had thought about reducing the size of the orb which she was required to carry in her tiny hand. "What am I to do with it?" she asked in concern. "Carry it, your Majesty," replied Lord John Thynne. "Am I? it is very heavy," the Queen answered in a tone of amazement. However, it was too late for protest, and she obeyed the exigencies of the situation. The coronation ring had been made to fit the little finger. The Archbishop declared that by the rubric it must be forced upon a larger finger. The result was that the finger was so much swollen that it had to be bathed in iced water before the ring could be drawn off.

In the November number the story is brought down to the autumn of 1842, the year in which the Queen took her first trip by rail, and in which two attempts were made to kill her, both fortunately abortive.

NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON.

THE *New Review* publishes a paper on Nelson, in the course of which the writer, who employs the pseudonym of "Etc. the Younger," thus refers to Nelson's entanglement with Lady Hamilton:—

In the whole Neapolitan story you see a man staggering and plunging blindly among entanglements in an element he could not master. There are a few words to be said of Emma. Let us leave morals out of the question. Emmas with good figures and fine eyes were familiar enough about the headquarters of the Iron Duke. He lingered once in Cadiz, and the army joked. Martial men, as Lord Bacon, surveying mankind with calm eyes, has justly said, are ever addicted to love. But then the Duke's Emmas were not allowed to go beyond that "purpose for which alone he thought they were created." Whether any one of them, endeavouring to go beyond her own sphere, was taken up to a looking-glass, and asked to bethink her whether so lovely a mouth was designed to speak of so ugly a subject as politics, we are not told; but that was the Duke's attitude. The difference in Nelson's case is great. His Emma was persistent, exuberant, over-flowing in every direction. Never did a great man light upon a more amazing Egeria. A plump Nell Gwynn with poor Nellie's kind heart turning to "adipose matter," as the polite biographer puts it, brisk, humorous, a liar, addicted with a passion which increased as the said adipose grew, to the pleasures of the table—that was Emma. To Horatio she was the good, the dear, the excellent, and, most inappropriate of adjectives, the virtuous. Had this man common intelligence? That he loved her was human; that he could not live without her is his business. Let it be so, and let us not blame him if he could not turn from his Cleopatra, such as she was, to the frigid virtue of his Octavia. A man may act thus, and fall into sin, to which all flesh is liable, and yet not be silly, nor hanker round the outskirts of the Merely Ignoble. Nelson was silly in his effort to force this creature, whose place it had been to be his "travelling convenience," on a society which, without giving itself airs of morality, knew that the observance of certain decencies was essential to its existence. He was sillier still when he called her, in the language of the counter-jumper who has seduced the barmaid, his wife in the eyes of God. When he talked of the removal of the obstacles in the way of their marriage, he did at least skirt the Ignoble. All the while, too, he talked of virtue. One has to turn aside, and resolve to look at other things, that one may not be disgusted.

His contemporaries felt as we: that is, the best of them did. The mob chuckled to see that the heroic sailor was after all a sailor: one who made his money like a horse and spent it like an ass, with his wench and a can of flip. Gillray drew pictures of a tun of woman tumbling out of bed, from the side of "Old Antiquity," to blubber over Nelson's departing sails. The mob laughed consumedly; but there were others who, if they laughed at all, did so as they might have made merry over some Don Quixote—with infinite love, pity, and humorous melancholy. Gilbert Elliot for one, the first Lord Minto, a very high gentleman, accepted even Emma as a condition to be taken in silence as unavoidable: since without her they could not have Nelson, and he was indispensable to England. Lady Nelson, be it said to the honour of a commonplace woman who yet had the instincts of a lady, kept a dignified silence. She took no posthumous revenge, as Lady Byron did. The brave and loyal Collingwood, too, was silent, and Troubridge, and St. Vincent. Now and then came a word of warning to Naples from an old friend, or an appeal to come out "of the Garden of Armida." If we must know all this, it is not because his friends or those of his own house betrayed him, but because he forced the world to see his folly. In truth, all those who knew Nelson took his excesses as the mere defects of his remarkable qualities. To them it was clear that, if he had been a more sober man, he would have better preserved the

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AT HOME.

AN INTERVIEW IN WARWICK CASTLE.

Miss BELLOC, in the *Woman at Home* for November, reports an interview with the Countess of Warwick at Warwick Castle. The article is copiously illustrated, although none of the portraits do Lady Warwick justice. The following are some extracts:—

I ventured to ask Lady Warwick to tell the readers of *The Woman at Home* what she thought to be the most pressing duty now lying before the women of Great Britain.

"Really," she replied, smiling, "that is a very serious question, and one which I cannot answer. It is not for me to give a prescription for all the women of England; each one has her own duty in her own circle, and it would be arrogance for any one to dogmatise as to what her neighbour or her sister should do."

"Yes, but in a general way and from your own point of view, what would you be inclined to insist upon most earnestly?"

Lady Warwick paused, and then she said, "An endeavour to utilise the waste—waste time, waste opportunities, waste of all kinds—for there is nothing more sad or tragic in this world than the waste that goes on all round us. I do not mean waste of money—for waste of money is one of the smallest kinds of waste—but waste of life, which is far more important. To use one's life; to use it to the full; to make the best of it—in the old phrase, to be a faithful steward; that surely is the great need for us all, whether we are men or women. We all admit that life is precious; how can we fritter it away? Even when we are not unconsciously idle, how can we waste so many of our moments on a multitude of desultory occupations, each of which may be important enough in its way, but the sum of which loses all the forces that ought to be used in doing the work of one's life. The other day I heard a young man declare that his life, instead of being like a cannon ball, going direct to its mark, passed, as it were, through a sieve, the multiplicity of small shot failing to make any mark at all! Against the endless dissipations of energy, the besetting sin of our overcrowded life, we ought to set up a standard of a wise conservation of power."

"Of course," she added, breaking off her remarks with a merry laugh, "I am afraid I am too often an example of exactly the kind of fault that I am in the habit of condemning most seriously myself."

"You must have endless calls upon your time, both public and private, philanthropic and social?"

"Yes," she observed, quietly. "It is very difficult to get time to live one's own life when one touches the lives of so many others at so many points."

"But you do not regret your public work: for instance, your work here, upon the Board of Guardians?"

"Regret it!" she answered. "It is one of the delights of my life. There is nothing that has given me more pleasure than to feel that I am able, even in ever so small a way, to help in the responsible discharge of our duties to the poor and infirm amongst us. It is quite heart-breaking to go into the workhouse and see the old people lying there, unemployed, or without anything to amuse them, day after day, week after week, and year after year. The Brabazon scheme is very good and excellent, but it wants to be extended and developed. At present it has greatly benefited the old people, some of whom have found quite a new joy in life since they have learned to knit, and to do all manner of things which bedridden persons can do; but there is still a great field for the benevolent, both in visiting workhouses and in taking a personal interest in some of the poor people, whether they are old or young. It is no good dealing with humanity wholesale; you need to grapple with each case, taking individual by individual."

"What is your view concerning charity?"

"Charity to be wisely dispensed should be discriminate, and those who are dealing with the difficulties of the poor, from the side of voluntary effort, should be in close touch with the responsible administrators of the Poor Law. There is

endless overlapping, and what is perhaps worse, a demoralising reliance upon doles. Charity is very good and very necessary, but charity should, as far as possible, be confined to helping people to help themselves, rather than accustoming them to rely upon a pittance doled out week by week all the year round, without any hope or prospect of their getting out of their position of dependence. When people need to be supported in that way, they should be dealt with by the Poor Law. Private charity should always endeavour to give people a start in life, and to put them upon their feet once more, self-supporting, self-relying citizens."

"What is your opinion as to the opening of public careers to women?"

"I do not know," she said, "why people should always make such distinction between men and women. There are certain persons in the community who are capable, who are public-spirited, and who have leisure to serve the community, and why should you ask whether they are men or women? If they can do the work, let them do it, without imposing any disabilities on account of their sex. Women have quite enough against them naturally, without anything being added by the kind forethought of the other sex. I have never taken any part myself in the 'Woman's Rights Movement.' I am quite sure that if women did their duties, not only private, but public, they would soon make themselves indispensable. I have never found any objection made to my taking part in any work because I was a woman."

"Except taking services in your parish church, for example. That you would not be allowed to do."

"Who knows?" she cried, quickly. "When I want to do that, possibly the door will open! At present I have no ambition in that direction. What we women need is a steady persistence in doing the work which lies ready to our hand, and to never flinch from any duty which we can discharge, and which no one else will do if we do not, merely because of the accident of sex. To do work, to do it well, and to make yourself useful and indispensable to society, and especially to those members of society who are not in a position to help themselves—that seems to me to be the natural path along which we are progressing; and no one who looks at the progress which women have made during the last twenty or thirty years, can feel otherwise than gratified by their advance all along the line."

Which is the Best Road to Central Africa?

THIS is the question which was discussed between Mr. Scott Elliot and Mr. Stanley at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, reported in their *Journal* for October. Mr. Scott Elliot pleads for the road by the Zambesi, in defence of which he adduces the three following reasons:—

First, the cheapness of water-transport must inevitably beat down that of railways. The cost of 1143 hours' steaming of the University Missions steamer on Lake Nyasa amounted to £139 11s. 8d.—that is, between 2d. and 3d. an hour.

Secondly, a large part of the route is already organised. There are probably twenty steamers on the Lower Shire and Zambesi, and some eight or nine on the Upper Shire and Lake Nyasa. There is also one on Tanganyika.

The third and most important advantage lies in the relative value of the countries opened up. If one leaves out of count the Victoria Nyanza region, which would of course be opened by either route, the lakes route opens up the Shire highlands, the Nyanza region, the healthy Stevenson road plateau, and both the Congo State and German territory—at any rate, that part which is near Tanganyika.

On the other hand, Mr. Stanley pleads strongly for the Mombasa route, condensing his arguments into the following sentence:—

Between the 657 miles land journey of the Mombasa route and 2,500 miles water journeys, and 435 miles of land journey of the southern route, well, you have only to look at the map to make your decision.

LUKE FILDES AND HIS WORK.

ONE of the most interesting Annuals is that known as the *Art Annual*, which is published in connection with the *Art Journal*, and takes the life and work of some artist of note for its subject. The new number, which deals with Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., would seem to be the twelfth in the series; the previous Annuals have given us critical and biographical sketches of such artists as

"THE CASUALS."

"The Casuals" only dates back to 1874. In reference to it the artist says:—

I had been to a dinner party, I think, and happened to return by a police-station, when I saw an awful crowd of poor wretches applying for permits to lodge in the Casual Ward. I made a note of the scene, and after that often went again, making friends with the policeman and talking with the people themselves. Then was my chance, and I at once began to make studies for my *Graphic* picture. From that I elaborated the large canvas afterwards exhibited at the Academy.

The picture is now in the Royal Holloway College at Egham.

"THE DOCTOR."

Mr. Henry Tate has promised "The Doctor" to the nation, and when the new Westminster Gallery is ready, the painting will be open to the world to discuss. Meanwhile, all who remember the picture at the Academy in 1891, or the etching published by Messrs. Agnew, will be interested to learn that for several months the studio in Melbury Road was witness to the project:—

After many studies Mr. Fildes had the interior of a cottage erected inside his own studio. This was carefully planned and properly built with rafters, and walls, and window, all as afterwards expressed in the finished picture.

The composition has been recognised by the medical profession as a great and lasting compliment to the whole body. No more noble figure than the doctor could



LUKE FILDES, R.A., PAINTING "THE DOCTOR."

From the "Life and Work of Luke Fildes, R.A.," and by permission of the *Daily Graphic*.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Mr. W. Holman Hunt, Professor Herkomer, etc.

"Lukes Fildes," in the hands of Mr. David Croal Thomson, the editor of the *Art Journal*, is an exceptionally good monograph, both as to letterpress and illustrations. In addition to interesting biographical matter and a general article on his pictures, we have the artist presented to us as a painter of Venetians, as a portrait-painter, and as an illustrator; but as he is most familiar to us as the painter of the pathetic pictures, "The Casuals" and "The Doctor," some information about these pictures will have the greatest interest.

be imagined—the grave anxiety, supported by calm assurance in his own knowledge and skill, not put forward in any self-sufficient way, but with dignity and patience, following out the course his experience tells him is correct; the implicit faith of the parents, who, although deeply moved, stand in the background, trusting their doctor even while their hearts fail.

At the cottage window the dawn begins to steal in, and with it the parents again take hope into their hearts, the mother hiding her face to escape giving vent to her emotion, the father laying his hand on the shoulder of his wife in encouragement of the first glimmerings of the joy which is to follow.

CYCLING FOR LADIES AND SOLDIERS.

DR. SCHOFIELD takes up the cudgels on behalf of lady cyclists in the *Humanitarian* for November. He easily demolishes the usual objections brought against this enjoyable and healthful exercise, but he cannot tolerate the seats of the ladies' saddles, which he thinks are most objectionable. He says:—

CYCLE SADDLES FOR LADIES.

It is perfectly easy to construct in theory, and even in fact, a lady's saddle that shall contain no hygienic objections. Such a saddle would be somewhat like the padded seat of a music stool; it would be more or less oval; it would be inflated with air; it would be tilted downwards or forwards at such an angle as to throw the weight and pressure of the body on the back, rather than on the front of the seat. It is obviously impossible for any one on medical grounds to commend the saddle that is at present used; the reason it is such a favourite is on account of the aid it gives in maintaining one's balance on the bicycle, in affording in its long peak a *point d'appui*, so that even when the machine rolls from side to side a fixed seat can be safely maintained by the rider, a result which is obviously difficult on any ordinary flat seat with a rounded front. One can only be thankful that more has not been heard of evil results arising from the long-peaked saddle. It is confessed by makers indeed that it is far from perfect, and that the typical saddle for ladies has not yet been made; they tell us with one voice it should be broader across the back.

DRESS, RATIONAL AND OTHERWISE.

He is less difficult to please about the rational dress, although he does not like knickerbockers without skirts. He says:—

Rational dress is justified by its votaries on the ground that the "Diamond" machine—which is undoubtedly most perfectly adapted for bicycling—cannot be ridden without it; but there are few indeed bold enough to defend it on the ground of its beauty. It may be comfortable and convenient, but it is certainly the very reverse of ornamental; indeed, without the very short skirt, or a jacket with long basques, which sometimes accompanies it, it is hardly passable. At the same time the value of knickerbockers is undoubted, and can be warmly commended on the highest grounds; but over these a neatly shaped skirt of some stout material, descending at any rate to within some six inches of the ground, is demanded by general opinion. There can be no reason why, when actually riding, an arrangement may not be made by which this skirt, which must be specially cut for riding, can be a little raised, if it is found more convenient. Our ladies' tailors are surely equal to devising a garment which, while perfectly comfortable in the most rapid riding, shall not yet offend against the very few laws of taste that we have still left to us.

THE FRENCH MILITARY CYCLE.

Mr. Attridge, in the *United Service Magazine*, gives an interesting account of French military cycling. He evidently thinks that cyclists are going to be an indispensable part of the French army in the future. This is due to two men who have invented a folding cycle, by which cyclists can be converted into infantry at a moment's notice. The following is his account of the new invention:—

Captain Gérard evolved the type of folding cycle which has stood the test of actual use. Briefly it may be described as a rear-driven safety. The rider sits on a saddle supported on a fork directly over the centre of the rear wheel. There is thus very little weight or strain on the jointed backbone of the cycle. The joint is made by bevelling off the ends of the two parts of the tube, which are held together and turn on a steel pin. When they are in line with each other, an outer tube slides over them, and once it is secured with a catch, the tube is quite rigid. To fold the cycle, the cyclist unfastens the catch, slips back the outer tube, turns one wheel over the other, and bends the steering handle down so

as to lock the whole together. Attached to the handle are a couple of leather slings. He passes his arms through these and the machine then hangs comfortably on his back. It weighs rather less than half that of the ordinary Infantry pack. It projects very little beyond the arms on each side, so that men carrying their cycles can march in a very close firing-line. It takes half a minute to unfold it and mount, and the same time to fold it up and sling it. The tyres are solid rubber, because the inventors are not satisfied as to the adaptability of the pneumatic tyre for rough work, but there is a specially constructed saddle for which they claim that it does away with most of the vibration. The length of the machine "over all" is a metre and a half, its weight twenty-six to twenty-eight pounds. The height of the saddle is such that the rider can stop the machine for a moment, place both feet on the ground, and standing thus astride of the saddle, fire without actually dismounting. But Captain Gérard's idea is that the cyclists should dismount, sling their cycles and work as a line of *tirailleurs*, unfolding their cycles and remounting again as soon as they reach favourable ground after the "Cease fire." He asserts that riflemen thus equipped ought to be able to go anywhere, and proposes that the Chasseur Regiments should be all converted into Cyclist Infantry, and pushed forward with the Cavalry.

HOW THE GUNS WERE CARRIED TO CHITRAL.

THE writer of an interesting article—"From Gilgit to Chitral"—in *Cornhill* for October thus describes one of the most notable episodes in the arduous march:—

I have not yet seen any but a brief account of the passage of the guns over the Shandur Pass. This has struck me as a very fine achievement, and a few more details on the subject may be of interest. The guns were carried by mules in the ordinary way as far as Tera (about fifteen miles from the top of the pass). Between Ghizr and Tera there was about three feet of snow, a fresh fall occurring on April 1 and 2. At noon on April 3 the guns, the 32nd Pioneers, some Kashmir Sappers and Miners, under Lieutenant Oldham, R.E., and a party of fifty Kashmir troops, under Lieutenant Gough, 2nd Gurkhas, started from Tera. A few miles further on the mules began to stick in the snow. For a short distance they were taken along the river-bed, but the intense cold of the water was beyond the mule-drivers' powers of endurance. After about another mile the snow became so deep that the mules were absolutely unable to proceed. The guns were unloaded, and an attempt was made to drag them along on sledges, but the rate of progress was hopelessly slow. The sledges were abandoned, and resort was had to the only remaining alternative—that of bodily carrying the guns. The Pioneers, Sappers, and Kashmir infantry all lent the gunners a hand. The snow became deeper as they went, and it was only after hours of extraordinary exertion that they succeeded in getting the guns within four miles of Lungur, the camping ground at the foot of the pass, where they were left for the night, under charge of a guard. They had gone only between five and six miles, and it was 11 p.m. before the troops reached their camping-ground at Lungur. There they laid down on deep snow, the intense cold precluding all possibility of sleep. Next day the Pioneers and Sappers crossed the pass and encamped at Laspur. The gunners, under Lieutenant Stewart, R.A., and Gough's Kashmir infantry went back for the guns, and brought them into Lungur in the same laborious fashion. On April 5th they left Lungur at 8 a.m. The snow was now more beaten down by the traffic, and they were able to get along somewhat faster. Some coolies were sent back by Captain Borrodaile from Laspur, and the party succeeded in getting the guns across the pass and joining the rest of the troops at Laspur in the course of the afternoon. Of Gough's men, twenty-five carried two rifles and two kits apiece, while the remaining twenty-five helped with the guns.

THERE is an article by Mr. J. L. Hughes, Inspector of Schools for Toronto, on Froebel and Herbart in the *Educational Review* for October.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILES AN HOUR

BY AN ELECTRICAL BICYCLE RAILWAY.

IN *Lippincott's Magazine* for October there is an interesting article by the author of "Wonders of Modern Mechanism." It is a description of the railway which, if he is to be believed, is destined to revolutionise all our ideas of rapid transit. An application is at the present moment lying before the United States Senate for making a line between New York and Washington which is to be worked on the Brott Rapid Transit System, the one condition of its construction being that the scheduled time is not to be less than one hundred miles an hour, which necessitates a speed of one hundred and twenty miles an hour to cover loss of time from stoppages. The General Electric Company of New York is willing to guarantee all the mechanism necessary for working such a road, and also to undertake that they will maintain a speed of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. The central principle of the Brott railway is that the cars run upon one wheel in the centre instead of two wheels at the sides. There is only a single rail on an elevated track. The traction wheels have small flanges, and there are small side wheels which touch the side supports with pneumatic tyres if the cars should oscillate. The electric current will be taken from a conductor on the trolley principle; but the conductor will be carried under the cars. Power stations will be erected every fifty miles. An absolutely straight line will be preserved. Light trains of two cars will be run, and the supporting poles will be twenty-five feet apart. An experimental line of thirty miles is to be built between Washington and Chesapeake Bay. No iron or steel is required excepting for the track rails:—

The centre rail will have normally an elevation of about two feet, except at road-crossings, where it will be elevated to afford passage underneath. The cross-ties may lie on the ground or be elevated, as the nature of the ground renders desirable. A steel-truss construction will be used in crossing rivers or deep gullies. The wood used in construction is to be subjected to a preserving process. The peculiar story-and-a-half design of the car should be noted, the half-story being below, and constituting a room forty feet long, six feet wide, and four feet high, suitable for carrying baggage, the mails, etc. It is reached by outside doors. Above is the compartment for passengers. Another line is projected in the vicinity of Minneapolis. The simple construction would seem to be well suited for pleasure railways and light passenger traffic, and the success of these lines would undoubtedly lead to the construction of express lines between the great business centres of the world.

Cosmopolis, Mr. Fisher Unwin's new magazine, is to be issued in French, English and German, each nationality having a hundred pages allotted to it. The experiment will be interesting, but the chances are against it.

HOW TO SOLVE THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

AN EIRENICON BY MR. MORETON FREWEN.

THE *National Review* for November publishes correspondence between the Hon. Anthony Higgins, a Republican sound money man, and Mr. Moreton Frewen. The editor, introducing the correspondence, says:—

The letter from Mr. Higgins serves to show that in the Presidential Campaign of 1896, which is about to open, "sound money" Republicans recognize to the full all those dangers in gold monometallism which English bimetallists are never weary of pointing out. Mr. Frewen's letter in reply marks an attempt to build a bridge between "silverites" and "gold men" at Washington: between those who would do everything for silver without any foreign co-operation, and those who will do nothing without a complete Union of all the nations. There is no doubt that the international agreement suggested by Mr. Frewen would meet with comparatively little opposition in England, while in the United States it would both satisfy the silver party and placate many of its opponents. It might, probably, however, encounter a more serious opposition in Paris and Berlin.

What Mr. Frewen proposes is thus stated by himself:—

What is wanted is a Monetary Union on some such lines as these. A group of nations which already have masses of full legal-tender silver in their currencies, let us say the United States, France, and Germany, to agree upon a ratio to suit not us but themselves (presumably 1 to 15½) and open their treasuries

concurrently to receive either metal at that ratio.

Mr. Frewen maintains that no wise bimetallist would advocate that England should go in for bimetalism pure and simple. He suggests to bimetallists that:—

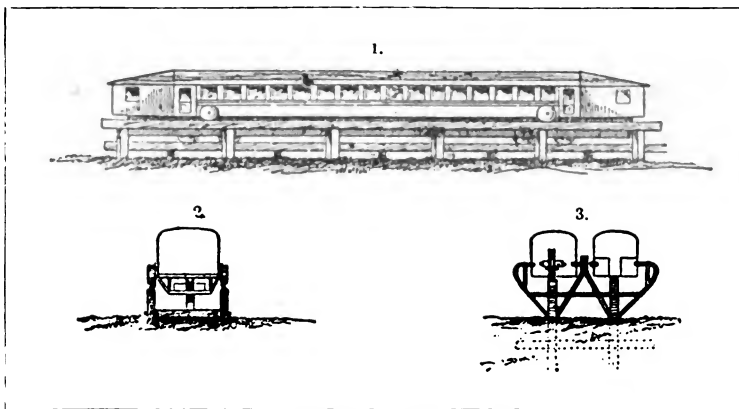
If England allied herself with your bimetallic group by agreeing to demonetize gold in India, opening her mints there only to the free coinage of rupees, and further agreed to give Berlin, Paris, or New York gold on demand (and remember that, given bimetalism in those nations, no merchant could demand gold if he wanted it, but only legal tenders), she would better strengthen the bimetallic system than by conforming rigidly to the monetary policy of you others. . . .

There are two other proposals the four nations might consider—first, the issue of notes representing small-change silver.

For the second clause of this suggested monetary Eirenicon I refer you to that unanimous resolution of your Senate last year—the Woolcott resolution—that Mexico, in view of her great interests in silver and the silver exchanges, should be asked to erect a mint to strike Mexican dollars in San Francisco; I would add to this suggestion a mint also in London or Bombay.

Mr. Frewen sums up the advantages of his scheme as follows:—

It is a settlement on which such antagonistic forces as Mr. Balfour on the one hand, and *The Times* on the other, would unite. It is also, if regarded from an economic standpoint, probably the safest and the most enduring settlement of all. Looking also to all the varied predispositions of the four Signatory Powers, it seems to follow along the line of the least resistance.



THE BROTT ELECTRIC BICYCLE RAILWAY.

1. Car of Washington and Chesapeake Bay Line. 2. End view of same.
3. Double-track construction.

THE TRUE BASIS OF THE NEW CATHOLICISM.

A SUGGESTED EIRENICON.

In the current number of *Borderland* I publish an article entitled "Some Reflections on Recent Efforts for Reunion." The Shahzada's visit to St. Peter's, and his saying a prayer for the repose of the soul before the statue of St. Peter, was taken as an object lesson for Christendom.

There in the most splendid edifice which the art of the Renaissance reared for the glory of Christ, that prayer of the Moslem Afghan bore witness to the true Catholicism. While Pope of Rome and Archbishop of Canterbury have been interchanging solemn disquisitions as to which particular sectarian platform, whether of the Vatican or of Lambeth, the whole of humanity must take its stand, the Shahzada's simple act, which united as one picturesque synthesis the polytheism of pagan Rome, the Catholicism of the Renaissance, and the Monotheism of Islam, flashed before the eyes of mankind a vision of a wider unity, a glimpse of the truer Catholicism, when all the forlorn children of men shall be united in love and devotion to their common Father in Heaven.

ROMAN, NOT CATHOLIC.

Believing that the scientific basis for the new Catholicism is to be found in the study of the phenomena of *Borderland*, which in every age has been at once the source and the voucher for the revelations in which rest the religions of the world, I publish in *Borderland* the Pope's letter to the English people, with the Archbishop of Canterbury's reply; and follow it up with some observations on the general subject. The article is prefaced by a portrait of Pope Leo XIII. as the chief of all the Borderlanders of the world. Quoting Cardinal Vaughan's words as a proof that the Roman Church is labelled by its Cardinal as being primarily, not so much Catholic as Papal, I maintain that the true basis for the new Catholicism must be much wider than any that is dreamed of by Pope or Primate.

THE TRUE CHURCH MILITANT.

Where man is, there the church of God is. Sometimes defeated, sometimes triumphing, always militant, never finally destroyed, the struggle goes on in the human soul between the forces of good and of evil. For it is as true to-day as of old time, that the kingdom of God is within. The churches and the religions organised for the purpose of assisting the spark of God in man to become the light of the world, operate of necessity from the outside. They are all to a greater or less extent materialised. They are apt to become of the earth earthy, of this world worldly. But they all represent in their origin and in their maintenance, even in their greatest corruption, the aspiration after the Infinite and the Ideal, the yearning of the creature for closer union with the Creator, and their ritual is as the plaintive cry of lost children sobbing in the darkness for their father's home.

The Church Militant has many great divisions. There is the Army of Islam, the Army of Buddha, the Army of Confucius, the Army of Hindooism, the Army of Christendom. But they are one and all of the Army of the Living God. Each of these Armies is in a more or less demoralised condition. Most of them are in a parlous state, with apostate generals, corrupt officers, and lazy cowards as their rank and file. Their weapons are often antiquated, their powder damp, and their discipline all to pieces. Nevertheless, with all these faults and corruptions, they are the visible witnesses of the invisible God.

CO-OPERATION PLUS COMPETITION.

Our true attitude, therefore, is to recognise that though they are different armies, One is their commander, and all should co-operate wherever they can support each other. This does not preclude missionary activity or proselytism.

While not abating one jot or one tittle of our endeavour to propagate the best, we should recognise that the second best has also a place in the providential order of the universe, and that what may be a beat to us might be a miserable third beat to men of different heredity and different environment. If in an army every captain of artillery were to be fretting his soul out because he could not induce infantrymen to serve his cannons; or if every cavalry commander were to fume and rave because he could not induce the engineers to become hussars, before even he had provided horses on which to mount them, it would not be more detrimental to the success of the campaign than the conduct and habit of mind habitual to the Pope, the Primate, and many other officers in command in the Christian Church.

THE NEW ST. PAUL AND THE NEW ORTHODOXY.

What is wanted is not merely a reconciliation of Christian sects, but a reconciliation of science and religion, and the reconciliation of the underlying substantial unity of all creeds from fetish worship upwards. I then quote Mr. Morley's memorable declaration of faith in the coming of a new St. Paul who will incorporate all the moral and spiritual truths that lay hidden under the worn out forms of the older religions in some wider gospel of justice and progress. I then pass on to quote Mr. Grant Allen's "New Heterodoxy" which he contributed to the *Westminster Gazette*:—

Here we have it laid down quite accurately that it is in the study of folklore, legend, myth, dreams, and, in short, of the traditions and literature of the *Borderland*, mankind will seek and find the key to a truer interpretation of Christianity. Mr. Grant Allen thinks the result will be fatal to the Christian religion. In reality, nothing will tend more surely to re-establish the hold which Christianity has partially lost on the mind of the world. The truth of Christianity will be established, not because it is so different from other religions, but rather because it gathers into one perfect whole the scattered fragments of truth more or less imperfectly embodied in the other religious systems of the world. The old formula of the Catholic Faith was that which was held by all, everywhere, and at all times, must now receive a new and more catholic interpretation.

SEX AS THE SINAI OF NATURAL RELIGION.

If revelation from without reaches man in all ages and in all times from the mysterious *Borderland* which is peopled with invisible beings from whom our inspiration comes, there has been at the same time an evolution from within. The primeval source of all progress is the duality of nature, and if we leave inorganic nature out of account, the one unfailing and universal lever of development and evolution is the supreme potency of sex:—

From sex, directly and indirectly, spring society, civilisation, the arts, the laws, nay, even religion itself is but the highest fruitage of that tap root of the world which asserts itself in the subtle attraction of sex. Sex, indeed, may be regarded as the original Sinai of natural religion. It is the one universal witness which the Father has provided for himself among all his children. There is no speech or language where its speech is not heard, nor need we marvel that among our remote progenitors sex worship seemed the most obvious and most natural form of expressing devotion to the Lord and Giver of Life, the Father Omnipotent. On that foundation, as on the primeval bed-rock of the universe, all the great religions have been reared. Our own faith teems with but half-understood or darkly-veiled allusions to the source from which it sprang. If sex be the Sinai of the race, then motherhood is its Calvary. And not of this race only. From the earliest dawn of organic life there is visible here, and here almost alone, the motive strong enough to generate that overcoming of Self, the body of sin and death, and that caring for another's welfare, which is the wicket-gate through which the pilgrim passes when he sets his face towards the Eternal City.

REUNION VIA BORDERLAND.

The article proceeds to point out the service the study of *Borderland* will render to the new Catholicism in relation to miracles, polytheism, apparitions, relics, and the doctrine of the Incarnation:—

It is *via Borderland* that we hope to see a revival of the conscious realisation of the presence of the Invisible Intelligences which surround us, and of the certainty of the retributive justice that will work itself out in the future world. No revival exclusively identified with any creed or religion would be broad enough to include all humanity in its scope. The unity of the faith which must be established must be universal, not technical. And that unity can only be established on scientific grounds, by scientific methods.

Hence, it seems to me that what the Pope and the Primate and other good men are fumbling after, while it is a very good thing in itself, is an unattainable thing, and even if it were attained it would leave more than one-half of the human family out of the fold of the unity of the faith. The true goal is a Catholicism that will be really catholic, a unity that will be universal. On no Apostles' Creed nor on any such narrow foundation can we hope to rear the temple of the federated faiths of man. To us of the Western World the Apostles' Creed may be the highest attainable embodiment of the maximum of Divine truth which we are able to assimilate. But to the Hindoos it may be foolishness and useless for good compared with familiar formulæ in which their own saints and sages have embodied the same essential truth. It is no derogation to the truth of the Apostles' Creed to urge that we should not in our devotion to its letter refuse to secure the beneficent application of its spirit through other channels and by other formulas. But what is the essential spirit of all these creeds?

The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, Redemption through Sacrifice, the Ministry of Unseen Intelligences, and a Future Life in which the soul will have to answer for the deeds done in the body—the key to these things is to be found in the Borderland across which we must venture boldly if we would reestablish the waning faith of men in the existence of the soul.

It is in the reconciliation of science and religion on this frontier land which is common to both, that we may expect to find the philosophical basis for the new Catholicism for which I plead.

Efforts after Reunion under the Commonwealth.

THE modern passion for Reunion sheds a new interest over certain germinal efforts in the same direction many generations ago. Such, for example, is the "Ecclesiastical experiment in Cambridgeshire, 1656-58," which Mr. H. W. P. Stevens describes in the *English Historical Review*. He reminds us that "in 1653, Baxter, in view of the failure which had attended the attempt to establish a compulsory system of presbyterian discipline in England, proposed a scheme for a voluntary discipline, which he trusted would prove acceptable to ministers of all parties in Worcestershire." A similar scheme for Cambridgeshire is quoted in full from "the Lambeth MS. 637, Gibson Papers." One article of their agreement gives the general idea as adopted by the parish ministers of the shire: "Whatsoever we have, do, or shall resolve upon, we agree to put in practice till public authority shall settle something more particularly." They accordingly agreed upon a series of doctrine and of disciplinary measures concerning church membership, ordination, etc., which might be roughly described as voluntary presbyterianism or associated independency.

THE *Young Woman* publishes an illustrated interview with the Countess of Meath, one of the heroines of latter-day philanthropy.

MR. BALFOUR AMONG THE BRAHMANS.

A CRITICISM FROM INDIA.

THE article on "Brahmanism and the Foundations of Belief" in the *Fortnightly Review* is an extremely interesting and suggestive paper. Ten years ago the writer, Mr. Vamadeo Shastri, a philosophical Brahman of the old school, published an article in which he expressed his disappointment that England should give the Brahmans so little help in their attempt to adjust the traditional religion of India to its changing intellectual environment. Darwinism, in his opinion, led to a conception of the deity as a constitutional monarch ruling a vast kingdom by unchangeable laws. A religion so transformed would be shifted from its essential foundations, and would lose its hold upon the respect of humanity. Now, Mr. Vamadeo Shastri writes to say he was too easily depressed, and he had underrated the recuperative power of our religion.

THE PHENOMENON OF MR. BALFOUR.

That which puts him in good heart is Mr. Balfour's book on "The Foundations of Belief," which he has read with surprise and pleasure. According to Hindu notions, knowledge of divine things can only be attained by secluded meditation in a tranquil atmosphere; but, says he, "Here is one of your leading statesmen, ever foremost in debate, who finds time in the pauses of argumentation to strive to demonstrate the ultimate fallibility of all reason, and who can simulate admirably an eager interest in the problems of politics, although he knows them to possess no more substance than any other spectral illusion." He is delighted with the book because the strain of thought and the dialectical methods fall in so remarkably with Indian tastes and traditions.

"QUITE INDIAN, YOU KNOW!"

"If it does not completely solve our difficulties, it certainly helps to put our enemies to confusion. Of course, we Brahmans have known all that Mr. Balfour says for many centuries, but it is very useful to find it repeated in modern language on such excellent authority."

There is something almost comical in the lesson read to you by Mr. Balfour, that what most of you fancied to be intellectual emancipation—the exact and extended comprehension of natural processes—does in reality prolong man's servitude by blocking up the gates of the spiritual knowledge with a heap of disorderly and obstructive facts. We, like him, despise and denounce the presumption with which Naturalism, as he calls the empiric method, pretends to invade the dominion of Theology, to molest her ancient solitary reign, and almost to annihilate her peculiar jurisdiction. So long as empiricism confines itself to the sphere of sense-perceptions, it is legitimately and perhaps harmlessly employed, and in reward for its humility it may be dignified by the title of Science. It is welcome to continue taking notes as a spectator of the fantastic nature-play; it may go on making dim uncertain conjectures about the plot and the probable ending of the terrestrial drama; it may even amuse itself by tracing a moral purpose. But when empiricism ventures to set up a kind of spiritual court, and attempts to pass judgment on some deep intuition of divinity that does not accord with a very finite range of sensation, then it is justly labelled Naturalism, baseborn, purblind, and fundamentally irrational.

GOOD FOR THE WEAKER BRETHREN.

In one respect he admits that the Indian position is not precisely coincident with that of Mr. Balfour, for the Indians have avoided entanglement with ethical considerations, and have never yet pledged themselves to the postulate that the universe is morally governed. There is a fine air of patronage about some of his observations. On referring to Mr. Balfour's warnings as to

the consequence of recognising that the earth is rolling slowly towards universal death, he says:—

This, indeed, is a situation not unlike that which, in India, we have already attained, though we have no objection to be fortified in it by Western skill—so that for us the despairing prophecies of science have little terror. Our higher intelligences did not need the arguments in this book to convince us that the whole phantasmagoria of sense-perceptions is essentially deceptive and illusory, inasmuch that whether it disappear to-morrow or after many million years is profoundly immaterial; if indeed time has any meaning in relation to such a passing dream. Nor will even the simple Indian folk be much interested by the news that the whole order of creation to which they belong is to be annihilated within a measurable period. They have never set an inordinate value on the short and sorrowful days passed under this burning sun; while for heaven or hell they have little care, desiring only to be rid of sensitive existence in any shape. Nevertheless the influx of Western ideas is affecting all classes, even in India, wherefore I am in accord with any salutary warning to our weaker brethren against following any such low and transitory ideal as the perfectibility of mortal man.

HANDS OFF TO THE NATURALISTS.

It is high time, says Mr. Vamadeo Shastri, that the Naturalists should desire to practise their mechanical dexterities altogether outside the domain of religion. So long as empiricism keeps to its own superficial level, and does not dabble in higher things, we need not dispute its usefulness, but when it undertakes not only to invent a scheme of faith and morals, but also to dictate terms of surrender to every other system, we must turn round and expose its essential futility:—

Although Mr. Balfour's scepticism is quite as destructive as Mr. Hume's, the two inferences are diametrically opposed; and I observe with complacency that at the point where these two Scottish gentlemen part company, while the latter sits down contentedly within the strait limits of ordinary human comprehension, the former sets out boldly upon a metaphysical path leading very much in the direction of India.

He thinks that Mr. Balfour dallies too tenderly with the rationalists, but he excuses him because:—

Mr. Balfour is hampered by the necessity of gently disentangling orthodoxy from her rationalistic connection before he can proceed to set her up again on clear philosophical foundations.

"WE KEPT THE SECRET TO OURSELVES!"

This leads him to express a doubt as to whether Mr. Balfour is wise in proclaiming in the hearing of the multitude his conclusion that neither the natural nor the revealed theology could bear close scientific handling. Brahmans, he says, long ago reached a similar end but by a very different road; but "we kept the secret to ourselves." It does appear strange to him that the very delicate operation of substituting a new foundation of belief for that which has hitherto upheld the whole religious edifice, should be proclaimed and maintained by a statesman in the whole hearing of the multitude. This is how they do it in India:—

As we do not aspire to any canon of consistency, as we have never committed ourselves to precise creeds, or submitted to the bondage of law, we can vary our external front according to circumstances; so when the time comes we can retire slowly and concentrate upon our unassailable possession of divine knowledge. But we do not invite general attention beforehand to the line of our possible retreat; nor, whenever the rationalist takes the field seriously against our theology, natural or revealed, shall we publish abroad our admission that the arguments available from those sources are practically inadequate for the effort of overthrowing him. This would be to cut deep into the core of popular religion, which is rooted

in the certainty of positive and literal beliefs, and can never live in any other soil.

WANTED, A PRIVATE PHILOSOPHICAL LABORATORY.

Therefore it is not surprising to find that Vamadeo Shastri should implore Mr. Balfour to desist from demonstrating the results of philosophic doubt. He says:—

In the name of all established religions I implore Mr. Balfour to consider the expediency of carrying on these interesting researches in some private philosophical laboratory. He is subverting the foundations of popular religion everywhere; he is betraying a distinct aversion to meeting in the open field of common sense that same antagonist, rationalism, whom he heartily despises; and he is committing what seems to us Brahmans the grave imprudence of telling the people that the outer walls of the City of God are not impregnable, so that they should take refuge, before it is too late, within some inner sanctuary. But is this sanctuary fit for the reception of a frightened crowd? and can we at least show them the way or promise them security within it? Nowhere is there any scheme of religion that provides more adequately than Hinduism for the adjustment of worship and doctrine to ever-changing human conditions, whether moral or material. In India no sacred mystery is ever allowed to fall out of repute for lack of a fresh explanation. But whether it is wise to set all this before the people, and to ask why their belief in gravitation never wavers, while they are not always unshaken about Redemption, is to our notions not so clear. It would have been safer to remain within the entrenchments laid out in the first portion of this book, and to repel any attempts of Science to measure herself with Theology, by reminding her that all theories founded on sense-perception are radically baseless and unintelligible.

CAN ANY LINE BE DRAWN?

The whole paper should be read carefully by all those who are interested in the controversy Mr. Balfour has raised. It is in many respects the most interesting of all the articles provoked by the publication of "The Foundations of Belief."

I notice with complete approval Mr. Balfour's remark that the decisions of your early Church regarding the mysteries were invariably "the negation of explanation"; but it appears to me that if the evolutionary idea is once openly accepted as regulating the progress of knowledge in the sphere of theology, it will not be easy to draw round the central mysteries a line within which they are to be treated as inexplicable. You must be aware that Hinduism makes no such reservations, but advances fearlessly until every provisional conception is absorbed into Pure Being, absolute and unconditioned.

WILL MR. BALFOUR'S THEORY STAND?

Vamadeo Shastri is disappointed that Mr. Balfour has not developed his theory, and notes that he will find himself embarrassed by the strong and serious ethical aspirations of the English nation. Says this Brahman—

We may leave science to sort out the counters which she takes to be valuable facts, to amuse herself with the magic lantern of fleeting phenomena, and to reconstruct imaginary geologic periods which must have existed, if at all, in that Divine Mind which is ignored as a scientifically unverifiable hypothesis. The only stipulation that we need make is that she must not interrupt our meditations while we extract (to use Mr. Balfour's striking expression) the certitudes of religion out of the depths of unfathomable mystery. He offers to us a convenient halting-place, suggesting that, as we have been moved to postulate a rational God in the interests of science, we can scarcely decline to postulate a moral God in the interests of morality. I wish from my heart that we Hindus could accept this method of satisfying our deepest needs; but if this is to be the speculative side of Mr. Balfour's theory, I fear it may not altogether withstand the utmost severity of critical analysis. At any rate the incurably subtle Hindu intellect is absolutely incapable of contenting itself with a Deity whose very existence seems in a manner to depend on evanescent and mutable modes of human desire and consciousness.

THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

GRINDELWALD'S RESPONSE TO THE POPE.

THE Rev. Dr. Lunn last month had an interesting series of interviews with Cardinal Rampolla, and the domestic chaplain of His Holiness Leo XIII. Dr. Lunn was the bearer to the Vatican of the response signed by leaders of the Nonconformist communions and several Church clergymen, to the Pope's letter to the English people. The following is the text of the Grindelwald epistle, which was duly but informally submitted to the Pope:—

Sincere greetings and goodwill in our common Lord.

As a company of English Christians, met together to further the sacred cause of the Reunion of Christendom, we desire to acknowledge the Christian courtesy and devout aspiration of your Holiness's letter.

While we cannot forget the teaching of history that existing divisions arose in defence of vital elements of Apostolic Christianity and scriptural truth, we lament the present divided state of Christendom, and, with your Holiness, continually pray for the visible unity of the Catholic and Apostolic Church.

We acknowledge with gratitude to Almighty God the evidence of a real spiritual unity underlying our differences and manifesting itself not only in common service rendered to mankind, but also in the prayer and praise of a common Christian life, in the numerous signs of a common Christian experience, and in the signal blessing which the God of all Grace has bestowed on every fragment of the divided Catholic Church.

We are persuaded that our Lord Jesus Christ Himself is the only possible centre of Christian Unity, and that the indwelling Spirit of the Father and of the Son in every Christian heart, not only constitutes a spiritual unity which man can neither create nor destroy, but furnishes the conditions of that manifested unity for which our Blessed Lord prayed.

We believe that unity must be attained, not by the absorption of Christians in any one communion of the divided Catholic Church, but by such a union as will conserve all the elements of Christian truth and practice which in the providence of God the various Christian communions have severally exhibited and defended.

We gladly and affectionately join in your appeal for united and continuous prayer to the Triune God, that in His great power and mercy He would overrule all things to the end that the visible unity of His Church may at length be fully manifested according to His purpose.

And lastly, we implore the Father of all mercies that He would in His infinite compassion increase in us all that spirit of brotherly love for our fellow-Christians which breathes through the letter addressed by your Holiness to the English people.

ANGLICAN.

F. W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury and Chaplain to the Queen.

W. H. Fremantle, Dean of Ripon.

F. Pigou, Dean of Bristol.

James M. Wilson, Archdeacon of Manchester.

PRESBYTERIAN.

J. Monro Gibson, ex-Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England.

Thomas M. Lindsay, Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Free Church of Scotland College, Glasgow.

CONGREGATIONALIST.

Charles A. Berry, ex-President of the Free Church Congress.

Alexander MacKenna, Secretary of the Free Church Congress.

William T. Stead, Editor of the *Review of Reviews*.

Urijah R. Thomas, Chairman of the Congregational Union.

BAPTIST.

J. Hunt Cook, editor of the *Baptist Freeman*.

J. G. Greenhough, President of the Baptist Union.

Richard Glover, ex-President of the Baptist Union.

Charles Williams, ex-President of the Baptist Union.

METHODIST.

Percy W. Bunting, editor of the *Contemporary Review*.

H. Price Hughes, President of the Free Church Congress.

H. J. Pope, ex-President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference.

Henry S. Lunn, President of the Grindelwald Conference.

His Holiness, however, while expressing his satisfaction that the representatives of so many Protestant denominations should be able to join with him in prayer for Christian unity, discovered too much heresy in the letter for him to accept it publicly and in his official ecclesiastical capacity. So Dr. Lunn, satisfied with having placed the highest authority of the Roman Church in possession of the authentic expression of the reunionists of Grindelwald, returned well content, nor had he any reason to regret the absence of the formal presentation of the address, which had already been submitted in translation and carefully scrutinised by the Pope.

The *Review of the Churches* for October is devoted almost entirely to the discussion of this subject. It reports the Reunion discussion at Grindelwald in full, opening with Dr. Lunn's inaugural speech on "The Perils and Power of Unity," which is followed by a paper by the Archdeacon of Manchester on "Existing Unity and Future Reunion."

RAPPROCHEMENT, NOT REUNION.

Mr. Wilfred Ward in the *Nineteenth Century* has an article upon the question of Reunion which is entitled "The Rigidity of Rome." The following passage sets forth what he calls the policy of *rapprochement*:—

If the long—and in its early years ever-deepening—estrangement, which bars the road to reunion, was due to the state of war, to the emphasising points of difference until they obliterated points of agreement, may not a gradual change be wrought by sympathy and co-operation—by dwelling on points of agreement until they have brought about that mutual good understanding which will make points of difference intelligible? And—which is more important—if the divergence has been due to anti-Catholic "psychological climate," may not the new sympathy with Catholicism change that climate, and work an intellectual change by a movement primarily ethical? If obstacles to reunion have obviously accumulated since the reign of James I., when so much of the Catholic *ethos* remained in the popular mind, may not the revival of Catholic sympathies gradually remove those obstacles? Present reunion and war are not exhaustive alternatives. A sense of brotherhood with our fellow Christians, a determination to work with them where we can, to be absolutely just where discussion of differences is necessary, to prefer co-operation for good to mere disputation for its own sake—this is a programme, not indeed of reunion, but of *rapprochement*.

THE CROWN OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

Lord Halifax publishes in the *National Review* the plea for the Reunion of Christendom, which he addressed to the Norwich Church Congress. The following are his concluding observations:—

I would beg English Churchmen to remember one thing—the crown and completion of the Oxford Movement, and of that great Church revival which it initiated, is the Reunion of Christendom. No Church can afford to say to other Churches, 'I have no need of you. God has established one kingdom upon earth. He did not intend that its members should profess a different faith or be debarred from the participation of the same sacraments. On the contrary, there is but "One Faith, One Lord, One Baptism." To me it seems we are in some sort at the branching of two ways. Despite all that it has accomplished, despite all brilliant appearances to the contrary, the Oxford Movement will have failed in its object if we ever allow ourselves to forget the duty of doing all in our power to heal the schisms of the sixteenth century. Both the Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal Vaughan discern in the present signs that something is preparing for England in the secrets of Divine Providence. If, as I firmly believe, what is opening out before us is the opportunity of furthering the reunion in one visible fold of all who call on the name of Christ, let it be ours to spare no efforts to co-operate with the gracious designs of God's good Providence.

THE RELIGION OF MUSIC.

BY THE LATE SIR CHARLES HALLÉ.

THOUGH a foreigner by birth, there are few men to whom we are so deeply indebted for the higher cultivation of music as we are to Sir Charles Hallé. His exquisite interpretations on the piano of the great masters, his initiative in introducing to this country chamber music of the highest class, his achievements with his Manchester orchestra, and his splendid services in connection with the Royal College of Music at Manchester, make his death a heavy blow to musical art.

HOW WE HAVE PROGRESSED.

The *Musical Times* for November contains an obituary notice, but the account of himself which Sir Charles gave at a banquet in 1890, previous to his professional tour in Australia, has new interest just now. It runs somewhat as follows:—

Music has been a sort of religion to me all my life; and if ever in my closing days I can be proud of anything, it will be that I have during my long life always endeavoured to serve the cause of music, and to serve it well. Music has influences beyond those of any other art. I do not think that by the sight of an admirable picture, or an admirable piece of statuary, crowds of people will ever be so moved as by the strains of music. It has a great softening influence upon the large mass of the people. The forty years I have spent in England have been much more interesting to me than if I had spent them anywhere else, because certainly the same progress has not been made in any other country as in England.

MUSIC FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Referring to the state of musical matters half a century ago, Sir Charles continued:—

In Paris my position had become extremely satisfactory. I was what was considered in the musical line a very prosperous man. But when the Revolution of 1848 came it was clear that I must seek my fortune in other countries, and I came to London first, with no thought whatever of Manchester.

While still at Paris, I used to meet at the salon of M. Leo distinguished men in science, literature, and art, among them Alexander von Humboldt. Now Humboldt never wanted any conversation; he always talked alone. He got hold of a little circle, but he never allowed anybody to put in a word. I was asked to play, and as Humboldt continued to hold forth, we were performing a duet—or perhaps I should say a duel. Sometimes I overpowered him, but more often he overpowered me.

THE HUMBOLDTS OF SOCIETY.

When I came to London, I had letters of introduction to Lord Brougham and others. Lord Brougham received me kindly, but at once confessed that music was perfectly out of his line. It was said he could not distinguish one tune from another, and I inferred that his statement was correct.

Another gentleman invited me to his house and asked me to play something to his friends. On leaving him, he asked me in what style I played. As I did not understand, he named an eminent pianist, and said: "Do you play in his style?"

"No," I replied. "I am so glad," he rejoined, "because he plays so loud that he prevents the ladies talking."

A few evenings after my arrival I played at the German Embassy, and there found a whole company of Humboldts. They talked at the top of their voices, and I shortened the piece as much as possible. Later on, when asked to play again, I played the same piece, and nobody was the wiser. Then I found that if I asked any gentleman belonging to society, "Do you play any instrument?" it was considered an insult.

The first concert at which I assisted in Manchester produced, I must confess, a disastrous effect on me. I thought I should have to pack up and go away. The Gentlemen's Concerts were still private, and I remember well the long struggle I had with the directors to have the programmes made public. But times have wonderfully changed, and if I have been in any way instrumental in bringing about the change, I am proud of it.

WORK AT MANCHESTER.

It was in 1850 that Sir Charles made Manchester the field for his labours. He soon recognised the pressing need for a permanent orchestra for the northern provinces, and set about forming one in Manchester, whose business it should be to travel from town to town and give symphony concerts. This orchestra is said to cost nearly £8,000 a year, and it has been heard in nearly every provincial town of considerable size. Nor has London been excluded; but here, alas! though the performances were excellent, the audiences were often scanty, and it was only at the eleventh hour that Sir Charles was insured against loss. What with his pianoforte recitals and orchestral performances and his multitudinous engagements in Manchester, most of his nights in the winter season were spent in railway carriages. But he was careful in his habits, and enjoyed perfect health.

His piano-playing was distinguished by classical purity of style, and was therefore devoid of all extravagance and sensationalism. It is just two years since the Royal Manchester College of Music was founded, and the principal contributed an account of it to the *Strand Musical Magazine* last May. The only serious disadvantage from which the school has so far suffered is the lack of scholarships open to those who have only their gifts to commend them. Sir Charles, who was knighted in 1888, was born in 1819, and was thus the same age as Madame Schumann.

THE Marquis of Lorne contributes to the *Quiver* a brief sketch of the good work done by the Princess Louise's Home. The article is supplemented by an autograph note from the Marchioness of Lorne. The same number contains an interesting article by Mr. T. Sparrow on a doss-house near the docks, and Major Arthur Griffiths describes how Sunday is spent in gaol.



THE LATE SIR CHARLES HALLÉ.
(From a photograph by Barrauds, Liverpool.)

AFTER TWO CENTURIES.

THE PURCELL COMMEMORATION.

ON November 21st it will just be two hundred years since Henry Purcell, the most interesting figure, perhaps, in the history of English Music, was gathered to his fathers, having died of consumption when about thirty-seven years of age. It is gratifying that the bi-centenary of this composer's death has been made the occasion for due recognition of past greatness. At the recent Church Congress Dr. Philip Arnes read a paper on English Church Music of Purcell's Period, and the *Musical Times* (November) follows with what may be described as a Purcell number.

In his appreciation of Purcell Mr. Joseph Bennett says:—

Henry Purcell is said to have come into the world about the time when the great Lord Protector went out of it. The coincidence is not without significance. Cromwell, it is true, had a love of music, and so had his Latin secretary, John Milton; but how as to the grim religionists who silenced the hated instruments (organs in churches), broke up the choirs and suppressed all public manifestations of an art which had so long ministered to the men of Belial? . . . As late as 1823 we find Adam Clarke declaring the question of music in worship to be one of those which "are at present rending the Church of Christ and scattering the flock."

But Purcell came into life with another régime:—

A new spirit was abroad; the dry bones of the art began to stir, and it seemed fitting in the order of Providence that one should be born able to shape developments aught.

Charles II. at least did something for music. He re-established the Royal Chapel, and brought over to England a band of violins, so that "a new world was opened up." Purcell, as a chorister, was in the midst of these developments, and by the time he was seventeen had achieved quite a reputation:—

How did he become equal to such things? Assuredly not by studying the work of his English predecessors. The native powers of the young musician were, no doubt, fired by the music of Italy. It is, however, to his inborn qualities that we must look for that in his music which was, and is, independent of form and fashion—for boldness of conception, vigorous play of imagination and daring which drew upon resources none before had ventured to touch.

He was one of the earliest illustrations of the fact that a great composer must, as of necessity, burst the bounds of contemporary art, and flow over at some point or other till scope enough is obtained for what he has to do. . . . And he deemed it his first business so to adapt the music that the words should derive therefrom all possible strength and significance.

According to Mr. Wm. H. Cummings (also in the *Musical Times*), Purcell composed for Gostling the wonderful anthem, "They that go down to the sea in ships." Gostling's was a deep bass voice, and the anthem was so adapted to it that very few other singers then or since have been able to sing it. Purcell composed two anthems for the coronation of James II., but a few years later a tune of Purcell's—"Lillibullero"—is said to have been an important factor in driving "that deluded monarch out of the three kingdoms." Purcell composed the music for the funeral of Queen Mary. This is described as most expressive and sublime, serving also, like Mozart's *Requiem*, for the composer's own obsequies, which took place in Westminster Abbey only a few months later.

Dr. Hubert Parry contributes an interesting article on Purcell to the *National Review* for November; and Mr. Henry Davey has another in the *Musical Herald* for November.

THE SOCIALISTS' MILLENNIUM.

In the *Free Review* a gentleman rejoicing in the extraordinary name of Evacustus A. Phipson prophesieth wonderful things as to the millennial glories of art under the Socialist régime. In that happy period no man will work more than three or four hours a day; all the rest of his time he will spend in beautifying his dwelling and in studying art and letters. This is possible, he maintains, because—

In the first place, nine-tenths of the work at present required would be done away with altogether, for in addition to the enormous economies effected in necessary work by the substitution of universal co-operation for private antagonism, much that is now necessary will become needless. Road-mending and street-cleaning, for instance, will be a sinecure when the cruel, filthy, and unwholesome horse traction is abolished, and all locomotion is carried on by electric vehicles over roads as smooth and clean as a dining-table. The business of transportation will be reduced to a minimum when goods are carried to the communal warehouses, and distributed as required direct to the consumers by underground tubes. Shopkeeping in the present sense will be quite superfluous when everybody is able to find at a glance what he requires without calling at a dozen different shops, and to order it without any puffing or persuasion to purchase against his will. Quarrying and mining, ploughing, sowing and reaping, butchering and baking, plain wood, stone, and metal working, already done to a large extent by machinery, will be so entirely. Cooking and domestic work will be immensely simplified, for the former will be conducted in large co-operative kitchens, and the abolition of that plague of housewives, dust, will leave hardly any of the latter but arranging furniture and disposing of flowers and ornaments. As for those essentially disagreeable and disgusting occupations, which anti-Socialists declare no one will undertake unless there is a helot class forced to do so, it is difficult to think of any that could not be performed automatically without the necessity for any manual intervention at all. Even surgery, which however loathsome many of its operations, is not considered derogatory to the practitioner, will become gradually obsolete when sanitation has been so perfected and safety so carefully ensured that diseases or injuries are of rare occurrence. It is, therefore, clear that work under Socialism will become more and more synonymous with intellectual or artistic effort, a delight and a pleasure, rather than toil or drudgery. What developments then may we expect art to take under such conditions?

Mr. William Morris's Socialism.

In the October number of *Poet Lore*, Mr. W. G. Kingsland gives some letters by Mr. William Morris, one of which puts in brief compass his attitude towards the social question:—

You must either have a community master of itself, or a Government master of the community as at present. It is true that some persons . . . try to conceive a condition of things in which every man is independent of every other, but that is not only impossible to be, but impossible even to conceive of. If the means of production were "nationalised," the following changes would result:—

(1.) Every one would be obliged to render some service to the community in return for livelihood; thus getting rid of the class which lives by *owning* property.

(2.) Every one could claim useful employment, and the duly resulting livelihood.

(3.) The waste of labour power now caused by (a) the watching over the individual interests of the plundering classes (competition, we call it), and (b) by the rich classes forcing the workers to work uselessly, would come to an end.

You see as long as there is individual ownership of capital (to put it shortly), there must be a superior and an inferior class; and between these classes there must be antagonism; each can only thrive at the other's expense.

Class antagonism is really the key to the solution of the social question.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW STORY.

THE *Century* begins this month the publication of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, for which rumour says an unprecedented sum has been paid for serial rights. The story opens briskly, the characters are well introduced, and there is none of the lagging and somewhat sluggish movement which characterise "Robert Elsmere." Sir George Tressady, the Unionist carpet-bagger, who had been brought down to the division by Lord Fontenoy, had defeated Mr. Burrows, the miners' candidate, after a hard fight, by a majority of seventeen. The story opens immediately after the declaration of the poll for the Market Malford division of West Mercia. Sir George Tressady and Lord Fontenoy, his patron and party leader, were driving home, after the declaration of the poll, to the great Tory mansion which had been their headquarters during the fight.

THE HERO.

Sir George Tressady is rather sympathetically sorry for the defeat of his opponent, whereas Lord Fontenoy poo-poo's the idea of having qualms.

Tressady made no reply. But again a look, half chagrined, half reflective, puckered his brow, which was smooth, white, and boyish under his straight, fair hair; whereas the rest of the face was subtly lined, and browned as though by travel and varied living. The nose and mouth, though not handsome, were small and delicately cut, while the long, pointed chin, slightly protruding, made those who disliked him say that he was like those innumerable portraits of Philip IV., by and after Velasquez, which bestrew the collections of Europe. But if the Hapsburg chin had to be admitted, nothing could be more modern, intelligent, alert, than the rest of him.

On the way home the newly elected member and Lord Fontenoy drive through the mining village of Battage, just as the miners are leaving the pit. Amid the hooting and groans of the whole community Sir George Tressady drives through the village.

LORD FONTENOY.

Lord Fontenoy bores him by insisting on speaking about the minutiae of the Factory Law. Tressady marvels at the man who had made him member for Market Malford. Eight years ago, when George Tressady had first entered Christchurch, he found the place alive with the traditions of the recklessness and extravagance with which Dicky Fontenoy had rushed down the road to ruin.

On the last occasion, some three and a half years before this Market Malford election, when Tressady had seen Fontenoy before starting himself on a long Eastern tour, he had been conscious of a lively curiosity as to what might happen to "Dicky" by the time he came back again. And now—not four years!—and here sat Dicky Fontenoy, haranguing on the dull clauses of a technical act, throat hoarse with the speaking of the last three weeks, eyes cavernous with anxiety and overwork, the creator and leader of a political party which did not exist when Tressady left England, and now bade fair to hold the balance of power in English government! The surprises of fate and character!

On arriving at Malford House the successful candidate is received with great enthusiasm.

THE HEROINE.

Lord Fontenoy retires to the library to write letters, while George Tressady awaits with interest the appearance of Miss Letty Sewell, who had already entangled him in incipient flirtation. At last she makes her appearance:—

A young girl was slowly coming down the great staircase which led to the hall. She was in a soft black dress with a blue sash, and a knot of blue at her throat—a childish slip

of a dress, which answered to her small rounded form, her curly head, and the hand slipping along the marble rail.

Letty Sewell is a young lady of vivacity and has a keen eye to the management of her admirers. After dinner she is rude to the vicar's wife. The scene between the two ladies is described with great vivacity and spirit:—

She lay back against the sofa, chatting her liveliest, the whiteness of her neck and cheek shining against the red of the damask behind, one foot lightly crossed over the other, showing her costly little slippers with their paste buckles. She sparkled with jewels as much as a girl may—more, indeed, in Mrs. Hawkins's opinion, than a girl should. From head to foot she breathed affluence, seductiveness, success—only the seductiveness was not for Mrs. Hawkins and her like.

One by one we are introduced to the other characters. Edward Watton is a somewhat familiar type, a slim, dark-bearded young man, of whom his mother says Edward is one of the persons

"who think you can make friends with people—the lower orders—by shaking hands with them, showing them Burne-Jones's pictures, and singing 'The Messiah' with them. I had the same idea once. Everybody had. It was like the measles. But the sensible persons have got over it."

"EGERIA."

Then we gain a glimpse of Lady Maxwell, who is evidently to play a considerable part in the story, and is the Egeria of Edward Watton. "Egeria," says his brother, "was in the neighbourhood last week. Edward rode over to see her. Since then he has joined two new societies, and ordered six new books on the labour question." Of course, she is detested by Mrs. Watton, who regards her as the author of half the mischief done by this precious Government in the last two years. She goes on:—

"A neighbour of theirs in Brookshire was giving me last week the most extraordinary account of the doings at Mellor. She was the heiress of that house at Mellor!—here she addressed young Bayle, who, as a comparative stranger in the house, might be supposed to be ignorant of facts which everybody else knew—"a tumble-down place with an income of about two thousand a year. Directly she married she put a Socialist of the most unscrupulous type—so they tell me—into possession. The man has established what they call a 'standard rate' of wages for the estate—virtually double the normal rate—coerced all the farmers, and made the neighbours furious. They say the whole district is in a ferment. It used to be the quietest part in the world imaginable, and now she has set it all by the ears. She, having married thirty thousand a year, can afford her little amusements; other people, who must live by their land, have their lives worried out of them."

When the party breaks up that night, Letty of course remains behind while George Tressady comes to light her candle, and there is what may be called an incipient love scene in the gallery. Lady Tressady interrupts it, appearing not to understand, but observes to herself as she went back to her room, "She has caught him, bare-faced little flirt! It is not altogether the best thing for me, but it may dispose him to be generous if I can play my cards." For Lady Tressady is over head and ears in debt, from which nothing can rescue her but the generosity of her son, whose income, ever since "those horrid miners had become so troublesome," was not more than three or four thousand a year.

The first instalment of a serial can do little more than introduce the characters to the reader, and from this point of view Mrs. Humphry Ward has begun well. Her hero's mother is a little bit affected and stagey, but Letty is vivacious and interesting, while Tressady and Fontenoy, Lady Maxwell and Edward Watton, are all well defined types with distinctive characteristics which lend themselves easily to the author's manipulation.

PASTEUR.

TWO ESTIMATES: FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

THE principal article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for October 15th is that upon "The Philosophy of Pasteur," by the Vicomte de Vogüé. Passing entirely over Pasteur's popular discoveries, including in that term those which concern the vegetable kingdom (such as the origin of the disease of the vine) or the remedies indicated by him for some of the worst scourges which afflict humanity, M. de Vogüé confines his attention to those primary discoveries by which, according to him, the French scientist in a great measure revolutionised our conception of the way in which the human body is built up.

FRENCH.

For many years the current of scientific investigation had resulted in what may be roughly called the chemical theory. If animal and vegetable bodies were, as was supposed, the result of chemical affinities, and were to be accepted as varied experiments of nature in which the elements of inorganic matter combined to maintain, to transform, and finally to suppress the functions of infused life, then the chemist of the future might look forward to possessing almost illimitable power upon these bodies or organisations, once they were set going. It appeared probable that the day would dawn in which the said chemist would become absolute master of the inorganic and invariable constituents of man, and would either know, or be on the brink of knowing, how to reproduce all their combinations; so that those elements which are the immediate agents and servants of vitality might seriously modify the phenomena of life. If he could not actually create its essence, he might at least imitate many of its manifestations, and at any rate control them when they had spontaneously appeared.

Claude Bernard and Pasteur dissipated this "beautiful dream" by revealing the organic character of the very stuff of which we are made, and over which we may attain only a small measure of control. However humble the organisms of which we are built up may be, we are not able to call the very least into being, although we can pre-arrange the combinations of gas or evolve the formation of acids or of salts; and even if we could create them, we have no guarantee that they would develop on the lines of what we know as a living being. Claude Bernard said: "I am not able to conceive that a cell spontaneously formed without ancestors could evolve a future, never having had a past." Thus Pasteur appears as the guardian of the ancient mysterious conception of life. As he believed in the immortality of the soul, saying in one notable utterance that we partook of the mystery which envelopes the universe, and which he considered to be eternal in its own nature, so he demonstrated scientifically the unfailing presence of life in what had hitherto been called dead matter.

He was still a young man when he made the singular discovery which M. de Vogüé notes as the parent of all the rest, namely, that all the molecules of a living organisation were "dissymmetric," while all those pertaining to inorganic matter were regular. Thus the microscope had at length revealed a certain indication of life. Some thinkers have found an analogy between the infinitely small organisms discovered by Pasteur and Claude Bernard, and the human multitudes which form the material of the modern state. We need not push the idea to an immediate conclusion, but perhaps our children's children will be able to trace a detailed analogy between the building up of the different members of the

body politic and that of the different members of the human frame; meanwhile the theory of dead matter traversed by a fleeting soul has passed away: the latest modern science is not materialistic.

ENGLISH.

Mr. Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thomson collaborate in the *Contemporary Review* in the production of an article on Pasteur. They thus sum up the results of the great chemist's life and labour:—

The shrewd, minutely careful, yet inquiring rustic, eager to understand and then to improve what he sees, passes in an ever-widening spiral from his rural centre upwards, from tan-pit to vat and vintage, from manure-heaps, earth-worms, and water-supply to the problems of civic sanitation. The rustic tragedies of the dead cow and the mad dog excite the explanation and suggest the prevention of these disasters; from the poisoning of rats and mice he passes to suggestive experiments as to the rabbit-pest of Australia, and so in other cases from beast to man, from village to State. And on each radius on which he paused he left either a method or a clue, and set some other inquirer at work. On each radius of work he has left his disciples; for he founded not only an Institute, but a living school, or indeed whole schools of workers. We think of him, then, not only as a thinking rustic, but as one of the greatest examples in science of the Rustic as a Thinker—a type of thinker too rare in our mechanical and urban generation, yet for whom the next generation waits.

As to his actual legacy to the world, let us sum it up briefly. There is the impulse which he gave, after the successful organisation of his own Institute, to the establishment in other countries of similar laboratories of preventive medicine, and one may also say, of experimental evolution. There is his educative work at Strasburg and Lille, at the École Normale and the Sorbonne, and, above all, in the smaller yet world-wide circle of his immediate disciples. To general biology his chief contribution has been the demonstration of the part which bacteria play, not only in pathological and physiological processes, but in the wider drama of evolution. To the chemist he has given a new theory of fermentation; to the physician many a suggestive lesson in the etiology of diseases, and a series of bold experiments in preventive and curative inoculation, of which Roux's treatment of diphtheria and Professor Fraser's new remedy for snakebite are examples at present before the public: to the surgeon a stable foundation, as Lister acknowledged, for antiseptic treatment; to the hygienist a multitude of practical suggestions concerning water-supply and drainage, disinfection and burial. On brewer, distiller, and wine-maker he has forced the microscope and its results; and he has shown both agriculturist and stock-breeder how some, at least, of their many more than ten plagues may be either averted or alleviated. In short, he has played a foremost part in the war against bacteria, in the elimination of the eliminators.

ONE of the most interesting papers in the *English Historical Review* is Mr. W. B. Duffield's vivid sketch of the "War of the Sonderbund." From the confiscated papers of the Earl of Kerry, which are still kept in the French national archives, Mr. J. G. Alger has extracted much valuable and entertaining information about "an Irish absentee and his tenants, 1768-1792." Other articles claim separate notice.

THE *United Service Magazine* contains an interesting article upon the French Army Manœuvres of 1895, by Captain W. Plomer. Captain Oliver describes the last phase of the Madagascar Campaign. Major Breton replies to the article on Imperial Defence, which recently appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Captain Herbert describes the operations after the battle of Malakand in the Chitral Campaign. The articles on Cromwell as a soldier, and the command of the army, are noticed elsewhere.

THE PERSECUTION OF THE RUSSIAN QUAKERS.

By COUNT TOLSTOI.

In the *Contemporary Review* Count Tolstoi tells in brief the story of the persecution which has befallen the Dookhobortzy, who may be described as a kind of Russian Quakers, and who are now being harried by the Russian Government because they refuse to bear arms. The following is the substance of the story which Count Tolstoi has to tell:—

The Dookhobortzy settled in the Caucasus have been subjected to cruel persecutions by the Russian authorities; and these persecutions, described in the report of one who made inquiries on the spot, are now, at this moment, happening. These Dookhobortzy were beaten, whipped, and ridden down; Cossacks were quartered upon them in "executions," who, it is proved, allowed themselves every licence with these people; and everything they did was with the consent of their officers. Those men who had refused military service were tortured, in body and in mind; and it is entirely true that a prosperous population, who by tens of years of hard toil had created their own prosperity, were expelled from their homes and settled, without land and without means of subsistence, in the Georgian villages.

The cause of these persecutions is, that for certain reasons three-fourths of the Dookhobortzy (that is, about 15,000 people, their whole population being about 20,000) have this year returned with renewed force and earnestness to their former Christian profession, and have resolved to comply in practice with Christ's law of non-resistance to evil by violence. This decision has caused them, on one hand, to destroy all their weapons, which are considered so needful in the Caucasus, thus renouncing the possibility of fighting, and putting themselves at the mercy of every marauder; and, on the other hand, to refuse, under all circumstances, participation in acts of force which may be demanded from them by the Government; which means that they must refuse service in the army or elsewhere that violence is used. The Government could not permit such a desertion of the duties established by law on the part of so many thousands of people, and a struggle broke out. The Government demands compliance with its requirements; the Dookhobortzy do not obey.

The Government cannot afford to yield. Not only because this refusal of the Dookhobortzy to comply with the requirements of Government has, from the official standpoint, no legal justification, and is contradictory to the existing time-consecrated order; but such refusals must be discontinued at once, for the sole reason that, if allowed to ten, to-morrow there, will be a thousand, ten thousand others who wish to escape the burden of the taxes and the conscription. And if this is allowed, there will spring up marauding and chaos instead of order and security; no one's property or life will be safe. Thus the authorities reason; they cannot reason otherwise; and they are not in the least at fault in so reasoning.

A STRIKE AGAINST WAR.

The Russian Government, in fact, is face to face with an organised strike based on religious principle against compulsory military service. The peasantry hate conscription, and if conscientious objections to soldiering as anti-Christian were permitted to exempt from military service, the numbers of Russian Quakers would increase by the million. Count Tolstoi takes the persecutions very philosophically. He rejoices in tribulation, and sees in martyrdom the shortest road to victory:—

The half-savage Cossacks who beat the Dookhobortzy by order of the officers, "very soon began to be tired of it," as they said, when they were quartered in the villages of the Dookhobortzy. That means, conscience began to agitate them; and the authorities, fearing the influence of the Dookhobortzy upon them, hastened to withdraw them. Never was a persecution of innocent people which has not ended in the persecutors receiving the principles of the persecuted; as it

was with the warrior Simeon, who exterminated the Paulicians and then adopted their creed. The more indulgent the Government, the quicker the number of true Christians will grow. The more cruel the Government, the quicker the numbers of those who yield to the requirements of Government diminishes. Thus, whether indulgent or cruel towards men who by their lives proclaim Christianity, Government is forwarding its own destruction. "Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out."

He prefaces his paper with the following prophecy of ultimate victory:—

If we will only have courage and boldly profess Him, soon not only will those horrible persecutions of the body of true disciples of Christ who carry out His teaching practically in their lives disappear, but there will remain no more prisons or gallows, no wars, corruption, idleness, or toil-crushed poverty, under which Christian humanity now groans.

THE COURSE OF A PHILOSOPHER'S FAME.

BASE depreciation, enthusiastic veneration, just estimation, are the three stages of public opinion on the philosopher Spinoza, as successively described by Professor Freudenthal in the *Jewish Quarterly*. The shock which the Jew of Amsterdam gave to contemporary orthodoxy is outlined in this vivid contrast:—

The seventeenth century still lay entirely beneath the fetters of religious and scientific bondage. Dogmas still governed every department of the theoretical and practical life . . . And now came an anonymous writer, who later on emerged to view as a spectacle-grinder expelled from the Jewish community, and attacked all these fundamental articles of the prevailing faith, partly in open words, partly with ill-concealed hostility. He regarded and explained the Bible as a profane work. He looked upon the prophets as ordinary men, and their predictions as lively pictures of the imagination. A suspension of the order of nature by means of a miracle he declared to be inconceivable, and on the doctrines which relate to the existence of Christ he was altogether silent. He conceived of God himself, not as the Creator and Ruler of the world, but as an essence inhering in and inseparable from it. He took no heed of any doctrine of the Synagogue or of any dogma of the Church; no decisions of Councils and Synods bound him; he was bold enough and self-convinced enough to set his reason above a sacred tradition of more than a thousand years. And even the State, whose power he raised far above that of the Church, was to possess no right over the thought and belief of the citizen, so long as he did not act contrary to its laws.

The Professor traces the torrent of horror and scorn which pursued the name of Spinoza, from Bayle, Voltaire, Diderot, Condillac, Mosheim, down to the close of last century. He follows the fortunes of the little band of ostracised Spinozists—Hattem, Bril, Booms, Dina Jans, Buitendyk, Dippel, Edelmann. The tide began to turn when Moses Mendelssohn gave Spinoza pitying praise. Then Lessing declared there was no other philosophy than Spinoza's. Jacobi said, "I love Spinoza." Goethe said, "Spinoza's mind is much deeper and clearer than mine." Herder said he was "more godly" than St. John. Heine spoke of him in a magnificent eulogy as "a forest of heaven-high thoughts, whose blossoming summits are in undulating motion, while the immovable trunks are rooted in the eternal earth." Fichte, Schelling, Schleiermacher, Hegel, were pupils of Spinoza. Schleiermacher, who glorified him, had the keenest understanding of him. Even Schopenhauer is almost adulatory. Soberer judgments came in with Herbart, Lotze, Trendelenburg, Ueberweg.

MR. HOWELLS'S IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

THE editor of *Harper's Magazine* continues his pleasant impressions of the Old Country. He has been to Clovelly and enjoyed it much, and altogether he seems to have carried away from England most agreeable impressions:—

If the other English resorts and watering-places do not pose like Clovelly, they all have the air of being satisfied with themselves and conscious of their attractions. There is great variety of beauty and very little monotony. To the traveller accustomed to long distances and wide spaces everything seems on a tiny scale, but even in going a short distance the change of scenery, of speech, of manners, is so marked that the mind is impressed with the feeling that it is experiencing a great world. The journey from the extreme east at Margate to the south-west at Penzance can be made by daylight in one day, but so rapid are the shiftings of scenery, so varied are the villages, cities, cathedrals, and country houses of distinction, so much of history and romance is crowded into the transit of a few hours, that the stranger may well fancy he has passed over a continent.

Mr. Howells is naturally much impressed by the comfort and convenience of life in the Old World. In this country, at any rate, it is not necessary for him to black his own boots. He says:—

In the smallest and most out-of-the-way inn in England (and I am glad to say that unpretending inns can still be found that preserve the old traditions of comfort and civility) boots are polished—highly polished. This may seem a very low and unimportant matter to mention. It is, however, a note of good service, and one of the characteristics of the high civilisation of our British friends, as much so as their habit of travelling about with trees for their boots. It means a determination to be comfortable and well cared for throughout. The whole of society is built upon this idea; the servants are servants for the sake of making society comfortable, and I am not sure but well-brushed clothes and polished boots are as much a part of the English Constitution as the five o'clock cup of tea. Nobody knows exactly what the Constitution is; but Mr. Balfour, when he rises in the House of Commons and says that such and such a proceeding violates it, is not surer he is right than the humblest subject is when he appeals to it in a matter of his individual comfort. The idea of the average Britisher is to get the most satisfaction possible out of his daily life, in little things as well as in large, and he will not put up with slack service, among other annoyances; and the servants, who are in turn served by other servants, feel in the same way. This means, I take it, subordination and order, or, in other words, civilisation. And a sense of some leisure goes with this enjoyment of the small things. I have never heard the English accused of lack of enterprise or lack of sturdiness and a disposition to have their own way, but they certainly have come to the idea that life is too valuable to be frittered away in perpetual uneasiness. And speaking still of a civilised way of living, one cannot but see, in spite of the democratic talk and the labour agitations and the poverty and the liberal use of spirits, that there is a good deal of solid content in England, even when the country is stirred—as it rarely is stirred otherwise—by a General Election. One marks a general disposition to mind one's own business, and to wait, in a conservative sort of way, for time to right existing hardships.

He takes a little more sanguine view of the possibility of temperance reform in Great Britain than natives would be inclined to do; but then Mr. Howells could not be expected to know the wrong-headedness of the British temperance politician, who remains to-day, as yesterday, the one insuperable obstacle to any improvement in our licensing system.

Those interested in railway construction will find much to instruct them in the article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, on the birth and growth of the broad gauge.

IN THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

MR. WILSON, in the *Investors' Review*, says in an article, entitled "Notes by the Way on the Mining Market Gamble," "that the speculation in gold mines, which has proceeded in London and Paris without intermission for more than a year past, is one of the most fascinating exhibitions of human folly this generation has been privileged to behold." He postpones the task of describing it until he can complete it by the addition of an inventory of devastation that will follow the crash. Mr. Wilson thinks that the average British dunderhead was roped in by the far-seeing cunning with which the ingenious promoters enlisted the nobility and gentry of England in the magnificent gamble. "All must be right when the 'usband of the Prince of Wales' daughter tho't it good enough for 'im," as grocer Jones and tailor Spratt would remark to each other over their pipes and beer. Mr. Wilson says that preachers in churches and chapels have been known to thank the Lord in public for His infinite mercy in bestowing such wealth on the people of England in our day and generation, while all the listeners gloated and leered with a cupidity rendered eminently respectable by the dukes—fully licensed as correct by the upper classes. The ground for this upheaval of the demoniacal passions of humanity has been prepared by two influences. First, the privation imposed upon large numbers of people by the Baring smash; the other, the needs of the "splendid paupers," not altogether of the aristocratic order, who were living above their means. The financial press was lean and hungry, and the South African adventurers paid for leaders with £10 notes, or secured quotations of manufactured share premiums for a fiver. I hope Mr. Wilson will reconsider his determination not to publish a study of the boom in the Kaffir circus on a scale which will enable him to do justice to his great subject. There is an interesting article in the same review, called "The Children and Grandchildren of the Chartered Company;" the list is a long one, and represents the capitalisation on paper of about twelve millions sterling, two-thirds of which is offered for public subscription.

The First Estate of the Parish Constable.

MR. H. B. SIMPSON contributes to the *English Historical Review* an interesting study of the office of parish constable. From the fact that that functionary was required in former times to make a "presentment" concerning his parish to the magistracy—a presentment being the technical term for a statement on oath by the inhabitants of a certain area—Mr. Simpson works towards the conclusion that the name "constable" was given to a pre-existing local official, not necessarily in his character as peace officer, but in his general character as representative of the unit of rural self-government, whether it was organised as a township, a parish, or a manor, and whether he was locally styled reeve, chief pledge, headborough, or tithing-man.

He ranked on a level with the mayors and bailiffs of urban districts. Reason is found for supposing "that the common-law duties and powers of the modern constable are nothing more than the duties and powers attaching, from a very early period, to the township or the tithing." The constable, as it were, embodied his parish to the eye of higher authorities. Mr. Simpson's argument suggests that the primæval "constable" corresponds more to our present day chairman of the parish council than to our village policeman.

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

MR. SWINBURNE contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* a poem of eight stanzas on Trafalgar Day. Of these eight verses I quote two:—

Never since day broke flowerlike forth of night
Broke such a dawn of battle. Death in sight
Made of the man whose life was like the sun
A man more godlike than the lord of light.
There is none like him; and there shall be none.
When England bears again as great a son,
He can but follow fame where Nelson led.
There is not and there cannot be but one.

MR. ANDREW LANG contributes to *Scribner* a poem suggested by an incident belonging to the psychical side of Robert Louis Stevenson's genius. When Stevenson was at Burford Bridge, where the Omar Khayyam Club holds its meetings, he was haunted by the notion of a man riding past in the dark, beating with his whip on the shutter as a warning to those within. It was not until long after that Andrew Lang discovered that such an incident had actually happened about 1750, when one Jemmy Dawkins, in a Jacobite meeting at Burford Bridge, got sudden warning to rise and ride. Here are a few of the stanzas of Mr. Lang's poem:—

He who sleeps on the Vaca crest
Came to your tavern for work or rest,
There he lingered, and there, he told us,
Was by the Shade of a Sound possessed!
Men in the darkling inn that meet,
Heard the sound of a horse's feet,
Hooves that scatter the flying pebbles.
And a warning whip on the casement beat.

Boot and saddle! was then the cry,
Mount and ride, for the foe is nigh!
Over the water, or high in the heather.
Thither the friends of the king must fly.

Such was the sound that Louis heard,
Out of the silence a single word,
Out of the dust of the withered ages,
Something that wakened, and beat, and stirred!

IN the *New Review* Mr. Henley contributes the following sonnet entitled "Two Days. February 15th and September 28th, 1894. To V. G." :—

That day we brought our beautiful one to lie
In the green peace within your gates, he came
To give us greeting, boyish and kind and shy,
And, stricken as we were, we blessed his name:
Yet, like the Creature of Light that had been ours,
Soon of the sweet Earth disinherited,
He too must join, even with the Year's old flowers,
The unanswering generations of the dead.
So stand we friends for you, who stood our friend
Through him that day, for now through him you know
That, though where love was love is till the end,
Love, turned of death to longing, like a foe,
Strikes: when the ruined heart goes forth to crave
Mercy, of the high, austere, unpitied Grave.

IN *Longman's Magazine* Mr. J. K. Lawson has a poem entitled "Oh to be Gods in Babylon," which describes how three youths went to Babylon in the hope that they might be as gods. Only one fared well and became a thinker, whose fame spread far and wide. Of the other two we read:—

The first, him Pleasure whispered fair;
About him blew her 'wildering hair;
Her glamour circled him like flame,
He ceased to strive, forgot his aim;

And woke at last, a soul beshorn,
Himself unto himself forsworn:
Dull, dull as doom the city's roar,
Where sink the souls who rise no more,
In the deep, deep dark of Babylon!

And one with all too tender eyes
Saw but the wrong to heaven that cries;
The smoke of men's vain torment rose,
And dimmed all else but human woes:
Nor hope nor help on any hand,
A stone this heart of Mammonland!
Oh sunbathed hills! were ye a dream?
Oh fields of youth! Oh flower-fringed stream!
Out of the fog and home to die,
He, gasping, fled from Babylon!

LAURA SPENCER PORTER contributes the following sonnet to the *New England Magazine*, entitled "The Unfathomable":—

Contrite to God I came, in sore distress.
"I know," I cried, "that 'twas but yester-eve
This selfsame fault I asked Thee to forgive,
And promised to renounce all sinfulness.
Yet I would even ask again Thy grace,
Save that I fear I've drained forgiveness dry,
And reached Thy mercy's utmost boundary!"
Then spake God's mighty voice, and filled the place:

"With thy poor human tape, child, dost thou think
To measure My vast mercy's outer bound?
With thy short plummet at Forgiveness' brink
Dost think that thou canst test its depth of ground?
Drop in thy weightiest sin, and bid it sink
To strike the bottom;—there comes back no sound."

Reginald Gourlay has the following lines on "False Friends" in the same magazine:—

"To love and lose by death is not all loss,"
Sang the great bard, who died, and left no peer.
Our lost love may be found—when we shall cross,
One day, Death's threshold through the gates of Fear.

But to have proved the trusted friend untrue,
To see estranged, the one more loved than life;
This wings a strong heart as naught else can do,
And gives its foes a vantage in the strife.

The noblest hearts must feel that pain of pains,
That pang, no solace ever has allayed;
The Book of Life no crueller tale contains
Than that condensed in the one word—"Betrayed."

Ciencia Social is a new monthly, published in Barcelona, and devoted to sociology, art, and literature. The first number contains several well-written articles—"Immoral Education," "The Social Problem," "Human Dignity and Christianity," etc.—and notes on social progress in various countries. The editor announces that the review is not published as a commercial speculation, but to propagate the ideas of the promoters, who do not seek to make a profit out of it.

Temple Bar continues to supply the best budget of light reading of all the non-illustrated magazines. The November number has an excellent naval article, entitled "Breaking the Line," which is chiefly devoted to a story of Rodney's sea fights. "My London Seasons" is a good gossip social article, and "My First Kill," a story of a boy's ride to hounds, is told with spirit. There is also a charming biographical paper devoted to Lady Hester Stanhope, who is described under the title of "Pitt's Favourite Niece."

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE *Nineteenth Century* has an imposing array of names, but with the exception of the weighty paper by Sir Auckland Colvin on "Indian Frontiers and Indian Finance" the papers hardly come up to the expectations raised by their titles and their authors. I notice elsewhere Mr. Swinburne's poem, Mr. Somerset's article on the Venezuelan Dispute, and Mr. Wilfred Ward's statement on the attitude of Rome towards reunion.

A WARNING FROM INDIA.

Sir Auckland Colvin, our Finance Minister in India, has evidently but little sympathy with Mr. Curzon, Lord Roberts and the restless school which is perpetually bent upon pushing our outposts further and further into the network of mountains on our north-west frontier. Sir Auckland points out that we are neglecting the warning of the Mutiny and increasing our territories and our responsibilities, without increasing our white soldiers, upon whom in the last resort all our authority in India depends. Sir Auckland says:—

The situation is surrounded by clouds and darkness. Is it a time to prophesy smooth things, to smile complacently, to exchange congratulations, to talk comfortably of the clouds going by? It seems, indeed, difficult to understand how it can be believed that the financial outlook, as was said in the recent Indian budget debate, is better than it was three years ago. Three years ago, the necessity of reimposing the cotton duties had not been demonstrated. The Famine Grant had not been appropriated to current revenues. Three years ago the Secretary of State sold his bills at 1s. 2½d.; at present he barely touches 1s. 1½d. The deficit three years ago was Rs. 800,000; now it is estimated at well over a million. For three years ago, the forward frontier policy had been but recently revived, and we had not made the progress in creating and completing our new dominion and protectorate beyond the Indus which has been achieved of late. Frontier policy and Indian finance are as inseparable as foreign policy and finance in Western countries. There can be no improvement in Indian finance so long as Indian revenues are depleted by the claims of frontier extension, or exposed to the risk and requirements of war. Consequently there can be no vigorous internal policy, whether of railway development or of other kind.

MR. GLADSTONE ON BISHOP BUTLER AND HIS CENSORS.

Mr. Gladstone's paper is a shaving from the workshop in which he has been toiling for some time past. It is entitled "Bishop Butler and His Censors," and its author thus states its scope and object:—

I propose to undertake a close examination of the criticisms of four writers who form or belong to the last-named class, and to take them in their chronological order. These are Mr. Bagehot (1854), Miss S. S. Hennell (1859), Mr. Leslie Stephen (1876), and Mr. Matthew Arnold (1877). Of these, one—namely, Miss Hennell—incorporates an important criticism by Dr. Martineau, which was first published about 1840, and which may in no vulgar sense be said to have been in the van of the attack.

Mr. Gladstone is a great admirer of Butler, and concludes his paper by declaring that

the works of Butler will always render valuable service in the mitigation of controversy both by good example and in assisting men of upright minds, though of differing opinions, to regard each other with mutual sympathy and respect.

THE CHANGE OF OUR MUSICAL PITCH.

Mr. Cuthbert Hadden thinks that some good might be done in this direction if

the Philharmonic Society would take the lead in obtaining the following things:—(1) A definition from the military authorities of their standard of pitch of a more scientific character than the existing wording of the Queen's regulations; (2) The agreement of the leading musical academies and institutions to take joint action with the Philharmonic Society; (3) The establishment in the metropolis, and in local centres, of large tuning forks or other standards of pitch, approved and certified by a board or committee of experts. This, leaving aside the question of cost, would probably prove effectual. In any case, the present condition of matters ought to take speedy end; it is most deplorable, and a disgrace to the musical pretensions of the country.

LORD SALISBURY ON EVOLUTION.

Mr. Herbert Spencer is at much pains to correct the erroneous idea under which Lord Salisbury seemed to be labouring when he delivered his address at the British Association at Oxford. Mr. Spencer points out that

the Doctrine of Evolution, rightly conceived, has for its subject-matter not the changes exhibited by the organic world only, but also the changes which went on during an enormous period before life began, and the changes which have gone on since life rose to its highest form, and Man, passing into the associated state, gave origin to the endlessly varied products of social life. The theory of natural selection is wrongly supposed to be identical with the theory of organic evolution; and the theory of organic evolution is wrongly supposed to be identical with the theory of evolution at large. In current thought the entire transformation is included in one part of it, and that part of it is included in one of its factors. Even were all theories about the special causes disproved, the doctrine of evolution would remain standing.

While the hypothesis of organic evolution is indirectly supported by great masses of observed facts, the hypothesis of special creation is not only without indirect support from observed facts, but is indirectly contradicted by the enormous accumulation of observed facts constituting our daily experience.

MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

Mr. T. C. Hayllar states the Chinese view of missionaries as follows:—

The simple fact is, that there do not exist any reasons for the christianisation of China, except from the standpoint of the missionaries themselves. Their superstitions, if ridiculous in European eyes, are, surely, perfectly harmless. Wherein lies the moral harm of Fêng Shui? or in that curious widespread belief in the duality of nature? The errors they fall into as to the meaning of natural phenomena are not such as Christianity can dispel.

Again, why should a Chinaman abandon, at the bidding of any one, a cult so essentially humane and deeply poetical as the worship of his ancestors? The Chinaman who did so would not be a better Chinaman.

THE WORM TURNS.

Mr. Werner Laurie, a representative of the much-abused publisher, ventures to turn upon Mr. Hall Caine and the "Authors' Society." He says—

it would be well not to forget that not one novel in ten pays expenses, and only about one in twenty pays well. The publisher, it must be remembered, finds capital for the failures as well as for the successes; and although we seldom see an

edition of less than 10,000 given in an "Authors' Society" example, yet the average sale of a six-shilling novel (of nine out of ten) is between three and four hundred copies.

GIBRALTAR.

Lieutenant-Colonel Adye describes the past of Gibraltar, and discusses its future. He admits that the state of the fortress at the present moment is most unsatisfactory:—

So long as Gibraltar has no dock, an insecure anchorage, and inferior coaling facilities, a perfect offensive is lost to her.

He is not without hopes that something may be done. Plans have been prepared which provide for the expenditure of half a million of money. When that is spent he thinks that Gibraltar will have what she needs:—

Thus provided Gibraltar would have before her a new future, naval and commercial, and the important strategic part she would play is most evident.

He will not hear of any abandonment of our hold on the great position which enables us to command the gate of the Mediterranean.

THE RELIGION OF THE UNDERGRADUATE.

Mr. Deane's exposition of the irreligion of the undergraduate has elicited two replies, one from Cambridge and the other from Oxford. Mr. Reginald B. Fellows, writing from Cambridge, says:—

Of the agnosticism which exists at Cambridge the sincere type is that which, from the nature of things, necessarily accompanies, in a greater or less degree, the careful study and discussion of religious and philosophical questions by men of unfettered opinions, whether in the University or in the world; while the insincere or flippant type is simply a part of the general wave of indifference to religion which is just now manifesting itself in every quarter, though, in the present writer's opinion, considerably less at Cambridge than in other spheres of life.

Mr. H. Ledge, who writes from Oxford, is much more lively, not to say flippant, in his rejoinder:—

Mr. Deane has hit upon much that is in need of reform in the latter part of his article, and if he had only seen that indifference, and not agnosticism, is the difficulty to be overcome, he would have discovered still more. And this indifference pervades the whole body academic from top to bottom.

Our differences, however, only accentuate the more the points in which we agree, the chief of which is, that many of the priests who now hold fellowships are not fulfilling their office by any means, much less magnifying it. Let them take heed.

What should be desired is the Church Militant and not the Church Dormant, and Christianity rather than Indifferentism. This can only be attained by work in the University by the University for the University, and is largely a matter of education upon the right lines; and those who are responsible for this education we know, and it may interest them to learn from Mr. Deane that Cambridge is Agnostic and knows nothing, and from others that Oxford is Indifferent and does not care.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Sir Charles Robinson, writing on "Art Connoisseurship in England," says:—

As regards the higher walks of art connoisseurship, it seems doubtful whether, amidst the much greater show of occupation in this country in the present generation, any real advance has been made.

Mr. Justice Ameer Ali replies to Canon McColl's views on Islam. Mr. Cunningham Graham, who ought to write more than he does, has a bright and interesting paper reviving the memory of Hulderico Schmidel, the first historian of Buenos Ayres and Paraguay. It is a picturesque paper, and I hope Mr. Cunningham Graham will not let his pen grow rusty in the future.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary Review* contains several good articles. Four of them—Doctor Dillon's paper on Foreign Policy, the article on Pasteur, Count Tolstoi's account of the persecution of the Russian Quakers, and the discussion as to the transference of Church Schools to Board Schools—are noticed elsewhere.

A REFORM BILL FOR THE CHURCH.

Mr. Bunting so seldom writes that it is a pleasure to welcome his contribution to the pages of the periodical which he so ably edits. The essay in which he sets forth his scheme for the reform of the Church of England, is characterised by great lucidity, much patient thought, and a logical intrepidity at which the ordinary man will stand aghast. For Mr. Bunting calmly proposes to attempt to create the Church of England. At the present moment Mr. Bunting points out that there is no Church of England, if by the Church we understand a society of men organised and enrolled into a fellowship. The first thing, therefore, before reforming the Church, is to bring it into existence. But who are the members of the Church? Mr. Bunting says:—

The Church members, then, for the purpose at least of Church government in every parish, would be those persons who, having been baptized and confirmed and having attained majority, are on the Church roll, or better, have been on the Church roll for twelve months.

Having thus created his Church, he would give it an organisation which from bottom to top should be frankly representative. He would give the Parish Council power to appoint and to control the clergyman:—

It would consort best with plain democratic principle to place the appointment of the clergyman and the assistant curates absolutely in the hands of the parochial council. But such a system would very likely work, in practice, so as to give the parish council the nomination under the advice and subject to the veto of the diocesan board.

I cannot follow Mr. Bunting through all his proposals, but the following suggestions as to the utilisation of the endowments which would be still left with the church after disestablishment cannot be passed over without notice. He says:—

Perhaps the best way of dealing with this income, which, if there were no disendowment, would include the tithe, would be to throw it into a sustentation fund, such as is established in some Presbyterian Churches, and by its means, aided by supplementary contributions, to secure a certain minimum stipend to every parson and a lower minimum stipend to every curate.

THE SULTAN'S POLICY IN ARMENIA.

Canon McColl is indefatigable in the prosecution of his crusade against the Sultan. He maintains:—

The facts point to the inevitable conclusion that the Sultan has been engaged for some years in laying his plans for the partial extermination and the total degradation of the Armenians. He began by making war upon their schools and religious freedom. But the Armenians had made considerable progress in education and in the aspirations for freedom which education inspires, before their oppressors had realised the fact. They must, therefore, be taught a lesson. Hence the formation of 30,000 plundering and murdering Kurds into a cavalry force, bearing the Sultan's name, and officered by brigand chiefs, with a mission from the Sultan "to suppress the Armenians."

Canon McColl is disgusted with Lord Rosebery's policy in Armenia, and wrings his hands in shame and grief over the fiasco in which our intervention has culminated, for Canon McColl is under no illusion as to the rottenness of all so-called reforms which are solemnly decreed one day and forgotten the next.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. T. W. Rolleston has an interesting paper upon Victor Scheffel, a German poet, who says:—

Meantime we have, or had till lately, one figure which rises eminently above the general level of literature in his day and land, a writer who cannot be called great, but who is certainly anything but commonplace, and who would have won admiration whenever or wherever he had appeared. This is Joseph Victor von Scheffel, a poet in his own sphere of signal power and originality.

William Larminie brings to a close his brilliant papers which draw a parallel between Norse and Irish literature. Herbert Spencer describes the evolution of judges and lawyers, and Father Tyrrell replies to Miss Cobbe's denunciation of the Jesuit doctrine of obligation and non-obligation to the lower animals.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The Fortnightly Review is not a sensational number to look at, but it contains a great many articles of more than ordinary interest. I notice elsewhere the article by a Brahman upon Mr. Balfour's book, Mr. Robinson's paper on the Afghan alliance, Mr. Bompas's suggestion for "The Improvement of Working-Class Homes," Mr. Chisholm's "How to Counteract the Penny Dreadful," Mr. Davey's "The Sultan and his Harem," and Mr. W. S. Lilly's suggestion as to what the Liberal party should do to re-establish its position in the country.

SOME UNPUBLISHED BURNS' LETTERS.

Mr. L. M. Roberts has an interesting paper on the Burns and Dunlop correspondence, which contains some unpublished letters of the poet. The collection is to be published in full in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Burns' death. There is no scandal about the matter, for the lady was fifty-five years of age before she made Burns' acquaintance, and his letters to her are carefully studied compositions; even what he calls "a destructed scrawl, which the author hardly dares to read," contains a deliberately copied extract from his commonplace book. Burns wrote to her uniformly in a strain of extravagant eulogy. She was the first woman of note who ever recognised his genius. Burns was so devoted to her that when the sex of his first child was still a matter of doubt, he told her that if it proved a girl, it was to be called Frances Dunlop. Mrs. Dunlop did not wish her letters to be published, and when she found that Dr. Currie, his literary executor, had a packet of her letters in his possession, she bought them back by paying one of Burns' letters for each one of hers. As a result her letters have not been published until now, when she is far past caring anything about their fate.

KARL PEARSON AND ST. GEORGE MIVART.

Mr. Pearson falls foul of Mr. Mivart's criticism. He replies by calling him a sectarian critic, and challenges him to demonstrate the existence of the immortality of the soul in a manner to convince the majority of scientific biologists:—

If Mr. St. George Mivart cannot produce a proof that will satisfy the consensus of biological authority, then it is he, not I, that illustrates "denominational science." He has laid down a standard of the exact and true in science; he has propounded a dogma which he says is the highest truth of biological science. I directly challenge him to demonstrate his asserted truth to the satisfaction of undenominational biologists. If he declines my challenge, or fails to produce a valid proof, then, in the words of Darwin again, we can only "conclude with sorrow, that though he means to be honourable, he is so bigoted that he cannot act fairly."

Of course Mr. Pearson will obtain an easy victory. A demonstration of the persistence of the individual after death may be possible, but a demonstration of immortality is in the nature of things *a priori* impossible.

"BOOK-COLLECTING AS A FINE ART."

Mr. Julian Moore gossips pleasantly concerning book-collecting and its pleasures. Apart from the bibliographical details, the best thing in his paper is the anecdote with which he concludes:—

On the other hand, as regards the good sense, not to say the wisdom of collecting, I will quote an anecdote (a very short one) of a collector who was remonstrated with on his extravagance in the buying of handsome books. He answered: "You approve, do you not, of a man sometimes going to the theatre with friends, of his keeping a horse to ride, or his playing a game of whist, or making an occasional bet, if he feels inclined?" "Well," he answered to the obvious reply, "I practised these things as relaxations from the time I was twenty till I was thirty. Within that time, I think, I must have spent two thousand pounds on pleasure, all of which was not income. Since then I began to collect, and now I have recouped this sum and am besides five hundred pounds to the good on the purchase of things that give me permanent pleasure, that all my friends are interested in seeing, and which are as saleable as bank-notes, though not, perhaps, shilling to shilling, for what I gave for them. Can you say as much, my friend, for the orchids or the yacht you are so fond of?"

PRISONERS ON THE MOVE.

Mr. Spearman has been investigating French prisons, and has come to the conclusion that in many points they do things better in France than in England. For instance, instead of sending convicts as ordinary passengers in prison clothes, by third-class carriages, to Portland or Dartmoor, the French have cellular carriages specially prepared for the transit of prisoners. In France prisoners reach the station in ordinary dress, and as soon as they leave the prison van they enter a cellular railway carriage, of which there are forty in constant use. It is placed in a quiet corner of the station, and then shunted on to the train when it is ready to start. These cellular carriages carry eighteen prisoners, and contain double rows of cells, nine on each side, with a passage running down the centre. The prisoners sit facing the door, and are attached by leg-irons, and the Government pay one-half of the price of a third-class ticket for each person conveyed. In this country we do not shift our prisoners about so much as they do in France. There were 4,791 removals in 1894 in England and Wales, as against 25,816 in France. In 1892 the railway cellular carriages made 137 tours. The working staff of the service consists of 25 warders and 50 of a lower grade. Sir Matthew White Ridley will do well to add a cellular carriage of this kind to the rolling-stock of the Great Western and South Western.

THE NEW STUDY OF CHILDREN.

Professor Sully writes pleasantly concerning the new interest in children that is supplied by the scientific study of the growth of their mind, or, as Professor Sully calls it, "the generic tracing back of the complexities of man's mental life to their primitive elements in the child's consciousness." The first years of a child mirror for us in a diminished, distorted reflection the probable condition of primitive man. Professor Sully insists upon the importance of this study also from the point of view of the educationalist. A good child-observer must have a divining faculty, the offspring of child-love perfected by scientific training. He thinks that man being of coarser fibre and less subject to baby worship, will be a better observer than women; but on the other

hand, women are much more with children than men, and they can at least do the relatively simple and unskilled kind of observing work. Even this, however, is only possible to a few women, for to the majority the sentimental attraction of the baby is apt to be a serious obstacle to a cold, matter-of-fact examination of it as a scientific specimen.

HOW CUBA MIGHT HAVE BELONGED TO FRANCE.

On January 8th, 1837, Queen Christina of Spain offered Cuba and Porto Rico to France, with the Philippine Islands thrown in, for forty millions of reals. The bargain would have been completed, according to Madame Colmache, who tells the story in her paper on "How Cuba might have belonged to France," had it not been for the patriotism of the Spanish envoy Campuzano, and the higgling propensities of Louis Philippe. The king had agreed to give thirty millions for Cuba, but he boggled about the extra ten millions for Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. At last he declared the reduction of price must be accepted. "Seven millions of reals is my offer, or else the contract must be thrown into the fire." Thereupon Campuzano jumped to his feet, stretched his whole body over the table, seized the contract, twisted it together, and, looking the king full in the face, exclaimed, "Your Majesty is in the right; the contract is worthless, and only fit to be thrown into the fire." Without another word he strolled across the carpet and flung the paper into the flames. The company broke up without another word. Thus Cuba remained as a Spanish possession down to this day.

VEGETARIANISM.

Dr. T. P. Smith has a very sensible paper upon vegetarianism, in which he says a good deal more for vegetarianism than most people would be disposed to accept; but he rejects entirely the doctrine that vegetarianism should be accepted as the universal diet. He admits that Spaniards, Russians, Indians, and the African races generally subsist chiefly on vegetable food, and these races compare well with the flesh-eating peoples. Such examples, however, while demonstrating the value of vegetable food will not settle the question whether a purely vegetable regimen is more favourable to health, vigour and endurance than a mixed diet. Sir Frederick Head lived for three or four months in the Pampas entirely on beef and water, with the result that he felt as if no exertion could kill him. Dr. Smith approves of the establishment of vegetarian restaurants, and thinks we may learn many useful lessons from the vegetarians without adopting their errors.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Mr. Vandam, who has contributed his "Reminiscences of the Second Empire" to the *North American Review*, begins a series of papers on "The Beginnings of a Republic" in the *Fortnightly*. It is a sorry story which he has to tell, the story of political adventurers who were much more concerned about the gratification of their own personal ambitions than about the fate of France. Mr. Vandam is a pleasant gossip, with a memory so good as almost to suggest that he pieces it out by imagination, and his story of the reason why M. Thiers was sent on his hopeless mission across the Continent is probably true enough. Gambetta sent him abroad in order to get him out the way; he accepted it for the purpose of personally working the puff preliminary to his forthcoming *début* as President of the French Republic, and of working that puff as economically as possible. Mr. Vandam gives some curious details concerning the extreme parsimony of Madame Thiers and Mademoiselle

Dosne. He says they haggled with the baker for a diminution of the price of the rolls for the Presidential dinners; they never offered their guests any refreshments, and objected to their most intimate friends eating at luncheon the peaches intended for dinner.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE *National* is serious and strenuous. The chief feature of the review is noticed elsewhere, that in which such diverse persons as Lord Mounteagle, Mr. William O'Brien, the Lord Mayor of Dublin and Lord Castleton discuss the policy that should be followed by the new Government in Ireland. Another serious paper is that in which Lord Farrer takes stock of employers' liability and Mr. Farquharson discusses the tithe question. All these will be found noticed elsewhere, as also Mr. Moreton Frewen's eirenikon on the bimetallist question, and Lord Halifax's plea for Christian reunion. The other papers are Miss Betham Edwards' account of the *Conseil de Famille*, a French institution which she thinks might be naturalised with advantage on this side of the Channel. Mr. Brandram gossips pleasantly concerning his experience in interviewing. Mr. H. B. Beeton sets forth the silver side of the bimetallist question, and there is a paper on Purcell. The Bishop of St. Asaph, writing on Church Reform, describes the two Patronage Bills which he thinks ought to be passed. The Bishop says:—

Both those Bills give effect to some of the reforms most urgently and unanimously demanded. It would be a most disheartening omen if this Patronage or Disciplinary Bill, which passed the second reading and the committee stage in a House of Commons not regarded as eminently friendly to the Church, should be rejected in a House of Commons where the friends of the Church are said to form a great majority. Living in a part of the province of Canterbury, where Church defence has been much in evidence, I venture, most respectfully, to tell my brother Churchmen in England that the rejection of either of these most moderate measures of Church reform would render Church defence a work which some of us would find it very difficult to undertake, if the necessity for such work arises again.

ECONOMIC REVIEW.

THE organ of the Christian Social Union is, as usual, solid, serious and thoughtful. There is a review of "Merrie England," and "Nemo's" reply thereto. There is also an article on the evolution of agriculture, and a defence of the Christian Social Union from the attack of the *Church Quarterly Review*.

Professor Graham, writing on the General Election and the prospects of social legislation, says:—

We may hope for wise and useful measures on economic topics, if legislators keep before them the following aims:—1. The more accurate definition of personal responsibility, so as to bring industrial wrong home to the guilty parties; 2. The more complete control of existing organisations, so as to be able to direct them in the public interest; 3. The readjustment of taxation, so as to press as lightly as possible on the sources of material prosperity.

In the course of a somewhat desultory article on the administration of charity, the following suggestion is made by Miss Twining:—

It is acknowledged that great benefit has resulted from the work and co-operation of Women Guardians. Why, then, should not women be admitted to the Managing Committees of hospitals? Surely the duty of caring for the sick falls within the sphere of women's work.

The analysis of Blue Books is as usual admirably done.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

I NOTICE elsewhere the articles upon the New Drama and Mrs. Augustus Craven. The rest of the number is a fair average, but no more.

FREEMAN, FROUDE, AND SEELEY.

The opening article is devoted to these three historians, who are reckoned up as follows:—

Wide as is the gulf which severs Freeman from Froude, it is not wider than that which severs each of them from Seeley. On one point alone do the three agree. Each... acknowledges what one may call the didactic view of history. None of them would be content with mere literary brilliancy nor with mere antiquarian correctness. Each of them accepts for the historian the duties and responsibilities of a political teacher; but if the goal be the same, the paths by which it is sought are widely divergent. Freeman is content for the most part to lay before the reader a clear and careful record of events, and then leave him to draw his own moral. With Froude, the events are so grouped as to illustrate clearly and effectively a preconceived moral, while at the same time the writer's sense of dramatic effect and his artistic instinct at times keep his directly didactic purpose in the background. Seeley is of all the three the most definitely and avowedly didactic. There are passages in which he seems virtually to lay down the doctrine that no historical learning is of value unless it bears directly on the practical problems of the present day. Nor is this merely an ultimate end to be aimed at. It is to be the guiding principle of even elementary historical study.

From Mr. Seeley's doctrine, however, the *Quarterly* reviewer dissents.

TASSO AND THE RENAISSANCE.

The writer of the article on Tasso regards him as the exemplifier of the salient features of the Renaissance in Italy. The reviewer says:—

We may ask, as Goethe would have done, whether the romantic spirit, touched merely and not enlightened by classic reminiscences, had in it scope enough, or a philosophy of such height and depth, as truly to interpret the phenomena of that world which it desired to rule over? Perhaps in this want of a large and therefore patient thought, in the stage-like conventions, and the carpet knight-errandries, that mark the Renaissance, we may discover the cause of its weakness when fanaticism broke its power. Tasso, by a strange destiny, was chosen to exemplify all its phases. He began with a Joyous April; he rioted for a while in the summer of the gods. Then came his autumn and his winter; madness, melancholy, repentance, and the "Gierusalemme" to bear witness that, once more in the world's history, an age had passed away.

MR. DISRAELI.

The writer of the article on "Rival Leaders and Party Legacies" discusses Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli. Of Mr. Gladstone he says nothing that needs to be noted, but the following passage about Mr. Disraeli is worth quoting:—

The truth is, that great as were his pains to master the *nuances*, to conciliate the prejudices, and to stoop to the obstinacies of the English mind, there was always a remnant of his countrymen who never felt quite certain when or how far Mr. Disraeli was in earnest. These could not divest themselves of an uneasy suspicion that at the very moment he was delighting them with his newest phrases, his loftiest sentiments, his most elevating rhetorical figures, he might be secretly laughing at them in his sleeve. Now that he has gone, and that on each successive April 19th his primrose-covered statue in Westminster testifies to the creation of a new industry for English villagers, it is the good, and not the evil, which lives after him. He has bequeathed to his titular political descendants the power of harmonious action, and not confusion. Disraeli, and Disraeli alone, has made the "ne"

Conservatism, which is the only practicable form of Conservatism to-day, not only possible, but prosperous and perpetual.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS.

The reviewer of Bishop Lightfoot's "Apostolic Fathers" thus sums up the conclusions which he considers have been arrived at by Bishop Lightfoot and other students of the early records of the Christian Church:—

The historian has no longer the 150 years which Baur indulged in. He is reduced to a period of not more than 70. All the books of the Canon, all the larger and more important ones at least, must have been written before the year 100. Before that date the Christianity of the Apostolic Fathers must have developed. The problem of the origin of Christianity has still to be faced, but it is reduced to smaller dimensions when we realise that Catholic Christianity, using the term in the sense which Baur affixed to it, had developed by the end of the first century.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT.

A writer of an article on "Public Opinion in India" talks at large concerning the Congress and various other things, but he makes one practical suggestion as to the career that is open to the more manly races of Hindoostan. He says:—

It is a question whether this career might not be widened by enlisting regiments of Native troops exclusively officered by Natives. At present a Native officer cannot rise beyond the rank of Subahdar or Native captain, and is generally promoted from the ranks. The objection, that Natives should not in any circumstances have British officers under their command, might be met by exclusively officering certain regiments with Natives, as is done among the Imperial Service troops. The want of education in military subjects, which is the chief difficulty in promoting military officers from the ranks, might be remedied by the establishment of an Indian Sandhurst. To this College might be nominated cadets of good birth, to whom commissions in Native regiments would be given on passing through a College course of instruction. It may be safely affirmed that the establishment of such an institution would widen the foundation of English popularity, by opening a career to those who are shut out from service under Government by the want of certain intellectual qualifications.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

There is a literary paper devoted to the novels of Miss Edgeworth, to whom the reviewer gives high praise:—

As a founder of national fiction, and as the pioneer of Sir Walter Scott, she has laid all lovers of novels and romances under the deepest obligation. Nor must it be forgotten that no writer of her own time exercised a wider influence for good than Maria Edgeworth, and that, whatever opinion may be held as to her talents, no figure in our literature is more deserving of respect. If she sacrificed, as we think she did, her natural gifts as a novelist to the object of moral teaching, she conferred by so doing a boon on her own generation, which her contemporaries appreciated with generous warmth, and the results of which have doubtless descended to ourselves.

OTHER ARTICLES.

There is a somewhat brief and inadequate paper on village communities in Spain, and a very elaborate article on translations, which claims to set forth

some of the main features, conditions, and principles of the Art of Translation. To draw them out into rules or suggestions for practice would not be difficult, but this would be better done in a separate article.

MR. R. BLATHWAYT, who is once more off to the far East, this time on guide-book-making intent, contributes an interview with Dean Farrar to the November number of *Great Thoughts*.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

PERHAPS owing to the recent death of Mr. Henry Reeve, its editor, the October number of the *Edinburgh* falls below its usually high level. It is strong in history, passing under review the late Mr. Ulick Burke's "History of Early Spain," several narratives of mediæval Cyprus, Sir William Fraser's Annandale family book of the Johnstones, records of the French Revolution and of the Crimean War. Barras' memoirs are served up with the prefatory announcement that their author was "an audacious liar and a consummate blackguard;" nevertheless, his infamous gossip sheds a lurid light on the immoralities of the period, the more than dubious antecedents of Josephine, and of other stars in the Napoleonic galaxy. An appreciative notice of "Sir Fitzjames Stephen's Life" expresses the belief that the great jurist's codification of our criminal law, undertaken at the request of the Lord Chancellor in 1877, approved by Commission in 1879, and announced in the Queen's speech in 1882, will not be lost, but be speedily embodied in legislation. An interesting account of the two recently discovered elements argon and helium, "alike and alone in their incapacity for chemical combination," whose molecule is their atom, concludes with glowing hope of immensely enlarged and accelerated discoveries. The political article, opining that "Home Rule is dead," urges on the Unionist Government as its first duty the perfecting of our organisation for imperial defence.

WHENCE AND WHAT THE MALAGASY ARE.

The origin and character of the people of Madagascar are thus described in an article on the French occupation of the island:—

It is almost beyond doubt that the Malagasy (as we conveniently term the people of the island) are Indonesians, whose forefathers have sprung from successive waves of migration of those widely scattered races which inhabit Oceania, Indo-China, and the Malayan islands. Both on ethnical and linguistic grounds, it is generally acknowledged that the separate tribes now inhabiting Madagascar have derived their origin from mixed types of these Indonesian or Malayo-Polynesian peoples. . . . No people unite to greater natural intelligence a better aptitude for work; the Hova, in fact, spare no pains in their agricultural or commercial undertakings, and they show an unconquerable perseverance and incredible activity, bestowing continued toil on ungrateful and laborious tasks, such as those involved in the cultivation of their sterile soil.

SHELL ODDITIES.

A sketch of the third volume of the "Cambridge Natural History" recounts many peculiar incidents about shells and molluscs. Of prices paid for individual shells, the largest mentioned is "about £100," at which a *Pleurotomaria adansoniana* was offered for sale. A *Carinaria* was once worth a hundred guineas, but is now worth one shilling only. A wentle-trap, *Scaloria pretiosa*, which in 1701 fetched forty guineas, was worth only twenty in 1753, and may now be had for five shillings. How an octopus can outwit an oyster appears from this incident:—



THE LATE MR. HENRY REEVE.

Madame Jeannette Power once saw the *Octopus* in her aquarium holding a fragment of rock in one of its arms, and watching a *Pinna* which was opening its valves. As soon as they were perfectly open, the Poulpe, with incredible address and promptitude, placed the stone between the valves, preventing the *Pinna* from closing again, upon which it set about devouring its victim.

It seems that in the season 1889-90, 50,000 tons of oysters were consumed in London—an allowance of about twenty-five pounds' weight of oysters, including shells, for every man, woman and child.

TWO SOLID QUARTERLIES.

THE *Monist* for October has more of interest for the general reader than its abstruse philosophical fare usually provides. The articles of chief moment are the late Professor Romanes' criticism of Wallace and Weismann in the name of Darwin, and Professor Lombroso's study of criminality in children, which claim separate notice. Dr. Topinard deplores his former antithesis of man as an animal and man as a member of society to whom dogma is a necessity; and proceeds to adjust the relations of faith and science by defining man as the first sub-order of the Order of Primates, monkeys and lemurs being the second and third sub-orders respectively. Dr. Paul Carus welcomes "the new orthodoxy," which consists in the recognition of the authority of science; and Dr. Woods Hutchinson actually finds in the law of Evolution what he calls "the Fifth Gospel." Professor Lloyd Morgan, criticising Mr. Balfour's famous book, denies that naturalism "is necessarily either antagonistic to or exclusive of supernaturalism regarded as a product of human idealism."

It is the new Englands beyond the sea which supply the principal contributors to the *International Journal of Ethics* for October; its five leading articles coming from writers in Massachusetts, Missouri, South Australia, and New Zealand. Mr. James' discussion of the question "Is Life Worth Living?" and Mr. Lowell's account of the working of the Swiss Referendum, ask for special notice. Mr. W. W. Carlile investigates the nature and origin of conscience. He finds the explanation of the prohibitive aspect of conscience in the transformation of resentment towards injuries done to ourselves, and explains its positive or approbative aspect by a similar transformation of gratitude. The concurrence of others, which is our last appeal in questions of truth and falsehood, is equally decisive in morals. Mr. W. I. Sheldon in discussing the difficulty of taking sides on questions of the day urges that desire for social reform should be rooted not in any devotion to an abstract theory, but in sympathy with suffering persons, and that "a theory has very much less influence than the kind of men who advocate it."

In *Longman's Magazine* there are a couple of interesting papers: Mr. D. J. Robertson's account of the kelp industry in the Highlands, and Mr. Gwynne's story of how he and another, taking their lives in their hands, passed through the Iron Gates in a pair-oared gig.

THE SCOTTISH REVIEW.

I NOTICE elsewhere a Scotch Conservative's article upon the result of the General Election. There is an interesting topographical article upon "The Links of the Forth," by Colonel T. P. White, a pleasant article upon "Pierre Loti and the Sea," and a legal one by Professor Herkless on "The Legal Position of a Chairman."

CROMWELL AND DAVID LESLEY.

W. S. Douglas has an article upon "Cromwell Before Edinburgh, 1650," in which the writer describes with the pride of a patriot Scot the success with which Lesley baffled the English general and compelled him to retire from the siege of the city. He says:—

That Cromwell was out-generalled in his four weeks' prowl round Edinburgh by "cautious David Lesley," and yet wondrously retrieved himself, by a combination of good luck and good guidance, at Dunbar immediately afterwards, cannot but be generally known. They fill one even now with a kind of chagrin, as one reflects that only a single day's continuance in those waiting tactics which had reduced Cromwell to the direst straits on the eve of "Dunbar Drive," would to a certainty, humanly speaking, have secured for Lesley the reward of patience in victory over the invader.

MORE NEW GASES.

Mr. C. M. Aikman, writing on "Argon and the Atmosphere," holds out the hope that another unknown gas is about to be discovered:—

The discovery of terrestrial Helium, while not calculated to excite the same public interest as that of Argon, has possibly created almost as much stir in scientific circles. Subsequent research has demonstrated the presence of both Argon and Helium in a meteorite which fell in Augusta County, Virginia—a fact which points to the existence of both substances in stellar atmospheres. Helium, in several respects, seems to resemble Argon. It resists, like Argon, sparking with oxygen in presence of caustic soda, is unattacked by red-hot magnesium, and is probably also a monatomic gas. In conclusion, it would seem as if these two remarkable discoveries are destined to lead to yet a third, since examination of the spectra of Argon and Helium suggests the presence of an unknown constituent gas, common to both, which, however, yet awaits isolation.

FISH HATCHING.

Mr. W. A. Smith writes with a great deal of common-sense concerning fish hatching in Scotland. He says he thinks it is a waste of money and of labour hatching fish and emptying them into the North Sea. He recommends that the attention of the Scotch fishing boards should be confined to the west coast and its inland waters. The article gives an interesting account of an industry in which we are behind the rest of the world:—

If conditions are suitable on the spot, there are now no insuperable difficulties in the way of transferring the most recently developed fishes, to compete in the struggle of existence with the more ancient survivals in the Antipodes, or elsewhere. Thus, we have not only successfully stocked the rivers of New Zealand with the salmon tribe—but trout have reached the Neilgherry hills of India from the Howieton ponds, and a few generations more will have re-distributed the fish fauna of the world. It remains to be seen whether the fish will show equal vitality.

THE LITERARY BENEFIT OF THE CRUSADES.

Mr. T. A. Archer, who writes on "The First Crusade and the Council of Clermont," calls attention to the great stimulus which the Crusades gave to European literature:—

The First Crusade produced an almost unparalleled effect upon the intellectual atmosphere of Western Europe. It enlarged her mental horizon, and gave her new interests and new ideals. From the day when Urban II. addressed the vast

multitudes at Clermont, poetry began to break out into an almost unexampled activity, and that not merely on themes that were directly of a Crusading character. Along with purely imaginative literature, history felt the quickenings of the new life stirred by the First Crusade, and those that followed it. These Crusades . . . expanded the Chronicle into an undreamt of fulness. They re-created the historical monograph, they invented the historical romance, and out of the hardly-existent "Gesta," they evolved, on a strictly Crusading theme, the greatest historical work of the Middle Ages—William of Tyre's *Historia rerum in partibus transmarinis gestarum*. The personal "note" grew more dominant than ever; an order of lay historians was formed, literature tended to become a profession, and the foundations of French prose were laid.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Blackwood's Magazine publishes much the most interesting account which has as yet appeared of the Japanese siege and capture of Wei-hai-wei. It is a pitiable thing to read of the desperate efforts of a few brave officers to overcome the treachery and cowardice of the mandarins. The conclusion of the writer is as follows:—

One point is especially worth noting. Fine military qualities are not wanting to the Chinese race, but remain latent until called out by training, treatment, association, and leadership. The conduct of the sailors at Wei-hai-wei, as contrasted with the soldiers, seems conclusive on that head. But the live coal which is needed to kindle their enthusiasm is, unfortunately for the Chinese, an exotic product. Their military strength waits for a foreign stimulus, as iron waits in the ore for the skilled hand to transmute it into a cutting tool. The burning question at the present moment, which may not improbably lead to a fresh international struggle, is virtually this, Who shall eventually wield the latent force of China—Russia or Japan? Time was, indeed, when such a question might have been thought to concern deeply the British empire; but neither Parliament, press, nor people seemed to comprehend what it meant. Do they now?

Mr. Alfred Austin writes pleasantly on his visit to Ireland on a fishing excursion to the West Coast:—

Only two things are needed to make Ireland the most attractive country in the world: a love of cleanliness and a love of flowers. It is distressing to see cottage after cottage, from one end of the island to the other, without a creeper against its walls, without a flower in its precincts.

There is a good travel paper describing wanderings in Persian Kurdistan, which actually makes one feel that the Kurds are human beings by no means of a bad sort. There is an article on Professor Blackie, and another by Mr. J. B. Selkirk on St. Mary's Loch, and a paper on legislation for the Highlands, which is noticed elsewhere.

Westminster Review.

I HAVE noticed the two most important papers, that on "The Gallery of Australian Singers" and "The Treatment of Canadian Indians," elsewhere. Mr. Greenwood discourses upon the causes which enable dogmatic theology to hold its own. Captain Burton's paper on "Russian Fictional Literature" is rather slight. Ellen S. H. Ritchie writes on the ways of womanhood. Mr. Lloyd sets forth the individualism which is the basis of Nonconformist philosophy. There is a paper on "Scientists and Social Purity" which is a great deal more of an essay on Professor Drummond's "Ascent of Man" than on the subject with which it specially deals.

In the *Bookman* the second series of papers on "Living Critics" is devoted to Theodore Watts. The article is written by Francis Hindes Groome.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE *North American Review* for October contains several papers of general interest, and a few which are almost entirely confined to the United States. Among these is the paper which the Governor of Georgia gives of "The Atlanta Exhibition." Another exclusively American paper is Ex-Governor Ross's exposition of what he considers to be the best method of irrigating the arid lands of the West. There are two papers on the liquor question; one of which is by Dr. Inglehart, pleading for compulsory Sunday closing in New York, which puts the breaking of the Sabbath-day on the same footing as stealing and murder.

JEREMIAH OF CANTERBURY.

The Dean of Canterbury writes a brief paper, which is of a somewhat pessimistic character, entitled "On Some Problems of the Age." He catalogues the problems and perils which it is blindness to ignore and madness not to appreciate in their full significance. These evils are—(1) the enormous growth of stupendous fortunes, (2) the abnormal growth of great cities, (3) the unparalleled growth of population, (4) the increase and multiplicity of dangerous elements, (5) the deficiency of adequate charity, (6) the growth of democracy, and (7) the decay of religious faith. It is a powerful, somewhat sombre paper, which fails to produce its proper effect from its excess of shade.

IS SOCIALISM ADVANCING IN ENGLAND?

Dr. W. G. Blaikie discusses this question in a paper which is rather cotton-woolly, if I may coin such an adjective to describe a paper which fumbles round its subject instead of grasping it with the keen grip of a mailed hand. It is not until he gets to its close that he attempts to answer the question contained in the title of his paper, and he answers it in this fashion:—

As a real force in the country, gathering power as it goes, and only needing time to bear it to victory, we maintain that Socialism is not advancing. In many ways, however, it is doing useful work; it is calling attention to the condition of the worker and the obligation of society to give him a more comfortable life; it is constraining the Christian churches to address themselves more to the improvement of the condition of the people; it is compelling the legislature to give its deserved prominence to this subject; and it is drawing out many men and women to use their influence and their lives for the welfare of those who spend their lives in daily toil.

HOW MEN WILL FLY.

Mr. Hiram Maxim has a short but interesting paper on birds in flight and the flying machine. He says that the soaring of a bird is like the motion of a boy sliding down hill. It places its wings in such a position that, by falling one foot in the air, it can move forward twenty feet, i.e., it slides along on the surface of the air underneath its wings in the same way that the boy slides down hill. Mr. Maxim expresses himself sanguine as to the results of his own experiments. He says:—

I have put in all the time that I had to spare for the last five years, and the experiments have led me to believe that the flight of man is possible even with a steam engine and boiler. I would, however, advise the young engineers who may read this paper, if they wish to do something to advance the science of aviation, to turn their thoughts in the direction of a petroleum motor. These motors have been greatly improved of late years, and I believe that the petroleum motor that we must look to in the future as being the engine which will drive our flying machines.

THE MICROBE.

Dr. Edson, writing on "The Microbe," calls attention to the fact that the Social Leveller," calls attention to the fact that the microbe is as a kind of diabolical agent.

the greatest and richest to recognise human brotherhood:—

The Socialistic side of the microbe is to be found, then, in the fact that we may only fight diseases in a community by meeting it everywhere. We cannot separate the tenement-house district from the portion of the city where the residences of the wealthy stand, and treat this as being a separate locality. The disease we find in the tenement-house threatens all alike, for a hundred avenues afford a way by which the contagion may be carried from the tenement to the palace. We must, if we would guard the health of the people, look on them as being one whole, not as being several communities, each complete in itself. This is the Socialism of the microbe, this is the chain of disease, which binds all the people of a community together.

IN PRAISE OF PRIMROSE DAMES.

Lady Jeune, writing on "English Women in Political Campaigns," devotes all the space at her disposal to the eulogy of the work done by Primrose Dames at the last election. Lady Jeune thinks women do the best work as canvassers, and shrinks from the idea of a woman facing the noisy, gaping, vulgar crowd of an election meeting. She says:—

If Parliamentary life is so desirable, it is not a very heavy price to pay for it, and the labour can be shared and lightened by the wife and daughters undertaking part, and their influence is of more importance than any other. It is not only during the storm and stress of election-time that women can do their best work, but it is during the intermediate period when they ought to be able to get on terms of personal acquaintance with their constituents. One of the most trying parts of electioneering to a woman must always be the sight of poverty and sickness which meet her at every step, and which makes the political work she is carrying on such a mockery. Wretched houses, drunken parents, sick children, terrible poverty on all sides confront her, and the difficulty of staying her hand must be great. To the credit of the London voters be it said, they realise the impossibility of such help being forthcoming, and they never add to the difficulty of the work by demanding it.

WHY THE BUFFALOES WERE KILLED.

General Miles, writing on "The Hunting of Large Game," describes the way in which the buffalo has been exterminated in the Western States. He says:—

At one station alone on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad as many as 750,000 hides were shipped in one year. After the hides were removed, the carcass would be poisoned in many cases, some yearling buffalo being generally selected, and next morning there might be found forty or fifty dead wolves lying scattered around, victims of strychnine. In this way the large game was rapidly destroyed, together with countless numbers of wolves that had thrived only by preying upon them. This might seem like cruelty and wasteful extravagance, but the buffalo, like the Indian, stood in the way of civilisation and the path of progress, and the decree had gone forth that they must give way. It was impossible to herd domestic stock in a country where they were constantly liable to be stampeded by the moving herds of wild animals.

HARNESSING THE TIDES.

Mr. G. E. Oliver writes briefly on this subject, and maintains that a great source of wealth is neglected when the tide is allowed to bring millions of tons of energy up to our coast every day, and then take it away again without any use being made of this incalculable boon. The force from Niagara within short distance, he says, costs only half of that of steam produced by coal, but the cost of conductors for electricity would make it almost as costly.

A conduit capable of bringing 100,000 to 200,000 horsepower from Niagara would cost more than a four-track steam railway. The investment of a similar amount in collecting and storing the power of the tides in the North and East might yield better results. The tides of the North

and East rivers produce power enough to generate all the electricity required to light New York and Brooklyn, to do all the mechanical work in the factories and machine shops, and to run all the railroad lines in the city and suburbs.

LUNATIC POLITICS IN AMERICA.

The lunacy of the spoils system in American politics is nowhere more lunatical than in its application to the lunatic asylums. Dr. H. S. Williams writes a paper in which he sets forth the scandalous manner in which the interests of the unfortunate lunatics are subordinated to the exigencies of party politics. He says:—

Whenever the people are wise enough to demand that the interests of the insane be made paramount to the interests of politicians, they will insist on making insane patients a class by themselves, under independent management. A movement is on foot to accomplish this in Philadelphia, and it would be accomplished, of course, in New York and Brooklyn by the proposed transfer to the State. It is to be hoped that both movements will prevail, and that Chicago and other cities may soon also find means to emancipate their insane dependents from their political bondage. It is a burning shame that the most helpless of defectives should be preyed upon by politicians anywhere, and a double shame that the communities in which most of the wealth of the country is aggregated, and where the most advanced ideas are supposed to prevail, should be especially subject to such vandalism. It is bad enough to see the spoils system applied openly to the asylums of communistic Kansas; it is worse to see it applied insidiously in New York.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Vandam describes what he regards is the cause of the Mexican War in his tenth chapter on "The Personal History of the Second Empire." Mr. Rotheram pleads for stringent shipping laws in America, and Mr. J. M. Stahl for free postal delivery in the rural districts.

THE ARENA.

THE leading place in the October *Arena* is given to Mr. Flower's illustrated description of Chester, where he spent some weeks last year. The article is chiefly historical, but the following observation by our American visitor will be read with interest in the city on the Dee:—

During my stay of over two weeks I saw comparatively little drunkenness in spite of the great number of saloons. The reason, I think, is to be found in the fact that malted drinks rather than stronger liquors are chiefly consumed. The long rows of homes of the poor, filling many streets, are characterised as a rule by stone floors which are usually kept scrupulously clean. Another thing I noticed which impressed me with mingled pleasure and pain was the number of flowers seen on all sides. People who had no ground in which to plant their seeds, had their windows filled with common flowers, showing the presence of the innate love of the beautiful. It made me heartsick to think that the divine impulse, that interior love of the artistic, should have so little to feed upon in the narrow confines of wretched streets. I believe, however, that a better day is at hand for humanity.

Mrs. Helen Gardener continues her account of the struggle to raise the age of consent which is going on all over the United States. Speaking of the results of the agitation, she says:—

Of the fifteen States now claiming to have placed the age of protection at sixteen years, four make a gain of two years at the past session, thus taking themselves out of the fourteen-year class. Six of the other eleven made a fight for eighteen and failed. In most of the others there was no session this year. Governor Busiel of New Hampshire refused to sign the bill changing the age of protection from thirteen to sixteen in his State, which leaves New Hampshire the lowest eastern State. California presented the bill asking for eighteen, and succeeded in passing it for sixteen, but Governor Budd vetoed the measure, leaving California in the Black List at fourteen.

An Ex-examiner of Failed Banks, speaking of fraud in business, remarks that:—

Statistics show that during the past ten years bank-wreckers, embezzlers, and defaulters have robbed the people of this country of over one hundred million dollars, an average of over ten millions of dollars per annum; and this state of things has been growing worse the past two years.

Dr. William Cooper, writing on "Occult Manifestations," thinks that the investigation of the Borderland tends directly towards a higher pantheism. He says:—

There is a pantheistic halo about the essence of true philosophy, but it is of that gracious, acceptable form which preserves the soul's entity and individuality after its separation from this grosser body. This form addresses itself to the common sense of all, and furnishes the inevitable answer to that ever-present question which, like the web of golden promise that it is, binds us to each other and to God.

Mr. Alfred Milnes explains the reason why he thinks vaccination an error. Mr. Eugene Debs writes from his gaol on the significance of Labour Day. Mr. Vrooman pleads for the manual training of women. There are several other papers, and the general contents of the magazine are as strenuous as ever.

OUR DAY.

DR. CUPPY, in the October number of *Our Day*, makes an appeal to his subscribers which it is to be hoped will be responded to. *Our Day* is one of those periodicals in this world whose usefulness is by no means to be measured by the quantity of shekels which they gather for their conductors. It seems that neither Joseph Cook nor Dr. Cuppy have ever drawn any salary for their services. Dr. Cuppy is now appealing to his subscribers to help him to pay the salary of an assistant editor:—

Barring a period of three months, I have personally been responsible for all the expenses of the publication of the magazine. From August '93 to August '94 the REVIEW paid its way from subscriptions and allowed certain improvements in its make-up. It is my earnest desire that the wide constituency which the magazine now has will continue to support the enterprise which has had such marked success. I regret to say that one thousand subscribers have not paid their subscriptions for the ensuing year. If these will pay (and they will, for it is only neglect and not from any intention on their part to do us wrong), the sum received will allow some improvements which I wish to inaugurate in the January number. I also wish one hundred dollars a month to pay for the services of an associate editor. My duties as editor of a weekly paper, by which means I pay my board, etc., almost make the services of an associate editor for the REVIEW imperative. I should like this sum to be contributed by friends of the magazine. One way by which it may be contributed is for one hundred subscribers to pledge one new subscriber each month; one dollar of the two dollars sent in will be used to pay the associate editor. Personally, I shall take great desire in giving my services for another year without pay. I feel confident that each reader will heed this appeal, at least to the extent of remitting his subscription, if he has not already done so.

Engineering Magazine.

IN the *Engineering Magazine* for October there is an interesting paper on "Racial Characteristics in Machine Designing." English machines are reliable, but over ponderous and substantial, the German are conscientious, and the French showy, and the American automatic. There is a somewhat interesting paper as to American experience in the purification of sewage. Mr. Stephens discusses the lessons of the international yacht race. Mr. Robertson describes the vast extent of the Canadian lumber industry.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

THE *Nouvelle Revue* is distinguished among the October Continental publications inasmuch as it has no article dealing with Pasteur; Russia and things Russian are also conspicuous by their absence. The two articles which call for the most notice are a well-written and anonymous analysis of the mistakes made by the French when preparing the Madagascar Expedition, and M. Toreys' article on railway accidents.

In the first of these the French Minister of War's unknown critic prepares a terrible indictment. He points out that Madagascar, unlike Tonkin, the Soudan, and Dahomey, was by no means a *terra incognita*; for during the last two hundred years France has been represented at Antananarivo by missions, schools, and merchants, and the French naval authorities were familiar with the coast and the various harbours of the island. He points out, with some justice, that since the Franco-Prussian War the whole efforts of France have been concentrated on continental warfare, and that therefore, when the Ministry of War were called upon to furnish the wherewithal of such a force as the Madagascar Expedition, they found themselves far from ready to do so. One by one the writer passes in review the many mistakes made by those who organised the material side of the Expedition. Not content with criticising what has been done, he tells us clearly what, according to his opinion, ought to have been done and he especially asks why, instead of seeking fresh and untried volunteers among existing French regiments, some attempt was not made to choose a body of picked men already familiar with colonial life and warfare. It is, however, fair to add

that this article was evidently written before the news had arrived of the success of the expedition.

If we are to believe M. Toreys, our lives may be said to be in danger every time we enter a railway carriage. He attributes the greater number of the accidents which have occurred on the Continent during the last few months in a great measure to the bad state of the railroads, or actual permanent way, which requires far more attention since *trains de luxe* have so enormously increased the weight of both coaches and engines. Still he admits that this would not be of such capital importance were it not that there is always a tendency to rely absolutely on the perfection of automatic mechanism. How often, he observes, do brakes refuse to work at the critical moment. The third and, according to the French writer, the most serious cause of modern railway accidents, is the fashion in which the great companies overwork their signalmen and engine-drivers.

A review of some hitherto unpublished letters of Burnouf, whose name will be familiar to all students

interested in Parsee and Indian literature, and of Manakji, the Parsee reformer and philanthropist, to whom Indian womanhood owes so much, will be found full of instruction to those who take an interest in the subject.

M. Rochel commences what promises to be a valuable series of articles on the Spanish drama. Long before France or England could boast of anything better than an occasional miracle play, or of the coarse buffooneries beloved of a certain section of the populace, the country which was ultimately to produce Cervantes already possessed a national drama, founded, it is true, to a certain extent, on that of Italy. Among very early Spanish playwrights were Torres, Nanarro, and Lope de Rueda, whose works are still occasionally played.

The coming centenary of the Institute has inspired M. du Bled with a book on the French Academy; and that portion dealing with the history of the Forty between 1774 and 1803 has been confided by him to Madame Adam for publication, and possesses historical value.

Other articles deal with "Japanese Art," by M. E. Julia, "France's Rupture with Wurtemberg in 1870," by Diplomaticus, and "Animal Magnetism," by E. Borac. M. Léon Daudet continues his curious reconstitution of the journey he supposes Shakespeare to have made in youth.

The Country House.

THE *Country House* is another of the new sixpenny magazines which is announced as a magazine for town and country readers. The contents are varied. Sir J. B. Lawes describes his experience in laying down pastures. Gordon Stables describes his experience in travelling by caravan from Berkshire to Balmoral.

There is a short story by Baring-Gould, and one by John Strange Winter. Sir R. Paget writes on Land and Local Taxation. Mr. Abbott begins his papers on Regiments of Renown, with an account of the Blues. The "Son of the Marshes" writes on Shrikes. Lord Winchilsea's paper on Co-operation in Agriculture is noticed elsewhere.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE experiment of colour printing the illustrations seems to have been abandoned; the extra sixpence, however, is still charged. Sir Lewis Morris's poem, "From a Ruined Tower," is nobly illustrated. The article on "Unknown Paris" deals with artists, their lives, pleasures and haunts. Alex. Cargill revives the memory of Christopher North, whom he refers to as the Scottish Walton. He was much besides. The article on a model prison describes Wormwood Scrubbs. The article may be contrasted with that describing a female convict prison in Vienna which appears in *Cornhill*. There is of course the usual quantum of fiction and verse.



From *Der Wahre Jacob*.]

[October 2, 1895.

A GERMAN VIEW.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

WE have noticed elsewhere the Vicomte de Vogüé's article on Pasteur. M. du Bled begins with an article upon Maréchal Bugeaud, the matériel being private and unpublished correspondence. This great soldier, who was the victor of Abd-el-Kader, and who may be regarded as the real conqueror of Algeria, was born at Limoges in 1784, and continued the line of the Revolutionary generals. He was of noble origin, and his mother, Françoise de Sutton de Clonard, sprang from an Irish family who had followed James II. of France. The parents, brothers and sisters of the future Maréchal felt the full force of the Revolutionary storm. Some were imprisoned, others became emigrants; the girls made shirts for a livelihood, and when he was hardly eight years of age the little boy was employed in the kitchen and ran errands for his mother, happy when a day passed by without one or other of the fourteen children being dragged before the Revolutionary tribunal. Bugeaud ended his life as Maréchal Duc D'Isley, and was a notable military figure in the first half of the century. He survived the Revolution of 1848, and was a friend and adherent of Lamartine. He died of cholera during a visit to Paris, away from the wife and children whom he tenderly loved. Louis Veuillot, a master of forcible expression, said of Marechal Bugeaud that "his sword constituted a French frontier."

M. Berthelot, who himself bears a famous scientific name, contributes a most interesting article on "Papin and the Invention of the Steam-Engine." A contemporary of Louis XIV., he oddly enough is now best known by the excellent stock-pot which bears the name of Papin's Digester. He was a most eminent scientific man, and a member of the Royal Society founded by Boyle. He spent many years in England, and it is to be regretted that he did not permanently remain in London. The then Grand Duke of Hesse Cassel invited him to settle at Cassel in 1695. Papin's London career was thus replaced by dependence upon a semi-royal patron. In 1708 we find him writing to Isaac Newton, asking for the wherewithal to build a boat to be propelled by the agency of fire. But though Leibnitz followed up Papin's request by a letter from himself, the money seems to have been wanting, and thus, for all we may know, the discovery of the steam-engine may have been retarded by a hundred years. Papin was last heard of at Cassel in 1714, but the date of his death is unknown.

M. Brunetière writes on Cosmopolitanism as it affects national literature. Of late years the French have taken to reading the masterpieces of English, German, and Russian literature. M. Brunetière reminds his readers that until Voltaire introduced Shakespeare to his fellow-countrymen the Bard of Avon was almost unknown on the Continent.

The late Italian *fêtes* as described by "An Eye-witness" is an unsigned paper evidently written in the interests of the House of Savoy, and it will certainly greatly annoy the Papal party both in France and Italy.

M. Fouillée discusses the supposed degeneration of France, and warns his fellow countrymen that nothing is so unfortunate for a nation as the perpetual suggestion of its own decline.

Other articles deal with two Japanese Revolutions by M. Appert; the organisation of Universal Suffrage is described or rather analysed by M. Benoist; the Comte de Turenne tells once more the (to English readers) familiar story of the Mormon massacre, and M. Mathivet's second article on native life in India is written from a political rather than from an economic standpoint.

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

THE editors of the *Revue de Paris* are devoting themselves more and more to fiction and biography, leaving philosophical, agrarian, and, even to a certain extent, political subjects to older rivals.

The Duc d'Aumale contributes to the October *Revue* what promises to be one of the most interesting chapters in his forthcoming history on the Condés, that dealing with a sojourn made by the most famous of his ancestors at Chantilly during the latter portion of the seventeenth century.

In curious contrast is M. Edmond de Goncourt's really remarkable and delightful analysis of the career of the Japanese artist Hokousai, who flourished in the early part of this century, and of whom M. de Goncourt is now writing a biography. Hokousai spent his life illustrating the strange primitive stories in which the Japanese delight, and whenever it is possible the French critic novelist analyses the plot of first one and then another of those fragments of Japanese literature.

In the second October number the *Revue*, for the first time, ventures on illustrations, including three excellent reproductions of Meissonier's family portraits, as well as one of the famous artist as a child, drawn by his mother, and a really admirable reproduction of a pencil sketch, entitled "The Eve of Marengo." M. Gréard contributes the first portion of what should be a very valuable biography of the painter. M. Duclaux, who is said to have been Pasteur's favourite pupil, contributes some striking pages on his late master, whose laboratory he entered as long ago as 1862, when Pasteur was known but to a small circle of his fellow scientists. M. Duclaux brings out in striking fashion Pasteur's great love of his native country. Nothing seems to have given the great savant more pleasure than Professor Huxley's well-chosen remark that his discoveries had already more than replaced in material wealth the terrible Prussian War indemnity.

In the same number, M. Paris undertakes the delicate task of writing a yet living poet's biography, that of Sully Prudhomme, whose admirable work is too little known in England and who was chosen to write the ode commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the French Institute.

Somewhat late in the day, M. Saurin points out the many difficulties which attend the French colonist in North Africa, that is to say, in Algiers and Tunis, and though he suggests various remedies for the existing state of things, he, like most French writers dealing with the question of a France across the sea, entirely shirks the real question, which lies in the obstinate distaste of modern Frenchmen to emigration and colonisation.

The July Revolution, in other words the events of 1830, are dealt with in both numbers of the *Revue*.

Under the title of "The Garden of England" M. Potez gives an amusing account of a late visit to Devonshire. The following few lines on London are not complimentary: "In a cab driven by a poverty-stricken cabman, whose melancholy countenance was that of a sickly drunkard, and whose mad eyes glared above his untrimmed beard. The fog acted as a shroud, whilst the sun's red disc glared like a wound through the atmosphere of this accursed city;" but once the traveller found himself in South Devon he had nothing but praise for people, scenery and architecture; everything about him reminded him of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," excepting that he was extremely impressed by the number of religions which flourished in each small town.

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

OF the making of new magazines there is no end, and next month will witness the launching of the latest offspring of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. It is a kind of illegitimate offspring, but none the less, the descent is unmistakable. When I induced Sir George Newnes to join me in starting the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, I began the great revival of magazinedom which has been the most conspicuous feature of the last few years. When I parted company with Sir George Newnes, that gentleman, finding himself without a magazine, turned to and started the *Strand*. The success of the *Strand* brought out the *Idler*, the *Ludgate Monthly*, the *Windsor*, and many others of the same kind. Now, Sir George Newnes' two great competitors, Mr. Harmsworth and Mr. Pearson, are each contemplating the production of a magazine which will beat the *Strand* on its own ground. It is only natural that they should take this course, because their successes have been achieved by following Sir George Newnes' lead. *Answers* and *Pearson's Weekly* were founded as the direct result of the success of *Tit-Bits*, and *Pearson's Magazine* and the *London Magazine* are simply an extension of the same principle to the domain of monthly magazines. Of the two, *Pearson's Magazine* is further advanced than Mr. Harmsworth's. The first number of *Pearson's* will be published on the 12th December. Judging from the specimen copy now before me, *Pearson's* will be the best sixpenny magazine in the market, so far as paper and type are concerned. It is to be sold at 6d. net, so that no one will be able to get it for 4½d.; but, notwithstanding this, it is extremely doubtful whether a sixpenny magazine can be produced, printed on such paper of quality and weight, as that which Mr. Pearson promises in his new magazine. No. 1 will contain three new stories; the first of a series of drawing-room comedies by Sir Walter Besant and W. H. Pollock; *Pen Pictures of the Rulers of our great Colonies*; a humorous article by W. S. Alden; a collection of pictures of all periods giving the ideas of prominent artists as to how the old year goes out and the new year comes in. There are to be illustrated personal paragraphs about prominent people. The first of a series of illustrated articles by that admirable compiler Mr. W. J. Gordon, on "What it costs to run the London and North Western Railway." Lord Wolseley, Lord Charles Beresford, and Mr. Stanley contribute personal reminiscences describing the bravest deed they ever saw; and there are to be "Notes on Science," ideal illustrations, poems, and a well illustrated article dealing with the humorous side of animal life. The cost of the production of the first number will be £4,000, and the only chance of its success, from a financial point of view, lies in the chance of its securing and maintaining a regular circulation of 200,000 a month. It is a bold venture, and my only doubt as to its success is based upon the fact that Mr. Pearson proposes to give too much for the money.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* has a paper on "The Mask of Cromwell," an interview with the Bishop of Likoma, an illustrated article on "Anglo-American Yacht Racing," an account of bull-fighting in Spain, and a description of chamois driving, which is certainly a much nobler and more dangerous amusement than bull-fighting. Mr. Grant Allen describes an altar-piece of L'Ortolano.

THE NEW REVIEW.

I HAVE noticed elsewhere the articles on Nelson and the Reorganization of Liberalism, and Mr. Henley's sonnet. The rest of the articles do not call for much notice. Mr. P. Oliver writes about the French triumph in Madagascar, in which he gives some gruesome details as to the ravages of disease in the expeditionary force:—

By the time General Duchesne had taken Andriba, the terminus of the road, some 220 miles inland from Mojanga, the Malagasy fever had deprived him of something like six thousand seven hundred combatants, eighteen hundred of whom had succumbed in the island. By the time Antananarivo was reached, at the end of September, the gross totals must have reached at least seven thousand five hundred, or just half the fifteen thousand landed in Iboina five months before.

There is a good deal of fiction of no particular merit, an ordinary article on Pasteur, another upon Wagner at Munich, a Jacobite paper on James II. at St. Germain's, and a description of the first Don Juan.

PHIL MAY'S ILLUSTRATED WINTER ANNUAL.

PHIL MAY'S Illustrated Annual (Haddon, 1s.) makes its appearance for the fourth time. In turning over its pages it is impossible not to be struck with the immense resource and irresistible humour of the artist. Mr. May's gift does not lie in the portraiture of the heroic, but none of our contemporary artists contrive to express as much character of a certain kind. Low life, fast life, and the more or less grotesque side of life generally is wonderfully hit off with a few strokes of the pencil. The literary portion is looked after by Mr. Grant Richards, who contributes an "extravagance" of his own, called "The Mislaid Child," and has secured as contributors some of the foremost of the magazine writers of the day. The chief attraction is a long poem by Mr. John Davidson, "A Ballad of an Artist's Wife," which tells how an artist left his wife and children to starve while he held carousal night and day. He dies, and is taken to the other world, where he finds various stages of beatitude, but when he reaches the highest place in paradise, he finds a woman seated on a diamond throne:—

The praises of this matchless soul
The Sons of God proclaimed aloud;
From diamond censers odours stole,
And Hierarchs before her bowed.

"Who was she?" God Himself replied:
"In misery her lot was cast:
She lived a woman's life, and died
Working My work until the last."

It was his wife. He said, "I pray
Thee, Lord, despatch me now to Hell."
But God said, "No; here shall you stay,
And in her peace for ever dwell."

Mr. Grant Allen's paper on "Gods I Have Known" is not an attempt at historical theology, but an account of the various notables who, from Bulwer Lytton down to Ibsen, have been regarded as the "truly great" in literary circles. Mr. H. G. Wells, the author of "The Time Machine," describes prophetically the brief and tragic career of the first flying machine in a paper entitled "The Argonauts of the Air." Mr. A. B. Walkley discusses the question, "Has the English Drama Renasced?"—a horrible word. The other literary contributions are by Miss Violet Hunt, Mr. Walter Raymond, Mr. Richard Pryce, and Mrs. Davids.

The Century Magazine.

THE *Century* celebrates its quarter of a century with the present number, and the editor indulges in pardonable pride when he surveys the twenty-five years in which his journal has led the van of illustrated magazine-dom. If his retrospect is cheerful, his outlook is still more hopeful. Mrs. Humphry Ward's serial, which is noticed elsewhere, is begun in this number. The papers on American Foreign Policy and on Armenia will be found noticed elsewhere. The writer of the life of Napoleon brings the story down to the time of the surrender of Ulm. The writer maintains that Napoleon never meant seriously to invade England, for his preparations for that operation were so inadequate and absurd, that if it had been seriously contemplated Napoleon was at this epoch of his life a dreaming visionary, careless of his own reputation, a tyro under-estimating his enemies' resources, a gambler trusting for success to some cast of the dice. The whole scheme, therefore, for the invasion of England was an elaborate piece of make-believe which was never intended to be carried out in earnest. Mr. W. D. Howells writes a brief paper on quality as the basis of good society. There is also a paper on Robert Louis Stevenson, which is illustrated by a bas-relief.

The New England Magazine.

THE *New England Magazine* publishes an interesting article concerning the proposed method of relieving the congestion in Boston streets by the construction of an underground railway. Certainly, there are few towns which need an underground railway more. The block of trams in Boston when I was there struck me as worse than anything I had seen in any town in the world. There is an interesting paper on "American Emigration to the Canadian North-West," the writer of which says that for Canada the hour of destiny has struck. The stream of emigration has begun, which will swell until her fertile lands are the homes of millions of people. The writer speaks enthusiastically about the fertility of the great North West. Cabbages are grown weighing 42 lbs. each; prize potatoes weighing 4½ lbs. Some land yields 424 bushels of oats to the acre. The stalk stood 5 ft. 6 in. high. The heads were 12 inches long, and each chaff case when opened contained three perfect kernels. Manitoba also produces water melons weighing 75 lbs., and citrons weighing 26 lbs.

Scribner's Magazine.

THE first place in *Scribner's* is devoted to an illustrated sketch of the "Landmarks of Manhattan," which describes the salient features of the State of New York. There is an ingenious paper by Harry Perry Robinson, entitled "The Late War in Europe," which describes how a firm of Chicago operators laid the wires for bringing about a war scare in order to profit by a corner in pork. There are half a dozen very pretty picture pages entitled "Thanksgiving Fancies," representing the keeping of Thanksgiving Day in various States at home and broad. "A History of the Last Quarter Century" brings down the story to the first election of Cleveland. Mr. W. H. Low describes the work of Frederick MacMonnies, the American sculptor, who has achieved the foremost position in his profession, although he is only now thirty years of age. Professor Jastrow attempts to account for telepathy in a paper entitled "The Logic of Mental Telegraphy."

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS will begin her autobiography in *McClure's Magazine* next month.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR IN LONDON.

To the Editor of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Sir,—In November last my predecessor, Sir George Tyler, made an appeal through your columns for a measure of personal service in connection with this matter. In 1893 the then Lord Mayor (Sir Stuart Knill) convened a conference of the titular heads of the Churches of all denominations and other persons to consider the question of dealing with the poverty of London. The matter was referred to a Committee which proposed the establishment of Friendly Workers' areas under the management of Inter-denominational Committees, whereby the inhabitants of each district would take charge of their own poor with every hope of grappling with the problem presented in those centres where the scheme was put in force. The conference subsequently empowered the Committee to select experimental areas to test the practicability of the scheme. The appeal made last year by my predecessor was for personal assistance from persons willing to act as chairmen and honorary secretaries of the experimental areas. Nearly 100 applications were received from persons willing to give their gratuitous services to the work. Out of this number the required chairmen and honorary secretaries were selected, and also others willing to fill posts in connection with the movement.

There are now inter-denominational committees working in four areas, namely, North Kensington, Portland Town, Spitalfields and Haggerston. A fifth area in the neighbourhood of Soho is also ready to be established. In the North Kensington, Spitalfields and Haggerston areas there is immediate and urgent need of friendly workers, and there will shortly be a similar need in the Soho area, where a chairman and honorary secretary are also required. The number of workers whose services can be usefully disposed of is at least a hundred. They may be of either sex, and the amount of time required need not be necessarily more than four or six hours a week, although some are needed who can give much more time than this. We are anxious, if possible, to secure the services of a gentleman to act as labour secretary to the central committee, for the purpose of endeavouring to find work for the deserving unemployed. The response with which my predecessor's appeal was met emboldens me to make a similar request for personal service from the many who have leisure and capacity for the work, and I am further encouraged to do so by the way in which the movement (although still in its experimental stage) has extended and developed during the last year. My application is not for money, but for personal assistance, and it is directed to the numbers of earnest and zealous men and women willing to devote some of their time to the work of befriending their less fortunate fellow-citizens.

I may say that an institution (the necessary funds for which have already been contributed) is being organised, and will shortly be established, at which friendly workers can, in return for a small payment, be trained and (if necessary) lodged. The number of ladies anxious to become nurses largely exceeds those for whom the hospitals have vacancies, and an opportunity is here afforded by which the services of such ladies can be most usefully and profitably employed.

It would be of assistance, if persons responding to this invitation, would kindly state in which of the above four areas they are willing to serve, their past experience, if any, qualifications, and what amount of time they can give to the movement.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

October, 1895.

JOSEPH RENALS, Lord Mayor.

THIS month the *Magazine of Art* begins a new volume with an excellent number. There is an original etching and a photogravure; Mr. Kitton writes on some Portraits of Sir Walter Scott; Mr. Gosse discusses the Place of Sculpture in Daily Life; there are articles on Charles Burton Barber, Ford Madox Brown, and Professor Herkomer, and the Plate Collection of Sir Samuel Montagu. The editor has taken up Art in the Theatre as his theme.

BLASTUS THE KING'S Chamberlain

By
W. T. STEAD



REVIEW OF REVIEWS ANNUAL, 1896.

"BLASTUS, THE KING'S CHAMBERLAIN."

THE publication of our Christmas Number is delayed this year until the 2nd December, when it will be published as the REVIEW of REVIEWS ANNUAL for 1896. Its title is "Blastus, the King's Chamberlain," and the subject of the story is suggested by the unique position which Mr. Chamberlain has acquired in the country and in the Cabinet. Blastus was the Chamberlain of King Herod, and Mr. Chamberlain may be regarded as the Chamberlain of King Demos. The first part of the story is laid in the present year, but the second part discusses the question of the probable evolution of Joseph Chamberlain in the year 1900. The number is copiously illustrated with pictures, for the production of which I am glad to secure the services of Mr. C. E. Mountfort, whose caricatures of Mr. Chamberlain in the *Birmingham Dart* have attracted considerable attention in the Midlands and outside. The story, although topical, is by no means entirely political. The chief interest of the story as a story lies in the presentation of the great problem which every day becomes more and more pressing. Every year the area of women's interests is enlarging, and the number of those wives and mothers who confine all their attention to their domestic circle tends steadily to diminish. With new and wider interests, comes of necessity a wider range of acquaintance and more intimate friendship with persons of the other sex. How far can this next advance of civilised society be reconciled with the domestic felicity which more backward races have sought to secure by mewing up their women in the harem and zenana? That is the problem which is discussed in "Blastus, the King's Chamberlain," and it is one which will be of perennial interest long after Mr. Chamberlain and all his works are buried in oblivion.

PROGRESS OF THE "PENNY POETS."

THE popularity of the "Penny Poets" seems to continue unabated. I have received a mass of correspondence concerning the two proposals which were put forward in the last number of the REVIEW as to the "Penny Hymnal" and "The Poems to be Learnt by Heart." I hope to be able to publish the hymns at the beginning of the new year. The "Selection of Poems to be Learnt by Heart" will require very careful attention. It will meet several objections if I state that Mr. Theodosius purposely left out of his list all copyright poems. This accounts for the omission of any extracts from Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne.

Another suggestion has been made in executing which I shall be very glad of the assistance of my readers. It is that one number of the "Penny Poets" should be devoted to a collection of the miscellaneous masterpieces of poets who have contributed only one or two really first class poems to the literature of the world. The range of selection is so wide that I shall be glad of any hints from those who have definite ideas as to what poems should be included in such a selection.

In our last issue I gave a list of the contents of the two first quarterly boxes of "Penny Poets." That brought the list up to No. 24, which was the poems of Tom Hood. The next in order of publication will be No. 25, poems by Matthew Arnold. No. 26, "The Ancient Mariner," and other poems by S. T. Coleridge. No. 27, Walt Whitman. No. 28, selections from Shelley. No. 29, selections from Mrs. Hemans, "L. E. L.," and Eliza Cook. The portraits issued in connection with the sixth number of the "Poets' Corner Album" are Mrs. Hemans, Walt Whitman, Cowper, and Pope.

It will be noticed that the poems of Matthew Arnold are to be included in the series. The selections are necessarily limited to the earlier poems of Matthew Arnold, which, however, include some of his best work. The earlier poems went out of copyright last month, and we had, of course, the right to reprint them as they were originally published. Mr. Matthew Arnold and Messrs. Macmillan have permitted me to follow the later revisions of the earlier poems, although these revisions are still copyright.

Various suggestions have been made by friends and sympathisers as to the still further circulation of the "Penny Poets." Mr. Noble, whose name is associated with the Blue Ribbon movement, and who is himself an enthusiastic lover of poetry — he is probably the only man in England who reads "Paradise Regained" through every month — suggested that a large street sale might be effected on market days and Saturday nights, if a popular address accompanied with recitations, where possible with music, could be given upon one or other of the poets. At the close of the address and recitations, he believes very few of those who attended would fail to possess themselves of a copy of the poems. He says he tried it down Shoreditch and Whitechapel with the penny New Testament some years ago, and one Saturday night they sold no fewer than thirteen hundred penny New Testaments in the heart of Whitechapel. This is a method of carrying good literature to the people on the same lines which have long been used by religious propagandists. My correspondent in Liverpool writes me that a lady friend of hers, Mrs. Wills Harper, who is well known as an elocutionist in the north of England, has been so inspired by the "Penny Poets" that next season she is going on a pilgrimage through the north to recite English classics on village greens and in village schoolrooms!



MRS. WILLS HARPER.

(Photograph by Mowell and Morrison, Liverpool.)

THE *Ludgate Monthly* has been taken over by the company which runs *Black and White*, and is issued for the first time this month, with illustrations which have already done duty in that excellent weekly.

AMONG the papers in the November magazines which artists and antiquarians may care to see are those on the art treasures of Nottingham in the *Windsor*, and the historic pictures at Hatfield in *Good Words*. *Good Words* also publishes a concluding paper on Lambeth Palace. The first paper on Fulham Palace appears in the *Sunday Magazine*.

A MODERN MAID IN MODERN BABYLON."

SIX months ago I announced the forthcoming publication of a book entitled "A Modern Maid in Modern Babylon," which at that time I expected to have ready to issue for the press by midsummer. The object

of the book was to illustrate the need for a home founded on co-operative principles for young ladies of good character who were temporarily out of employment. The publication of the preliminary notice, accompanied as it was by the portrait of the maid in question, was, however, the cause of the non-publication of the book. The authoress, who was and is in very precarious health, and who had twice suffered from severe attacks of brain fever, was, when she wrote the MSS., in ignorance of facts concerning her own parentage, and even of the place and year of her birth, which the publication of the notice in the REVIEW was the means of bringing to light. These facts, although not in the slightest degree affecting the force and cogency of the argument for the co-operative home, nevertheless raised difficulties in the way of the publication of the book as it was originally devised, and, as the Modern Maid at once recognised, rendered its appearance in its present shape impossible.

When I undertook the production of the book I did not know that the authoress had relatives who might reasonably object to the publication of the story of her trials and temptations, nor did she know that

her father had been a leading member of a well-known religious body, and her uncle the president of one of our learned societies.

The story of her life has been rendered even more interesting and instructive by the discovery of these missing facts, but at the same time the publication of the narrative has become more difficult, and in its present form impossible. The Home—the Human Pawn Home, as its inventor insists on calling it—remains to be achieved in some other way. Such an institution is needed, and if the health of the Modern Maid is restored and her life prolonged, I venture to believe that she will yet see the desire of her heart. The accompanying reproduction of Mr. R. Gibson's clever picture in the Royal



"A MODERN MAID."

Institute of Painters in Oil is a portrait of the authoress of the project, which must commend itself to the sympathies of all who are interested in the welfare of women.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

"THE SORROWS OF SATAN"—AND OF MARIE CORELLI.

I.—THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

"THE Sorrows of Satan" is a book that will probably be as successful as "Barabbas." Now Barabbas was a robber in the old time, but in these latter days he is the hero of Marie Corelli's last romance but one, in which capacity he achieved a quite phenomenal success. The book setting forth his manifold virtues was translated into an indefinite number of languages, and has sold to the tune of some seventy thousand copies. When I say that "The Sorrows of Satan" is likely to equal the success of "Barabbas," I am making a somewhat bold statement, but I make it advisedly, and the reasons for the faith that is in me are as follows:—

ITS POPULARITY.

First, the title—although, as I shall explain presently, it is not a complete description of the contents of the book—is nevertheless extremely effective and sensational. Secondly, the book resembles "Barabbas" in being an attempt to vindicate the reputation of a well-known personage, who, to say the least, stands badly in need of whitewashing. For one thousand years Christendom has heard with wearisome monotony of the criminality of Barabbas, the treachery of Judas, and the exceeding wickedness of the Devil. Any one can therefore appeal to the zest for novelty when they set themselves to the task of rehabilitating the moral reputation of those upon whose sinfulness the Church has insisted with such monotonous iteration for so many centuries. Marie Corelli, having glorified Barabbas and whitewashed Judas, probably felt she had nothing else to do except to take in hand the enemy of mankind himself. "The Sorrows of Satan," therefore, will appeal to all those who, with the poet Burns, have a little benevolent feeling lurking in the corner of their minds for Marie Corelli's latest hero. Thirdly, the book, or, to speak more accurately, one half of the book, is really a very powerful piece of work. The conception is magnificent, and the author has immense command of language and a limitless audacity, both literary and personal. Fourthly, there is the other half of the book, the existence of which I regret, but which may, nevertheless, contribute to its sale. If this work were properly labelled, its title would be "The Sorrows of Satan and Marie Corelli," for we have quite as much, if not more, of the sorrows of Marie Corelli as we have of the sorrows of Satan. But this, much as it is to be regretted from the point of view of art and from the point of view of the ethical lesson which the book contains, may, nevertheless, contribute to its success as a business speculation. For Marie Corelli has a large circle of readers and admirers. The men whom she assails have all their own circles of readers and disciples, and both sets of people will be interested in watching the way in which the authoress goes for her adversaries.

A GREAT BOOK BY A LITTLE WOMAN.

"The Sorrows of Satan and Marie Corelli" is a great book by a little woman. "Little woman," that is the right phrase, and it is a thousand pities we should have the littleness of the woman thrust in every chapter before the attention of the reader, who, but for this, might have

mistaken her for a woman to the height of whose genius very few of her sex could attain. If you could imagine Milton's "Paradise Lost" served up by its author with every other page devoted to a plaintive wheeze over the draughtiness of his lodgings, or the smokiness of his chimneys, or the tastelessness of his porridge, you could imagine somewhat of the general effect of Marie Corelli's latest book. If, after she has achieved her success, sold her scores of thousands, and avenged herself to her heart's content upon her critics, she would then be so good as to take the book, tone it down, omit her superlatives, and cut out of it every solitary word that relates to reviews, reviewers, and other women novelists, she will have produced a book which will live long after much of the ephemeral literature of the day is forgotten. Otherwise "The Sorrows of Satan" will be sunk by the sorrows of Marie Corelli, which, however interesting they may be to our little contemporary world, cannot be expected to be entertaining or edifying to posterity.

THE DEVIL AND THE AUTHOR.

In "The Sorrows of Satan" there are two characters. One is that of the author of all evil—the traditional enemy of mankind—who is disguised under the title of Prince Lucio Rimanez; the other leading figure is none other than the authoress herself, Marie Corelli, who, like Lucifer, the Son of the Morning, also appears under a disguise. But it is a disguise so transparent, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, could not fail in identifying it. Mavis Clare, whose initials it may be remarked are the same as those of the authoress, represents Marie Corelli's ideal of what she would like to be, but isn't, what in her more exalted moments she imagines herself to be. Hence in the new cosmogony that is revealed to us in this interesting and remarkable romance, the two representatives of the principles of good and evil are the Devil on one side and Marie Corelli on the other. It is somewhat touching to see this attempt at self-portraiture, for Mavis Clare is made in one respect to be so very different from her original. Mavis Clare did not care a straw about reviewers; the more she was slated the more gaily she laughed; the most venomous review, or the most persistent boycott, never ruffled the smooth serenity of her angelic soul. But poor Marie Corelli, instead of being in the least like her prototype, is all fret and fume and bitterness. She exploded in the *Liter* of last February in an article entitled "Barabbas, and After," but that explosion failed to relieve her overwrought feelings, and we have here an excellent conception, badly spoiled by the perpetual iteration of the author's wrath with those who have treated her badly. A considerable section of the book is one long lampoon, spiteful and exaggerated, out of all semblance of truth, upon certain logrollers, publishers, and critics against whom she has a grudge; but so great are the sorrows of Marie Corelli over her critics that she will probably not believe me when I say that one of the sorrows of her readers is that she should suffer so much and conceal it so little.

"THE HOWLING JOY OF A SAVAGE."

The whole book reeks with the smoke from the furnace of her discontent; whether it is the Devil, or Geoffrey Tempest, her millionaire, or Mavis Clare her other self, it is always the same. You turn over pages and pages,

* "The Sorrows of Satan; or, the Strange Experience of Geoffrey Tempest, Millionaire: a Romance." Methuen. 6s.

and come upon sentences like this, "To dig knives into your rival through the medium of anonymous criticism," says the Evil One—"the howling joy of a savage with twenty scalps at his back would be tame in comparison to it. I was an editor once myself, and I know." Then again:—"For the benefit of the public, who are sadly uninstructed on these matters, I may here state as a very plain unvarnished truth, that for £40 a well-known agency will guarantee the insertion of any paragraph, provided it is not libellous, in no less than four hundred papers." Then we are told that Mr. Knowles never allows any one to review a book in the *Nineteenth Century* unless the review is written by a friend of his own. Because a certain well-known Scotch critic reviewed "Barabbas" savagely in the columns of the *Daily Chronicle* we have a Mr. McWhing lampooned as a corrupt, unscrupulous, dishonest scoundrel, who, in return for £500 down to be handed over to a charity, which it is implied is non-existent, a very mediocre book is applauded in all the newspapers as the book of the month, written by the greatest, the wittiest, the most versatile and brilliant writer that ever lived. All this is very petty and very unworthy. An author who has sold her books despite the critics should have a soul above such miserable rancour. There is some excuse in an author who fails, turning and rending the critics to whose censure he attributes his failure, but from the victor to the vanquished all this continued outpouring of malice, bitterness and all uncharitableness indicates the gangrene of a poisoned wound, rather than the serene indifference of the angelic Mavis Clare.

THE NEWEST NEW FICTION.

If Miss Corelli is vengeful in dealing with her critics, she is rancorous when speaking of her fellow craftsmen, the women who write what she is pleased to describe as sexual novels. If the press is wicked because it does not notice Mavis Clare's books, it is even worse because it will praise up the new fiction, which she holds responsible for all the corruption of the rapid women of the "swagger" set.

The bride of her millionaire is a woman whose angel face covers a satyr soul, and the cause of her corruption she attributes directly to the women novelists, who corrupted her pure and innocent mind and converted her into a sensual animal, who says that morality has always been declared unnecessary for men—it is becoming equally unnecessary for women. If you wish to return to the old-fashioned types of the modest maiden and the immaculate matron, you must sentence all the new writers of profitable pruriency to penal servitude for life, and institute a Russian censorship of the modern press. I am afraid there are a great many of the new writers who would be disposed to say that it would not be difficult to cull passages as coarse from "The Sorrows of Satan" as from any of the books against which Marie Corelli raves.

THE "SATYR-SONGSTER."

Swinburne shares with these unsexed women her special abhorrence; even the horrible lasciviousness of the fashionable woman novel of the day did not complete her ruin until that satyr-songster, Swinburne, taught her that Christ was but crucified carrion, and that there was no God but lust. She says, "I believe there are many women to whom Swinburne's works have been deadlier than the deadliest poison, and far more soul-corrupting than any book of Zola's, or the most pernicious of modern French writers." After the lady in question had studied Swinburne's verse to her heart's content, nothing remained sacred. "I judged men

as beasts, and women as little better. I had no belief in virtue or truth." The majority of men appeared to her as carefully trained baboons, with the leering eye of the hairy woodland monster. This fair offspring of Marie Corelli's imagination was presented at Court by a woman who had two illegitimate sons, and who is represented as the choicest product of the modern decadent fiction and poetry. The lady in question says many things that are extravagant and strained, but one thing she says that is true when she tells her husband, "If I had been a drab of the street, I should have been in my proper place."

"UNCURTAINED," IF NOT "UNSEXED."

And in the description of the honeymoon, when the millionaire, himself a libertine, is left to contemplate "the uncurtained bare prose of life, and the knowledge that he had wedded a beautiful female animal, with the soul of a shameless libertine"—well, all that can be said of it is that it is very much uncurtained indeed, nor would it be surprising if an unthinking reader mistook "The Sorrows of Satan" for what its author describes as "the loathliest of the prurient novels that have been lately written by women to degrade and shame their sex." I have said that Mavis Clare is obviously intended for a glorified prototype of Marie Corelli, but it is to be feared that there are not many who, like this satyr-souled feminine animal, would say of this book, "When I want to feel like an angel I read Mavis Clare," for in fact it is sentiments the reverse of angelic that are stirred by many of her pages.

SOCIETY AS IT IS PAINTED.

There is a shrewish spitefulness that, if we did not know the author to be Marie Corelli herself, would suggest the malice of a disappointed snob, rather than the utterance of a brilliant and distinguished novelist. For instance, her description of a garden-party at the great Geoffrey Tempest's seat in Warwickshire is as coarse and ill-tempered as could be imagined. The place was crowded, we are given to understand, with all the best people in London society; the "swagger" set was there in force, hundreds strong. The modern scions of the aristocracy are devoid of repose of manner, dignity, and elegance of deportment; they talk slang like grooms and stable boys, and they are as gluttonous as swine. For instance, she tells us "One never entirely realises the extent to which human gourmandism can go, until one knows a few peers, bishops, and Cabinet Ministers, and have watched these dignitaries feed *ad libitum*." English society is represented as if it were made up of sycophants, liars, hypocrites, all grinning, guzzling, sensual fools, who abandon themselves to the worship of gold, that is all the easier because they have imbibed that complete contempt of life and disbelief in a God which is the chief theme of nearly all the social teachings of the time.

WHY SHE WENT TO HELL FOR HER HERO.

Marie Corelli either writes from her own experience and observation, or she draws upon her imagination. If she draws upon her imagination it is a very unpleasant imagination; but if her notions are based upon her experience, she must have a very unpleasant set of friends. She makes her Sybil say, "All the women of the upper classes—the unmarried women—are for sale in England as utterly as the Circassian girls in a barbarian slave-market. Everything is sacrificed to riches, and the rich men themselves are as bad as the worst. Active personal good to the community is wrought by very few of them; no great deed of generosity illumines our annals." In

fact, English society is in such a thoroughly rotten state that it is not surprising that Marie Corelli has had to go to hell to find a hero.

ADDING TO THE SORROWS OF SATAN.

Those who wish to hear how Marie Corelli can pay out a man for some slight, real or imaginary, may turn to her book to find a publisher caricatured as Mr. Morgeson; and those who wish to see how the author can sometimes turn upon a critic, will find there her lampoon upon a famous Scotch critic of multifarious activity under the pseudonym of Mr. McWhing. But these things are unworthy the theme, and, if Marie Corelli will allow me to say it, unworthy of herself. It is to be feared that in this book she has not helped her hero upwards, for she has painfully and conspicuously succumbed to the temptation which she ought to have resisted. She may console herself, no doubt, by referring to the example of Lord Byron, whose "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" still is printed among his collected works. But that satirical poem has fewer readers every year; and even Lord Byron did not mix up his reply to the *Edinburgh Review* with "Cain" or "Manfred." If you could imagine "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" chopped up into lengths and interpolated here and there in "Manfred," you can imagine somewhat of the extraordinary hash which is served up in "The Sorrows of Satan." And now a truce to this disagreeable subject.

II.—THE STORY OF SATAN.

The character of Satan has in all ages been a favourite one for the poet and romancer. Milton's Satan and Goethe's Mephistopheles may be regarded as the two supreme efforts of human genius to portray the fallen archangel, and a multitude of other men less distinguished have tried their hand at portraying the enemy of mankind. Marie Corelli's effort in "The Sorrows of Satan" is far above the average. Its chief merit is its original conception. She speaks of it as a legend, and if so, it is to the author of the legend that the chief merit of "The Sorrows of Satan" must be ascribed.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE DEVIL.

The conception, however, is magnificent, and is likely to win an abiding place in the memory of man. The title of the book, "The Sorrows of Satan," suggests a question to which the book is the answer. "Remember," says her hero, "Remember the very Devil was an angel once." An angel he is in this book from first page to last—fallen angel, no doubt, often, but a fallen angel who is in such process of rehabilitation that in the closing chapters he appears God-like, with flaming pinions and upturned glorious visage, like a vision of light in darkness!

The idea or the doctrine of the book is very simple. It is twofold: Firstly, that Satan never becomes our companion unless we prove our liking for his company. Secondly, it is in man's power to redeem even the Devil, and when man is all he should be, and all his Maker intended him to be, the Devil will once again be angel. The best way to set forth Marie Corelli's doctrine is to tell her story, with such illustrative extracts as may be required, and to begin with her own story of the archangel's fall.

HOW SATAN FELL.

Here is the story, as told by the personage himself in his disguise of Prince Lucio Riménez, the name being suggested obviously by Ahrimanes:—

"He is a very fascinating legendary personage; and he is the subject of many a fine story. Picture his fall from

Heaven:—'Lucifer Son of the Morning'—what a title and what a birthright! To be born of the morning implies to be a creature formed of translucent light undefiled, with all the warm rose of a million orbs of day colouring his bright essence, and all the lustre of fiery planets flaming in his eyes. Splendid and supreme, at the right hand of Deity itself he stood, this majestic archangel, and before his unwearied vision rolled the grandest creative splendours of God's thoughts and dreams. All at once he perceived in the vista of embryonic things a new small world, and on it a being forming itself slowly as it were into the angelic likeness—a being weak yet strong, sublime yet foolish—a strange paradox, destined to work its way through all the phases of life, till, imbibing the very breath and soul of the Creator, it should touch Conscious Immortality, Eternal Joy. Then Lucifer, full of wrath, turned on the Master of the Spheres, and flung forth his reckless defiance, crying aloud: 'Wilt thou make of this slight poor creature an angel even as I? I do protest against thee and condemn. Lo, if thou makest Man in Our image I will destroy him utterly, as unfit to share with me the splendours of Thy Wisdom, the glory of Thy love.' And the Voice Supreme in accents terrible and beautiful replied: 'Lucifer, Son of the Morning, full well dost thou know that never can an idle or wasted word be spoken before Me. For Free-will is the gift of the Immortals; therefore what thou sayest, thou must needs do. Fall, proud Spirit, from thy high estate, thou and thy companions with thee, and return no more till Man himself redeem thee! Each human soul that yields unto thy tempting shall be a new barrier set between thee and heaven; each one that of its own choice doth rebel and overcome thee, shall lift thee nearer thy lost home. When the world rejects thee, I will pardon and again receive thee, but not till then.'

"His punishment is of course eternal, and the distance between himself and Heaven must be rapidly increasing every day, for Man will never assist him to retrieve his error. Man will reject God fast enough, but never the devil. Judge, then, how, under the peculiar circumstances of his doom, this 'Lucifer, Son of the Morning,' Satan, or whatever else he is called, must hate humanity."

I smiled. "Well, he has one remedy left to him," I observed. "He need not tempt anybody."

"You forget: he is bound to keep his word, according to the legend," said Riménez. "He swore before God that he would destroy Man utterly; he must therefore fulfil that oath if he can."

THE DEFECT OF THE CONCEPTION.

This conception, it must be admitted, is a great one, and although it would be too much to say that Marie Corelli has risen always to the height of her great theme, she has at least given us in the story a sufficient presentation of the possibility to render it comprehensible to her readers. Her difficulty, of course, is that she has to make her Devil too good. His own interest prompts continually to blunt the force of his own temptations, in the hope that man may be able to resist, while the fatal decree forged by his own mad oath drives him ever onward to tempt and destroy the human soul. One result of this conception is that it is the Devil's interest to be good and the divine will that makes him bad, which is not a very satisfactory theological doctrine, but it is involved in the theory. It would, however, be wrong to criticise the machinery of a novel as if it were the creed of a Church; still, it does undoubtedly add to the piquancy of the story that we have the Devil perpetually talking like a Salvationist preacher, in the vain hope that it may induce the man whom he is tempting to resist his temptation, and so give him a chance of taking another step upwards.

GEOFFREY TEMPEST, THE PENNILESS HACK.

The second title of "The Sorrows of Satan" is "The strange experience of one Geoffrey Tempest, millionaire."

When the story opens Geoffrey Tempest is very much in the position of Balzac's hero in the "Peau de Chagrin." He is a penniless author, who—after endeavouring to eke out a livelihood by endeavouring to do hack work for various London newspapers—is, too, broken down by the refusal of Mr. Morgeson to accept the manuscript of a novel into which he had put the fruitage of his genius. Geoffrey Tempest was agnostic—

I did not believe in any God *then*. I was to myself an all-sufficing mortal, scorning the time-worn superstitions of so-called religion. Of course I had been brought up in the Christian faith; but that creed had become worse than useless to me since I had intellectually realised the utter inefficiency of Christian ministers to deal with difficult life-problems. Spiritually I was adrift in chaos.

—and he felt desperate. If ever there was a time when good and evil angels played a game of chance for a man's soul, it was on that bitter cold night when, hungry and penniless, his last hope gone, he crawled up to his fireless lodging, the rent of which was over-due. When doing so he saw three letters had arrived, and were lying unopened on the table. One of them was from a college friend in Australia, from whom he had asked a loan of £50. He opened it and found a draft for that amount.

A BEQUEST OF FIVE MILLIONS.

The second was in an unknown hand, which came from a well-known firm of London solicitors, and contained the astonishing intelligence that a remote relative of his father's had died in South America, leaving him, Geoffrey Tempest, his real and personal estate, amounting to something over five million pounds sterling. The larger bulk of it was lodged in the Bank of England, and a considerable amount in French Government securities. The third letter was from Lucio Rimáñez, who was introduced by his friend in Australia who had just sent him the draft for £50. While he was still bewildered by his good fortune, and wondering how to avoid the promised visit of Prince Lucio Rimáñez until at least he had a fire in his grate and a decent coat on his back, the Prince arrived.

ENTER SATHANAS!

A tall, shadowy figure appeared on the threshold, which produced an impression that suggested a stately majesty of height and bearing. The lamp had gone out, and they were in the dark. When at last it was lighted he was amazed and fascinated by the appearance of his visitor.

I thought I had never seen so much beauty and intellectuality combined in the outward personality of any human being. The finely-shaped head denoted both power and wisdom, and was nobly poised on such shoulders as might have befitted a Hercules; the countenance was a pure oval, and singularly pale, this complexion intensifying the almost fiery brilliancy of the full dark eyes, which had in them a curious and wonderfully attractive look of mingled mirth and misery. The mouth was perhaps the most telling feature in this remarkable face—set in the perfect curve of beauty, it was yet firm, determined, and not too small, thus escaping effeminacy—and I noted that in repose it expressed bitterness, disdain, and even cruelty.

HIS LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

The Prince presented a letter of introduction, which described him as a very distinguished scholar and gentleman, allied by descent to one of the oldest families in the world. He was a poet and musician of great skill, and in all matters scientific an absolute master. An exile from his native province, he was a wanderer on the face

of the earth. He had travelled far and seen much, and had a wide experience of men and things. They entered into conversation, and Tempest speedily became fascinated by the easy manner, handsome presence, and mellifluous voice of his guest. The Prince was cynical and generous. He invited him to supper. Tempest, before accepting, explained that, instead of being as was supposed penniless, he was in reality five times a millionaire. He handed his visitor the lawyer's letter. He read it and returned it, remarking that the five millions seemed to him a mere trifle, which could be conveniently run through in eight years or less. To be rich, really rich, one ought to have about a million a year; then one might reasonably hope to escape the workhouse. However, he said, he was disappointed; he had hoped to do him a good turn, and found himself, as usual, forestalled.

TO SUPPER WITH THE DEVIL.

Still, as they wanted supper, Tempest accepted the Prince's invitation to his hotel. Outside the Prince's carriage waited, drawn by two proud black horses, caparisoned in silver, magnificent thoroughbreds. As they sped off rapidly to the hotel, in the semi-darkness he saw his new friend's brilliant dark eyes fixed upon him with a curiously intent expression. As they drove along the Prince let fall many shrewd and biting observations concerning the folly of the world, and incidentally remarked that his kingdom was a vast one, for he ruled wherever men obeyed the commands of wealth. In reply to an inquiry, he said that he was a *bonâ fide* Prince, with a descent such as none of our oldest families can boast, but his subjects were dispersed among all nations. Some day he promised to tell him more of his private history, but meantime he hoped Tempest would drop the title and merely address him as Lucio.

"That is your Christian name," said Tempest, whereupon the Prince interrupted swiftly, and with anger, declaring, "There is no such thing as Christian in my composition." "Indeed!" Tempest murmured. Rimáñez replied:—

"Indeed! That is all you can find to say. Indeed, and again indeed, the word 'Christian' vexes me. There is no such creature alive. You are not a Christian,—no one is really,—people pretend to be,—and in so damnable an act of feigning are more blasphemous than any fallen fiend. Now I make no pretence of the kind,—I have only one faith."

"And that is?"

"A profound and awful one," he said, in thrilling tones. "And the worst of it is that it is true—as true as the workings of the Universe."

On arriving at the hotel, the Prince was waited upon by his valet Amiel, a fiend whose face seemed dark, unpleasant, and sinister, whose step suggested the stealthy gliding of a cat or tiger. At dinner-time the Prince discoursed chiefly concerning wealth and the Devil, the Prince maintaining that when bags of money fall to the lot of aspiring genius, God departs, and the Devil walks in. Passing from this to literary matters, the Prince advised him never to sacrifice his own personal interests for any considerations whatever. Tempest, somewhat startled by such counsel, said, "Your features are a direct contradiction to your words; your whole aspect betokens a generosity of spirit which you cannot conquer if you would; besides, are you not always trying to do good?" The Prince replied, "Always, that is, I am always at work endeavouring to gratify every man's desire. Whether that is good of me or not remains to be proved."

NOT SO BLACK AS HE IS PAINTED.

As they were parting for the night, the Prince held Tempest's proffered hand, and looking at him curiously the while, thus addressed him:—

"I like you, Geoffrey Tempest," he said. "And because I like you, and because I think there are the makings of something higher than mere earthly brute in you, I am going to make you what you may perhaps consider rather a singular proposition. It is this: that if you don't like me, say so at once, and we will part now, before we have time to know anything more of each other, and I will endeavour not to cross your path again unless you seek me out. But if, on the contrary, you do like me, if you find something in my humour or turn of mind congenial to your own disposition, give me your promise that you will be my friend and comrade for a while, say for a few months, at any rate. But if there is the smallest aversion to me lurking in the depths of your nature"—here he paused—then resumed with extraordinary solemnity—"in God's name give it full way and let me go; because I swear to you, in all sober earnest, that I am not what I seem."

For a moment Tempest hesitated; he had felt a passing shadow of distrust and repulsion for his fascinating but cynical friend, but he banished it, stretched out his hand, and said, "I assure you I shall be proud of your companionship. You seem to take a perverse delight in running yourself down, but you know the old adage—'The Devil is not so black as he is painted.' " "Ah! that is true," the Prince murmured dreamily. "Poor Devil, his faults no doubt are much exaggerated by the clergy." They clasped hands, and while they were still interlocked a sudden flash of lightning blazed across the room, followed by a terrific clap of thunder. The electric lights went out, and the Prince's eyes shone like those of a God in the darkness. Once more the thunder crashed overhead, followed by a deluge of rain, which was rather unusual in January.

That night, as Tempest lay dozing in bed, he had an impression that some one had approached and was looking fixedly at him. He turned on a light but could see no one; but as he again tried to sleep he thought he heard a hissing whisper, which said, "Peace! Trouble him not! Let the fool in his folly sleep!"

"THIS ACCURSED CITY OF LONDON."

From this time on the career of the new made millionaire and his brilliant friend the Prince ran very smoothly. He brings out his book, Morgeson being only too delighted to publish it, and puff it by the aid of paragraph agencies and other methods with which the Prince was thoroughly familiar, for as he remarked genially, he had been an editor himself, and he knew how to do it. The Prince on one occasion asked Tempest how he was going to spend his money. "On my own pleasure," replied he, promptly. Whereupon the Prince suggested surely a most undiabolical thing—that with his fortune he could make hundreds of miserable people happy, or he might help his fellow-workers in literature, suggestions which Tempest rejected with scorn. Still less diabolical was the Prince's virtuous indignation at the new fiction, with its unsavoury, questionable subjects. "Why do not the heavens rain fire," exclaimed the Prince, "on this accursed city of London? It is ripe for punishment; full of abhorrent creatures, not worthy the torture in hell to which it is said liars and hypocrites are condemned." For it must be noted here and always that Marie Corelli's estimate of London society is such that it is too bad even for the Devil.

THE DEVIL AND THE CLERGY.

There was something, she says, of a supreme sovereign, almost God-like, in the looks of the Prince

as he denounced "man, that blind, thankless worm, who with his smiling face hides a false and selfish heart, flinging his pigmy mockery at the riddle of the universe, who stands gibing at God, feebly astraddle on his own earth grave." Tempest assures him that he believes neither in devils, angels, or even in the soul. "I envy you," replied his companion, "for I regret to say I am compelled to believe in the soul." The Prince was delighted to hear his friend would neither lend nor give money away, although he remarked he always helped charities himself, and never failed to assist "a certain portion of the clergy, because by cant, hypocrisy, sensuality and shams of every description they were doing their utmost to destroy religion." For the clergy only come below critics and women novelists in the scale of Marie Corelli's condemnation. The Prince promised that he would set Tempest aloft like a bear who has successfully reached the bun on the top of a greased pole, a spectacle for the envy of man and the wonder of angels. The Prince kept his word. Tempest's book appeared, was advertised regardless of expense, passed through any number of editions, and was praised in all the newspapers and reviews, who sing in admiring chorus at the bidding of McWhing, after that multi-scribbling gentleman had been squared by a cheque for £500.

LADY SYBIL FOR SALE.

The Prince then suggests Tempest should take to himself a wife, but although to the Prince woman is merely "a frivolous doll," he tells him that Lady Sybil, the daughter of the Earl of Elton, is for sale, and he introduces him forthwith to the family where she is on show. They meet in the box of a theatre, where they are watching a play, the heroine of which was a woman with a past. Lady Sybil remarked that for "women with no such past there can be no future, and so-called bad women are the only popular type of our sex with men; it is quite a mistake for women to be respectable, they are only considered dull." Tempest fell into raptures over the lovely curves of her milk-white throat, her beautiful arms and bosom, her rich brown hair, etc., and he murmured inwardly: "All this loveliness is purchaseable, and I will purchase it." Meantime he amuses himself by frequenting gaming hells, at one of which Viscount Lynton stakes his soul against a thousand pounds placed on the table by the Prince, and loses it. A few minutes after he shoots himself in a hansom cab. The Prince remarks, "Now, if I were Satan," "You would have cause to rejoice," said Tempest. "No, Geoffrey, no, my friend," said the Prince in a strange rich voice. "If I were Satan I should probably lament, for every lost soul would remind me of my own lost soul, my own despair, and set another bar between myself and heaven. Remember, the very Devil was an angel once." His eyes smiled, yet Tempest could have sworn there were tears in them. More attached to the Prince than ever, he bade him good-night and fell asleep.

A VISION OF THE FATES.

At five o'clock Tempest woke suddenly as if touched by an invisible hand. The dark room was luminous with a cloud of white smoke or fire, and in the midst of it he had a vision of the three Fates:—

Plainly visible and substantially distinct, at a distance of perhaps five paces from my bed, stood three figures, muffled in dark garments and closely hooded. So solemnly inert they were—so heavily did their sable draperies fall about them that it was impossible to tell whether they were men or women; but what paralysed me with amazement and terror was the strange light that played around and above them—

the spectral, wandering, chill radiance that illumined them like the rays of a faint wintry moon. I strove to cry out, but my tongue refused to obey me, and my voice was strangled in my throat. The three remained absolutely motionless, and again I rubbed my eyes, wondering if this were a dream or some hideous optical delusion. Trembling in every limb, I stretched my hand towards the bell, intending to ring violently for assistance, when a voice, low and thrilling with intense anguish, caused me to shrink back appalled, and my arm fell nerveless at my side, "*Misery*."

The word struck the air with a harsh reproachful clang, and I nearly swooned with the horror of it. For now one of the figures moved, and a face gleamed out from beneath its hooded wrappings—a face white as whitest marble and fixed into such an expression of dreadful despair as froze my blood. Then came a deep sigh that was more like a death-groan, and again the word "*Misery*" shuddered upon the silence.

Mad with fear, and scarcely knowing what I did, I sprang from the bed, and began desperately to advance upon these fantastic masqueraders, determined to seize them and demand the meaning of this practical and untimely jest, when suddenly all three lifted their heads and turned their faces on me—such faces!—indescribably awful in their pallid agony, and a whisper more ghastly than a shriek penetrated the very fibres of my consciousness—"Misery!"

With a furious bound I flung myself upon them—my hand struck *empty space*. Yet there—distinct as ever—they stood, glowering down upon me, while my clenched fists beat impotently *through* and *beyond* their seemingly corporeal shapes. And then—all at once—I became aware of their eyes—eyes that watched me pitilessly, steadfastly, and disdainfully—eyes that, like witch-fires, seemed to slowly burn terrific meanings into my very flesh and spirit. Convulsed and almost frantic with the strain on my nerves, I abandoned myself to despair—this awful night meant death I thought—my last hour had surely come. Then I saw the lips of one of those dreadful faces move . . . some superhuman instinct in me leaped to life . . . in some strange way I thought I knew, or guessed the horror of what that next utterance would be . . . and with all my remaining force I cried out—

"No! no! Not that eternal doom! . . . Not yet!"

THE DEVIL AS A MUSICIAN.

Various scenes follow which need not be dwelt upon at length, excepting when we come to the description of the Prince's skill as a musician. Lady Elton, who had been one of the rapidest of the fast set, was dying of paralysis in a house where an American heiress was boarded at £2,000 a year, which she paid for the advantage of introductions into society, with the prospect of marrying the Earl when the paralytic wife died. When the Prince was asked if he could play—

He bowed. "I do; in an erratic sort of fashion. I also sing. Music has always been one of my passions. When I was very young—ages ago—I used to imagine I could hear the angel Israfel chanting his strophes amid the golden glow of heavenly glory, himself white-winged and wonderful, with a voice out-ringing beyond the verge of paradise."

As if to prove that he was a musician as well as a rhetorician, he stepped over to the pianoforte and played:—

The music swelled into passionate cadence; melodies crossed and recrossed each other like rays of light glittering among green leaves; voices of birds and streams and tossing waterfalls chimed in with songs of love and playful merriment; anon came wilder strains of grief and angry clamour; cries of despair were heard echoing through the thunderous noise of some relentless storm; farewells everlastingly shrieked amid sobs of reluctant shuddering agony; and then, as I listened, before my eyes a black mist gathered slowly, and I thought I saw great rocks bursting asunder into flame, and drifting islands in a sea of fire—faces wonderful, hideous, beautiful, peered at me out of a darkness denser than night, and in the

midst of this there came a tune, complete in sweetness and suggestion—a piercing, sword-like tune that plunged into my very heart, and rankled there. My breath failed me, my senses swam; I felt that I must move, speak, cry out, and implore that this music, this horribly insidious music, should cease ere I swooned with the voluptuous poison of it, when, with a full chord of splendid harmony that rolled out upon the air like a breaking wave, the intoxicating sounds ebbed away into silence.

LADY ELTON'S DOOM.

After having produced this marvellous effect with his playing, he sang some stanzas entitled "The Last Love Song," the utterances of a lover about to kill his mistress and himself. The words were written by one of Lady Elton's former admirers. She remembered them and was talking to the Prince about them, when all were violently startled from their seats by a most horrible cry—a gasping cry, such as might be wrung from some tortured animal. It was Lady Elton. As they drew the coverlet across her face—but not soon enough to hide the awful change—indelible horror was stamped on the drawn features, a horror such as was never seen except in a painter's idea of some lost soul in torment. The eyes were rolled up and fixed in their sockets like balls of glass, and in them also was frozen the same frenzied, desperate look of fear. It was Nature's revenge on the outraged body. Her husband said, "She is dreadful to look at—no longer human, you know; her eyes are as scared and wild as if she had seen the Devil; it never alters."

MONKEYS WHO FANCY THEY ARE MEN.

After this there is much discourse, the Prince, as usual, taking a very low view of the world and the things therein. For instance:—

"The world is as it is made," he went on, regarding me fixedly. "It is moved by the lowest and pettiest motives; it works for the most trivial, ridiculous and perishable aims. It is not a paradise. It is not a happy family of united and affectionate brethren. It is an over-populated colony of jabbering and quarrelsome monkeys, who fancy they are men. Philosophers in old days tried to teach it that the monkey type should be exterminated for the growth and encouragement of a nobler race; but they preached in vain, there never were enough real men alive to overcome the swarming majority of the beasts. God Himself, they say, came down from Heaven to try and set wrong things right, and to restore, if possible, His own defaced image to the general aspect of humanity—and even He failed."

Every now and then Geoffrey Tempest makes some more or less personal allusion to the Devil, which always makes the Prince smile an amused dreamy smile that transfigures his countenance, and which makes him look like a fine Apollo absorbed in the thought of some new and glorious song.

MAVIS CLARE.

About this time we get introduced to Mavis Clare, whose novel, "*Differences*," may be regarded as suggested by Marie Corelli's "*Barabbas*." Miss Clare, we are told, is too popular to need reviews; a large number of critics are mad against her for her success, but the public, as usual, care nothing for critics. It is not surprising, considering the marvellous merits that were combined in this supreme authoress. Clearness of thought, brilliancy of style, beauty of diction—all these were her own, united to consummate ease of expression and artistic skill. The book was blest with a potent resistless quality of genius, the authoress won fame without the aid of money, and was crowned so brightly and visibly to the world that she was beyond criticism. The Prince defends Mavis Clare. Geoffrey Tempest, growing wild with

envy at a fame which, with all his expenditure, he could not rival, cuts up the book in an anonymous article which he contributes to a powerful magazine.

WHAT A GOOD DEVIL HE IS!

Tempest, finding all aspiration for everything ideal dying out within him, betook himself more and more to debauchery. He betted, he gambled, he allowed a few half-naked, brandy-soaked dancers and vulgar music-hall artistes to get £2,000 worth of jewels out of him. He associated with aristocratic boon companions who were utterly worthless, useless, callous scoundrels, who, nevertheless, associated with the best and highest in the land, the fairest and noblest ladies in London; so great is the power of money. The Prince sometimes went with him, but not often. On one occasion when he did, he put three sons of English peers to shame by his kindness to a poorly clad girl who was sobbing and clinging on the iron rail outside a closed church door. "O, God!" she wailed, "O, dear God, help me!" The Prince reproved the lewd reveller who had seized her arm, and thrust some money into her hand, saying, "Leave her alone, let her find God if she can." "O, God bless you!" she cried, wildly; "God bless you!" He raised his hat and stood uncovered in the moonlight, his dark beauty softened by a strangely wistful expression. "I thank you," he said simply. "You make me your debtor."

But neither Tempest's debaucheries nor his wealth nor his paid for reviews gave him satisfaction; he became restless and miserable, and madly jealous of Mavis Clare.

A BRIDE OF THE DECADENCE.

The Prince and Tempest are presented to the Prince of Wales at his *levée*, and then Tempest brings his courtship of Sybil to a satisfactory conclusion, although it is she who proposes rather than he. The pure outline of this girl's delicate profile suggested to him one of Fra Angelico's saints or angels. Just as this comparison had framed itself in his mind she turns and asks him why he does not buy her right out and be done with it. She warns him, however, that she is a contaminated creature, trained to perfection in the lax morals and prurient literature of the day, who despises her own sex and loathes herself for being a woman. Nevertheless, he kisses her on the lips—a long passionate kiss, which makes him feel, as he says, all the joys of heaven and the fires of hell in a moment; which is a very fair example of the high faluting floridity of Marie Corelli's style. Love and wrath mingle in his blood; he closes his arms about her passionately, saying, "You impassive ice-flower, you shall melt to my touch and learn what love is. You very foolish beautiful child, your passions are asleep, they must wake,"—which they do with a vengeance; but unfortunately they are awakened, not by her husband, but by the Prince.

WHY THE DEVIL HATES WOMEN.

Not that the Prince would have anything to do with her—he hated women. Not, as might be imagined, because they were the saviours of the world; but because with all the possibilities of good in their natures, they deliberately turned these possibilities to evil. Men who are influenced entirely by women are by them driven to hell, for which the Devil appears to be the reverse of grateful. For, as the Prince tells Tempest, he believes in hell and the soul, and assures him he can demonstrate beyond all possibility of consoling doubt, that the shreds and strippings of that change you call Death are only so many embryos of new life which you must live whether you will or no. In this, as in innumerable other cases, the Devil is per-

petually preaching the true Gospel, although it is his fate to preach to deaf ears. If he hates women, he hates men also; he protests, he has always protested against the creation of man.

THE ONE MISTAKE OF THE CREATOR.

Nature, he says, is in perpetual war against God's one mistake, the making of humanity. But with all his riches he is miserable exceedingly. The Prince declares that, as a rule, the most miserable people in the world are the richest. "Are you miserable, for instance?" says Tempest:—

"Are you too blind to see that I am?" he answered, his accents vibrating with intense melancholy. "Can you think I am happy? Does the smile I wear,—the disguising smile men put on as a mask to hide their secret agonies from the pitiless gaze of unsympathetic fellow-creatures,—persuade you that I am free from care? As for my wealth,—I have never told you the extent of it; if I did, it might indeed amaze you, though I believe it would not now arouse your envy, considering that your trifling five millions have not been without effect in depressing your mind. But I,—I could buy up kingdoms and be none the poorer,—I could throne and unthrone kings and be none the wiser,—I could crush whole countries under the iron heel of financial speculation,—I could possess the world,—and yet estimate it at no higher value than I do now,—the value of a grain of dust circling through infinity, or a soap bubble blown on the wind."

Tempest having bought Willowsmere, a country seat in Warwickshire, the Prince undertakes to organise a great *fête* in honour of the coming marriage, and he does it on a scale of unparalleled magnificence, employing for the occasion a myriad of imps from hell, disguised as pages, servants, actors, etc. Before this great day the Prince and Tempest pay a visit to Mavis Clare, whom they find living in a charming retreat on the other side of the Avon, opposite Willowsmere Court, where she gives her pigeons the names of the newspapers in which her books are abused, and christens a very spiteful and silly old owl the *Athenæum*. The Prince is fascinated with Mavis Clare, and when parting, stoops and kisses her hand. He then addresses her in a very undiabolical fashion, assuring her that Satan, of whom she speaks with compassion, can never trouble the peace of a pure and contented soul.

THE DEVIL AS A CHRISTIAN.

But the Prince is always preaching, not only to Mavis Clare, but also to anybody and everybody whenever he can get the chance. For instance, what can we say of this discourse of his:—

"Oh, you may disbelieve it as you will; but notwithstanding the pigmy peeps earth takes at the vast and eternal ocean of science, the soul is here, and all the immortal forces with it and around it. Nay, the gods—I speak in the plural, after the fashion of the ancient Greeks—for to my thinking there are many gods emanating from the Supreme Deity—the gods, I say, have so insisted on this fact, that one of them has walked the earth in human guise, solely for the sake of emphasising the truth of immortality to these frail creatures of seemingly perishable clay. For this I hate the planet; were there not, and are there not, other and far grander worlds, that a God should have chosen to dwell on this one."

For a moment I was silent, out of sheer surprise.

"You amaze me," I said at last. "You allude to Christ, I suppose; but everybody is convinced by this time that He was a mere man like the rest of us; there was nothing divine about Him. What a contradiction you are. Why, I remember you indignantly denied the accusation of being a Christian."

"Of course, and I deny it still," he answered quickly. "I have not a fat living in the Church that I should tell a lie on such a subject. I am not a Christian, nor is any one living a Christian. To quote a very old saying, 'There never was a

Christian save One, and He was crucified.' But though I am not a Christian, I never said I doubted the existence of Christ. That knowledge was forced upon me, with considerable pressure too."

"By a reliable authority?" I inquired with a slight sneer. He made no immediate reply. His flashing eyes looked, as it were, through me and beyond me at something far away. The curious pallor that at times gave his face the set look of an impenetrable mask, came upon him then, and he smiled an awful smile. So might a man smile out of deadly bravado, when told of some dim and dreadful torture awaiting him.

TURN YE, TURN YE: WHY WILL YE DIE?

Not content with this affirmation of his faith, the Prince tries once more to rouse his millionaire friend to a higher and better life. After his marriage he says to him, "With all your egotism, Geoffrey, there is something forcible and noble in your nature—something which rises up in bold revolt against falsehood and shame. Why in the name of Heaven do you not give it way?" "What would you have me to do?" said Geoffrey curiously, whereupon the infernal Prince replies:—

"My advice will seem to you singular, Geoffrey, but if you want it, here it is. Give, as I said, the noble, and what the world would call the quixotic part of your nature full way; do not sacrifice your higher sense of what is right and just for the sake of pandering to anyone's power or influence, and say farewell to me. I am no use to you, save to humour your varying fancies, and introduce you to those great—or small—personages you wish to know for your own convenience or advantage. Believe me, it would be much better for you and much more consoling at the inevitable hour of death, if you were to let all this false and frivolous nonsense go, and me with it. Leave Society to its own fool's whirlwrig of distracted follies; put royalty in its true place, and show it that all its pomp, arrogance and glitter are worthless, and itself a nothing, compared to the upright standing of a brave soul in an honest man, and, as Christ said to the rich ruler, 'Sell half that thou hast and give to the poor.'"

Tempest replied, sneering at the visionary Jew, an illusion which irritates the Prince; but finding Tempest irrevocably bent on going his own way, he never again attempted to wean him from his downward course. From henceforward he took a determined course with him implacably and to the appalling end. Everything Tempest wanted he had. The Prince bought him an infernal steed named Phosphor, ridden by the fiend Amiel, who, of course, easily carried off the Derby, and achieved for Tempest a fame which his book failed to secure. His marriage was a very grand affair, as might be expected when the Prince of Wales honoured it by his presence, and two great dignitaries of the Church, equally imposing in the fatness of their bodies and the unctuous redness of their faces, performed. Prince Lucio was the best man, and in the vestry he kissed the bride lightly on the cheek; she blushed a vivid red; then suddenly grew ghastly pale, and, with a kind of choking cry, reeled back in a dead faint in the arms of one of her bridesmaids.

THE REVELATION OF THE HONEYMOON.

They went for their honeymoon in Switzerland, where Tempest was not long in discovering that he had married a thing viler and more shameless in character than the veriest poor drab in the street; that his bride, with a face like one of Fra Angelico's angels, had the soul of a harpy and was a vulture of vice. A sickening satiety took the place of the deathless lovers' pain. He, it must be admitted, was as bad as she, and she tells him so plainly. She says, "I have taken the measure of the inherent love of vice in both sexes; there is not a pin to choose between them. Men are no worse than women,

women no worse than men. I have discovered everything except God. We are persistently taught that we are animals, nothing more; let us, therefore, not be ashamed of our animalism." So she talked, and talked until her beauty seemed to him like the beauty of the poisoned flower; and at night when he held her in his arms and felt her heart beating against his own in the darkness, an awful dread rose in him as to whether he might not at some time or other be tempted to strangle her as she lay on his breast—strangle her as one strangles a vampire which sucked one's blood away. No one can say that this is mild. Tempest brings back this physically magnificent animal of his and introduces her to Mavis Clare, whose sweet face is ideally fair, like a sylph of the woodlands, and he thinks with bitterness what a mistaken choice he has made. Not knowing, he might as well have proposed to pluck a star from the sky as to win such a woman as Marie Corelli—no, that is a slip—as Mavis Clare. His wife envies Mavis Clare, and longs to make her miserable for once in her life if she can, but finds it impossible, because she believes in a God, and finds life beautiful.

THE DEVIL'S PRAYER.

For a time the millionaire and his bride continued living at Willowsmere Court, he regarding her with a certain savage satisfaction of possession and enjoying the drowsy sensation of a well-fed, well-mated animal. Sybil, however, is wretched, for she does not care for her husband in the least, and upbraids him with not endeavouring to set any noble aims before her, and for not trying to lead her, an erring, passionate, misguided woman, into the light of faith and hope which alone gives peace. He tells her she is hysterical, whereupon she waxes wroth, and the Prince suddenly enters unannounced. Shortly afterwards comes a remarkable scene, in which the Prince makes love to Mavis Clare in the hearing of Tempest and his wife, who are hiding on either side of the elm under which the love-making takes place. It was a curious love-making, for the Prince told Mavis he could not give her love, for he loved none, but he would bring her the proudest men in any country of the world as suitors for her hand. He offered her anything and everything, but neither the world's wealth, nor the world's power, nor the world's love could tempt her. So he addresses her as follows:—

"I can do nothing for you—you will not have my aid—you reject my service? Then, as I may not help you, you must help me," and dropping before her, he reverently took her hand and kissed it. "I ask a very little thing of you—pray for me; I know you are accustomed to pray, so it will be no trouble to you—you believe God hears you, and when I look at you I believe it too. Only a pure woman can make faith possible to man. Pray for me then, as one who has fallen from his higher and better self, who strives, but who may not attain, who labours under heavy punishment, who would fain reach Heaven, but who, by the cursed will of man—and man alone—is kept in Hell. Pray for me, Mavis Clare; promise it, and so shall you lift me a step nearer the glory I have lost."

Presently she spoke, in sweet yet tremulous accents.

"Since you desire it so earnestly, I promise," she said. "I will pray that the strange and bitter sorrow which seems to consume you may be removed from your life—"

"Sorrow," he echoed, interrupting her and springing to his feet with an impassioned gesture. "Woman!—genius!—angel! whatever you are, do not speak of one sorrow for me; I have a thousand thousand sorrows, aye, a million million, that are as little flames about my heart, and as deeply seated as the centres of the universe. The foul and filthy crimes of men; the base deceit and cruelties of women; the ruthless, murderous ingratitude of children; the scorn of good; the martyrdom of intellect; the selfishness; the avarice; the sensuality of human

life; the hideous blasphemy and sin of the creature to the Creator—these are my endless sorrows; these keep me wretched and in chains, when I would fain be free. These create hell around me, and endless torture; these bind and crush me and pervert my being, till I become what I dare not name to myself or to others. And yet... as the eternal God is my witness... I do not think I am as bad as the worst man living. I may tempt, but I do not pursue; I take the lead in many lives, yet I make the way I go so plain that those who follow me do so by their own choice and free will more than by my persuasion." He paused,—then continued in a softer tone,—"You look afraid of me, but be assured you never had less cause for terror. You have truth and purity—I honour both. You will have none of my advice or assistance in the making of your life's history; to-night, therefore, we part, to meet no more on earth. Never again, Mavis Clare, no, not through all your quiet days of sweet and contented existence, will I cross your path; before Heaven I swear it!

"One word,—if, when I am gone, you ever think of me, think that I am more to be pitied than the veriest paralysed and striving wretch that ever crawled on earth, for he, perchance, has hope, and I have none. And when you pray for me—for I hold you to this promise—pray for one who dares not pray for himself. You know the words, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!' To-night you have been led into temptation, though you knew it not, but you have delivered yourself from evil as only a true soul can. And now farewell. In life I shall see you no more; in death—well, I have attended many death-beds in response to the invitations of the moribund, but I shall not be present at yours. Perhaps, when your parting spirit is on the verge between darkness and light, you may know who I was, and am; and you may thank God with your last breath that we parted to-night—as we do now—for ever."

MAKING LOVE TO THE DEVIL.

Mavis Clare moves away, appalled by the sombre shadow that clouded the Prince's brow and the strange expression that gleamed in the dark beauty of his face. Then Tempest came forward, and the Prince coolly remarked that he wanted to try Mavis Clare; she had rejected all his offers, and he could only make matters smooth by asking her to pray for him. A woman of that dreamy idealistic temperament always likes to imagine there is a man who is grateful for her prayers. The next night but one, Sybil leaves her husband's couch and goes down to meet the Prince, in a diaphanous garment of filmy white. The husband follows and witnesses the scene. She makes love to the Prince, as might be expected from a vulture of vice, a harpy, and all the rest of it. The husband listened to her accents vibrating with mad idolatrous passion, while she implored the terrible Prince to have pity on her. He, however, was in no such mood. "I know you love me," he said; "I have always known it. Your vampire soul leaped to mine at the first glance I ever gave you; you were a false foul thing from the first, and you recognise your master. I know it all. The kiss I gave you on your wedding-day put fire in your blood, and sealed you mine; but I hate you! Yes, I hate you, and all such women as you, for you corrupt the world. I hate you with the bitterness of immeasurable and unforgetting hatred, for you have done me a wrong; you have added another burden to the load of punishment I carry."

A VERY JOSEPH!

The woman, however, was in no mood to be repulsed even by such an uncompromising declaration of detestation. She followed him with outstretched arms, a very Bacchante of wild loveliness, but the Prince was as a very Joseph:—

"Stand back!" he said. "Be afraid of me, as of an unknown

terror! O pitiless Heaven! To think of it—but a night ago I was lifted a step nearer to my lost delight, and now this woman drags me back, and down; and yet again I hear the barring of the gates of Paradise. Oh, infinite torture, Oh, wicked souls of men and women! Is there no touch of grace or thought of God left in you, and will ye make my sorrows eternal!"

"KNEEL DOWN AND WORSHIP ME!"

"I will love you," she cried. "I shall love you until I die." "And after you die," said he—"will you love me then?" "After death," she stammered. "Yes, after death," he repeated sombrely. "There is an 'after,' as your mother knows; death is never deceived, though life may be. And afterwards," he asked again—"will you love me, do you think, when you know who I am?" "When I know who you are!" she repeated. "Do I not know? You are Lucio, my love, whose voice is my music, whose beauty I adore, whose looks are my heaven." "And hell—and hell," he interposed with a short laugh. "Come here. Since you love me so well, kneel down and worship me." "With every pulse of my being I worship you," she murmured, kneeling with clasped hands, a smile of perfect rapture on her face. "My king! my God! for one kiss from your lips I would die; for one embrace I would give my soul!" Unmoved, the Prince said, "Stay where you are, and let me look at you. So—a woman wearing a husband's name, newly risen from a husband's side, steals forth in the night, seeking to disgrace him and pollute herself by the vulgarest unchastity. I may do what I choose with you, you say—torture you, kill you. . . . I shall not kill, drown you, curse you, or love you. I shall simply call your husband."

"LOVE ME OR I DIE!"

Getting desperate, Sybil drew a dagger. "Love me, I say, or I shall stab myself here dead at your feet, and cry out to Geoffrey that you have murdered me!" He seized the dagger, wrested it from her clutch, snapped it, and flung it on the ground. She stood breathless and white with rage, in mingled passion and terror. Then she said deliberately, "You shall love me, or I shall die, one of the two. I will give you all to-morrow to decide; love me, give me yourself, be my lover; but refuse me again, and I will put an end to this life of mine! I cannot endure existence without your love."

Then, with a sudden swift movement, she flung herself upon his breast. The moonbeams showed her husband, her eyes alight with rapture, her lips trembling with passion, her bosom heaving. The blood surged up to his head, and a red mist swam before his sight. Would Lucio yield? Not he! Tearing her desperate hands from his neck, he forced her back, crying, "Woman! false and accursed! restrain your fevered desires; fair fiend, have patience, we shall meet ere long!"

"THE MOONLIGHT GLISTENED BLOOD-RED."

At this point her husband, somewhat tardily, concluded that it was time for him to interfere. He dragged her away. We have the *tableau* filled in *ad lib.* with mad fury, black rages, chokings with wrath and pain, etc., etc., on his part. On hers, calm insistence that it is all the fault of the new fiction, while the Prince cynically brings the scene to a close. She, with a wild and wicked rapture in her face, kisses her hand to the Prince, and the two men are left alone.

Facing one another we stood, silently. I met his sombre eyes and thought I read an infinite compassion in them. Then, while I yet looked upon him, something seemed to clutch my throat and stop my breathing; his dark and beautiful countenance appeared to me to grow suddenly lurid as with fire; a coronal of flame seemed to tremble above his brows; the moon-

light glistened blood-red; a noise was in my ears of mingled thunder and music, as though the silent organ at the end of the gallery were played by hands invisible. Struggling against these delusive sensations, I involuntarily stretched out my hands.

"Lucio," I gasped—"Lucio, my friend, I think—I am—dying! My heart is broken!"

As I spoke, a great blackness closed over me, and I fell senseless.

THE AWAKENING OF DEATH.

He leaves her, and before the day closes is summoned back by a telegram to find her dead. She had poisoned herself, leaving behind her a lengthy document in which she sets forth the story of her life—how she had been corrupted by sex novels and Swinburne's poems. The last pages of this lengthy document were written after she was dead, automatically, by the hand of the corpse. She describes how her mother came to her, and this is what she wrote:—

Let me write for others the awful Truth as I see it. There is no death—none, none! *I cannot die!* I am passing out of my body; I am being wrenched away from it inch by inch in inexplicable mystic torture; but I am not dying—I am being carried forward into a new life, vague and vast . . . I see a new world full of dark forms, half shaped, yet shapeless; they float towards me, beckoning me on. I am actively conscious—I hear, I think, I know. Death is a mere human dream—a comforting fancy; it has no real existence; there is nothing in the universe but life. O hideous misery—*I cannot die!* In my mortal body I can scarcely breathe; the pen I try to hold writes of itself rather than through my shaking hand; but these pangs are the throes of birth, not death.

Still I hold back,—nude and trembling I stare into a dark void; and now there are wings about me,—wings of fiery scarlet; they fill the space,—they enfold me,—they propel me,—they rush past and whirl around me, stinging me as with flying arrows and showers of hail.

To my despair and terror,—to my remorse and agony,—I live. Oh, the unspeakable misery of this new life! And worst of all, God, whom I doubted, God, whom I was taught to deny, this wronged, blasphemed and outraged God *exists*.

Serve me, dead hand, once more ere I depart . . . my tortured spirit must seize and compel you to write down this thing unnameable, that earthly eyes may read, and earthly souls take timely warning . . . I know at last *whom* I have loved,—whom I have chosen, whom I have worshipped. . . . Oh, God, have mercy. . . . I know *who* claims my worship now, and drags me into yonder rolling world of flame. . . . His name is —.

This is the end of her.

She is buried, and Mavis Clare is at much trouble to explain to the widower that the Prince is a worker of evil, a fiend in a beautiful human shape, a destroyer and corruptor. Tempest replies that, on the contrary, the Prince is his best friend, and leaving Mavis he joins his friend on his yacht and starts for Egypt. The Prince's fascination continued as great as ever, but sometimes his every look seemed fraught with meaning, his every gesture suggestive of an almost terrific authority. The men on board the yacht seemed like fiends.

THE TORTURE OF SATAN.

The Prince tells Tempest that he believes in God and a very actual and positive being, and then, asked suddenly if he believed in hell and Satan, the arch enemy of mankind, the Prince replied:—

"Most assuredly I believe in hell. How can I do otherwise if I believe in heaven? If there is an Up there must be a Down; if there is Light there must be Darkness. And . . . concerning the arch enemy of mankind, if half the stories reported of him be true, he must be the most piteous and pitiable figure in the universe. What would be the sorrows of a thousand million worlds compared to the sorrows of Satan?"

"Sorrows!" I echoed. "He is supposed to rejoice in the working of evil."

"Neither angel nor devil can do that," he said slowly. "To rejoice in the working of evil is a temporary mania which affects man only. For actual joy to come out of evil, Chaos must come again, and God must extinguish Himself." He stared across the dark sea, the sun had sunk, and one faint star twinkled through the clouds. "And so I again say—the sorrows of Satan; sorrows immeasurable as eternity itself—imagine them: to be shut out of Heaven; to hear all through the unending moons the far-off voices of angels whom once he knew and loved; to be a wanderer among deserts of darkness, and to pine for the light celestial that was formerly as air and food to his being; and to know that man's folly, man's utter selfishness, man's cruelty, keep him thus exiled, an outcast from pardon and peace. Man's nobleness may lift the lost spirit almost within reach of his lost joys, but man's villainess drags him down again—easy was the torture of Sisyphus compared with the torture of Satan. No wonder that he loathes mankind; small blame to him if he seeks to destroy the puny tribe eternally; little marvel that he grudges them their share of immortality; think of it as a legend merely"—and he turned upon me with a movement that was almost fierce—"Christ redeemed man, and by His teaching showed how it was possible for man to redeem the devil."

A VISION OF THE DAMNED.

Now the story is hurrying to its close. After spending some time in Egypt and seeing visions there, they rejoin the yacht and set out for the Riviera. Tempest determined to marry Mavis Clare—if he could. Full of this pleasant dream he went off to sleep:—

About midnight I awoke, vaguely terrified, to see the cabin full of a strong red light and fierce glare. My first dazed impression was that the yacht was on fire, the next instant I became paralysed and dumb with horror. Sybil stood before me . . . Sybil, a wild, strange, tortured writhing figure, half nude, waving beckoning arms, and making desperate gestures. Her face was as I had seen it last in death, livid and hideous . . . her eyes blazed mingled menace, despair, and warning upon me. Round her a living wreath of flame coiled upwards like a twisted snake . . . her lips moved as though she strove to speak, but no sound came from them, and while I yet looked up at her she vanished. I must have lost consciousness then, for when I awoke it was broad day. But this ghastly visitation was only the first of many such, and at last *every night* I saw her thus, sheathed in flame, till I grew well-nigh mad with fear and misery. My torment was indescribable, yet I said nothing to Lucio, who watched me, as I imagined, narrowly. I took sleeping draughts in the hope to procure unbroken rest, but in vain, always I woke at one particular moment, and always I had to face this fiery phantom of my dead wife, with despair in her eyes and an unuttered warning on her lips.

BLOOD FREEZING AD LIB.

He thinks of committing suicide, but is disturbed by the Prince, who sees what he is about to do, and says, "I will go away, I would not disturb you for the world." "You say that!" said Tempest. "I thought you were my friend." The Prince looked full at him, his eyes grew large and luminous with the splendour of scorn, passion, and sorrow intermingled. "Did you?"—and again a terrific smile lit up his features. "You are mistaken: I am your enemy." His dark and frowning figure seemed to increase in stature, towering above him like a gigantic shadow of a thunder cloud. "My blood froze with an unimaginable sickening terror, and then thick darkness filled my sight and I dropped down senseless." The rest of the story gets almost too wild and whirling for words. The fortieth chapter begins:—"Thunder and wild tumult—the glare of lightning, the shattering roar of great waves leaping mountains high and hissing asunder in mid-air, this fierce riot of savage elements let loose in a whirling boisterous dance of death. I awoke at last with a

convulsive shock. Staggering to my feet, I stood in the black obscurity of my cabin, trying to rally my scattered forces; the electric lamps were extinguished, and the lightning alone illumined the sepulchral darkness.

AVE, SATHANAS! AVE!

Frantic shoutings echoed above me on deck—fiend-like yells that sounded now like triumph, now like despair, and again like menace. The yacht leaped to and fro like a hunted stag amid the furious billows, and every frightful crash of thunder threatened, as it seemed, to split her in twain. The wind howled like a devil in torment; it screamed and moaned and sobbed as though endowed with a sentient body that suffered acutest agony; anon it rushed downwards with an angry swoop as of wide, flapping wings, and so forth. It is a kind of overture, which after a time becomes articulate; fierce cries mingle with jarring thunder, and the waves roar, the wind shrieks, and I leapt erect as I caught the words of the clangorous shout, 'Ave Sathanas! Ave!' Lest he should not hear it plainly, the lightning writes it in a snaky line of fire in the darkness. It is no wonder then his brain swims round and grows full to bursting. He feels he is going mad, raving mad, when suddenly the prince-like black phantom in the pale, strange light surrounding him stills the storm with a word, and then tells him he has chosen him out of millions to learn in this life the lesson that all must learn hereafter.

THE DEVIL'S SERMON.

He went on, a lambent radiance encircling his brow, and a burning glow steadily deepening and flashing from his eyes, and preached the following sermon:—

"They behold in you a shameless egoist, persistently engaged in defacing their divine image of immortality, and for that sin there is no excuse and no escape but punishment. Who-soever prefers self to God, and in the arrogance of that self, presumes to doubt and deny God, invites another power to compass his destinies—the power of evil, made evil and kept evil by the disobedience and wickedness of man alone, that power whom mortals call Satan, Prince of Darkness, but whom once the angels knew as Lucifer, Prince of Light." He broke off, paused, and his flaming regard fell full upon me. "Do you know me now?"

"Men make their own choice and form their own futures, and never let them dare to say they are not free to choose. From the uttermost reaches of high Heaven the spirit of God descended to them as man; from the uttermost depths of lowest hell, I, the spirit of rebellion, come, equally as man. But the God-in-man was rejected and slain; I, the devil-in-man live on, for ever accepted and adored. Man's choice this is—not God's or mine.

"I have chosen you because you are a type of the apparently respected and unblamable man. You are not what the world calls a criminal; you have murdered no one—you have stolen no neighbour's goods—your unchastities and adulteries are those of every 'fashionable' vice-monger—and your blasphemies against the Divine are no worse than those of the most approved modern magazine-contributors.

"For the Egotist there is no chance of wholesome penitence, since to himself he is perfect, and counts his Creator as somewhat inferior. This present time of the world breathes Egotism—the taint of self, the hideous worship of money, corrodes all life, all thought, all feeling.

"The End is near; I take my part in that end—for the souls of mankind are not done with when they leave their fleshly tenements. When this planet is destroyed, as a bubble broken in the air, the souls of men and women live on—as the soul of the woman you loved lives on—as the soul of the mother who bore her lives on—aye, as all my worshippers live on through a myriad worlds, a myriad phases, till they learn to shape their destinies for Heaven. And I, with them, live on in many shapes, in many ways. When they return to God, cleansed and perfect, so shall I return—but not till then."

His accents sunk to an infinitely mournful cadence.

"What have your teachers done with me and my eternal sorrows?" he went on. "Have not they, and the unthinking churches, proclaimed a lie against me, saying that I rejoice in evil? O man, to whom, by God's will, and because the world's end draws nigh, I unveil a portion of the mystery of my doom, learn now, once and for all, that there is no possible joy in evil; it is the despair and the discord of the universe; it is man's creation, my torment, God's sorrow. Every sin of every human being adds weight to my torture, and length to my doom, yet my oath against the world must be kept. I have sworn to tempt, to do my uttermost to destroy mankind, but man has not sworn to yield to my tempting. He is free—let him resist, and I depart; let him accept me, I remain. Eternal justice has spoken; humanity, through the teaching of God made human, must work out its own redemption—and mine."

THE DEVIL AN ANGEL.

He ceased. Telling him, "You shall understand with whom you have dwelt so long, in whose company you have sailed perilous seas, one who, proud and rebellious like you, errs less in that he owns God and his Master." Then the orchestra chimes in again, with thunder crashes, hellish tortures, scintillant glories, etc., and crowned with a mystic radiance as of trembling stars of fire, he beheld, not the Prince, but an angel; a sublime figure, towering between him and the moonlit sky, the face austere grand and beautiful, shone forth luminously pale; the eyes were full of unquenchable pain, unspeakable remorse, unimaginable despair. All around was a dense crowd of faces, wild and wonderful, whose imploring eyes were turned upon him in piteous agony, the air darkened and lightened with the shadow and brightness of wings. Vast pinions of crimson flame began to unfurl and spread upwards, shafted pinions of burning rose, streamed upward, flaming from his dark form, and sprung aloft in a blaze of scintillant glory, and a voice, infinitely sad, yet infinitely sweet, struck solemn music from the frozen silence.

The ship, which had been frozen up in icebergs, crashes through the ice with a noise of thunder, and face to face with immortal despair, Tempest and the angel, steered by Amiel, rush onwards to the world's end. On the way they pass a pale creature, a white woman's shape clothed in her long hair, wearing the anguished face of Sybil. She casts herself down upon the deck and weeps. He realises what an angel a little guiding love and patience might have made her. "At last I pitied her; I had not pitied her before."

THE LAST CHOICE.

Then a solemn sound of music surged upon the air, and once more the penetrating voice of the fallen archangel addressed him, giving him his last choice:—

"Fate strikes thine hour, and in this hour it is given thee to choose thy Master. Now, by the will of God, thou seest me as Angel; but take heed thou forget not that among men I am as Man. In human form I move with all humanity through endless ages; to kings and counsellors, to priests and scientists, to thinkers and teachers, to old and young, I come in the shape their pride or vice demands, and am as one with all. Self finds in me another Ego; but from the pure in heart, the high in faith, the perfect in intention, I do retreat with joy, offering naught save reverence, demanding naught save prayer. So am I, so must I ever be, till Man of his own will releases and redeems me. Mistake me not, but know me; and choose thy future for truth's sake and not out of fear. Choose and change not in any time hereafter; this hour, this moment, is thy last probation. Choose, I say! Wilt thou serve Self and Me, or God only?"

As the question was thundered in his ears Tempest looked round and saw a gathering crowd of faces, white,

wistful, wondering, threatening and imploring, with glistening eyes and lips that moved dimly.

LUCIFER, SON OF THE MORNING, ARISE!

Every detail of his life was suddenly presented to him as in a dark mirror, and lightened with shame his miserable vices, his effronteries and blasphemies; he found both voice and speech, and cried, "God only; annihilation at His hands than life without Him! God only; I have chosen!"

Over the face of my dark Foe a light celestial fell, like the light of dawn. Awed and afraid, I gazed upward . . . and there I saw a new and yet more wondrous glory . . . a shining Figure outlined against the sky in such surpassing beauty and vivid brilliancy as made me think the sun itself had risen in vast angel-shape on rainbow pinions. And from the brightening heaven there rang a silver voice, clear as a clarion call:—

"Arise, Lucifer, Son of the Morning! One soul rejects thee, one hour of joy is granted thee. Hence and arise!"

Earth, air and the sea blazed suddenly into fiery gold. Blinded and stunned, I was seized by compelling hands, and held firmly down by a force invisible, . . . the yacht was slowly sinking under me. Overwhelmed with unearthly terrors, my lips yet murmured,—

"God! God only." The heavens changed from gold to crimson—anon to shining blue, . . . and against this mass of waving colour, that seemed to make a jewelled archway of the sky, I saw the form of him whom I had known as man swiftly ascend, god-like, with flaming pinions and upturned glorious visage, like a vision of light in darkness. Around him clustered a million winged shapes; but He, supreme, majestic, wonderful, towered high above them all, a very king of splendour, the glory round his brows resembling meteor-fires in an Arctic midnight—his eyes, twin stars, ablaze with such great rapture as seemed half agony. Breathless and giddy, I strained my sight to follow him as he fled; . . . and heard the

musical calling of strange sweet voices everywhere, from east to west, from north to south—

"Lucifer! Beloved and unforgotten. Lucifer, Son of the Morning, arise. . . arise. . ."

I was falling,—falling,—into unimaginable depths, . . . when another voice, till then unheard, solemn, yet sweet, spoke aloud—

"Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into the outermost darkness of the world. There let him find my light."

I heard, yet felt no fear.

"God only," I said, as I sank into the vast profound.

Once more . . . yet once . . . the Angel-visage bent its warning looks on me, . . . I saw the anguished smile, the great burning eyes with immortal sorrows.

WELL—?

The last chapter is an anti-climax and need not be quoted here. This is a rapid and faithful summary of a book which has already sold by the score of thousands, and which we are given to understand is being eagerly devoured by princes and sovereigns at home and abroad. What are we to think of it as a literary phenomenon? The conception, I have said, is novel and even sublime. It is worked out with an audacity that does not shrink from blasphemy. The execution is vigorous—after the vigour of a tambour major. Its conspicuous quality is lack of restraint of any kind. To use a vulgar phrase, Marie Corelli lets herself go with a vengeance all over the shop. It is as if the book were printed in capitals, and illuminated from cover to cover with the most glaring colours of the pyrotechnic artist. She paints indeed, but it is with a brush as huge as a bill-sticker's. But let no one despise it. It is the supreme example of a popular style; the zenith attained by the Penny Dreadfulsque in the last decade of the nineteenth century.

OUR MONTHLY PARCEL OF BOOKS.

DEAR MR. SMURTHWAYT,—The three books that have been selling best this past month are all of them novels—a bad sign, perhaps, were it not for the fact that the other three that go to make up the half-dozen "most in demand" represent theology, biography, and history of an unusually excellent description. Here is the list:—

The Sorrows of Satan; or, the Strange Experience of Geoffrey Tempest, Millionaire: a Romance. By Marie Corelli. 6s.

The Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Anthony Hope. 6s.

The Men of the Moss-Hags. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.

The Teaching of Jesus. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.

John Stuart Blackie: a Biography. By Anna M. Stodart. 21s.

Westminster. By Sir Walter Besant. 18s.

At least Miss Marie Corelli sells; she may well claim to be independent of the reviewers! And Mr. Anthony Hope is another writer whom the public rushes at once to buy—especially when, as in his new book, "The Chronicles of Count Antonio" (Methuen, 6s.), he deals with a Zenda kind of *milieu*, with plots and counterplots, intrigues, gallantries, and clash of steel. His new hero is an Italian Robin Hood, who, baulked of his love, and outlawed from his native State, the pocket-Duchy of Firmola, withdraws himself with some three-score sturdy followers to the fastnesses of the hills. Antonio's adventures are all of the kind that fell to the lot of the hero of Sherwood Forest, and among his

henchmen he counts just such another couple as Little John and Will Scarlet. And these "Chronicles" have just about as much connection as had Robin Hood's adventures. On the whole, I cannot help saying that Mr. Hope has done far better work, and trusting that he will do better. "The Prisoner of Zenda" has still to find a worthy successor from his pen, and so, for the matter of that, after its kind, has "Mr. Witt's Widow." "The Men of the Moss-Hags" (Isbister, 6s.) has the Stevensonian sub-title, "A History of Adventure taken from the Papers of William Gordon of Earlstoun in Galloway, and told over again by S. R. Crockett," and it has a very Stevensonian flavour. But, well written though it is, it has little of the sense of inevitable rightness which was one of the distinguishing charms of "Kidnapped" and its fellows. In his dedication to Mr. Andrew Lang, "Poet, Romancer, Scholar, and Friend," Mr. Crockett calls his book an "attempt at a true history of some who fought bravely beneath the Banner of Blue." Certainly its pages do not lack brave fighting, and bloody. If you cared at all for "The Raiders," you will like "The Men of the Moss-Hags." It deserves a similar success. Mr. Horton's "The Teaching of Jesus" (Isbister, 3s. 6d.) is a volume of theology of a kind one is delighted to see selling so well. It deals with essentials, and deals with them well. It will help vastly to clear away what is effete and cobweb-clogged in the religious conceptions of the man in the street. "There is a new breath in modern theology, as if the air were stealing from the

stiff lips of winter, and the Christian faith were about to become again the animating spirit of men and nations. It is due to a remarkable revival of interest in the teaching of Jesus"—so run the first two sentences of Mr. Horton's work, and they strike the right note—a note sustained by the succeeding pages. Miss Stoddart's "John Stuart Blackie: a Biography" (Blackwood, 21s.) is in two volumes, and is an adequate and exceedingly readable life of a man who had stamped the impress of his personality upon the Scottish people in a manner little short of miraculous. Miss Stoddart has made the best of her subject, excellent one as it is, and every page of the work is interesting. For frontispiece there is a good etching of the Professor, after a portrait by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A. Then you will find Sir Walter Besant's "Westminster" (Chatto, 18s.), a bulky volume, the inevitable but none the less welcome complement to his "London." Like that book, "Westminster" makes no pretence at being a history. Written for a magazine in a series of articles, it is discursive rather than scientific in plan, but its scope is large, and it succeeds admirably in revivifying for us the dry bones of the past, in peopling again the Westminster of earliest time, of the Middle Ages, and of more recent days. Its object, chiefly and in brief, is "to present the place as a town and borough, with its streets and its people," and naturally its interest is as much topographical as historical. The numerous illustrations, including an etched frontispiece of the Abbey, deserve your special attention.

You can turn now to the ordinary contents of your box, to the books which, while they have been talked about to a certain extent and are worth your reading, have still not reached the extreme popularity of the half-dozen I have just mentioned. Let me take history first. Mr. Basil Worsfold's "South Africa: a Study in Colonial Administration and Development" (Methuen, 6s.), is likely to be the most useful; but more immediately interesting is "The Relief of Chitral" (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net), by Captains G. J. and Frank E. Younghusband, two brothers who served through the campaign as *Times* correspondents. It contains maps and numerous reproductions of photographs, and, with Mr. Thomson's "The Chitral Campaign," that I sent you last month, gives an unusually clear idea of the operations and difficulties of our troops. A volume, larger but not unsimilar, and very readable, is "The Land of the Nile Springs: being Chiefly an Account of How we Fought Kabarega" (Arnold, 16s.), by Colonel Sir Henry Colville.

Perhaps Mr. Charles Lowe's "The German Emperor William II." (Bliss, 3s. 6d.), the new volume of the Public Men of To-day series, will interest you most of the volumes of biography I send. Certainly it is the most actual. Mr. Hume Brown's "John Knox: a Biography" (Black, 24s.), is a very serious study of the life, the work and the times of a man whom Mr. Brown considers to be, with his countryman and contemporary, George Buchanan, one of the most representative men of his century. "The history of their life and work belongs not merely to their own country, but to the general development of Europe." Mr. Brown's object has been to present Knox in a two-fold aspect—at once as a great Scotsman and as a figure of European importance; and the better to do justice to his theme he has virtually written the religious and political history of the whole period of Knox's activity in Scotland. Then you will welcome Dr. George Smith's "Bishop Heber: Poet and Chief Missionary to the East, 1783-1826" (Murray, 10s. 6d.), which has an unexpected value as containing a number

of letters and verses that have not appeared elsewhere. Dr. John Todhunter's "Life of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, with a Short Narrative of the Principal Events of the Jacobite War in Ireland" (Unwin, 1s.) is a volume of the New Irish Library; while the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache's "Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol" (Arnold, 3s. 6d.) is a very much expanded reprint of an essay, partly critical, partly compact of reminiscences, which attracted no little attention on its first appearance in the *Journal of Education*. Of similar interest is Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare's "Biographical Sketches" (George Allen, 8s. 6d.), containing "memorials" of Dean Stanley, Dean Alford, and Mrs. Duncan Stewart, and, for a reason not easy to discern, a paper on the French provincial town Paray le Monial. Each of his subjects Mr. Hare seems to have known intimately, and his book has plenty of new and valuable information. Dr. John Skelton's "Table-Talk of Shirley" (Blackwood, 7s. 6d.) is perhaps the most thoroughly readable volume of reminiscences that has appeared this year. "Shirley" has known every one of importance for decades past, and his stories of and letters from men as diverse as Froude, Thackeray, Disraeli, Browning, Rossetti, Kingsley, Huxley and Tyndall give the volume a fascination and a value such as few books of the kind have. But—there is no index! The last volume of biography, "Great Astronomers" (Isbister, 7s. 6d.), partakes of the nature of a history of Astronomy, for Sir Robert Ball tells the tale of the life and work of eighteen astronomers, commencing with Ptolemy and Copernicus, and dealing in turn with Galileo, Isaac Newton, the Herschels, Laplace, the Earl of Rosse, and others. The papers are well illustrated.

In "In a Walled Garden" (Ward and Downey, 6s.) Madame Belloc has collected many of the bright and fragrant flowers which from time to time this veteran worker and pioneer in all good causes has contributed to contemporary literature. Madame Belloc, the first woman to edit a woman's journal, is a descendant of Dr. Priestley. Her place by heredity in the front rank of the vanguard of humanity has been maintained by the services of a long and active life. The friend of George Eliot, Mary Howitt, Miss Procter, and a host of other distinguished women of this country, she was by her marriage brought into close relations with French literary society. In "In a Walled Garden" you will find a good deal of new matter hitherto unpublished, correspondence with many eminent men and women, reminiscences of Cardinal Manning, Mrs. Jameson, Lady Georgina Fullerton, and glimpses of many notables of the recent past. One paper, "A Chapter of War," contains a vivid picture of the desolation which the German invasion wrought in the domesticities of residents at the seat of war.

As I have nothing of legal or political interest that is new to send you this month, you cannot do better than read again Mr. R. H. Hutton's edition of Walter Bagehot's "Economic Studies" (Longmans, 3s. 6d.), which, with others of Bagehot's works, has just made its appearance in the Silver Library. I say "read again," for I suppose you are already acquainted with the two papers on the Transferability of Labour and of Capital, which make up his essay on "The Postulates of English Political Economy," with his "Preliminaries of Political Economy" and his studies of Adam Smith, Malthus, Ricardo, the Growth of Capital, and the Cost of Production.

The second, long-expected volume of the late Dr. Romanes's "Darwin, and After Darwin: an Exposition of the Darwinian Theory and a Discussion of Post-Darwinian Questions" (Longmans, 10s. 6d.), most of

which was in type before its author's death, deals specially with those Post-Darwinian theories which involve fundamental questions of heredity and utility. An admirable photogravure portrait of Romanes is the frontispiece to this volume. Then you will be glad to add to your other volumes of the Social Science Series, Dr. Giles's "Moral Pathology" (Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.). It deals with its subject in rather too sentimental a manner, I think. The first part of Dr. Jane Walker's "A Book for Every Woman" (Longmans, 2s. 6d.), dealing with "the management of children in health and out of health," is a volume which you are sure to find a use for.

In theology I have very little to send you besides Mr. Horton's "The Teaching of Jesus," to which I have already referred. You will be interested, though, in Dr. MacKenna's "The Seven Churches in Asia considered as Types of the Religious Life of To-day" (Stock, 3s. 6d.), seven chapters whose subjects and method are suggested by their titles—"Ephesus, the Strenuous Church," "Laodicea, the Self-Complacent Church," "Philadelphia, the Patient Church," etc. Dr. Stewart's "Handbook of Christian Evidences" (Black, 1s. 6d.) has appeared in a new and more convenient form as a volume of the Guild Library.

In books of geographical interest your parcel is this month unusually rich. First I must notice the largest and most permanently useful, "Longmans' Gazetteer of the World" (Longmans, 42s.), which, edited by Mr. George Chisholm, is certainly the most exhaustive and the most reliable work of its kind that has appeared. It is astonishing how complete and how numerous its entries are; and it is an advantage that each has a separate paragraph. It is a huge book and an expensive one, out it is well worth the money it costs. Then there is Lord Cavan's "With Yacht, Camera, and Cycle in the Mediterranean" (Low, 12s. 6d.), a volume useful alike to the ordinary tourist, the yachtsman, and the cyclist, for its author has carefully culled information for each. But its pictures give the work its chief value—nearly a hundred excellent full-page photogravures from prints taken under the direct supervision of the Earl, and giving a splendid idea of the many ports and places which his party visited. "Algerian Memories: a Bicycle Tour over the Atlas to the Sahara" (Unwin, 6s.), by Mr. and Mrs. Workman, may suggest new fields for you and your children to conquer on your cycles. After all, Algeria is easily accessible. Dr. William Wright's "An Account of Palmyra and Zenobia, with Travels and Adventures in Bashan and the Desert" (Nelson, 7s. 6d.), is a very interesting chapter of Eastern life and travel, of the explorations and events of the nine years during which its author lived in Syria. The many illustrations and the maps add to its value and interest. Another book dealing with the East is purely a guide-book—"A Guide to Constantinople" (Black, 2s. 6d.), by Demetrius Koufopoulos, a dragoman of many years' experience. It is a book you may easily find useful. A guide-book that is, in its way, a real piece of literature is Mr. Cunningham Graham's "Notes on the District of Mentieth for Tourists and Others" (Black, 1s.); and you should be especially interested in "The New Forest, its Traditions, Inhabitants, and Customs" (Murray, 7s. 6d.), by Miss Rose C. de Crespigny and Mr. Horace Hutchinson, a comely volume fully illustrated and with a good map. "Picturesque New Zealand" (Cassell, 6s.) is a book crammed full of pictures and descriptive letterpress, and it has the advantage of a commendatory introduction by Sir W. B.

Perceval, the Colony's Agent-General; and the series of Lord Brassey's writings has had added to it his "Voyages and Travels," two volumes (Longmans, 5s. each), edited by Captain Eardley-Wilmot. They are made up of lectures, magazine articles and pamphlets, and deal with Algeria, the Suez Canal, the West Indies, the United States, India, Australia and a voyage round the world; and they contain the necessary maps. Talking about maps, I send you a couple of good atlases which Messrs. Philip have just published, both being from the hand of Mr. Ravenstein. "The Handy-Volume Atlas of the World" (5s.) is really a new edition, but as it contains seventy-two new and specially engraved plates, you will be glad of it, even if you have the old edition already on your shelves. It is of a convenient pocket size, and the statistical notes and the index are well compiled. The other is "The School Edition of the Systematic Atlas, Physical and Political" (10s. 6d.), and is a smaller edition of the larger "Systematic Atlas," specially designed "to meet the requirements of pupils in higher schools, of teachers, and of other students of geography, for whom neither the ordinary school atlas nor the general reference atlas is entirely adequate." Its index includes twelve thousand names. Another volume which may be useful, if you are ever inclined on your holidays to cast your eyes Hibernianwards, is Mr. Edgar Flinn's "Ireland: its Health Resorts and Watering Places" (Baillière, 2s. 6d. net), which has a map and a few illustrations.

Among essays and books of distinctive literary interest, the first place belongs, of course, to "Anima Poetæ, from the Unpublished Note-book of Samuel Taylor Coleridge" (Heinemann, 17s. 6d.), edited by his grandson, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge. It is a volume of considerable size, made up of aphorisms, reflections, confessions and soliloquies from the many "pocket-books, note-books and copy-books, of all shapes, sizes and bindings" which the poet left behind him when he died, and which while he lived he made his constant companions. "Hints and first thoughts," Coleridge considered these notes and reflections, and certainly the majority are suggestive, thoughtful, and luminous in the extreme, and there is hardly one but is worth reading and considering. They will give valuable aid to the reader of Coleridge's poetry in forming an estimate, to quote from their editor, "of those strange self-communings to which Coleridge devoted so much of his intellectual energies, and by means of which he hoped to pass through the mists and shadows of words and thoughts to a steadier contemplation, to the apprehension, if not the comprehension, of the mysteries of truth and being." Next, I should mention Professor Dowden's "New Studies in Literature" (Paul, 12s.), a collection of nine papers absolutely lacking in connection, but well worth reprinting, with a lengthy introduction expressing "certain hopes and fears for literature at the present day, especially as those hopes and fears are connected with the democratic tendencies and scientific movement of our century." The most notable of the papers forming the bulk of the book are those on "Mr. Meredith in his Poems," "The Poetry of Robert Bridges," "The Poetry of John Donne," "Goethe," "Coleridge as a Poet," "Literary Criticism in France," and "The Teaching of English Literature." We are likely to wait long until we can know with any approach to definiteness what kind of permanent place Stevenson is to hold in English literature, but in the meantime such an essay as Professor Raleigh's "Robert Louis Stevenson" (Arnold, 2s. 6d.) will help you in forming your own conclusion. Its author you already know as the

writer of the manual on "The English Novel," which gained such golden opinions from competent critics last year. The present essay is an expansion of a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution last May. For the same series that contained "The English Novel," Mr. J. W. Mackail has written a volume with similar aim on "Latin Literature" (Murray, 3s. 6d.), a careful and as adequate a survey as could be expected in the space. Mr. Swinburne's "A Study of Shakespeare" (Chatto, 8s.) is really a new edition, but its importance warrants me in mentioning it here.

Poetry is still rather a drug: the boom worked itself out months ago, and booksellers tell me that only one or two of the younger men have any permanent sale: Perhaps this is only a temporary reaction, and anyhow I make no apology for sending you Mrs. Marriott Watson's "Vespertilia and Other Verses" (Lane, 4s. 6d. net). Turn to "A Song of London" and then write and tell me if you do not consider it one of the most fascinating of the many lyrics our city has evoked. Here are two stanzas:—

"O fair shines the gold moon
On blossom clustered eaves,
But bright blinks the gas-lamp
Between the linden leaves.
And the green country meadows
Are fresh and fine to see,
But the grey streets of London
They're all the world to me."

There are other good things in the volume, but that, I think, is the best. The title-poem itself is picturesque, but it is reasonless and unconvincing. "A Pomander of Verse" (Lane, 5s. net) is another collection of poems by a lady—a lady who prefers to be known, and has already a considerable reputation, as "E. Nesbit." It is a volume well worth your attention, for it contains lyrics and short pieces of beauty and extreme delicacy, verses which stand the test of being read aloud again and again. Mr. Lawrence Housman has designed a charming cover, a title-page, and decorations for the pages. We have women poets certainly when, in one month, I can send you two volumes so full of merit as are these. Original verse of another kind, a far different kind, is represented by Mr. Owen Seaman's "Tillers of the Sand" (Smith and Elder, 3s. 6d.), described as "a fitful record of the Rosebery Administration from the triumph of Ladas to the decline and fall off." Not Mr. Traill himself has written more amusing or more legitimately sarcastic pasquinades than these verses on the policy of Lord Rosebery and the Liberal party. The late Mr. Henry Thornton Wharton's "Sappho: Memoir, Text, Selected Renderings, and a Literal Translation" (Lane, 7s. 6d. net) has received so many additions and is so much improved since the appearance of the last edition, now long out of print, that it almost ranks as a new book. It contains a life of the poet, every line of her writing that has been discovered, with selected English renderings and a literal translation, and photogravure reproductions of Mr. Alma Tadema's portrait, Clarkson Stanfield's picture of Mitylene, and two fragments of the Fayum manuscripts. It is impossible to imagine a more beautiful book, or a work for which lovers of poetry could be more grateful.

Among books of a miscellaneous kind Mr. Karl Károly's "A Guide to the Paintings of Venice" (Bell, 5s.), an historical and critical account of all the pictures in Venice, is perhaps the most useful. I must also mention Mr. R. W. Sindall's "Eye-Teaching in the Sunday-School" (S. S. U., 1s. 6d.), an illustrated handbook; Mr.

J. S. Shedlock's "The Pianoforte Sonata: its Origin and Development" (Methuen, 6s.); Mr. J. H. Ellis's "Chess Sparks; or, Short and Bright Games of Chess" (Longmans, 4s. 6d.); Mr. H. E. Bird's "Chess Novelties and their Latest Developments" (Warne, 3s. 6d.); and the Rev. J. R. Miller's "Home-Making; or, The Ideal Family Life" (S. S. U., 3s. 6d.).

To turn to fiction—in addition to the two or three books I have already mentioned, the most important volumes I have to send are Miss Violet Hunt's "A Hard Woman: a Story in Scenes" (Chapman, 6s.). Mr. Walter Raymond's "In the Smoke of War: a Story of Civil Strife" (Arrowsmith, Bristol, 1s.), and, a new book by a new author, Mr. T. Inglis's "Dr. Quantrell's Experiment: the Chronicle of a Second Marriage" (Black, 3s. 6d.). Miss Hunt's "A Hard Woman" is a worthy successor to "The Maiden's Progress," but she has, I was glad to find, mitigated somewhat her habit of telling her story solely in dialogue. Here there is a maximum of dialogue to a minimum of description; but still the reader gets some relief from the continual flood of brilliant conversation, which is one of the chief attractions of the book. The heroine of "The Maiden's Progress" was not altogether a pleasant type; the heroine of this new story, the "hard woman" of the title, has no redeeming feature: she is selfish, ill-behaved in a fashionable way, heartless; and her whole nature is laid bare, plain for the reader to see. The pictures of smart society are well done, and were worth doing; but still the book, with all its extreme cleverness, its French qualities of wit and lightness, is not altogether amiable reading. But as I say, it is worth reading as it was worth writing, and is immensely clever. In Miss Hunt we have our English "Gyp." Mr. Raymond's "In the Smoke of War" is its author's first attempt at a novel dealing with an historical episode. History, however, is kept in the background; the prominent figures suffer from it, but are not actors; and we are allowed but a glimpse of Cromwell's figure as he surveys the progress of the battle of Langport. It is of course a Somersetshire story, and the atmosphere and dialect are reproduced in a way that is all Mr. Raymond's own. For the first work of a new writer "Dr. Quantrell's Experiment" is immensely promising. It begins brightly and briskly, and if towards the end, as comedy gives place to tragedy, the action drags rather and is confused, it is a fault natural enough in a writer who has yet to learn the completely happy manipulation of the incidents of his plot. A middle-aged bachelor marries his pretty housemaid, a girl in appearance and bearing far above her station. The result of this experiment in matrimony it would be unfair to divulge. It is the intrusion of coincidence and accident in the last scenes that mar the complete success of one of the most interesting and most original stories we have read this season. What Mr. Inglis has to guard against in future work is the involved plot built on fortuitous circumstance. But, anyhow, we shall look forward to his next book.

A couple of months ago I sent you a volume of short stories, "The King in Yellow," by Mr. Robert W. Chambers, an American writer whose work has only just secured a publisher over here. To-day I send his earlier book, a short novel, "In the Quarter" (Chatto, 2s. 6d.). It has the same characters, and deals with American student life in the Latin Quarter in just the same way as the latter stories did in "The King in Yellow." But the workmanship is not so fine, and although there is tenderness and humanity in the story, there is a touch or two of coarseness here and there of

which I am sure the Mr. Chambers who has written "The Street of Our Lady of the Fields" would not now be capable. And the hand of the novice, too, is shown by the constant intrusion of the long arm of coincidence. But all the same, it is a well-written little book, with many vivid pictures of the young artist's life in Paris. That it is reminiscent, in more ways than one, of "Tribby" should at the present time be a further recommendation. "A Japanese Marriage" (Black, 6s.), by Mr. Douglas Sladen, I ought by rights to have sent you weeks ago. It is put forth with the strongly avowed purpose of forwarding the cause of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, and it would be well if every novel with a purpose were so readable and so well written. And, knowing his Japan as few other writers of books know it, Mr. Sladen gives us in the course of his story descriptions of the country and the people, intimate and convincing.

Then, to the Zeit-Geist Library has been added Miss Nora Vynne's "A Man and his Womankind" (Hutchinson, 1s. 6d.), a clever, restrained little story, notable for the excellence of its character-drawing rather than for its somewhat uneventful plot; and Miss Helen Mathers has produced another novel, with the promising title of "The Lovely Malincourt" (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.). Both these I send, together with Mr. Joseph Hocking's "All Men are Liars" (Ward and Lock, 3s. 6d.), a rather long story of the old-fashioned sort, but better written. It is the kind of novel that runs with success as a serial in a religious weekly. A book of similar type is "The Heart of Man" (Warne, 3s. 6d.), by this author's better known brother, Mr. Silas K. Hocking. You will also find two new volumes of the collected translation of Ivan Turgenev's novels and short stories, containing "A Sportman's Sketches" (Heinemann, 3s. each, net).

CHILDREN WANTED AND UNWANTED.

LAST month we succeeded in settling four children in homes where there is every prospect of their being happy and well taken care of. Everyday's experience proves that the right way to approach this question of baby exchange, is not from the point of view of the relatives of the children who are to be placed, but from the point of view of those who wish to adopt. This obviates a great difficulty which has always oppressed me in handling the matter. Most of the unwanted children who are, so to speak, in the market for disposal, are illegitimate. Any system of exchange or settlement which offered to find homes for illegitimate children would tend directly and inevitably to increase the supply of illegitimate children. This has been proved over and over again by the experience of foundling hospitals. It is, therefore, necessary to approach it from the other end, viz., to deal with the needs of those who want children and have either lost their own little ones or have made childless marriages, or have never been married at all. The instinct of parentage is very strong in many who have never been in a position to undertake the responsibility of motherhood or fatherhood. The needs of such persons may be met as I am trying to do it. I therefore publish a list of the children that are practically on hand. I do not publish the list of applications I have received. Those who wish to adopt these children can communicate with me. There is a great deal of trouble entailed in adjusting the supply to the demand, but it is at least a consolation to know that in several cases childless homes have been blessed by the welcome presence of a child.

LIST OF CHILDREN WHO MAY BE ADOPTED.

1. A little boy, 1 year and 9 months old. Fair, with flaxen hair; a nice healthy little fellow. Illegitimate.
2. A little boy, born July 28th last; more particulars not given, but correspondence with any one wishing to adopt a child offered.
3. A little boy. His mother died when he was one month old. No relatives able to help. Father alive, but in very poor circumstances, yet wishes to keep out of the workhouse.
4. A little boy. His mother would give up all claims on him if she found foster-parents willing to adopt him, as her husband is abroad, and she wishes to join him, and cannot take the baby with her. Will give all particulars if necessary.
5. A little girl, "quite a lovely child," and very healthy. Illegitimate. Born in the beginning of July.
6. A baby girl three and a half years of age. A pretty child. Very healthy and well grown. Brown hair, dark eyes, and pretty fair complexion. She is very sweet-tempered. Is illegitimate.

7. A baby boy. A year old. Of gentle birth. Deserted by its father.

8. A baby boy. Born October, 1894. Illegitimate.

9. A baby girl. A twin child of a soldier and his wife. The mother having to do laundry work, two babies to look after is too much for her.

10. A little girl, three and a half years of age. She is a bright healthy child, with dark hair and rosy cheeks.

11. A baby boy, rather fair. Illegitimate. About a month old.

12. A grandmother wants her grand-daughter to be adopted. She is eleven years of age, and a nice girl.

13. A baby boy. Illegitimate. About a month old. Fair child. Its mother is a lady.

14. A baby boy. Illegitimate.

15. A father, whose profession obliges him to move about constantly, would like both or one of his motherless girls adopted. Ages eleven and seven.

16. A married woman, whose husband has deserted her and her children, would be thankful to have her baby adopted.

17. A little girl, five and a half years old, of good family. Particulars to be given, when necessary.

The fame of the Baby Exchange seems to have gone far and wide. *Punch* satirised it in its pleasant genial fashion, and the French papers in particular have paid a great deal of attention to its development. As a result of this last phase of its popularity, I received a letter the other day from the camp of Chalon, addressed "W. T. Stead, Philanthrope, Bureau de Placement, London." The letter was from an officer who had been compelled to divorce his first wife and had married a second. He was still legally responsible for the maintenance of his only son by the first marriage. The lad is now nine and a half years old, and he is very anxious to find him a home away from the influence of his mother, and in some place where his presence would not irritate the second wife. I am afraid nine and a half years is rather old; but at the same time if any persons in this country wish to adopt a little French lad whose home life is blighted, owing to these circumstances, I shall be very glad to put them into communication with the officer in question. I cannot undertake the responsibility that would be involved in bringing the boy over; that must be undertaken by the person who wants him.

I have received some touching letters from persons who have written to expostulate and protest concerning my refusal to proceed with the Marriage Bureau. Their letters, although they confirm me in my judgment that the need for such a Bureau is a felt want of modern civilisation, do not in any way remove the objection that has compelled me to abandon the proposal.

THE MONTHLY INDEX TO PERIODICALS.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

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INDEX.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index, which is limited to the following periodicals.

A. C. Q.	American Catholic Quarterly Review.	Fr. L.	Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.	Naut. M.	Nautical Magazine.
A. A. P. S.	Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.	Free R.	Free Review.	N. E. M.	New England Magazine.
Ant.	Antiquary.	G. M.	Gentleman's Magazine.	N. I. R.	New Ireland Review.
Arch. R.	Architectural Record.	G. J.	Geographical Journal.	New R.	New Review.
A.	Arena.	G. O. P.	Girl's Own Paper.	New W.	New World.
Arg.	Argosy.	G. W.	Good Words.	N. C.	Nineteenth Century.
As.	Asclepiad.	G. T.	Great Thoughts.	N. A. R.	North American Review.
A. Q.	Asiatic Quarterly.	Harp.	Harper's Magazine.	O. D.	Our Day.
Ata.	Atalanta.	Hom. R.	Homiletic Review.	O.	Outing.
A. M.	Atlantic Monthly.	H.	Humanitarian.	P. E. F.	Palestine Exploration Fund.
Bank.	Bankers' Magazine.	I.	Idler.	P. M. M.	Pall Mall Magazine.
B. S.	Bibliotheca Sacra.	I. L.	Index Library.	Phil. R.	Philosophical Review.
Black.	Blackwood's Magazine.	I. J. E.	International Journal of Ethics.	P. L.	Poet-Lore.
B. T. J.	Board of Trade Journal.	I. R.	Investors' Review.	P. R. R.	Presbyterian and Reformed Review.
Bkman.	Bookman.	Ir. E. R.	Irish Ecclesiastical Record.	P. M. Q.	Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review.
B.	Borderland.	Ir. M.	Irish Monthly.	Pay. R.	Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.
Cal. R.	Calcutta Review.	Jew. Q.	Jewish Quarterly.	Psychol. R.	Psychological Review.
Can. M.	Canadian Magazine.	J. Ed.	Journal of Education.	Q. J. Econ.	Quarterly Journal of Economics.
C. F. M.	Cassell's Family Magazine.	J. Micro.	Journal of Microscopy.	Q. R.	Quarterly Review.
C. S. J.	Cassell's Saturday Journal.	J. P. Econ.	Journal of Political Economy.	Q. R.	Quiver.
Cas. M.	Cassier's Magazine.	J. R. A. S.	Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.	R. R. R.	Religious Review of Reviews.
C. W.	Catholic World.	J. R. C. I.	Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.	Rel.	Reliquary.
C. M.	Century Magazine.	J. R. U.	Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.	R. C.	Review of the Churches.
C. J.	Chambers's Journal.	Jur. R.	Juridical Review.	R. R. A.	Review of Reviews (America).
Char. R.	Charities Review.	K. O.	King's Own.	R. R. Aus.	Review of Reviews (Australasia).
Chaut.	Chautauquan.	K.	Knowledge.	St. N.	St. Nicholas.
Ch. Mis. I.	Church Missionary Intelligencer.	L. H.	Lecture Hour.	Sc. G.	Science Gossip.
Ch. Q.	Church Quarterly.	Libr.	Library.	Sc. P.	Science Progress.
C. R.	Contemporary Review.	Lipp.	Lippincott's Monthly.	Scots.	Scots Magazine.
C.	Cornhill.	L. Q.	London Quarterly.	Scot. G. M.	Scottish Geographical Magazine.
Cos.	Cosmopolitan.	Long.	Longman's Magazine.	Scot. R.	Scottish Review.
Crit. R.	Critical Review.	Luc.	Lucifer.	Scrib.	Scribner's Magazine.
D. R.	Dublin Review.	Lud.	Ludgate.	Str.	Strand Magazine.
Econ. J.	Economic Journal.	McCl.	McClure's Magazine.	Sun. H.	Sunday at Home.
Econ. R.	Economic Review.	Mac.	Macmillan's Magazine.	Sun. M.	Sunday Magazine.
E. R.	Edinburgh Review.	Man. Q.	Manchester Quarterly.	T. B.	Temple Bar.
Ed. R. A.	Educational Review, America.	Med. M.	Medical Magazine.	Th.	Theatre.
Ed. R. L.	Educational Review, London.	M. W. D.	Men and Women of the Day.	Think.	Thinker.
Eng. M.	Engineering Magazine.	Mind.	Mind.	U. S. M.	United Service Magazine.
E. H.	English Historical Review.	Min.	Minister.	W. R.	Westminster Review.
E. I.	English Illustrated Magazine.	Mis. R.	Missionary Review of the World.	W. M.	Windsor Magazine.
Ex.	Expositor.	Mon.	Monist.	W. H.	Woman at Home.
Ex. T.	Expository Times.	M.	Month.	Y. R.	Yale Review.
F. L.	Folk-Lore.	M. P.	Monthly Packet.	Y. M.	Young Man.
F. R.	Fortnightly Review.	Nat. R.	National Review.	Y. W.	Young Woman.
F.	Forum.	N. Sc.	Natural Science.		

Aballard as a Theological Teacher, **Ch Q**, Oct.

Advertisement, *Advance* of, **C**, Nov.

Afghan Alliance, **E. Kay Robinson** on, **FR**, Nov.

Africa:

Africa as a Field for Colonial Enterprise, by **G. F. Scott Elliot**, **Scot G M**, Oct.
Matabeleland under the British South African Company, by **Sir F. Frankland**, **R R A**, Oct.

Expedition to Ruwenzori and Tanganyika, by **G. F. Scott Elliot**, **G J**, Oct.
Rock of Al-Tarik, Morocco, by **Mary T. Carpenter**, **Cos**, Oct.

Agriculture (see also Contents of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*):

The Evolution of Agricultural Science, by **R. M. Garnier**, **Econ R**, Oct.

Aldershot, see under *Armies*.

Allen, Jeremiah M., **P. H. Woodward** on, **Cas M**, Oct.

American People: Are We Old Fogyes? by **J. C. Ayres**, **Cos**, Oct.

American Poets of To-day, by **D. H. Wheeler**, **Chaut**, Oct.

"Anatolius of Laodicea," Paschal Canon of, by **C. H. Turner**, **E H**, Oct.

Annandale, House of, **E R**, Oct.

Anthropology: Criminal Anthropology applied to Pedagogy, by **Prof. C. Lombroso**, **Mon**, Oct.

Arch, Joan of, **L. de Conte** on, **Harp**, Nov.

Archæology, see Contents of *Antiquary*, *Bye-Gones*, *Index Library*, *Middlesex* and *Hertsfordshire Notes and Queries*, *Reliquary*.

Architecture: An Architect's Vacation, by **R. S. Peabody**, **A M**, Nov.

Argon:

Argon and the Atmosphere, by **C. M. Alkman**, **Scot R**, Oct.

Argon and Hellum, **E R**, Oct.

Arid West, see under *United States*.

Armenian Question:

James Bryce on, **C M**, Nov.

The Constantinople Massacre, **Canon McColl** on, **C R**, Nov.

Armies (see also Contents of *United Service Magazine*):

Our Cavalry, **Mac**, Nov.

With the Troops at Aldershot, by **Mary S. Warren**, **C F M**, Nov.

Armstrong, Lord, **D. Trelawney** on, **Min**, Nov.

Arnold's (Matthew) "Sohrab and Rustum," **H. E. Franklin** on, **P L**, Oct.

Astronomy: Is Mars Inhabited? by **P. L. Addison**, **P M M**, Nov.

Atlanta, Georgia: The Cotton States and International Exposition, by **W. G. Cooper**, **Fr L**, Nov.

Australasia: The Civil Service Problem, by **P. R. Meggy**, **R R A**, Oct.

Australasian Literature: A Gallery of Australasian Singers, by **O. Smeaton**, **W R**, Nov.

Australia: Coolgardie, **Y M**, Nov.

Author, Agent, and Publisher, by **T. Werner Laurie**, **N C**, Nov.

Authorship: Writers and Speakers, by **H. N. Crellin**, **G M**, Nov.

Autographs, **Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill** on, **A M**, Nov.

- Bagehot, Walter, W. Wilson on, **A M.** Nov.
 Balfour's (A. J.) "Foundations of Belief,"
 F. J. Brown on, **P M Q.** Oct.
 Balfour's Philosophy, **Ch Q.** Oct.
 Brahmanism and the "Foundations of Belief," by V. Shastri, **F R.** Nov.
Ballooning:
 Birds in Flight and the Flying Machine, by H. S. Maxim, **N A R.** Oct.
 Ballooning as a Sport, by Lieut. B. Baden Powell, **Black.** Nov.
 Hamburgh Castle, D. Trelawney on, **Min.** Nov.
 Barras, Paul, Memoirs of, **E R.** Oct.
 Beecher, Dr. Lyman, H. A. Glass on, **Sun M.** Nov.
 Belief and Truth, by D. H. Balfour, **Free R.** Nov.
 Bethany, see under Palestine.
Bible (see also Contents of *Bibliotheca Sacra*, *Critical Review*, *Expositor*, *Expository Times*, *Presbyterian and Reformed Review*, *Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review*, *Thinker*):
 The Church and the Bible, by Baron Hügel, **D R.** Oct.
 Scientific Evidence of the Deluge, by F. R. Wegg-Prosser, **D R. O. P.**
 Lessons from the Monuments, **L Q.** Oct.
Bible in Schools:
 The Educational Crisis, **Ch Q.** Oct.
 Could the Church Transfer Her Schools to School Boards? by Dean Farrar and Others, **C R.** Nov.
 The Proposals of the Archbishop's Committee on Voluntary Schools, Rev. G. W. Gent on, **R R R.** Oct.
Birds (see also Partridges, Pigeons):
 Birds in Flight and the Flying Machine, by H. S. Maxim, **N A R.** Oct.
 Fowls of the Air, by Sir H. Maxwell, **G W.** Nov.
 Blackie, Professor, Biographical, **Black.** Nov.
 Beating: Through the Iron Gates in a Pair-oared Gig, by H. A. Gwynne, **Long.** Nov.
 Book-Collecting, Julian Moore on, **F R.** Nov.
 Boston, Mass.: Literary Boston Thirty Years Ago, by W. D. Howells, **Harp.** Nov.
 Brahmanism and the "Foundations of Belief," by V. Shastri, **F R.** Nov.
 Brooke's (Henry) "The Fool of Quality," Rev. S. Baring-Gould on, **Bkman.** Nov.
 Bruno, Saint, **Mac.** Nov.
 Bull-Fighting in Spain, by S. L. Bensusan, **E I.** Nov.
 Burns and Dunlop Correspondence, L. M. Roberts on, **F R.** Nov.
 Butler, Bishop, and His Censors, by W. E. Gladstone, **N C.** Nov.
 Caine's (Hall) Book "The Manxman," J. Walker on, **Man Q.** Oct.
 Canada (see also Contents of the *Canadian Magazine*):
 American Emigration to the Canadian North-West, by S. A. Thompson, **N E M.** Oct.
 The Lumber Industry, by J. S. Robertson, **Eng M.** Oct.
 Treatment of the Canadian Indians, by W. Trank, **W R.** Nov.
 Carlyle, Thomas,
 Mrs. I. F. Mayo on, **L H.** Nov.
 "The Homes of Carlyle, by Marion Leslie, **Y M.** Nov.
 Catholic Church (see also Contents of *Catholic World*, *Dublin Review*, *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, *Month*):
 The Rigidity of Rome, by Wilfrid Ward, **N C.** Nov.
 Pastor's "History of the Popes," **Ch Q.** Oct.
 Cellini, Benvenuto, W. Butterworth on, **Man Q.** Oct.
 Ceylon: A Dead City of Ceylon, by Owen Hall, **Lipp.** Nov.
 Chairman, Legal Position of, by Prof. Herkless, **Scott R.** Oct.
 Chamols-Driving, W. A. Rallie-Groham on, **E I.** Nov.
 Charity, Administration of, by Miss L. Twining, **Econ R.** Oct.
 Chesapeake, C. D. Wilson on, **Cos.** Oct.
 Chester-on-the-Dee, B. O. Flower on, **A.** Oct.
 Children, New Study of, by Prof. Sully, **F R.** Nov.
 Childs, George W., **O D.** Oct.
 China, (see also Korean War, Japan, Missions):
 The Life of the Chinese "Goddess of Mercy," by Mrs. T. Richard, **Sun H.** Nov.
 Christian, Prince and Princess, Mary S. Warren on, **Str.** Oct.
 Church and Christianity, (see also Contents of *Clergyman's Magazine*):
 Church Reform:
 Bunting, P. W., on, **C R.** Nov.
 Edwards, Bishop, on, **Nat R.** Nov.
 Congregational Worship, by Rev. T. Harwood Pattison, **Hom R.** Oct.
 Church of England (see also Contents of *Religious Review of Reviews*):
 The Church and the Tithe Acts, by H. R. Farquharson, **Nat R.** Nov.
 Church of the Future, Reunion, etc. (see also Contents of *Review of the Churches*):
 Christian Re-Union, by Viscount Halifax, **Nat R.** Nov.
 The Reunion of Christendom, by Wm. Roberts, **Free R.** Nov.
 Reunion: True and False, by Dean Farrar, **Sun H.** Nov.
 Church History (see also Contents of *Church Quarterly Review*):
 Lightfoot's Apostolic Fathers, **Q R.** Oct.
 Churches: The Church Porch, by Rev. S. Baring-Gould, **Sun M.** Nov.
 Class Sympathies, by Mrs. Lynn Linton, **Nat R.** Nov.
 Classics, see Contents of *Classical Review*.
 Clergy: The English Language as a Study for the Clergy, by Prof. T. W. Hunt, **Hom R.** Oct.
 Coal of the World, **C J.** Nov.
 Coleridge, Christabel Rose, **Sun M.** Nov.
 Coleridge's Letters, **L Q.** Oct.
 Colvill, Sidney, Correspondence of, with R. L. Stevenson, **McCl.** Nov.
 Conservative Party, see under Parliamentary.
 Constantinople Massacre, see Armenia.
 Coolgardie, see under Australia.
 Corinto, Houduras, Richard H. Davis on, **Harp.** Nov.
 Craven, Mrs. Augustus, **Q R.** Oct.
 Cream, see under Dairy-Farming.
 Crime (see also Prisons):
 Criminal Anthropology applied to Pedagogy, by Prof. C. Lombroso, **Mon.** Oct.
 Crimean Letters, **E R.** Oct.
 Croker, Richard, E. J. Edwards on, **Mc Cl.** Nov.
 Cromwell, Oliver,
 Major Ballou on, **U S M.** Nov.
 The Mask of Cromwell, by F. Anderson, **E I.** Nov.
 Cromwell before Edinburgh, 1650, by W. S. Douglas, **Scott R.** Oct.
 Crusades: The Council of Clermont and the First Crusade, by T. A. Archer, **Scott R.** Oct.
Cuba:
 The Revolt in Cuba, **Eng M.** Oct.
 How Cuba might have belonged to France, by Mme. Colmache, **F R.** Nov.
 Cuba's Struggle for Freedom, by J. F. Clark, **Cos.** Oct.
 Havana, **C.** Nov.
 Cycling for Ladies, by Dr. A. T. Schofield, **H.** Nov.
Dairy-Farming: Our Imported Milk and Cream, **C J.** Nov.
 Darwin's Theories, see under Evolution.
 Denmark: Religious Life, **L Q.** Oct.
 Divers and Their Work, by F. Steelcraft, **Str.** Oct.
 Dogs, Barbara C. Finch on, **G M.** Nov.
 Doss-House near the Docks, T. Sparrow on, **Q.** Nov.
 Duffy, James, Publisher, **Ir M.** Nov.
 Dunlop (Mrs.) and Burns Correspondence, L. M. Roberts on, **F R.** Nov.
 Duse, Eleonora, J. R. Towse on, **C M.** Nov.
Education (see also Technical and Secondary Education, and Contents of *Educational Review*, *Hand and Eye*, *Parents' Review*):
 Reform in Education, W. Mitchell on, **I J E.** Oct.
Electoral (see also Parliamentary):
 The Scottish Elections of 1895, **Scott R.** Oct.
 Elliot, George,
 George Elliot and a Latter Day Critic, by Mrs. Mark H. Judge, **H.** Nov.
 A Bit of George Elliot's Country, by J. F. Fraser, **Bkman.** Nov.
 Engineering, see Contents of *Cassier's Magazine*, *Engineering Magazine*.
 English History (see also Cromwell, etc., and Contents of *English Historical Review*):
 The England of Sir Thomas More, **A.** Oct.
 English Language as a Study for the Clergy, by Prof. T. W. Hunt, **Hom R.** Oct.
 Equality as the Basis of Good Society, by W. D. Howells, **C M.** Nov.
 Erasmus in Italy, by Rev. E. H. R. Tatham, **E H.** Oct.
 Ethics, see Contents of *International Journal of Ethics*.
Evolution:
 Lord Salisbury on Evolution, by Herbert Spencer, **N C.** Nov.
 Sectarian Criticism, by Prof. Karl Pearson, **F R.** Nov.
 The Darwinism of Darwin, and of the Post-Darwinian Schools, by Prof. G. J. Romanes, **Mon.** Oct.
 The Fifth Gospel according to Darwin, by Dr. W. Hutchinson, **Mon.** Oct.
 Dr. J. H. Stirling's Book "Darwinism—Workman and Work," W. Johnson on, **P M Q.** Oct.
 Farnham Castle, Deau Boyd on, **Q.** Nov.
 Farrar, Dean, interviewed by R. Blathwayt, **G T.** Nov.
Fiction:
 Novelists and Their Works, **Lud M.** Nov.
 Protestant Fiction, J. Britten on, **M.** Nov.
 Fiji and its People, by Rev. J. Telford, **Sun H.** Nov.
 Finance (see also under India, United States; and Contents of *Bankers' Magazine*, *Board of Trade Journal*, *Investors' Review*):
 The Currency Question for Laymen, by H. R. Beeton, **Nat R.** Nov.
 The Budget, M. G. Mulhall on, **C R.** Nov.
 Land and Money, by Julia A. Kellogg, **A.** Oct.
 Fish-Hatching, W. A. Smith on, **Scott R.** Oct.
 Fleischer, Theodore, Eleonora Kinnicutt on, **C M.** Nov.
 Football: Growth of Association Football, by J. F. Ramsey, **W M.** Oct.
 Foreign Policy of England, E. J. Dillon on, **C R.** Nov.
France:
 The French Republic, A. D. Vandam on, **F R.** Nov.
 Personal History of the Second Empire, by A. D. Vandam, **N A R.** Oct.
 The *Conseil de Famille*, by Miss M. Betham-Edwards, **Nat R.** Nov.
Fraud and Embezzlement, A. Oct.
 Freeman, Prof. E. A.,
 Freeman's Life and Letters, **Ch Q.** Oct.
 Freeman, Froude, and Seely, **Q R.** Oct.
French Literature: A Glimpse of the Immortals at the French Academy, by C. Robinson, **Fr L.** Nov.
 Froude, Prof. J. A., **Q R.** Oct.
 Fulham Palace, Dr. W. Sparrow Simpson on, **Sun M.** Nov.
Geography, see Contents of *Scottish Geographical Magazine*.
Geology, (see also Contents of *Geological Magazine* and *Journal of Geology*):
 The Destruction of the Mammoth and the Great Ice Age, **L Q.** Oct.
Germany:
 The German Struggle for Liberty, by Poultney Bigelow, **Harp.** Nov.
 Village Life in Germany, by A. F. Slack, **L H.** Nov.
 Gibraltar, Lieut.-Col. Adye on, **N C.** Nov.
 Gilbert Islands, West Pacific, C. M. Woodford on, **G J.** Oct.
 Glasgow, **Sun H.** Nov.
 Gouberville, Sire de, Diary of, W. Burnetton, **G M.** Nov.
 Guest, William H., W. Dinmore on, **Man Q.** Oct.
 Hackney, H. D. Lowry and T. S. C. Crowther on, **W M.** Oct.
 Hailey, Edmund, Sir R. Hall on, **G W.** Nov.
 Hallucinations, by Abbot Snow, **D R.** Oct.
 Hamley, Sir Edward, Col. A. C. Gleig on, **G M.** Nov.

- Havana, C, Nov.
 Hellum and Argon, E R, Oct.
 Holland, Surveyor-General, Rev. H. Scaddington, **Can M**, Oct.
 Holmes, Oliver Wendell, J. Ritson on, **P M Q**, Oct.
 Homes: The Princess Louise Home for Girls, by Marquis of Lorne, **Q**, Nov.
 Houghton, Henry O., J. H. Ward on, **N E M**, Oct.
 Housekeeping, Elizabeth L. Banks on, **C F M**, Nov.
 Housing of the Working Classes: The Improvement of Working-Class
 Homes, H. M. Bompas on, **F R**, Nov.
 Hunting, see Sport.
 Huxley, Professor.
 Huxley as Evolutionist, by W. F. Reld, **W R**, Nov.
 Huxley and the "New Reformation," **Ch Q**, Oct.
- India (see also Contents of *Calcutta Review*):
 Indian Frontiers and Indian Finance, by Sir Auckland Colvin, **N C**, Nov.
 Public Opinion in India, **Q R**, Oct.
 Recent Impressions of Anglo-Indian Life, by E. L. Weeks, **Harp**, Nov.
 A Khud in the Punjab, by E. Carrington, **L H**, Nov.
 Ireland (see also Contents of *New Ireland Review*):
 A Unionist Policy for Ireland, by Lord Montagu and others, **Nat R**, Nov.
 Agricultural Co-operation, Hon. Horace Plunkett on, **H**, Nov.
 Ireland Revisited, by Alfred Austin, **Black**, Nov.
 Irish Literature, W. Larmine on, **C R**, Nov.
 Irrigation (see also United States):
 Waterflow as Related to Irrigation, by H. V. Hinckley, **Eng M**, Oct.
- James II. at Saint Germain, by H. Vivian, **New R**, Nov.
 Japan (see also Korean War):
 Japan after the Korean War, by L. Hearn, **A M**, Nov.
 On and Off a Pack-Saddle in Central Japan, **G O P**, Nov.
 Jerusalem, see under Palestine.
 Jews, see Contents of *Jewish Quarterly*.
 Journalism:
 Interviewing in Practice, by F. Banfield, **Nat R**, Nov.
 Religious Journalism and Journalists, G. P. Morris on, **R R A**, Oct.
 Juan, Don, J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly on, **New R**, Nov.
 Juries, see under Law.
- Kaiserswerth, Prussia, Eleanora Kinnicutt on, **C M**, Nov.
 Kelpers, D. J. Robertson on, **Long**, Nov.
 Kerry, Earl of, 1768-1792, J. G. Alger on, **E H**, Oct.
 Knauford, Cheshire, in Fiction, Rev. G. A. Payne on, **G M**, Nov.
 Korean War: Siege of Wei-hai-wai, **Black**, Nov.
- Labour:
 Taking Stock of Employers' Liability, by Lord Farrer, **Nat R**, Nov.
 Why the Workers Want, by Robert Grieve, **A**, Oct.
 Solution of the Labour Question, by Charlotte P. Stetson, **A**, Oct.
 Industrial Reform, by James G. Stevenson, **A**, Oct.
 A Piece-Rate System, by F. W. Taylor, **Cas M**, Oct.
 The Referendum in Relation to Labour in Switzerland and America, by
 A. L. Lowell, **I J E**, Oct.
 Notes on the History of "Unemployment" and Relief Measures in the
 United States, by C. C. Closson, **J P Econ**, Sept.
 The Significance of Labour Day in the United States, by Eugene V. Debs,
A, Oct.
 Lambeth Palace, Rev. J. Cave-Browne on, **G W**, Nov.
 Land (see also Scotland):
 Agrarian Reform, **L Q**, Oct.
 Land and Money, by Julia A. Kellogg, **A**, Oct.
 Law (see also Contents of *Juridical Review*):
 Judges and Lawyers, by Herbert Spencer, **C R**, Nov.
 Humours of Juries and Jurors, **W M**, Oct.
 Liberalism, see under Parliamentary.
 Libraries (see also Contents of *Library*):
 The Carnegie Libraries, by W. B. Shaw, **R R A**, Oct.
 Lightning from the East, by T. H. B. Graham, **G M**, Nov.
 Lincoln, Abraham, Ida M. Tarbell on, **McCl**, Nov.
 Literature (see also Poetry, etc.):
 How to Counteract the "Penny Dreadful," by H. Chisholm, **F R**, Nov.
 Literature as a Resource, by H. W. Mabie, **Chaut**, Oct.
 Living, Art of, by R. Grant, **Scrib**, Nov.
 Lloyd's, by A. Aylmer, **W M**, Oct.
 London (see also Hackney, Lambeth Palace, Fulham Palace):
 London Seasons, **T B**, Nov.
 Loti, Pierre, **Scot R**, Oct.
 Lowell, James Russell, W. C. Lawton on, **Lipp**, Nov.
 Lunacy: Politics and the Insane in the United States, by Dr. H. S. Williams,
N A R, Oct.
- McCarthy, Justin, Interviewed by Mrs. S. A. Tooley, **Y M**, Nov.
 McCosh, James, F. L. Patton on, **P R R**, Oct.
 Madagascar:
 The French in Madagascar, **Q R**, Oct.
 The Last Phase of the Madagascar Campaign, by Capt. Pasfield Oliver,
U S M, Nov.
 In Imerina, by Captain Pasfield Oliver, **New R**, Nov.
 Malomet and Mahomedanism: Islam and Caou MacColl, by Justice Ameer
 Ali, **N C**, Nov.
 Manchester, D. Paton on, **Lud**, Nov.
 Manhattan, R. Cortissoz on, **Scrib**, Nov.
 Maoris, L. Becke and J. D. Fitzgerald on, **R R A**, Oct.
 Maples, Bishop Chauncey, of Likoua; Interview, **E I**, Nov.
 Marriage:
 Ancient Betrothals and Marriages, by W. T. Husband, **H**, Nov.
 Marriage and Free Love, by F. Rockell and W. F. Duntun, **Free R**, Nov.
- Mars, see under Astronomy.
 Medicine (see also Contents of *Provincial Medical Journal*):
 The Medical Student's Career, by Dr. Charlotte Ellaby, **H**, Nov.
 Medical Education, A. L. Benedict on, **Lipp**, Nov.
 From the Note-Book of a Country Doctor, **Mac**, Nov.
 Mellorism, J. M. Sloan on, **Free R**, Nov.
 Meredith, George,
 George Meredith's Novels, J. H. Brocklehurst on, **Man Q**, Oct.
 A Summer with Meredith, by Edith L. Menefee on, **P L**, Oct.
 Mermice, Prosper, **Mac**, Nov.
 Metaphysics, see Contents of *Metaphysical Magazine*.
 Mexico, A. Inkersley on, **Chaut**, Oct.
 Miles, Major-Gen. Nelson A., G. E. Poud on, **McCl**, Nov.
 Milk, see under Dairy-Farming.
 Mint, J. H. Schooling on, **Str**, Oct.
 Missions, Foreign (see also Contents of *Church Missionary Intelligence*):
 The Chinese View of Missionaries, by T. C. Haylar, **N C**, Nov.
 Missionaries in China, **Mac**, Nov.
 Origin of Chinese Outrages, by H. H. van Meter, **O D**, Oct.
 Chinese National and Religious Characteristics, by J. Castell Hopkins,
Can M, Oct.
 Molluscs, see Shells.
 Morocco, see under Africa.
 Morris, William, and Socialism, by W. G. Kingsland, **P L**, Oct.
 Mountain Railroads in Mining Regions, by J. R. Maxwell, **Eng M**, Oct.
- Napoleon I.:
 Davis, John, on, **A**, Oct.
 Sloane, W. M., on, **C M**, Nov.
 Natural History, see Birds, Partridges, Pigeons, Spiders, Plants; and Contents
 of *Journal of Microscopy and Natural Science*.
 Navies (see also Contents of *United Service Magazines*):
 The Future of Naval Warfare, by W. Mitchell, **A M**, Nov.
 Politics, Parties, and Imperial Defence, **Q R**, Oct.
 Nelson, Lord, Biographical, **New R**, Nov.
 New England, see Contents of *New England Magazine*.
 New York State (see also Manhattan):
 The Scenic Panorama of New York State, by F. Seeger, **Fr L**, Nov.
 Non-conformity, Philosophy of, by W. Lloyd, **W R**, Nov.
 "North, Christopher," A. Cargill on, **P M M**, Nov.
 Norway: A Short Cruise, by Marquis of Ormonde, **G W**, Nov.
 Norwegian Literature, W. Larmine on, **C R**, Nov.
 Nursing: Talks with a Nurse, by G. B. Burgin, **I**, Nov.
- Opium, J. Jennings on, **Lud**, Nov.
 Oratory: Writers and Speakers, H. N. Crellin on, **G M**, Nov.
 Ossets, M. A. Morrison on, **L H**, Nov.
 Ossoli, Margaret Fuller,
 Hester S. Dwinelle on, **H**, Nov.
 Critical Work of, **P L**, Oct.
- Palestine, (see also Contents of *Palestine Exploration Fund*)
 Jerusalem to Bethany, by Dr. James Wells, **Sun M**, Nov.
 Pallinsburn Gull Pond, by P. A. Graham, **Long**, Nov.
 Pamirs: Attempts to Ascend Mustagh-Ata, by Dr. S. Hedin, **G J**, Oct.
 Paper-Money, Curiosities of, by W. J. Gordon, **L H**, Nov.
 Parliamentary (see also Electoral):
 Rival Leaders and Party Legacies, **Q R**, Oct.
 Politics, Parties, and Imperial Defence, **E R**, Oct.
 The Triumph of Conservatism, **Q R**, Oct.
 Illiberal Liberalism, by W. S. Lilly, **C R**, Nov.
 The Reorganisation of Liberalism, by J. Annand, **New R**, Nov.
 The Earliest House of Commons, by A. F. Robbins, **C F M**, Nov.
 Partridges, Irish, **Mac**, Nov.
 Pasteur, Dr. Louis,
 Andrewes, Dr. F. W., on, **N Sc**, Nov.
 Geldes, Patrick, on, **C R**, Nov.
 Miers, H. A., on, **N Sc**, Nov.
 Mitchell, P. Chalmers on, **New R**, Nov.
 Thomson, J. A., on, **C R**, Nov.
 Woolthead, Dr. G. S., on, **Sc P**, Nov.
 Paternalism, R. L. Bridgman on, **N E M**, Oct.
 Persian Kurdistan, W. B. Harris on, **Black**, Nov.
 Petroleum, **C J**, Nov.
 Philosophy, see Contents of *Mind*, *Monist*.
 Photography, see Contents of *Photogram*, *Practical Photographer*, *Wilson's
 Photographic Magazine*.
 Phrenology, see Contents of *Phrenological Magazine*.
 Pigeons, "Son of the Marshes" on, **M**, Nov.
 Plants and Plant Life: Protection and Dispersion in Plants, by John R.
 Jackson, **L H**, Nov.
 Plutocrat and Preacher, by Rev. W. A. Evans, **A**, Oct.
 Poetry (see also American Literature and the Present Crisis, by Dr. D. S. Gregory,
Hom R, Oct.
 Modern Troubadours, by J. F. Kowbotham, **W R**, Nov.
 Death in the Poets, **T B**, Nov.
 Political Economy, see Contents of *Economic Review*, *Journal of Political
 Economy*, *Quarterly Journal of Economics*.
 Positivism, see Contents of *Positivist Review*.
 Post Office, (see also Contents of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*):
 Catching the Mail-Bags, by R. H. Cocks, **Str**, Oct.
 Preaching:
 Preacher and Plutocrat, by Rev. W. A. Evans, **A**, Oct.
 [The Preacher and the Preaching for the Present Crisis, by Dr. D. S. Gregory,
Hom R, Oct.
 Prior, Melton, Interviewed, by R. Compton, **I**, Nov.
 Prisons (see also Crime):
 Prisoners on the Move, by E. R. Spearman, **F R**, Nov.

- Prisons (see also Crime):—*continued*.
 Retribution or Reformation? by W. M. Galliehan, **Free R.** Nov.
 Wormwood Scrubs; a Model Prison, by C. F. Peck, **P M M.** Nov.
 A Convent Prison at Nendorf, Austria, C. Nov.
 Sunday in Gaol, by Major A. Griffiths, **Q.** Nov.
 Problems of the Age, by Dean Farrar, **N A R.** Oct.
 Psychological Research (see also Contents of *Borderland, Lucifer*):
 Occult Manifestations, by Dr. W. C. Cooper, A. Oct.
 Dynamic Thought, by Prof. W. F. Barrett, H. Nov.
 Psychology (see also Child-Study, and Contents of *American Journal of Psychology, Mind*):
 The Pharmacy of the Soul, by Mrs. W. V. Martin, H. Nov.
 Punishments, J. Scott on, Min. Nov.
- Quarles, Francis, Rev. A. W. Fox on, **Man Q.** Oct.
 Queen Victoria, Betrothal and Early Married Life of, **W H.** Nov.
- Railways:
 The Broad Gauge, **G M.** Nov.
 The Brompton Electric Bicycle Railway, C. H. Cochrane on, **Lipp.** Nov.
 Referendum in Relation to Labour in Switzerland and in America, by A. L. Lowell, I J E. Oct.
- Religion: The Persistence of Dogmatic Theology, by G. G. Greenwood, **W R.** Nov.
 Religions, Parliament of, Dr. H. Y. Satterlee on, **Ch Q.** Oct.
 Reunion, see under Church of the Future.
 Rodney, Admiral, T. B. Nov.
 Romanesque (Prof.) "Thoughts on Religion:"
 Dorricott, I., on, **P M Q.** Oct.
 Hewitt, Very Rev. A. F. on, **C W.** Oct.
 Ross, Alexander, Foster Watson on, **G M.** Nov.
 Roumania: Through the Iron Gates in a Pair-oared Gig, by H. A. Gwynne, **Long.** Nov.
- Russia:
 The Persecution of Christians, Count Leo Tolstoy on, **C R.** Nov.
 The Russian Bible, **Ch Q.** Oct.
- Russian Literature: An Appreciation of Russian Fictional Literature, by R. G. Burton, **W R.** Nov.
- Salisbury Plain, G. Fidler on, **G W.** Nov.
 Sanitation (see also Contents of *Public Health, Sanitary Journal*):
 Future Methods of Sewage Purification, by W. L. Hedenberg, **Eng M.** Oct.
- Scheffel, Victor, T. W. Rolleston on, **C R.** Nov.
 Schmidel, Hulderico, R. B. Cunninghame Graham on, **N C.** Nov.
 Science, see Contents of *Knowledge, New Science Review, Science Progress*.
 Scotland (see also Glasgow, and Contents of *Scots Magazine, Scottish Review*):
 Land in the Highlands, **Black.** Nov.
- Scott, Clement, Interviewed by Miss M. A. Belloc, I, Nov.
 Seeley, Prof. J. R., **Q R.** Oct.
- Servant Question: Manual Training for Women and the Problem of Domestic Service, by G. Vrooman, A. Oct.
- Shakespeare:
 The Bacon-Shakespeare Craze, J. T. Foard on, **Man Q.** Oct.
 Moral Proportion and Fatalism in "King Lear," by Ella A. Moore, **P L.** Oct.
- Shells and Molluscs, **E R.** Oct.
- Shipping (see also Lloyd's, and Contents of *Nautical Magazine*):
 Sea-Collisions and Their Prevention, by Walter Johnson, **L H.** Nov.
 Launching a Great Vessel, by F. Matthews, **St N.** Nov.
- Sidney, Sir Philip, Alice M. Christie on, **M P.** Nov.
- Smith, Adam, **L Q.** Oct.
- "Social Evolution," by Benjamin Kidd, Rev. J. E. Davies on, **Think.** Nov.
- Social Purity:
 Scientists and Social Purity, by W. J. Corbet, **W R.** Nov.
 Recent Age of Consent Legislation in America, by H. H. Gardener, A. Oct.
- Socialism:
 Is Socialism Advancing in England? by Prof. W. G. Baileie, **N A R.** Oct.
 Social Man: the Great Neighbour, by Alice T. Post, A. Oct.
 Social Democrats, by G. E. Macdonald, **Free R.** Nov.
 The Microbe as a Social Leveller, by Dr. C. Edson, **N A R.** Oct.
 "Merrie England," by "Nunquam," and "Labour and Luxury," by "Nemo," J. M. Ludlow on, **Econ R.** Oct.
- Sonderbund, War of, W. B. Duffield on, **E H.** Oct.
- Spain (see also Bull-Fighting):
 A History of Spain, by Ulick Burke, **E R.** Oct.
 Village Communities in Spain, **Q R.** Oct.
 Romance of Spain, by C. W. Wood, **Arg.** Nov.
- Spinozism, History of, **Jew Q.** Oct.
- Sport (see also Bull-Fighting, Chamols-Hunting; and Contents of *Outing*):
 Hunting Large Game in the United States, by Gen. N. A. Miles, **N A R.** Oct.
- Romance of Sport, by C. Cordley, **G M.** Nov.
 Hodgeford Market-Place Meet, by G. H. Jalland, **P M M.** Nov.
- Spurgeon, Rev. C. H., **Sun H.** Nov.
 Stanhope, Lady Hester, T. B. Nov.
 Stephen, Sir Fitz-James, Life of, **E R.** Oct.
 Stepniak, Sergius, Interviewed by Miss F. Balmrie, **G T.** Nov.
 Stevenson, R. L.
 M. G. Van Rensselaer, on, **C M.** Nov.
 Unsigned Article on, **L Q.** Oct.
 Stevenson's Correspondence with Sidney Colvin, **McCl.** Nov.
 Stonehenge and its Guardian, E. I. Nov.
 Streeter, Mr. Jeweller: Interview by Norman Hurst, **W H.** Nov.
 Switzerland (see also Referendum):
 Leysin-sur-Alpig, Canon H. D. Rawnsley on, **Black.** Nov.
- Tasso, Torquato, **Q R.** Oct.
- Technical and Secondary Education:
 Secondary Education, Rev. R. F. Clarke on, **M.** Nov.
- Telegraphs: Future of the Telegraph, by P. B. Delany, **Eng M.** Oct.
 Telepathy: The Logic of Mental Telegraphy, by J. Jastrow, **Scrib.** Nov.
- Temperance and the Liquor Traffic:
 King Alcohol and Liberalism, **Free R.** Nov.
 Environment and Drink, by Dr. J. F. Waldo, and Dr. D. Walsh, **N A R.** Oct.
- The Saloon and the Sabbath, by Rev. J. C. Inglehart, **N A R.** Oct.
- Tennyson's "King Arthur," **L Q.** Oct.
- Thackeray, Doctor, Interviewed, **R R R.** Oct.
- Theatres and the Drama (see also Contents of *Theatre*):
 The New Drama, **Q R.** Oct.
 The Penny Theatre, by L. Crosskey, **Lud.** Nov.
 During Play-Time, by W. D. Adams, **Min.** Nov.
- Thomson, Joseph, J. G. Bartholomew on, **Scot G M.** Oct.
- Tobacco-Smoking, Barry Pain on, **Min.** Nov.
- Translation, Art of, **Q R.** Oct.
- Turkey, Sultan of, and His Harem, R. Davey on, **F R.** Nov.
- United States (see also New York States, Manhattan, Boston, Atlanta, Chesapeake, Universities, American People, etc.):
 The Issues of 1896:
 Roosevelt, T., on, **C M.** Nov.
 Russell, W. E., on, **C M.** Nov.
 History of Suffrage in Legislation in the United States, by Prof. F. W. Blackmar, **Chaut.** Oct.
 Should the Supreme Court be Reorganised? by James M. Ashley, A. Oct.
 A History of the Last Quarter Century, by E. B. Andrews, **Scrib.** Nov.
 American "Sound" Money, Letters by Moreton Frewen and Anthony Higgins, **Nat R.** Nov.
 The United States Treasury and its Officials, **W M.** Oct.
 Future of the Arid West, by E. G. Ross, **N A R.** Oct.
- Universities:
 The Religion of the Undergraduate, by R. B. Fellows and H. Legge, **N C.** Nov.
 English Universities and the Reformation, by Very Rev. L. C. Casartelli, **D R.** Oct.
 American State Universities, Prof. R. T. Ely on, **Cos.** Oct.
- Vaccination an Error, by Alfred Milnes, A. Oct.
- Vegetarianism, Dr. T. P. Smith on, **F R.** Nov.
- Venezuela: Great Britain, Venezuela, and the United States, by H. Somers Somerset, **N C.** Nov.
- War: C. Latourneau's Book, "War Amongst the Various Human Races," **W R.** Nov.
- Warwick, Countess of, Miss M. A. Belloc on, **W H.** Nov.
- Watts, Theodore, F. H. Groome on, **Bkman.** Nov.
- Wolsley, Viscount, Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison on, **Can M.** Oct.
- Women (see also Contents of *Englishwoman's Review*):
 Woman: a National Waste, by Ellen S. H. Ritchie, **W R.** Nov.
 English Women in Political Campaigns, by Lady Jeune, **N A R.** Oct.
 Manual Training for Women and the Problem of Domestic Service, by G. Vrooman, A. Oct.
 Women's Settlements, Mary Talbot on, **Econ R.** Oct.
 A Study in Wives, by Max O'Rell and Others, **N A R.** Oct.
 Christian Womanhood, by Dean Farrar, **Y W.** Nov.
- Yachting:
 American National Supremacy on the Sea, by W. P. Stephens, **Eng M.** Oct.
 Anglo-American Yacht Races, by D. Rolleston, **E I.** Nov.
- Zoophily, Father Tyrrell on, **C R.** Nov.

ANNUAL INDEX AND GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

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Prisons (see also Crime)
 Retribution or Reform
 Wormwood Scrubs
 A Convent Prison
 Sunday In Gao, by
 Problems of the Apple
 Psychological Research
 Occult Manifestations
 Dynamic Thought
 Psychology (see also
 Psychology, Human)
 The Pharmacy of O-
 Punishments, J. Scott

Quarles, Francis, Esq.
 Queen Victoria, Empress

Railways:
 The Broad Gauge, 1845
 The Great Eastern, 1845

Referendum in Wales
 Lowell, J. J. E., 1845

Religion: The Protestant
 Nov.

Religious, Political
 Reunited, see above

Rodney, Admiral, 1845
 Romanes's, 1845

Rossetti, J. M., 1845
 Ross, Alexander, 1845

Roumania: The
 Long, 1845

Russia
 The Russian, 1845

Russian, 1845
 R. O. 1845

Salisbury, 1845
 Salisbury, 1845

Schaffner, 1845
 Schmidt, 1845

Scholar, 1845
 Scholar, 1845

Scholar, 1845
 Scholar, 1845

Scholar, 1845
 Scholar, 1845

Scholar, 1845
 Scholar, 1845

Scholar, 1845
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 Scholar, 1845



THE KAISER'S CARTOON.
 "Nations of Europe! Join in the defence of your Faith and your Home!"

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, December 2nd, 1895.

The Kaiser's
Picture
Politics.

The Emperor William is again justifying the observation made long ago that his true rôle in life was to be a newspaper editor. The post would have suited him much better than that which he now occupies. He seems to feel this himself, and last month he astonished his subjects by coming out as political cartoonist,—which may indeed be regarded as a long step towards editorship. I reproduce by permission as frontispiece of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS this first incursion of the Kaiser into a field hitherto free from Imperial and Royal intruders. The Emperor did not draw the picture; he gave the idea to the artist, approved of the finished result, and presented the original as a delicate compliment to the Tzar. Lest any one should fail to understand this unique example of Imperial picture politics, the *Nord-Deutsche* was authorised to accompany the engraving with the following semi-official exposition of what its Imperial author wants it to signify

The Far Eastern Situation from a German Standpoint. The explanation, which is certainly not lacking in explicitness, is as follows:—

On a plateau of rock bathed in light radiating from the Cross—that symbol in which alone Christians win their victories—stand allegorical figures of the civilised nations. In the foreground is France shading her eyes with her left hand. She cannot yet altogether believe in the proximity of danger; but Germany, armed with shield and sword, follows with attentive eye the approach of calamity. Russia, a beautiful woman with a wealth of hair, leans her arm, as if in close friendship, on the shoulder of her martial companion. Beside this group Austria stands in resolute pose. She extends her right hand in an attitude of invitation, as if to win the co-operation of still somewhat reluctant England in the common task. Italy stands between these two Powers, and, like Germany, eagerly gazes on the calamity which menaces them. The rearguard of this group of noble female figures is formed by a young girl with ringlets of curling hair. She images the smaller civilised States, and she, too, carries a spear. In front of this martial group of many figures stands unmailed the winged archangel Michael, holding in his right hand a flaming sword. His countenance is turned towards the female group, his features reflect grave energy, and his outstretched left hand, which points to the approaching horror, also emphasises the invitation to prepare for the sacred conflict.

At the foot of the rocky plateau stands the vast plain of civilised Europe. A majestic stream gushes across it. Lines of mountains bound the horizon, and in the valley cities are discerned, in the midst of which tower churches of various creeds. In the foreground is the Castle of Hohenzollern. But over these peaceful landscapes clouds of calamity are rolling up. Dark pitchy vapours obscure the sky. The path trodden by the invaders in their onward career is marked by a sea of flames proceeding from a burning city. Dense clouds of smoke twisting into the form of hellish, distorted faces ascend from the conflagration. The threatening danger in the form of Buddha is enthroned in this sombre framework. A Chinese dragon, which at the same time represents the demon of Destruction, carries this heathen idol. In an awful onset the powers of darkness draw nearer to the banks of the protecting stream. Only a little while, and that stream is no longer a barrier.

Beneath the original cartoon His Majesty wrote the autograph legend: "Nations of Europe, defend your holiest possessions."

The Near
Eastern
Question.

It would be more to the purpose just now if our Imperial Editor

Cartoonist would prepare another picture, illustrating his view of the Near Eastern Question, which at present is very much more pressing than any danger with which Buddha and the Yellow Dragon have anything to do. The situation in Asiatic Turkey is alarming to the last degree; massacres are reported daily. The Moslems in the provinces hearing that the Powers insist upon the Christians having officials in proportion to their



LORD SALISBURY.

numbers, grimly respond to their benevolent intentions by reducing the Christian population to vanishing point. In Erzeroum there seems to be now no doubt that the massacre was carried out in cold blood by the Turkish soldiers in obedience to definite orders from the authorities. In Syria, the Mohammedans have been armed, the troops have been supplied with green flags, and the Christians await in an agony of suspense the signal for a slaughter grim and great. The Sultan and his pashas appear to have made up their minds that the Christian populations need to be thinned down, and, as the Powers bark but dare not bite for fear they should bite each other, the horrible work of massacre plus torture, outrage, and plunder goes merrily on. So widespread has been the devastation



SIR PHILIP CURRIE,
British Ambassador at Constantinople.
(Photograph by Russell.)

that ominous rumours of impending famine are current throughout Anatolia, and this winter it is probable sheer starvation will carry off thousands whom even the Kurd and the Turk have spared. Here, indeed, is a tempting picture for the Imperial cartoonist's pencil.

Caricature, indeed, finds a tempting theme in the way in which the Powers hold together. Lord Salisbury's declaration at the Mansion House on Lord Mayor's Day was very explicit. "Nothing," he said, "has impressed itself more strongly on my mind than the disposition of the Great Powers to act together, and their profound sense of the appalling dangers which any separation of their action might produce." That is satisfactory so far as it goes. But "the disposition to act together," of which Lord Salisbury speaks, is not very visible to the naked eye. To talk together, yes. To make representations together, also yes. But to act together—hum! It is to be feared their "profound sense of the appalling dangers which any separation of their action might produce," neutralises their disposition to act, and reduces the Concert of Europe to impotence. All the Powers are so afraid of getting out of step if they march, that they keep on marking time, and meanwhile the massacre goes on always like the guillotine in the days of the Terror.

I have discussed elsewhere, not assuredly in any spirit of uncharity towards the Sultan, what Europe will have to do.

The difficulty is immense. For if we hit the Ottoman Empire too hard it will break to pieces under our eyes, and the general scramble will begin. But if we are to be paralysed by fear of breaking it to pieces, the Turk will have a free hand to slaughter the Christians into silence. If only the Kurds would kill a few Americans, or even one British Consul, there would be a quick stop put to all this dilly-dallying. But so long as it is only Armenians who are being cut up, the risk of action is too great. What will have to be done sooner or later is that the Sultan will have to be told in plain terms that he must stop all this bloody work or be deposed, and when he is deposed the Ottoman Empire should be administered, as the public debt is at present, by an International Commission. A paper Sultan might be conveniently installed as the figure-head of this Commission, which would do all its business in his name, and which, as it would have cash to pay its troops, would probably be obeyed. If only the Powers could trust each other for five years every one would be astonished to find how simple a problem this Eastern Question is. But there would have to be, first, a self-denying ordinance binding all the Powers to seek no private ends and to respect the integrity of the Ottoman dominions; and secondly,

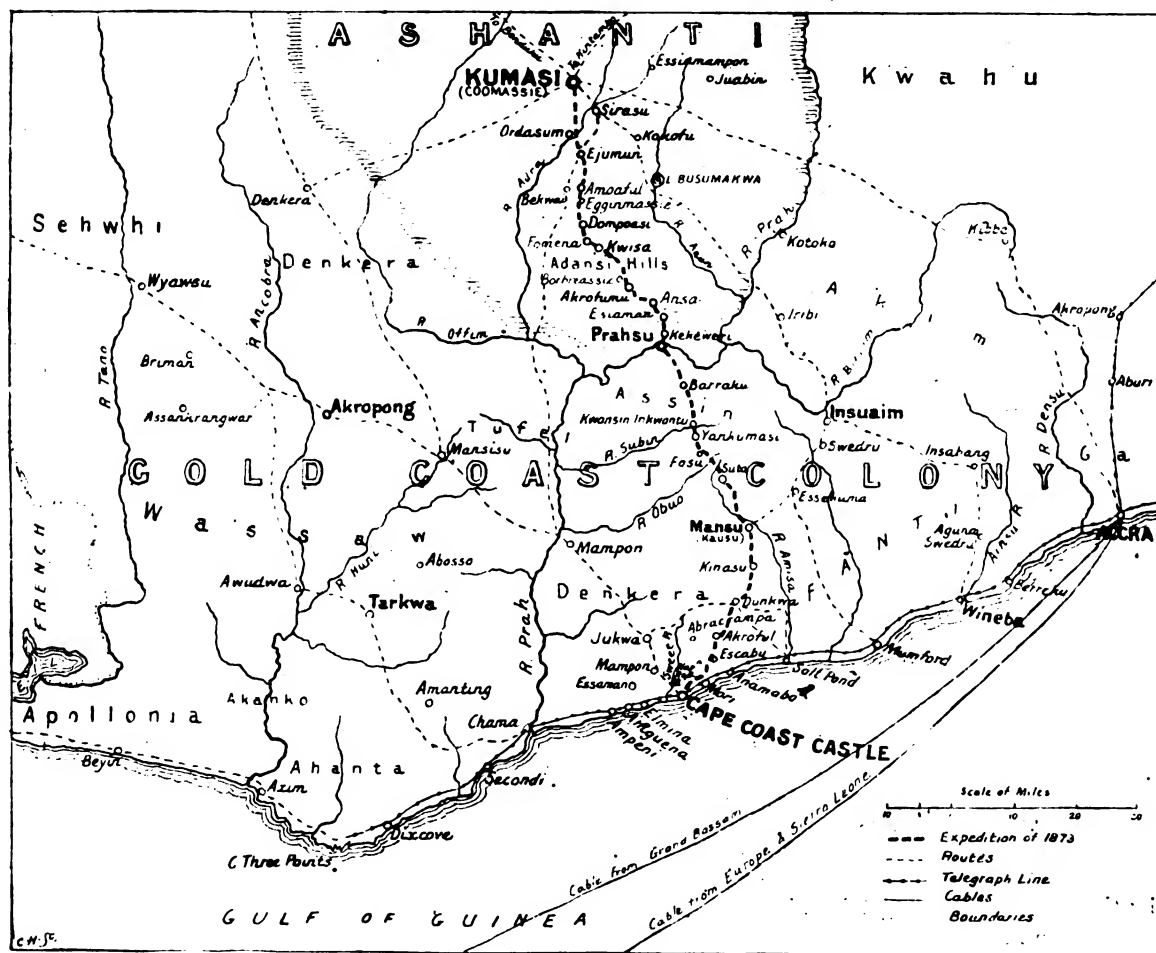


THE HON. M. H. HERBERT,
Secretary of the Embassy at Constantinople.
(Photograph by Alman, New York.)

the governing Turk would have to be resolutely reduced to his proper position as Constable of Europe, instead of being allowed to forget all bounds of moderation in the belief that he is the Shadow of God.

The Prime Minister and the Schools of Sects. Lord Salisbury last month made two speeches, both of them very good, so far as they relate to Foreign Affairs, and not by any means bad in their reference to domestic

sectarian demands would stand out in clear relief. The worst of it is when men say "Church" they at once feel as if an aureole of deity encircled their proposal, whereas if they could only be brought to say "sect" they would see the plain truth in all its unpleasant reality. Lord Salisbury is of the Anglican sect. Cardinal Vaughan's sect is the Roman Catholic, and, *qua* sects, they stand on just the same footing as the Wesleyans or the Muggletonians.

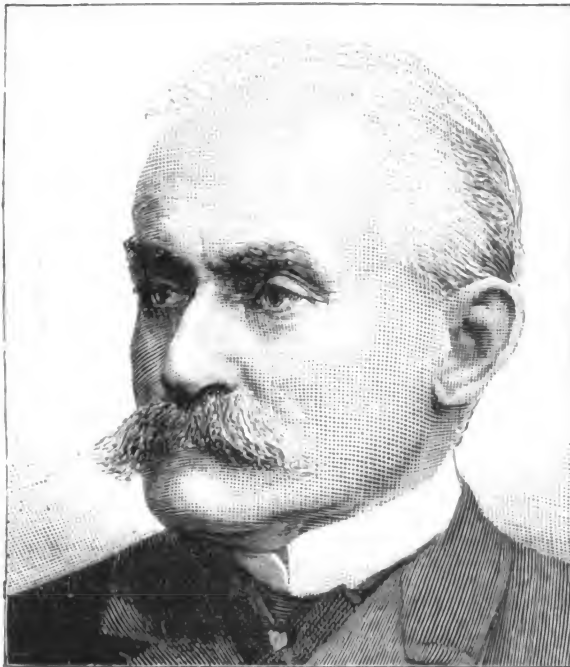


politics. He received two deputations on the Education question—one headed by the Archbishops, the other by the President of the Wesleyan Conference. The demands of the two deputations were, of course, incompatible, but Lord Salisbury intimated plainly enough that he will side with his own sect. If only we could get people always to call sects sects, instead of flattering their vanity by describing them as churches, the arrogance of most of the

But by constantly talking about their sect as "the Church," many good people have actually worked themselves up into the belief that they are justified in making claims for their sect which they would scout indignantly if made for any one else's. This, however, by the way. Whatever the Unionist Government agree to do for the sects and their schools will be done. The Liberals lose the Irish vote on the education question, and even if they had it they

would be powerless. The only chance for national, as opposed to sectarian, education lies in the fact that the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir John Gorst, who, although not in the Cabinet, is still Minister of Education, are reported to be by no means of one mind with Lord Salisbury on this matter. The real battle will take place inside the Cabinet, and we shall await the result with interest.

"The Man who Rights Things." The position of at least one Liberal Unionist Minister has been strengthened by the course of events last month. Mr. Chamberlain, who is now being generally recognised



SIR FRANCIS SCOTT, K.C.M.G., C.B.,
The Commander of the Ashanti Expedition.
(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

by the public, although not by his colleagues, as the second man in the Cabinet, was very much *en évidence* in November. He has launched an expedition against King Prompoh which will certainly make its way, with or without bloodshed, to the Ashanti capital to dictate terms of a settlement that will open up the auriferous beds behind Coomassie to British enterprise. But his chief exploit, and that which won for him from Khama the title of Moatlhodi, "the man who rights things," has been the arranging of a compromise between the Bechuana chiefs and Mr. Rhodes. Of course Mr. Chamberlain was but the go-between. Any awkwardness on the part of

Mr. Rhodes would have made short work of the Colonial Secretary's attempt to be Moatlhodi. It is extremely satisfactory that Mr. Rhodes should have shown such readiness to meet what he regarded no doubt as the somewhat unreasonable prejudice of the British public. It would have been extremely unsatisfactory, and indeed disastrous, if Mr. Rhodes had listened to those who were all for pumping upon Khama, and letting "the British public be d—d!" The settlement by which Khama retains his sovereignty, with power to exclude liquor, over his own territory, under the direct supervision of the Colonial Office, contents him, and what contents Khama contents those who have made his cause their own. In return for this substantial concession of his claim, Khama cedes to the British South African Company a strip of land giving them right of way, and a line of rail through his land to Rhodesia. The reversion of Khama's territory will go to the Company. But that is not a question for to-day or to-morrow.

Mr. Chamberlain's Manifesto. Mr. Chamberlain made a very important speech at the banquet given by the Agent-General for Natal on November 6th to celebrate the completion of the Natal-Transvaal Railway. Mr. Chamberlain put his foot down with emphasis upon Matthew Arnold's "weary Titan" theory of the British Empire. His speech was full of buoyant hope and confidence in the future of the race which inherits the influence, resources, and power of the British Empire:—

We have a common origin, we have a common history, a common language, a common literature, a common love of liberty and law. We have common principles to assert, we have common interests to maintain. I have said that it is a slender thread that bound us together. I remember on one occasion having been shown a slender, frail wire which a blow might break, and I was told that it was capable of transmitting an electrical energy that would set powerful machinery in motion. May it not be the same in the relation that exists between our colonies and ourselves, and may not that thread be capable of carrying a force of sentiment and of sympathy that will yet be a potent factor in the history of the world? I am told on every hand that Imperial Federation is a vain and empty dream. I will not contest that judgment, but I will say this—that that man must be blind indeed who does not see that it is a dream which has vividly impressed itself upon the mind of the English-speaking race; and who does not admit that dreams of that kind, which have so powerful an influence upon the imagination of men, have, somehow or other, an unaccountable way of being realised in their own time? If it be a dream, it is a dream that appeals to the highest sentiments of patriotism, and even to our material interests. It is a dream that is calculated to stimulate and to inspire every one who cares for the future of the Anglo-Saxon people. I think myself that the spirit of the time is, at all events, in the direction of such a movement.

Well done, Joe! But how these glowing Imperial heroics will be chilled when treated in the Cabinet with the frosty cynicism of Lord Salisbury! Mr. Chamberlain has also made an important

speech intimating pretty plainly his conviction that what Australia wants is more labour—a truth over which the Australian trade unions will gnash their teeth. Why should the flies on the rim of the saucer be expected to rejoice at the prospect of sharing their good fortune with anybody else? Mr. Chamberlain's concluding achievement—up to date—has been to promise a subsidy of £75,000 a year to the fast mail steamers that are to run between Canada and the mother country, and to arrange for a special Colonial Committee to discuss the question of the Pacific cable.

The Liberals have kept strangely quiet. "We smile and pass on." Lord Rosebery has been almost the only ex-Minister to make his voice heard in the political void. And Lord Rosebery did not speak. He only wrote a letter. But it was a very good letter, and it may herald a happy new departure, in which statesmen may be allowed to compound for their absence from public platforms by inditing long epistles which will be read by competent elocutionists to assembled multitudes. By means of letters, they can address a dozen meetings at once—a consideration not to be overlooked in these days of crowded engagements. Lord Rosebery's letter, addressed to the Liberals of Airdrie, was a reply to Lord Salisbury's taunt that Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell would not have approved of the present programme of the Liberal party. Lord Rosebery proceeded:—

It seems a dubious device to dig up dead statesmen in order to pelt the living with them, but whether graceful or not it is beside the mark, for it betrays a radical misconception—excusable enough in Lord Salisbury—of what Liberalism is. It is not a fixed dogma graven long ago on a rock, it is necessarily a moving, adaptable creed, to be adjusted to the wants of a rapidly changing age. It is nothing to us what Pym, or Walpole, or Fox would say in 1835, for we have to deal with the spirit of our times and not theirs. We do not, for instance, dwell on the Cavendishes who fought against the Irish Act of Union; we smile and pass on. It is enough for us to deal with the contradictions and anomalies of living statesmen. Let the dead bury their dead. What we have to achieve is a living work, to keep in touch with living people, to adapt living principles to living wants and aspirations. If Liberalism be not that, it must perish; but being that, being a living force and not a mummy creed, it must in the long run, in spite of temporary discouragement, best represent and embody the broadest, brightest, safest tendencies of our Empire and its people.

"We smile and pass on." The phrase is good and likely to be historic. It represents with only too great fidelity the genial philosophic calm which is at once the weakness and strength of our leader.

Honest John for Montrose. Mr. Morley, after a few months' dubitation, has decided that the House of Commons possesses greater attractions than his study or than that course of foreign travel which he

at one time contemplated. This is to be regretted. Mr. Morley needed a year's rest. He could not have employed it better than in making the tour of the world, and especially in making a prolonged visit to the United States. The Greater Ireland is across the Atlantic. It is there only where the political genius of Mr. Morley's political *protégés* has full scope to develop, and the result, whether satisfactory or not, well deserves the attention of the Home Rule philosopher. The Montrose Burghs are about to lose their Member, and they naturally pitched upon the most distinguished Liberal outside the new Parliament to represent them. They will return Mr. Morley free of expense, and find him cheap at the price. Mr. Morley—like Mr. Asquith, Mr. Campbell Bannerman, and Sir George Trevelyan—will therefore become a Scotch member. Where the Opposition front Bench would be but for Scotland and Wales it is somewhat difficult to say. At the same time it would probably have been of better service to Mr. Morley, although not to the House of Commons, if the Burghers of Montrose had selected Mr. Shaw Lefevre as their future Member.

The Death Roll.

There were three notable deaths last month. Sir H. Ponsonby, for years the intimate private adviser and secretary of the Queen, one of the best men for one of the most difficult posts in the Empire; M. Alexandre Dumas *filis*, the great French dramatist; and M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, the last surviving advocate of the English Alliance among French public men, all died in November. They had lived their allotted span, and had done the full measure of a man's work.

The Murder of Mr. Stokes.

Lord Salisbury has succeeded in extracting £6,000 compensation from the Congo State for the murder of Mr. Stokes. Capt. Lothaire is to be tried by court martial. There will be great disappointment if Lothaire is not hanged. Give him a fair trial by all means, although he gave no fair trial to the man he slew; but the fairer the trial the more certain the issue, unless all our intelligence is false: which is most improbable, seeing that it reaches us from Belgian sources.

Progressive Russia.

The Empress of Russia has been safely delivered of a princess which has been named Olga. The Empress insists upon nursing her own baby, a departure from custom that has excited much remark. The innovation, although excellent, may postpone the longed-for arrival of the son and heir whose advent was so eagerly



THE EMPRESS OF ALL THE RUSSIAS IN STATE DRESS.

anticipated before the newcomer was discovered to be only a girl. Whether as a thank-offering for the safe delivery of his wife, or from some other equally inscrutable cause, the Tzar has made M. Pobedonostzeff countermand the policy of persecution which he has carried out so unflinchingly in the Baltic provinces. We read in the papers:—

The Procurator-General of the Holy Synod has transmitted to the Minister of the Interior a document, in which he states that the assimilation of the western frontier populations with the heart and core of Russia is being accomplished in a satisfactory manner, and that the Orthodox Church is showing gratifying growth in those parts. The Procurator adds that extraordinary measures need no longer be taken by the authorities to help forward the work, and that the Ministry of the Interior may, therefore, for the future, refrain from taking any such steps.

What gall and wormwood it must have been to M. Pobedonostzeff to have to issue such an order. For a true persecutor never "refrains." Whatever success he achieves always seems to him to justify a continuance of the policy of repression. This order, therefore, may be regarded as the first and most gratifying indication of the young Tzar's initiative in public affairs.

The Programme of the French Prime Minister, M. Bourgeois, completed his Ministry by installing M. Berthelet, the distinguished chemist, at the Foreign Office.



EMILE ARTON,

As he appeared before he left France.

On November 4th he announced the policy of the new Administration from the Tribune. It is frankly Radical and definitely Anti-Moderate Republican. His programme is as follows:—

- (1) Thorough investigation into alleged corruption in high places. Nothing is to be hushed up. All the dirty linen is to be washed on the house-top. In earnest whereof Arton has been arrested in Clapham and is to be extradited. Now Arton is accused of being the briber-in-chief in the Panama days.
- (2) Legislation to disqualify as Deputies all men who are directors of companies having contracts with the State, or who participate in syndicates of guarantee for the issue of stock.
- (3) The Budget must be passed at its normal date.
- (4) A Progressive Succession duty.
- (5) Reform of the Liquor Laws. Exemption from duty of all hygienic drinks.
- (6) An income tax.
- (7) Old Age Pensions.
- (8) A law for Associations, repealing special laws and subjecting the Churches to the general law.
- (9) The creation of a Colonial Army.
- (10) Impartiality in disputes between capital and labour.

Generally M. Bourgeois and his colleagues mean to go the pace now they are in the saddle, and as the majority has no such desire, their overthrow is regarded as inevitable at no distant date.

Tim's Excommunication. The Irish Parliamentary party has cast out Timothy Healy from its ranks. He is their ablest man, but being quite incapable of self-suppression he has been cast out. The English king of old time, who, hearing that all Ireland could not govern one man, at once decided that that man was the proper person to govern all Ireland, would have found Tim just the kind of man he wanted. As the Parliamentary party is not in such an irresponsible and impartial position as an



From Judy.]

[November 27, 1895.

OUT YOU GO!

English king, it is hardly to be blamed for not bowing the neck to the waspish mutineer. At the same time outsiders may be pardoned for wishing to see what the sobering and steadying influence of leadership would have upon the Flibberty Gibbet of Irish politics. Everything else has been tried on Tim, and tried in vain. To make him leader is the last desperate expedient left. But as it is the last and the most desperate, it is not surprising that it remains in reserve.

Mr. Redmond and the Government. Mr. Gerald Balfour does not venture to hope that he will "kill Home Rule with kindness," but Mr. Redmond is quite ready on his part to welcome the kindness as the best nourishment Home Rule can desire. Mr. Redmond's article in the *Nineteenth Century*, noticed elsewhere, is a significant illustration of the

assuaging of international antipathies that has been brought about in part by the fierce enmities that rage within the Irish ranks. Mr. Redmond is prepared, he tells us, to accept eagerly all the good things the Unionist Administration may propose to offer Ireland. It is perhaps a little uncharitable, but the impression left on the mind by reading his article is that he would much, very much, rather receive "kindness" from Mr. Gerald Balfour and his friends than from Mr. Justin McCarthy and the Irish Parliamentary party. The Government has, therefore, every encouragement to proceed in its policy of doing everything for the Irish that they want, save and except the one thing they want most of all—the right to do for themselves instead of having things done for them.

The Principle of the National Social Union in Ireland. Mr. Redmond gives his apostolic benediction to Mr. Plunkett's scheme for uniting Irishmen regardless of party differences in furtherance of such measures of improvement as all Irishmen believe to be necessary. Mr. Justin McCarthy stands aloof, apparently fearing lest, by rubbing shoulders with a Unionist, he may endanger or weaken Home Rule. Mr. Redmond's faith strikes outsiders as being robust. If Mr. Plunkett can but evoke from the Irish chaos the phenomenon of an Irish cosmos, on however small a scale, he will do more for Home Rule than will be effected by any number of excommunications of Timothy. For what Englishmen and Scotchmen need to be convinced of is that there is sufficient common sense among Irishmen to render it impossible for a Home Rule Parliament to become a Donnybrook Fair. At present, on this side St. George's Channel, we have an uneasy suspicion that Irishmen are ready to forswear the Multiplication Table and abjure the Ten Commandments if only they can "jab in the eye" some other Irishmen with whom they have a difference of opinion. When we see that Unionists and Nationalists are prepared to desist from the hereditary pastime of cutting off their nose to spite their face,—when they prove they love their country more than they hate each other,—then the time of their deliverance will draw near. At present the success of Mr. Plunkett's Committee is the only good news from Ireland; that, and the announcement of Mr. John Dillon's approaching marriage. The priests and bishops are quite a large enough section of the Irish nation to be sterilised by celibacy without lay politicians following their example.

The Boom in Settlements. Mr. Asquith made two speeches last month : a moderate sensible party speech on Colston's Day at Bristol, and a brief but earnest discourse in advocacy of Social Settlements at the inaugural meeting of Browning Hall, Walworth. Mr. Asquith's latter speech has helped to remind the outside public that there is quite an astonishing agreement among practical philanthropists that of all methods of grappling with the social problem, by far the simplest, the most obvious, and the most practical is that which Arnold Toynbee initiated and Toynbee Hall in Whitechapel first embodied. At Browning Hall representatives of the Broad Church Toynbee, and the High Church Oxford House, attended to bless the Settlement at Walworth, which has its headquarters in an old Congregational chapel, and has as its Warden a Congregationalist. Canon Barnett's paper in the *Nineteenth Century* sets forth lucidly the salient features of the Settlement, so far as they have been developed by experience, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the attention thus given to the subject may lead to the multiplication of these social centres, until we have at least one to every 100,000 inhabitants in our great cities.

The Settlement side of the S. A. Social Scheme. It is too often forgotten by those who take a superficial view of things that the Social Scheme of the Salvation Army owes much of its admittedly great success to the extent to which it embodies in rough practical fashion the principle of the Settlement. Canon Barnett, and the somewhat blue-China cultured residents at Toynbee, might perhaps shrink from the association, but every slum outpost where a couple of Hallelujah lasses take up their quarters and live amongst the lowest of the people is a Settlement in germ. The essence of the whole thing is there. There is the common life shared with the common people ; a knowledge of their wants gained by close neighbourliness, and an anxiety to help born of actual experience of clamant human needs. The Army may serve up too much theological sauce with its sociological strong meat, but the meat is there, and nourishing and wholesome it is. No doubt there are many who would prefer it without the sauce. But until they show some determination to supply the meat, it is not reasonable to pay much attention to their negative criticism of the S. A. sauce.

The Blackfriars Shelter. Only last month we had an instance of this dog-in-the-manger kind of policy. The problem of providing lodgings for the homeless poor of London is one which is ad-

mittedly unsolved. The police now even refuse to allow the homeless wanderers to sleep on the seats on the Embankment. If they find any one asleep they wake him up. The workhouse casual wards are full to overflowing. In at least two of our great workhouses the overcrowding is almost criminal, the inmates having to sleep in the corridors. Yet this winter—of all times in the world—it has been deemed wise and expedient and humane to forbid the Salvationists to receive more than 550 men at their Shelter in Blackfriars. Every night they are besieged by hundreds of men who want a place to shelter in till morning, and who are willing to pay a penny for the warmth and the piece of bread that every person receives at the Shelter. By dint of utilising forms and chairs they were able to crowd 800 into their premises. But because it would admittedly be better if each inmate had more air space, the magistrate arbitrarily cut down the numbers to be admitted by 250. What is to become of the 250 nobody knows, and nobody seems to care. In order that the remaining 550 may have more cubic feet of air than they care for, 250 others have to wander the pavement all night. Of course the proper remedy is to provide another Shelter. But another Shelter means a capital outlay of £1,000, and where are the public-spirited philanthropists, or, if you like, the shrewd speculators who will provide that sum? One thing is certain. If the magistrate and the medical officers who are responsible for this limitation of the Shelter at Blackfriars had to spend but one December night as their 250 victims have to spend it, they would rapidly modify the complacency with which they reflect upon the results of their handiwork.

It is all very well to say, Let the Salvation Army provide bigger and better Shelters. The Salvation Army makes sixpence go further than any one else can make a shilling, but after all the Salvation Army cannot conjure up sixpences from the pavement. A few crumbs from the table of our South African millionaires would enable the poor Lazarus of London to get a shelter for his head of nights. But Dives now-a-days saves his crumbs for his own use. Otherwise, surely Mrs. Bramwell Booth would not be left plaintively imploring for help to enable her to extend the admirable rescue work to which she has devoted her life. The revenue raised for this department alone now exceeds the whole revenue of the Salvation Army when she joined the Booths, but still it is insufficient. There are few spectacles more sadden-

ing than that of a repentant Magdalen imploring for an opportunity to regain a life of virtue, and refused the opportunity owing to the absence of the necessary funds. No fewer than 12,000 girls have been dealt with in the Rescue Homes of the Army. The expenditure amounts to £10,000 a year. If some of the other Churches which do no rescue work of their own would compound for their abstention by subscribing to those who are in active service on the field the present difficulty would be overcome. But, unfortunately, those who do least can afford least. It is those who do the most who are always doing more.

The Salvation Army in India. General Booth, who has visited South Africa, is now in India, where he has been joined by Mrs. Tucker, formerly in the Indian Civil Service, but now one of the most important members of the Headquarters staff. Before leaving this country, Mrs. Tucker drew up a scheme for coping with the extreme poverty that prevails among many families of the Indian population. The Governor of Madras, it seems, some time ago publicly appealed to any religious or philanthropic organisation to undertake the task of settling the starving people upon the waste land. General Booth has responded to this appeal in a scheme which has received the approval of many eminent Anglo-Indians, and which he is now about to submit to the notice of the authorities in India itself. The task is one of enormous difficulty, but there seems to be good reason for believing that General Booth has succeeded in gaining a stronger hold upon the imagination and sympathies of the natives in India than any other religious teacher of our time. The political consequences of this alliance between such a church militant as the Salvation Army and the lower caste natives in India are as yet but dimly perceived. One thing is quite certain, and that is that the spread of Salvationism in India is much more likely to be destructive of the hateful spirit of Anglo-Indian insolence than any other agency that can be conceived. How far India will be governable by a handful of white men if India is Salvationised is a question upon which it is possible to hold two opinions, but that it will then be impossible to govern India without a very considerable alteration in the methods, and above all in the tone at present prevailing in many sections of the Indian Civil Service, is a matter on which there is no room for any difference of opinion.

The Ship-building Strike. The work of social amelioration to which Lord Salisbury pledged his Ministry has not made much progress since the General Election in one notable department of the national life. It may indeed be said to have gone back. The one conspicuously good work of the late Administration was the success with which they intervened for the settlement of disputes between capital and labour. But now the wretched quarrel between the masters and workmen in the ship-building trade at Belfast is allowed to drag on week after week, inflaming angry passions, and spreading the gangrene of industrial demoralisation far and wide, on the Clyde as well as in the North of Ireland, and Ministers so far have done nothing. Even Colonel Saunderson, staunch Unionist as he is, has felt moved to press his party chiefs to intervene with a view to settle this industrial civil war. He says:—

I should suggest that Mr. Arthur Balfour or Mr. Chamberlain should offer on the part of the Government to consider the whole question of the strike and arbitrate on the merits of the case. Not long since Lord Rosebery took this course with success—why not Mr. Balfour or Mr. Chamberlain? Should the Government decide on some such course, it would be open to either the masters or the men to decline such arbitration. But the result of such refusal would inevitably throw on the side so refusing the heavy responsibility arising from the continuance of a strike.

Unfortunately, as yet Ministers have made no sign of any readiness to bestir themselves in this matter. There is small chance of getting arbitration adopted as a substitute for international war, when internecine disputes like this are allowed to rage week after week without any determined effort to compel the disputants to submit the merits of the case to the arbitrament of reason.

The Kaiser With the exception of this unhappy "Squat on the strike there is small symptom of any Safety Valve." increase in the bitterness which divides classes and masses. In Germany, on the other hand, both parties seem to be approaching a crisis. When Professor Delbrück can be prosecuted for the most moderate of criticisms of the Government in a magazine article, and when the proprietor of so reasonable and respectable a journal as the *Ethische Kultur* can be consigned to a fortress for three months—the Public Prosecutor clamouring in vain for the severer sentence of nine months' imprisonment—it is evident the Kaiser means to try the policy of sitting on the safety valve, which it was hoped he had abandoned. Among the latest items of intelligence from Berlin is the announcement that—

The Chief of Police in Berlin gives notice of the summary closing of eleven Social Democratic clubs, including six

Reichstag electoral clubs, the Socialist Press Committee, the Agitation Committee, the Local Committee of the Party, the Club of the Party Delegates, and the Central Committee of the Social Democratic Party of Germany.

The Emperor is believed to be "bent upon using force, regardless of consequences, even if it leads to a life-and-death struggle." If he does, he will find that it will have serious consequences, and the end of it will be not life, but death. No doubt the Socialist agitation is very annoying. So is a London fog. And the Kaiser will find his artillery is almost as impotent against one as it would be against the other.

Anti-Semitism in Austria. In Austria, the form taken by social discontent is that of a violent agitation against the Jews. Dr. Lueger's re-election as Mayor of Vienna, with the consequent dissolution of the City Council, led to a debate in the Reichsrath, which was interesting as revealing the savagery with which the Jews are hated in Vienna. One of the speakers was not ashamed to assert that at Jewish festivals the food is sprinkled with a dark dust which is made from Christian blood! There is reason to believe that if the masses had their way in Central Europe, the Jews would lose their eye teeth, if indeed they were permitted to escape with their lives. It really seems as if it will be necessary before long to reconstitute the Kingdom of Jerusalem, if only to give the Jews a centre from which diplomatic intervention would be possible on behalf of the scattered and peeled remnant of the children of Israel.

The "Rare Rogue" Jabez out of sight at last. Jabez Balfour has been convicted as a swindler, and two sentences of seven years' penal servitude, not to run concurrently, have been passed upon him, amid the vindictive cheers of a multitude of his victims who assembled outside the court. Thus has come to pass that which I predicted some months ago when I observed that this rare rogue would soon disappear from public gaze, seeing that he had no longer been able to evade the jurisdiction of the tribunal of his country. That very obvious observation cost me exactly £180. I was fined £100 for contempt of Court, and the rest of the money went in costs. Such are the penalties that overtake the prophet even when he prophesies truly, if his prophecies are a little too previous.

If I may be permitted to condole with "Mr. Mayor, my Lord," myself upon the severity of the penalty of expressing the universal opinion of Jabez Balfour, I may perhaps be permitted to felicitate myself upon the success of another prophecy, the utterance of which possibly helped to bring about its

realisation. Writing some years ago on the British aristocracy as forming no small portion of the Wasted Wealth of King Demos, I ventured to look forward to a day when our peers would take active part in municipal work, and even dared to suggest that princes of the blood ought to consider the municipal service quite as honourable as that of the army or the navy. The latter part of the prediction remains unfulfilled, but the former part has been realised in quite an extraordinary fashion. According to the list published of the mayors elected last month, no fewer than eleven peers have been elected as the chief magistrates of as many towns. Among them are the following:—

APPLEBY—Lord Hothfield.	SHEFFIELD—The Duke of Nor-
CARDIFF—Lord Windsor.	folk.
DUDLEY—The Earl of Dudley.	WARWICK—The Earl of War-
LIVERPOOL—The Earl of Derby.	wick.
LONGTON—The Duke of Suther-	WHITEHAVEN—The Earl of
land.	Lonsdale.
RICHMOND—The Earl of Zet-	WORCESTER—Lord Beau-
land.	champ.
RIPON—The Marquis of Ripon.	

If we add to these the peers serving on the London County Council, we have at least a fair beginning made in the utilisation of our peers by the democracy. For, be it remembered, in every one of these cases the peer-Mayor is chosen by the men whom the householders, male and female, elect by ballot. This may be deplorable to the austere Republican, but it illustrates very forcibly the absence of that class hatred which is the poison of social life.

Republics In the great Republic across the sea, **Crowned and Uncrowned** where there are no hereditary titles, but where every other man, woman and child is president of something or other, if only of a committee in the nursery, the marriage of Miss Vanderbilt and her millions to the Duke of Marlborough has attracted much more attention and newspaper comment than would have been excited by any marriage in this country, save that of the heir to the throne. The millionaire, however, although worshipped and feared, is not trusted. The plutocrat in America could not get himself elected anywhere, whereas in this country the aristocrat beats all comers whenever he chooses to enter the lists. It is curious how persistent is the superstition that the United States are more democratic than the United Kingdom. The Monroe doctrine, for instance, brings out quite unexpectedly the survival of the archaic notion that Britain, because monarchical, is a less democratic country than the United States. The real fact, of course, is that we both are popularly governed communities. We live under a

living sovereign whom we have reduced to the position of a graceful figurehead, and have a landed aristocracy which retains its titles and its estates, because it is, with all its shortcomings, liked and



From Puck.]

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

trusted by the democracy. The Americans live under the sovereignty of the Dead Hand of a written constitution, and their aristocracy of wealth is hated and distrusted all the more because it has no titles, and spends all its energies in building up gigantic fortunes. Wealth is hereditary in the States, and that fact is likely to have more influence on their history than the hereditary titles of our peers will have on ours.

Meanwhile the superstition that the United States is in a peculiar sense **The Venezuelan Dispute.** Republican, whereas we are Monarchical, is being utilised for all it is worth in order to bolster up the case for intervention in Venezuela. If British subjects in Guiana would but repudiate their allegiance to the British Empire, and set up in business as a British Republic, no American citizen would object to them eating their way into the heart of Venezuela. All the difficulty arises from the prejudice against the monarchy—a prejudice that is as old as George III., and ought to have been buried with him. At the same time it is well to recognise that our American cousins do imagine that because they have an elective chief of State they are, in a special sense, more Republican, and therefore more of a self-governing democracy than Britain. It is a delusion, no doubt; but popular delusions, like carburetted hydrogen in a coal mine, make naked lights dangerous which otherwise would be safe. And as this Vene-

zuelan frontier dispute is one of these naked lights which may bring about an explosion, it is sincerely to be hoped that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain will see to its prompt settlement without loss of time.

Other Anglo-American Questions. Outside Venezuela there is not much likelihood of any serious disagreement with the United States. General Miles, the Commander-in-Chief, has been suggesting the repeal of the treaty which forbids either the States or Canada to keep warships on the Great Lakes, but it is not likely his suggestion will be taken seriously. Mayor Pingree, the redoubtable dictator of Detroit, has a more serious grievance. He wants the treaty abrogated in order that the Detroit shipbuilders may get their share of the Government navy contracts. But it ought not to be impossible to meet Mr. Pingree's grievance by allowing the builders on the lake shore to construct, under bond, such naval vessels as can be delivered through the canals. The one trouble that haunts some American minds, the possible collision with England about the Nicaragua Canal, has been indefinitely postponed by the Report of the Canal Commission appointed by President Cleveland last spring. According to this Commission the canal will cost not less than £26,000,000, twice as much as was estimated. They declare that no canal can be built in the way which the Maritime Company proposed to make it. The Nicaragua Canal, therefore, is "up the spout," like the Panama Canal, and the anticipated difficulty cannot arise at least before next century.

The November Elections in the States. The November elections went Republican with a vengeance. Even last year's Democratic defeat was less decided than the disaster which everywhere overwhelmed them. Tammany gained a barren victory in New York City by aid of the Germans, who resent the enforcing of the law of the State against Sunday sale of drink, but everywhere else the Democrats went down like ninepins before the Republican legions. Even Kentucky, for the first time, went Republican. As it seems to be now quite certain that the Republicans will elect the next President, the choice of a candidate by the Republican Convention which will assemble early next year will command more attention than usual. The Democrats are discussing the possibility of nominating Mr. Cleveland for a third term. The dearth of strong, commanding personalities among the Democrats is very marked.

DIARY FOR NOVEMBER.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

- Nov. 1. Municipal Elections in England and Wales.
New French Cabinet completed.
Earthquake Shock in Rome.
Anniversary of the Death of Alexander III. of Russia celebrated.
2. News to hand of the Execution of eight of the Sultan's Albanian Guards.
South Carolina Constitutional Convention adopted a Plan for Disfranchising Negroes by imposing a test of Literacy.
4. Lieut-Col. Mahomed Akram Khan, the British Agent in Kabul, assassinated by a messenger.
New French Ministry announced its Policy.
5. Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades on the Clyde commenced a Strike.
King of Portugal arrived in England.
Lord Cadogan resigned his seat on the L.C.C.
State and Congressional Elections in America, resulting in a sweeping Republican victory.
6. New Turkish Ministry formed with Khalil Rifaat Pasha as Grand Vizier.
Austrian Emperor declined to sanction the election of Dr. Lueger as Burgomaster of Vienna.
Settlement arrived at between the Bechuana Chiefs and the British South African Company.
Rotterdam Court upheld the claim of the North German Lloyd Company, and ordered the owners of the *Craithie* to pay for the total loss of the *Elbe*, with 6 per cent. interest.
7. Lord Londonderry assumed the Chairmanship of the London School Board.
Conference on Temperance Legislation.
M. Peytral elected Vice-President of French Senate.
Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., was expelled from the executive of the Irish National League.
Dr. Lüttgenau, Socialist member of the German Reichstag, sent to gaol for *Lèse-Majesté*.
8. Stormy Debate in the Austrian Reichsrath on the Lueger Affair.
9. Lord Mayor's Day in London; the Guildhall Banquet was attended by Lord Salisbury and other Ministers.
Accident to the Scotch Express at St. Neots; two killed and five injured.
11. Colliery Explosion at Blackwell, Derbyshire; seven killed.
Nubar Pasha, Egyptian Premier, resigned, and was succeeded by Mustapha Fehmy Pasha.
12. Deputation to Mr. Chamberlain from the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee.
Rev. W. Lock elected to the Ireland Professorship of Exegesis at Oxford.
M. Poincaré elected Vice-President of the French Chamber.
Demonstration by Greek Students at Athens on the Eastern Question.
Prince Ferdinand announced his intention of having Prince Boris rebaptized in the Orthodox Faith.
Conference of the Society of Friends at Manchester.
13. Negotiations opened among the Powers in order to agree upon a plan of united action with regard to Turkey.
Dr. Lueger was again elected Mayor of Vienna, and the Town Council was dissolved in consequence.
Trade Union Deputation to the Home Secretary.
Conference of the Midland Union of Women's Liberal Associations.
14. Herr Liebknecht, German Socialist Leader, sent to gaol for *Lèse-Majesté*.
Congo Free State paid over to Great Britain £6,000 as indemnity for the irregular trial and execution of Mr. Stokes.
Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein volunteered for Service with the Ashanti Expedition.
Expulsion of Mr. Healy and Mr. A. O'Connor from Membership of the Committee of the Irish Party.
Trade Union Delegates received at the Admiralty.
French Chamber rejected a motion in favour of the alteration of the Anti-Anarchist law.
15. Launch belonging to H.M.S. *Edgar* founded at Chemulpho, Korea; forty-eight lives lost.

- Sultan showed anxiety to convince the British Embassy of his sincerity in his efforts to restore order at Siras.
The Tzarina gave birth to a daughter.
16. Troops left Liverpool for the Ashanti Expedition.
Launch of H.M.S. *Juno* at Barrow.
President Reitz of Orange Free State resigned.
Princess Ferdinand of Bulgaria gave birth to a son.
Argentine Chamber of Deputies approved a Bill for the Unification of the Public Debt.
17. Communal Elections in Belgium.
18. Launch of H.M.S. *Jupiter* at Glasgow.
French Chamber approved a proposal in favour of Progressive Succession Duties.
Anti-Turkish outbreak in the Province of El Yemen, Arabia, resulting in the defeat of the Turks.



LORD LONDONDERRY,
Chairman of the London School Board.
(From a photograph by Russell and Sons.)

19. Mr. C.M. Chapman (M) defeated Mr. Insull (P) in the Chelsea County Council Election.
Deputation to Mr. Chamberlain concerning the proposed Transpacific cable.
British, French and American gunboats ordered to proceed to the Syrian coast.
Conference of the National Union of Conservative Associations opened in Brighton.
20. The Queen received the Bechuana Chiefs at Windsor Castle.
Deputation to Mr. Balfour from the Chambers of Commerce.
Deputation to Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire on Voluntary Schools.
Bishop Wilberforce of Newcastle appointed to the See of Chichester.
Jabez Balfour and others found guilty on the first indictment in the Liberator case.
21. Annual Meeting of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching.
Slavery Convention between Egypt and Great Britain signed.
22. Rev. Canon Jacob nominated Bishop of Newcastle.
Mr. John Morley consented to stand for Montrose Burghs.
British missionary and family murdered in Madagascar.
23. Bechuana Chiefs left Southampton for South Africa.
Sir Philip Currie arrived in Constantinople.
Severe Gale on the British coasts; many disasters at sea.
British Guiana Legislature voted the Supplies for the Expenses of the Colonial Forces.
Shakir Pasha, the Ottoman Minister at Athens, was recalled.
Great Britain's proposal for Arbitration with reference to the Island of Trinidad presented to the Brazilian Government.
Sir F. Scott left Liverpool for Ashanti.
25. Annual Meeting of the London Nonconformist Council.
Conference at Ottawa on the Canadian Copyright Question.
Italian Budget Statement submitted.
Italian-Swiss Treaty signed.
26. Session of the General Medical Council opened.
Grand Duchess Olga Nikolaevna baptised.
27. Duke of Devonshire appointed Lord Lieutenant of County Waterford.
Austrian Reichsrath decided that Dr. Lueger should be prosecuted on a charge of defamation.
Church Reform League established.
28. Lord Bute re-elected Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University.
Deputation to the Duke of Devonshire advocating a Teaching University for London.
Mr. W. J. Courthope elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford University.
29. Jabez Balfour was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment.
30. Annual meeting of the Royal Society.
German Police Ordinance published dissolving committees and associations connected with the Social Democratic Party.

BY-ELECTIONS.

Unopposed returns:—

- Nov. 28. South Kensington. Lord Warkworth (C).
29. East Toxteth (Liverpool). Mr. A. F. Warr (C).
30. Harrow. Mr. Ambrose (C).

NOTABLE UTTERANCES.

- Nov. 1. Mr. Acworth, at the Society of Arts, on Railway Economics.
4. Lord Lansdowne, at the Imperial Institute, on Chitral.
Capt. Younghusband, at the Imperial Institute, on Chitral.
Lord Methuen on Army Temperance Work.
5. Capt. Lugard, at Edinburgh, on African Questions.
Mr. Long, at Whitehall, on the Licensing Question.
6. Mr. Chamberlain, at Whitehall, on South Africa.
Lord Wolseley on the Army.
7. Duke of Devonshire, at Cutlers' Hall, on the Work of the Government.
Lord Wolseley, at Nottingham, on the Volunteer Force.
8. Duke of Devonshire, at Sheffield, on the Council of National Defence.
Sir J. Gorst, at Glasgow, on Social Reform.
Mr. G. W. E. Russell, at Manchester, on the Liberal Party.
9. Lord Salisbury, at the Guildhall, on the Eastern Question.
11. Mr. Chamberlain on the Australian Colonies.
Mr. Hampden Jackson, at the Imperial Institute, on "The Niger River Territories."
12. Sir H. H. Fowler, at Wolverhampton, on Social Legislation.
Capt. Lugard, at Royal Colonial Institute, on "The Extension of British Influence and Trade in Africa."
13. Sir M. H. Beach, at Bristol, on the Government.
Sir J. Gorst, at Queen's Hall, on the School Board.
Mr. Asquith, at the Grand Hotel, on the Liberal Party.
14. Mr. Balfour, at Glasgow, on the Unionist Policy.
Mr. C. T. Ritchie on the Possibility of an Alien Bill.
17. Lord Wolseley, at Woolwich, on the New Arms.



THE LATE M. BARTHÉLEMY SAINT-HILAIRE.
(From a photograph by Pirou, Paris.)

19. Lord Salisbury, at Brighton, on the Eastern Question and the Sultan's Message.
Mr. Lesley C. Probyn, at the Royal Statistical

- Society, on "Gold and Silver and the Money of the World."
20. Mr. Balfour, at the Holborn Restaurant, on Party Organisation.
21. Mr. Balfour at Manchester.
Sir J. Lubbock, at Mercers' Hall, on University Extension.
22. Mr. Asquith, at Walworth, on Social Problems.
Mr. Balfour, at Manchester, on the General Election.
Capt. W. H. James, at United Service Institution, on "Modern War."
25. Mr. W. B. Harris, at the Imperial Institute, on "The Persian Kurds."
27. Lord Salisbury on Primary Education.
Mr. Labouchere, at Chelsea, on the General Election.
Lord Halsbury, at the Royal Society of Literature, on Poetry.
28. Mr. Acworth, at the Society of Arts, on Railway Economics.
Lord Rosebery, at Aldridge, on Liberalism.
29. Lord Ripon, at Leeds, on Mr. Gladstone.
Sir F. Lockwood and Mr. Haldane, at Oxford, on the Liberal Party.
30. Lord Kelvin, at the Royal Society, on Mirages and Argon.
Lord Crewe, at Oxford, on Home Rule.



GENERAL JOAQUIN CRESPO,
President of Venezuela.

25. M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, 90.
27. M. Alexandre Dumas, 71.
29. Count Taaffe (late Premier of Austria), 63.

OBITUARY.

- Nov. 7. Lord Bolton, 77.
9. Bishop James Colquhoun Campbell, 82.
13. Mr. Patrick Stirling (engineer), 75.
20. Rustem Pasha, 85.
21. Sir Henry Ponsonby, 70.

"Annexing all outlying countries."

"Sweeping his enemies from the seas."

"Licking John Bull out of his boots."



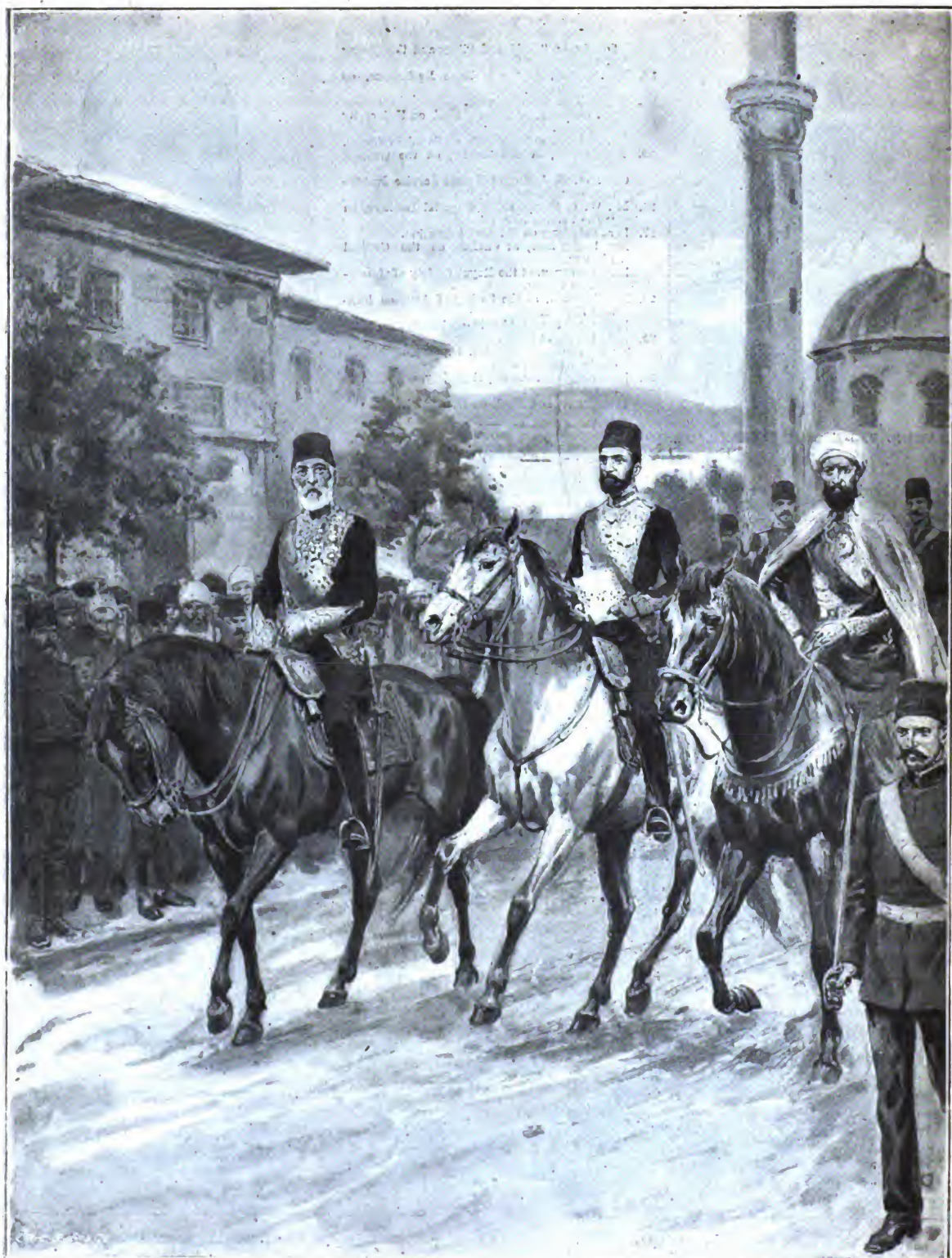
"Showing the whole world that he knows his rights
and will maintain them at all hazards."

From *Puck*.]

"Establishing formidable and invulnerable coast defences."

[November 13, 1895.

UNCLE SAM'S DREAM OF CONQUEST AND CARNAGE—
CAUSED BY READING THE JINGO NEWSPAPERS.



The New Grand Vizier.

Tahsin Bey
(First Secretary of the Sultan, with the Imperial Iradé in his hand).

The Sheikh-ul-Islam

**KHALIL RIFAAT PASHA, THE NEW GRAND VIZIER, ON HIS WAY TO THE SUBLIME PORTE
TO TAKE UP HIS POST.**

CHARACTER SKETCH.

ABDUL HAMID, SULTAN OF TURKEY.

The Finest Pearl of the Age, and the esteemed Centre of the Universe; at whose grand portals stand the camels of justice and mercy, and to whom the eyes of the kings and people in the West have been drawn; the rulers there finding an example of political prowess and the classes a model of mercy and kindness; our Lord and Master the Sultan of the two Shores and the High King of the two Seas; the Crown of Ages and the Pride of all Countries, the greatest of all Khalifs; the Shadow of God on Earth; the successor of the Apostle of the Lord of the Universe, the Victorious Conqueror (Al-Ghazi) Sultan Abdul Hamid Khan.

May God protect his Kingdom and place his glory above the Sun and the Moon, and may the Lord supply all the world with the goodness which proceeds from his Holy Majesty's good intentions.—Turkish newspaper quoted by Mr. H. Anthony Salmoné, *Nineteenth Century*, November, 1894.

A MEN and Amen! But if the stock of goodness at the disposal of the Lord does not exceed that which proceeds from His Holy Majesty's good intentions it is to be feared the rest of the world will be put on short rations. Not that His Holy Majesty, the Shadow of God on earth, is lacking in the material with which on classic authority it is understood that Hell is paved. He means well, his intentions are excellent. Where he fails is in the execution. It is this trifling detail that at present stands in the way of the elevation of Abdul Hamid's glory above that of the Sun and the Moon, and indeed, it is to be feared, has consigned it to the nethermost depths—which, however, is unjust.

Abdul Hamid is, of all men, one of those most to be pitied, but at the present moment there is but little pity or compassion shown him. The custom of punishing the Pope for Cæsar's crimes is still fashionable amongst mankind, and Abdul Hamid is being made the scapegoat for all the atrocities of all the Ottomans. Not that he is without crimes of his own—black and bloody crimes, according to our Western ideas; but, in the eyes of the Oriental, their only criminality consists in that they are not black and bloody enough to achieve their end. For the government of the Osmanli has always been, since the days when the Tartar horsemen first taught Asia how terrible was their wrath, a government of terror. By terror the Sultans climbed to supreme

power; by terror they have maintained themselves on the throne of the Cæsars for five centuries, and it is only

because they can no longer inspire sufficient terror that the Ottoman Empire is crumbling into ruin. Abdul Hamid, no doubt, resorted to massacre as a British Prime Minister attempts to renew his power by a dissolution. Atrocities are as natural to the Turk as the General Elections to a Parliamentarian. They are the traditional Ottoman method of renewing the mandate of the ruler. No doubt this is offensive to Western civilisation. The Sultan is an anachronism in the last decade of the nineteenth century, and those who have been trying to make believe that he was a civilised sovereign are no doubt experiencing the revulsion natural to disappointed hope. But those of us who have never for one moment forgotten that the Turk is simply the aboriginal savage encamped on the ruins of a civilisation which he destroyed, can afford to be more mild and just in our estimate of the character of the last of the line of Othman.



ABDUL HAMID II.

In this article I shall not depart from the rule governing all these Character Sketches. I shall try to represent Abdul Hamid as he appears to himself at his best, rather than as he appears to his victims at his worst. It is of course impossible to write entirely from his standpoint. But it is possible to avoid the habit of judging the Sultan of Stamboul as if he were a mug citizen of a London suburb. And if we can but start

from the point of realising that it is as natural and as habitual to a Sultan to massacre as it is to a Redskin to scalp, we shall at least avoid one element that would be utterly fatal to any realisation of Abdul Hamid's position.

I.—BEFORE HIS ACCESSION.

Put yourself in his place! Abdul Hamid, the nephew of Abdul Aziz, was reared in the seclusion of the seraglio. Forbidden to take any part in public affairs, he was flung in his earliest manhood into the midst of that debauchery which makes Constantinople the cesspool of the world. For some years he spent his life in riot and excess. Then he suddenly reformed. From a profligate he became an ascetic. Like Prince Hal he banished Jack Falstaff and all his companions of the winecup, and set himself with the zeal of a convert to live a higher and a purer life. His enemies impute it to calculation. But it would be more charitable to believe that the young man had passed through the experience of conversion—a phenomenon fortunately by no means peculiar to the Christian faith. The penitent prodigal is not the less welcome because he goes to a mosque rather than to a church, and there seems to be no doubt that long before there was any prospect of his succeeding to the throne, Abdul Hamid reformed his mode of life and became, according to his lights, a pious and devout disciple of the Prophet. This was the more remarkable, as his conversion took place while Turkish society was still revelling in the false security and fictitious wealth that resulted from the loans which his uncle contracted with reckless prodigality. The latter part of the reign of Abdul Aziz was for the East what the closing years of the Second Empire were for France. Constantinople, like Paris, had its vulgar orgie of splendid debauchery—modern versions of Belshazzar's feast, in which the handwriting on the wall was hardly discerned before the avenger was at the gates.

THE FALL OF ABDUL AZIZ.

The French empire went down in the earthquake of Sedan in 1870. It was not till five years later that Nemesis overtook Abdul Aziz. The treasury, emptied by the Sultan's extravagance, could no longer pay the interest on the coupon, and when Abdul Aziz could no longer borrow his end was at hand. After a brief pause, during which the storm-clouds gathered and broke in insurrection in the extreme western province of the Herzegovina, the conspirators prepared to depose the Sultan. Then events followed each other with the rapidity of the swiftest tragedy. Abdul Hamid, from his retreat among the mollahs and imams, was startled by the news, first of the deposition of his uncle, then of the proclamation of his brother Murad as Sultan. Fast on the heels of this came the suicide of the deposed Sultan. Then like a thunderclap came the assassination of the ministers who had deposed Abdul Aziz, and the summary execution of their murderer. Meanwhile the war clouds were gathering black and heavy on the Russian frontier. Massacres and atrocities in Bulgaria had filled Europe with shuddering horror. Montenegro and Serbia had gone to war; Russian volunteers were flocking to the Servian camp, the capital was seething with excitement. There was the underswell of a revolution in Stamboul, the menace of a Russian invasion in Europe and in Asia. In the midst of all these portents of doom, the pious recluse was suddenly confounded by the announcement that his brother Murad had gone mad, and that he must ascend the throne of Othman.

THE DEPOSITION OF MURAD.

It is difficult to imagine a more trying ordeal than that through which Abdul Hamid had passed between the deposition of his uncle and the removal of his brother. It would have severely tested the nerves of the most experienced politician in the most stormy of South American Republics. What it must have been to the inexperienced and devout Hamid no one can quite realise. What is clear is that he shrank timidly from the perilous dignity of the tottering throne. He refused to consent to the deposition of his brother. He was reluctant to credit the reports of the physicians. He insisted upon foreign advice. But Midhat had decided that Murad must be removed. According to the statements made in the recently published book about Murad, the unfortunate Sultan might easily have recovered had he been allowed to rest. As it was, the conspirators purposely rendered his recovery impossible. The moment the foreign physician's back was turned they succeeded in driving their unfortunate victim into a condition of imbecility, which justified, if it did not even necessitate, his deposition. Abdul Hamid persisted to the last in deprecating his brother's removal. He objected strenuously to his own elevation to the Sultanate. Only when it was made clear to him that Murad would be deposed in any case, and that he had only to choose between being Sultan himself or being put out of the way by the Sultan whom Midhat would instal in his stead, did he yield and consent to accept the thorny crown of the Ottoman Empire. So it came to pass that Murad was formally deposed and Abdul Hamid reigned in his stead.

II.—SULTAN.

"Yildiz, the palace of the Sultan," says a recent writer, "like the Seraglio of the 'good old times,' contains all the *dramatis personae* of the tales of the Scheherazade, the eunuchs, mollahs, pashas, beys, astrologers, slaves, sultanas, kadines, dancing-women, Circassian and Georgian odalisques, whose main object in existence is their own self-advancement. Above this anthill of picturesque folk the interesting figure of the Sultan stands out in striking relief."

When Abdul Hamid was installed as Sultan of Turkey above this picturesque anthill, the situation was such as might well have appalled the stoutest heart. Possibly the Sultan's ignorance—for although he is no fool, he, like all the other Turks, has never quite grasped the elementary facts which underlie the modern world—may have helped him. If he had had a wider range of knowledge or a more vivid imagination he might have gone the way of Murad.

ALONE.

Without training, without preparation, without a single friend whom he could trust, Abdul Hamid was suddenly brought forth from his seclusion by the men who had deposed his uncle and his brother, and established on a throne reeling from the blows of domestic insurrection and foreign war. The last days of the Ottoman Empire seemed to have come. Among all the Powers not one would promise him any help. Among all his pashas there was not one whom he did not believe would depose him to-morrow if private gain or public policy appeared to demand such a step. The treasury was empty. The credit of the Empire was at such a low ebb that no new loan was possible, yet armies had to be retained in the field to keep Serbia and Montenegro in check. Preparations had to be pushed forward to prevent the threatened Russian invasion.

Greece was threatening in the south, Russia in the north and east, while Austria was suspected of aggressive designs in the west. There was hardly a single province which was not threatening revolt. The Powers were clamouring for reforms, the first condition of which was lacking. What and where and whom was he to trust?

KISMET

Now, Abdul Hamid was not learned, nor clever, nor heroic, nor indeed anything in particular. But he was born of the House of Othman, and he was a devout disciple of Mohammed.

For five centuries it had been the will of Allah that there should never be lacking a member of the House of Othman to reign as the Shadow of God among men. Therefore he might not unreasonably conclude it was the will of Allah that he, the rightful representative of that great house, should deliver Islam from the ruin which menaced it. But if

it was the will of Allah that such a deliverance should be wrought, then it was not for him, Abdul Hamid, to tremble or to escape from the task laid upon him by providence. Years before, when he was still a young man, he had accompanied his uncle on the famous European tour, in the course of which Abdul Aziz visited London and was banqueted by the Lord Mayor. In those days it was noted that Abdul Hamid was of a very shy and retiring disposition. It was reported that when he was in the gardens at Buckingham Palace he would always slink behind the bushes and conceal himself if he saw any one approaching. By constitution he was not self-assertive, and, like Hamlet, he regarded it as a cursed spite that he was told off to put to right times so cruelly out of joint. But, unlike Hamlet, Abdul Hamid is a Moslem, and a prince of the house which generation after generation produced warriors and statesmen who were the terror of Christendom and the object of the envious admiration of the Eastern world. Hence he did not hesitate when the call fairly came to shoulder his burden, and to undertake the task of saving the Empire with qualifications almost as scanty as those of Tommy Atkins for commanding an army corps.

MIDHAT AND HIS CONSTITUTION.

When he became Sultan, Midhat had conceived the idea of throwing dust in the eyes of Europe by proclaiming a Constitution. The Sultan assented to it, as he would probably have assented to any other expedient which the Grand Vizier proposed at that time. But he never liked it, and took the first opportunity of dissolving the Parliament and putting the Constitution on the shelf. Parliaments indeed were not in his line. The

house of Othman has many virtues, but those of constitutional kingship were not of them. The founder of the dynasty and all his most famous descendants had been men of personal initiative. They not only reigned, but ruled. They first carved out their realms for themselves with their own scimitars, and then governed it by their own autocratic theocratic will. To Abdul Hamid, who believed only in two things—in God and in his house—the very idea of a parliament or of any limitation on the sovereign power of

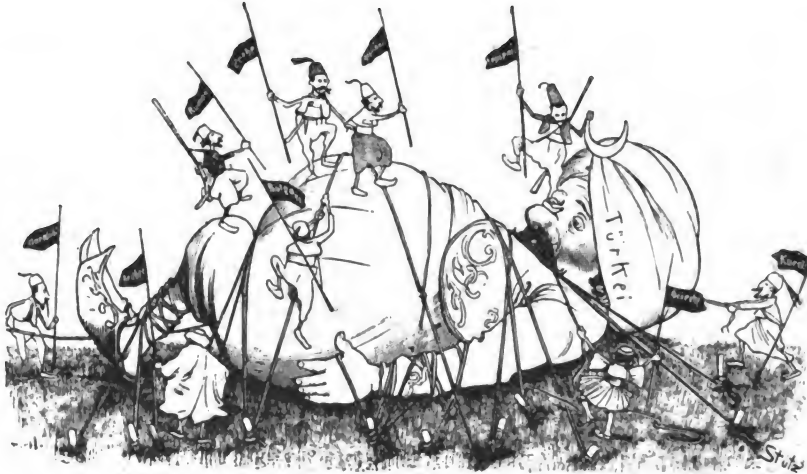
the Sultan partook of the nature of a blasphemy. Not by such means would Allah deliver the Faithful. Abdul Hamid would stand in the ancient ways, walk by the ancient light, and trust in the God of his fathers to deliver him from the perils that encompassed him round about. For a time, in deference to Midhat, he tolerated the theatricality of the Constitution, hoping that it might delude the infidel and deliver Turkey from war.

But when it failed, and the infidel would not be deluded, and the Russian armies crossed the Danube and invaded Armenia, then the time for such fooling was past. Midhat was banished to Arabia, where he shortly afterwards died, the Parliament was dissolved, and the Constitution vanished in thin air.

THE ONE MAN POWER.

Henceforth the Sultan was to be the Sultan. And for nearly twenty years Abdul Hamid has been the Sultan and no mistake. Believing in no one but himself, he trusted no one but himself. Surrounded by men who had betrayed his uncle and his brother, living in an atmosphere malarious with corruption and saturated with intrigue, he early decided to trust no one, and to govern single-handed. And hopeless though the enterprise appeared, Abdul Hamid may at least claim that whatever may be said in criticism of his policy, it has at least achieved one great and indisputable success. It has enabled him to survive. And that is more than most people believed possible. Not only has he survived for nearly twenty years, but he has, until quite recently, been regarded as one of the ablest and most successful rulers of our time.

The worst enemy of Abdul Hamid cannot deny that he is one of the most industrious of sovereigns. He toils early and late, seventeen and eighteen hours a day. Neither can it be imputed to him that he has not always laboured for what he believed to be the real interest of the great trust which Allah has committed to his hands. He has worked like a galley slave in the peopled solitude of his palace. An Imperial convict sentenced to hard labour for life, with constant liability to capital punish-

From *Kladderadatsch*.]

[November 10, 1895.]

FAR AWAY IN TURKEY.

The Lilliputians have taken possession of Gulliver, who had fallen asleep.



THE RECEDING TIDE OF OTTOMAN OPPRESSION.

ment, he has scorned delights and lived laborious days. He is not a genius, but he has held his own; not a hero, but he has borne the heat and burden of a long and toilsome day without complaining, and if he were gathered to his fathers to-morrow, he would have a record of which, when due allowance is made for his environment, no Sultan of his line need be ashamed.

COURAGE WITH SELF-RELIANCE.

It is the fashion nowadays to denounce Abdul Hamid as an abject coward. Cowardice has never been a note of the house of Othman. The breed is brave by heredity, and Abdul Hamid has given enough proof of his courage to show that he belongs to the Imperial line. Almost immediately after his accession he had to face the Russian invasion. On both eastern and western frontiers burst the storm of Russian war. His arsenals were almost empty, his treasury was bankrupt. Even the rifles for his legions had to be bought in hot haste across the Atlantic. Of his pashas, some of the most highly placed were believed to be in Russian pay. There was no one in Camp or Cabinet who was of proved genius and who could command the confidence either of his Sovereign or of Europe. Among the great Powers, there was not one which could be relied upon for a cartridge or a sou. England, which in olden days had been the sworn ally of his predecessors, had taken offence about the suppression of the Bulgarian insurrection, an inscrutable piece of squeamishness on her part which Abdul Hamid to this day finds impossible to understand. As if the Ottoman Empire could exist without such suppression of rebellions! For the Turk without atrocities is as the leopard without his spots, and a sudden qualm of conscience as to the existence of spots cannot be understood by the leopard with whom we had been in alliance, spots and all, for more than the lifetime of a generation. France, prostrate after the German conquest, was useless. Abdul Hamid had to depend on himself alone, as his ancestors had done before him—on himself, on the swords of the Faithful, and on Allah, the all-powerful, who at the eleventh hour might make bare his arm and overwhelm the hosts of the Infidel.

THE DEFENCE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

So argued the forlorn Sultan, and without more ado he set himself to beat back the tide of Russian war. The terrible year that followed added its deep impress to those of the tragedies which had preceded it. The heroic defence of Plevna by Osman Pasha was a solitary gleam of light amidst the ever deepening gloom of military defeat. Alike in Europe and in Asia, the crusading Russians pressed slowly but steadily onward. Kars fell in Armenia. Plevna at last surrendered in Europe, and then the Russian army, like a long dammed-up flood, surged irresistibly over the Balkans, and rushed foaming up to the very gates of Stamboul. Then it was that the Sultan showed that he possessed some of the old military instincts and the fighting spirit of his race. Panic reigned at the Porte, and the pashas, appalled by the sudden collapse of their armies, were counselling a hasty retreat to Broussa on the other side of the Sea of Marmora. Abdul Hamid, calm and undismayed, concentrated all his energies upon the preparations for the defence of Constantinople. Mouktar Pasha was placed in command of the lines, behind which the wreck of the Ottoman armies was mustered for a last stand.

HE VETOES THE FLIGHT TO BROUSSA.

While still absorbed in the preparations for the defence of his capital against the Russians, Abdul Hamid was

suddenly startled by an intimation that the British fleet, which all the autumn had lain sullenly vigilant in Besika Bay, was about to force the passage of the Dardanelles. Orders were given to the forts to resist the naval invasion, and the gunners in the forts that command the Straits made ready to try conclusions with Admiral Hornby's ironclads. At the last moment, however, the ships were allowed to pass.

Lord Beaconsfield undoubtedly intended the advance of the fleet to be a demonstration against the Russians. But it so happened that it created more consternation amongst the Turks, who seemed to feel themselves suddenly assailed in front and rear by a fresh enemy. It was just about the time when the British fleet had forced the Dardanelles and anchored at Prince's Island within a day's steaming of Stamboul, that a council was held in the capital to consider the Grand Vizier's proposal for an immediate retreat to Asia. The assembly of ministers and pashas was numerous and influential. The prevailing opinion was that as the capital lay now between the Russians at San Stefano and the British fleet at Prince's Islands, nothing remained but flight into Asia. Then it was that the Sultan showed himself a true descendant of Othman. Confronted by the craven crew of his own council, urging instant flight, Abdul Hamid calmly, but resolutely, refused to abandon the capital. Come what might he would remain in Constantinople, and share the fate of the city that for four hundred years had been the throne of his dynasty. The word of the Sultan prevailed. The flight to Broussa was countermanded, and Abdul Hamid, amid his craven councillors, kept the Crescent above the Cross on the great cathedral of St. Sophia.

AND SAVES THE TURKISH FLEET.

Nor was this the only trial of his nerve. When the negotiations were going on between General Ignatieff and the Turkish plenipotentiaries at San Stefano, the Russians demanded as one of the prizes of war the whole Turkish fleet. Achmet, Vefyk and Safvet Pashas, the strongest members of the ministry, urged compliance with the Russian demands. Turkey, they held, was powerless to resist. To refuse the Russian terms would be to renew the war. If the war was renewed the Cossacks would canter almost unopposed to the palace of the Sultan, and the Ottoman Empire would not survive the capture of its capital. But here again the indomitable spirit of Abdul Hamid burst out. "Never," he exclaimed—"never," and with his own hand he wrote a letter to the Grand Duke Nicholas declaring it was impossible to give up the fleet. He added, with an emphasis unusual to him, that he would prefer to see the vessels blown up with himself on board rather than that they should fall into the hands of Russia. This might be bluff, but it was bluff of the supreme sort, the bluff of a monarch on the edge of the abyss, and above all it was bluff that succeeded. The Russians waived their demand: the Turkish fleet, like the Turkish capital, was saved by the Sultan, and the Sultan alone.

L'ÉTAT C'EST MOI.

It is enough to recall these two severe crises to understand how it is that the Sultan feels that it is he and no other, he the Commander of the Faithful, to whom Allah has entrusted the responsibility of government. And so it has come to pass that ever since that time Abdul Hamid has insisted upon governing himself alone. In small things as in great, in the appointment of a policeman in Erzeroum, or in the regulation of a theatre in Stamboul, equally as in the great affairs of State, the

Sultan is supreme. He alone must order everything, sanction everything, superintend everything. As in the eyes of Allah there is nothing great or nothing small, but all things are of equal importance, so it is with the chosen of Allah who reigns and rules at Stamboul.

III.—WHAT HE HAS DONE OF GOOD.

What has Abdul Hamid done for the Empire over which he reigns? First and foremost, he has kept it in existence for twenty years. He has survived war, insurrection, treason, attempted assassination, bankruptcy. And that in itself is no mean achievement. There seemed but a forlorn hope that he would succeed. But he has succeeded—so far at least as a man may be said to succeed who succeeds in evading the continual menace of annihilation.

HIS FOREIGN POLICY.

Secondly, he has, on the whole, been more reasonable and practical in his dealings with the Powers than he might have been. He was slow to give up Dulcigno to Montenegro and Epirus to Greece. His resolution needed to be quickened by a naval demonstration in the Adriatic and a threatened descent on the custom-houses of Smyrna, but in the end he gave way. In his dealings with Bulgaria he was more reasonable than anyone anticipated. When Eastern Roumelia tore up the Berlin treaty and joined herself to the principality of Bulgaria, the Sultan would have been within his treaty rights, and he would probably have had, to say the least, no opposition from Russia, if he had invaded the rebellious province and re-established his authority at Philippopolis. But he refrained from interfering, and as the net result of twenty years' diplomacy he is probably on better terms with the Bulgarians than are the Russians, to whom they owe their emancipation. Thirdly, he has not done anything like the mischief he might have done in Egypt. He might have complicated things terribly if he had accepted our proposal for a joint occupation. He refused, and although he may have been regretting it ever since, he has in reality contributed mightily to establish English authority in Cairo. Rumour says that he encouraged Arabi to revolt. If so, we owe him only one more good turn. For if Arabi had not revolted, the British redcoat would never have been established in the barracks at Cairo. Fourthly, he has had to face a very dangerous revolt in Arabia. He quelled it by a policy of concession, which warded off a serious peril to the Empire and gave to the Arabs securities against oppression.

RESTORATION OF FINANCES AND ARMY REFORM.

Fifthly, he established an International Commission for the payment of the interest on the debt. This required considerable nerve. He had seen in Egypt what International Commissions came to. He naturally shrank from establishing an *Imperium in Imperio* at his own door. But when convinced that it was necessary, he bowed to the will of Allah, and was rewarded for his self-sacrifice by the re-establishment of the credit of the Empire in the Stock Exchanges of Europe. When he came to the throne Turkey was bankrupt. Her last loan had been floated at 12 per cent. To-day the treasury, although not overflowing, is able to meet its obligations, and with such punctuality and despatch as to enable a Turkish loan to be floated at 5 per cent. Sixthly, he has done a great deal for the improvement of the discipline and the equipment of the army. He placed it under German direction, and, according to Captain Norman, who recently wrote on the subject in the *United Service Magazine*, he has done more for the army in making it a

valuable fighting force. He has replenished the batteries of artillery, provided his troops with magazine rifles, and can now, it is said, put 500,000 men into the field.

EDUCATION AND ART.

Seventhly, Abdul Hamid has shown a praiseworthy appreciation of the importance of education. When the Russians were in full march upon Adrianople, he was busily engaged in founding the Mulkieh school, a preparatory college for the civil service. After the war was over—*inter arma silent leges*—he founded a school of law at the capital—a measure of reform in which, it is to be hoped, his example will be followed with the necessary interval by Great Britain. Many other special schools have been founded by him, and more than 2,000 elementary schools, attended by 100,000 scholars, have been opened since he ascended the throne. Eighthly, Abdul Hamid deserves credit for his interest in the education of women. He has taken a notable step in advance by establishing various girls' schools in Constantinople and other towns. Ninthly, Abdul Hamid has taken a new departure in bestowing some attention on art. There is more treasure-trove within his Empire than exists elsewhere on the world's surface. But hitherto sultans have concerned themselves as much with the priceless remains of Greek art as an Ashantee concerns himself about the higher mathematics. Abdul Hamid has broken with this barbarous tradition. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, who visited Turkey in 1890, says:—

For the first time the interesting contents of his treasury have been arranged, and, under special permits, are open to inspection. He has also established a museum of antiquities, under the care of Hamdi Bey, a very competent antiquarian, a Moslem by religion, but the son of a Greek who was stolen as a boy from Scio. There has been a recent find of three splendid sarcophagi at Sidon, one of which is believed to have contained the remains either of Alexander or one of his generals; it has bas-reliefs of the very best period of Grecian art—equal in merit, in the opinion of many, to the Elgin marbles, and far more perfect in preservation. This alone makes the fortunes of the museum, and must attract every sculptor in Europe. He has formed a school of art.

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

Tenthly, he has busied himself very much about the reorganisation of the judicial administration. As to the value of this I am sceptical. But it is probable that the Sultan means to do the best he can. He has certainly taken no end of trouble about it. According to Hakki Bey the reign of the Sultan has—

witnessed the most effective improvements in this respect. The reorganisation of provincial tribunals, the nomination of procurators and advocates-general, the establishment of a regular system of advancement for judges, and a firm guarantee insuring their trustworthiness and impartiality, the institution of criminal and civil procedures, are samples of this reforming policy applied to the administration of justice, besides the creation of a law school destined to furnish the department of justice with able and well-instructed functionaries. The reorganisation of the police took place during this reign, which has witnessed so many acts for the welfare of the Ottoman people. The ancient confusion between the duties of the police, gendarmerie and department of penal jurisdiction ceased, and the gendarmerie as an armed force being attached to the War Department, the ministry of police remained with its essential attributes with regard to public safety.

Eleventhly, he has paid some attention to the construction of railways, the making of roads, and the supply of the necessary appliances of civilisation to the cities of his Empire. It is true that all these are but mere fragmentary trifles. Still, such as they are, they must be taken into account.

SISYPHUS ON THE BOSPHORUS.

Abdul Hamid has at least maintained his Empire in peace. He might so easily have involved it in war. He has remained proof against all temptations of a warlike nature. He was not responsible for the Russian war. He inherited it, and he did the best he could. Since then he has succeeded in avoiding all armed collision with his neighbours, and has devoted his whole energies to what he regards as the true welfare of his people. Arminius Vambery, who recently paid a visit to the Sultan, bears emphatic testimony to the zeal with which he labours in the public service. He says:—

The Sultan has got hardly the time to undertake a walk in his garden; how could he allow to himself the luxury of a longer holiday? To Sultan Abdul Hamid the throne is not at all a resting-place, and, having the honour to be his guest a few weeks ago, I can state from what I see that there has never been an Asiatic Prince who devoted all his energies to the welfare of his country like the present ruler of Turkey.

IV.—WHAT HE HAS DONE OF ILL.

If these be the good deeds of Abdul Hamid, what are his evil deeds?

From the point of view of the House of Othman his evil deeds are two, neither of which count for much with his most acrimonious critics, and both of which can be explained and excused as the natural result of the circumstances under which he came to the throne.

HIS NEGLECT OF THE FLEET.

First and foremost, and worst of all, he has neglected the Fleet. He imperilled his Empire in order to prevent it passing into the hands of the Russians. He has allowed it to perish of red rust and decay. The ironclads are still anchored in the Bosphorus, but they can neither fight nor steam. When the Kiel canal was opened and the warships of all nations were assembled in honour of the new international highway, the Sultan found that in all his navy there was only one ironclad whose boilers could be trusted to hold out for so long a voyage as that from Constantinople to Kiel and back. As the result of this neglect of the navy, his capital is to day at the mercy of the Tzar. The Russian Black Sea fleet could any night force the entrance to the Bosphorus, and place Constantinople under the fire of their guns. Constantinople is now to all intents and purposes the fief of Russia. The Sultan, as the Russians say, is the Tzar's *dvornik* or *conciierge*, the keeper of the back door of the Russian Empire. The Sultan has to pay Russia for seventy years to come a tribute of £350,000 per annum. Whenever he fails to pay up, Russia can levy execution; nor is there an ironclad in the Turkish fleet to say the Russian nay. Even Greece is able nowadays to hold her own against the once

puissant Ottoman. Turkey, once one of the greatest of sea powers, has now ceased to be a power at all, even in her own waters. To allow the fleet to moulder down into rusty ruin, that is the worst offence to be alleged against the Sultan from the point of view of an Ottoman.

WHY?

It may be explained, although not justified, by recalling the sombre memories of the previous reign. When the conspirators deposed Abdul Aziz, they first of all made sure of the fleet. When the luckless Sultan threatened resistance, the conspirators pointed through the windows to the Bosphorus, where in battle array the great ironclads lay ready to shell the palace on the first sign of resistance. It was the fleet which made the conspiracy safe and successful. Abdul Hamid has never trusted his navy since. It was the instrument which ruined his uncle. Who could say how soon it might be turned against him? So, lest the ironclads should depose the Sultan, the Sultan has virtually deprived the Empire of the protection of the ironclads. It was foolish policy.

For an ironclad, which is of no use against a hostile fleet, is still quite powerful enough to shell the palace of the Sultan. Nevertheless, the fact is undisputed. The Sultan has now no fleet worth speaking of, and when we say that we say everything. For sea power has always been the foundation of Empire, and when the Turk ceases to be "king of the two seas" he will not long remain Emperor of the East.



KHALIL RIFAAT PASHA, GRAND VIZIER.



TAHSIN BEY, THE SULTAN'S CHIEF SECRETARY.

PARALYSIS FROM OVER-CENTRALISATION.

The second great fault of Abdul Hamid has been the paralysis of his administration due to the congested centralisation of his empire. As he persists in doing everything himself, things don't get done. There is a vast accumulation of arrears of work always before him. It used to be said of our Lords of the Admiralty that they were kept so busy signing papers all day, they had no time left in which to think of the fleet at all. So it is with the Sultan. Mr. Shaw Lefevre says:—

There is no detail of administration of his Government so small or trivial that it does not come before him personally for his approval and signature. The British Ambassador, as an illustration of this, told me that he could not get his steam-launch repaired in the Turkish dockyard, at his own expense, without the matter going before the Sultan for his approval. Another ex-ambassador said that in an interview at the palace the Sultan complained of over-work, and pointed to a great heap of papers on his table on which his decision was required. The ambassador, glancing his eye at the papers, observed that the first of them consisted of proposed regulations for a *café chantant* in Pera.

The result is paralysis, nothing is attended to in the right time, and everything gets out of joint.

CIVILISATION TOO COMPLEX FOR THE SULTAN.

It is easy to see how this has arisen; it is even easier to see how it must work out. The Sultan, believing only in himself, will do everything himself. He and no other is the chosen of God. He therefore and no other must decide everything, sign everything. He is the delegate of Omnipotence without permission to redelegate his supreme power. This was possible when Sultans had little or nothing to do in the government of the provinces which they conquered. In the primitive barbarism of the Ottoman there was little trouble taken about the civic government. The Cadi sat under the palm tree administering justice; the Sultan lived in his tent in the midst of his soldiers leading them on to battle. Bajazet knew nothing of the endless minutiae of administrative details which harass Abdul Hamid. Amurath did not concern himself with regulating *café chantants*. A multiplex civilisation with innumerable wants has invaded the primitive Ottoman state, and the Sultan who tries to deal with it single-handed is about as helpless as the baggage master of Julius Cæsar would have been if he had been suddenly called upon to handle with his old ox-carts the goods traffic of the London and North-Western Railway.

OUR ABDUL HAMID AT WESTMINSTER.

And yet it is not for Englishmen to be too hard upon the poor Shadow of God who sits this day and every day in the Yildiz Kiosk laboriously engaged in the labours of Sisyphus. For what is our House of Commons, weighed down with arrears of business, hampered by obstruction and hopelessly inefficient to despatch its work, but a British Abdul Hamid, a clotted and congested mass of excessively centralised administrations, not less but rather the more unwieldy because it is controlled by six hundred and seventy minds instead of by one? The House of Commons is jealous of its power, just like the Sultan. He refuses to decentralise and abides stolidly in the ancient ways.

THE G.O.M. AND THE SULTAN.

Another defect of the Sultan is recalled by a British precedent. Our Liberals are at this moment in an even

to command the confidence or excite the enthusiasm of his party. The Sultan is to his pashas what Mr. Gladstone was to his colleagues. He is everything. They are but his instruments. In Mr. Gladstone's case this was due to the ascendancy, natural and legitimate, of transcendent political genius and unequalled experience. In the case of the Sultan it is due to his supreme position and the distrust natural to a sovereign who owed his throne to the conspiracy of the ministers of his predecessor. But to whatever it may be due, the result is the same. The Shadow of God trusts no one but himself, and is served not by statesmen, but by temporary tools whom he uses for a time and then throws on one side. Now it is possible to govern an empire by one man, if that one man sticks to Imperial work. But if, in addition to being Emperor, the one man insists upon being cook, footman and butler as well, the machine will break down.

HIS INTERVIEW WITH MR. HEWITT.

The Sultan would be omnipotent, but he is not omniscient; and it is impossible, imprisoned in the Yildiz Kiosk, to know what is going on in his distant provinces. Mr. Hewitt, one time Mayor of New York, told me of an interesting conversation which he once had with Abdul Hamid at Constantinople. Mr. Hewitt, who is a shrewd and observant American, had been much impressed during his travels in Asia Minor by seeing a peasant cut down a fine date tree that grew at his door, because he was unable to pay the taxes. He was driven permanently to impoverish himself in order to escape a levy which he had not means to meet. When he returned to Constantinople, he told the Sultan what he had seen, and laid great stress upon the folly of killing the goose which laid the golden eggs. Abdul Hamid was most sympathetic, thanked him cordially, and dismissed the official responsible for collecting the taxes in that particular district. But he lamented the impossibility of keeping an eye on all parts of his Empire, and he begged Mr. Hewitt, with an effusiveness that rather touched the New Yorker, to write to him whenever he saw anything or heard of anything which he, the Sultan, ought to know. I rallied Mr. Hewitt for not embracing this opportunity of becoming the eyes and ears of the Sultan, for he had not availed himself of the advantage. Mr. Hewitt was, however, much impressed with the sincerity of the Sultan's anxiety to do right, and the bitter sense of impotence under which he laboured.

THE POVERTY OF THE PEASANTS.

The financial condition of the Empire is much improved from the point of view of the Stock Exchange. But there is reason to fear that the improvement in Ottoman credit has been achieved by levying taxes with a severity which has dried up the sources of the prosperity of the peasants. Mr. Caillard, the English member of the International Commission of the Public Debt, reported as long ago as 1889 that the condition of things in the provinces was growing desperate:—

The peasant, in the interior, has reduced his wants to their simplest expression, and signs are to hand which show him to be less and less able to purchase the few necessities he requires. For instance, a few years ago in any decent peasant household copper cooking utensils were to be seen. Now they are scarcely to be found, and they have been sold to meet the pressing needs of the moment. Their place has been taken by clay utensils, and, in the case of the more affluent, by iron. The peasant's chief expenses lie in his women-folk, who require print stuffs for their dresses and linen for their under-clothing; but of these he gets as little as possible, since, as often as not, he cannot pay for them. This smallness of margin is one of the reasons why the amount of importation



From Moonshine.]

[November 9, 1895.]

A SAD CASE!

worse condition than the Ottoman Empire, and for much the same reason. The Grand Old Man, who for so many years as Commander of the Faithful overshadowed everything, was our Shadow of God, and beneath his shade no colleague could acquire sufficient standing

increases so slowly. The peasant hardly ever pays for his purchases in cash; what little he has goes in taxes. He effects his purchases by barter. Another significant sign is the increase of brigandage which has taken place. New bands of brigands are continually springing up; reports from the interior are ever bringing to our knowledge some fresh acts of violent robbery. This simply means that men desperately poor, and refusing to starve, take to brigandage as a means of living.

THE WEALTH OF THE SULTAN.

At the same time the peasants are growing poor, the Sultan is growing rich. He has by one means and another acquired immense estates. According to an American antiquarian who has spent some years in Bagdad and Syria—

More than half of the landed property of the province of Bagdad has passed into the hand of the Sultan, and he has possessed himself of the whole of the valley of the Jordan. One effect of this was, that the province no longer paid its way in the sense of returning a surplus income to the Treasury, as the Sultan's lands and those cultivating it were not subject to taxation.

V.—THE SULTAN AT HOME.

No one knows really how the Sultan lives. A recent visitor at Yildiz received three different accounts of how he spends his day from three different pashas, each of whom ought to have been in a position to know the truth. What is known is that Abdul Hamid lives very simply in the comparative retirement of the Yildiz Kiosk. Frances Elliott, in her "Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople," gives an account of his daily life, which is probably as authentic as any that can be discovered in the press of Europe:—

YILDIZ KIOSK.

Abdul Hamid is a nervous man. Ever since the tragic death of his uncle he has obstinately refused to move from the small kiosk or palazetto called Yildiz, about three miles from the city, on the European range of hills bordering the Bosphorus. The way to Yildiz lies through the draggled streets of Pera, into comparative country. After going up and down hill at a break-neck gallop, the outlines of a palace kiosk, modern and small, reveals itself rising out of a cincture of dark groves. This is Yildiz Kiosk, where lives the Commander of the Faithful. It is not a palace at all, but originally was a summer villa. The park, which is well wooded, is spacious, with grassy slopes, diversified with other kiosks, also shaded with groves descending to a quay on the Bosphorus. It has most charming views over land and sea, Europe and Asia. Near at hand is the broad channel of the deep blue Bosphorus, with its frieze of white palaces, steamers, caïques, and vessels with sails set gliding by every instant.

HIS DAILY LIFE.

No Sultan has mounted the throne of Mohammed II. more blameless in private life or endowed with more sentiments of general humanity. The hideous custom of the murder of infant nephews has ceased under his reign. He is modest in the requirements of his harem. Like the Pope, the Sultan eats alone, seated near a window overlooking the Bosphorus, except on special occasions, when he receives with the most finished courtesy royal visitors, ambassadors and their wives, every European luxury being understood and served upon the board. Habitually he drinks only water, brought to the palace in casks under special precautions. His food is extremely plain, consisting chiefly of vegetables, served in silver saucepans presented to him at table sealed. No one works harder than Hamid. He takes but few hours of sleep, and sometimes passes the entire night, pen in hand, signing every document himself, from the appointment of a Governor to the lowest officer at the palace.

FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

Like most Orientals, he is an early riser. After the prayers and ablutions enjoined by his religion—and he is eminently a pious Turk—he drinks a cup of coffee, and then begins smoking cigarettes which (as was the case with Louis Napoleon) he continues all day. At 10 a.m. he receives the reports of his ministers, works alone or with his secretaries till one, when he eats; then he drives in the grounds, or floats in a gilded caïque on a lake for a couple of hours, never leaving the park of Yildiz except to go to the mosque, after which he returns to preside at the Council of State, or to receive ambassadors or ministers. His dinner is at sunset, when the national pilaf of rice and sweets are served with sherbet and ices. After this he betakes himself to the Selamlık to receive pashas and generals of high rank, such as Osman Ghazi, or oftener he disappears into the harem to pass the evening hours with wives, mother and children. Music is his delight, and



From Kladderadatsch.]

[November 24, 1895.]

THE DEMONSTRATION OF THE FLEETS.

THE SICK MAN: "But, gentlemen, I am not yet dead."

in private he himself takes his place at the piano.

Turk and Ottoman to the backbone, he is convinced that his soldiers are the best in the world, the most enduring and amenable to discipline. In speech he is a purist, speaking well in a slow monotonous voice, but sometimes the flood of expression is let loose, and he is said to burst into something like eloquence. The mollahs and dervishes find in him a ready listener and a liberal protector; indeed, he is liberal, and takes pleasure in rewarding those who serve him well. His gifts to European ladies are especially magnificent in gems and pearls, of which he has drawersful in the old seraglio.

AT THE SELAMLİK.

It is only on Friday, when the Sultan goes to mosque, that he ever leaves the shelter of the park. All the troops are turned out, the ministers are in attendance, an immense crowd gathers to catch a glimpse of the Shadow

of God. A newspaper correspondent thus describes the scene when the Sultan appears:—

The silence suddenly becomes absolute as the Sultan leaves the apartments, and then, as he appears, it is simply broken by the equivalent to a Turkish "hurrah" from the Marine Guard, given from hundreds of throats as with one voice, in three or four ringing syllables. At a gentle trot the open barouche slips past. On the right sits a small bowed figure, with eyes cast down and hands clasped on his knees. The beard is a dusky grey and the skin sallow and earthy. The Sultan looks ten years more than his age, one might say ten years older almost than he did in 1892. On his left is Ghazi Osman Pacha, who is growing old by the side of his great master. Under the windows filled with foreign spectators, amidst a curious hush, under the fire of every eye, passes the carriage with its terrible freight, the inscrutable will on which depend the lives of millions. As Abdul Hamid Khan II. is assisted up the steps of the mosque, the shrill cry of the Muezzin cleaves the blue stillness as he stands out a mere speck on the minaret rail against the sky.

Then the doors close, and the act is over. The curtain figuratively falls, and tongues are loosed. An American remarks that the Sultan looks so like Mr. Jay Gould did last year that if the latter could now be placed by the side of Ghazi Osman, as he then was, and were so to drive back, not one in the crowd would detect the difference.

In half an hour he comes out again, enters a Victoria, takes the reins of the two grey horses, and drives away at a walking pace.

THE SULTAN AS HE LOOKS.

Miss Elliott, when she saw him, remarked:—

The Sultan is the most wretched, pinched-up little sovereign I ever saw. A most unhappy-looking man, of dark complexion, with a look of absolute terror in his large Eastern eyes. People say he is nervous, and no wonder, considering the fate of his predecessor. Yet this is to be regretted, for if he could surmount these fears, his would be an agreeable and refined countenance, eminently Asiatic in type, and with a certain charm of expression. All I can say is that his eyes haunted me for days, as of one gazing at some unknown horror, so emaciated and unnatural is his appearance that were he a European we should pronounce him in a swift decline. I hear that his greatest friend and favourite is his physician. And no wonder, for he must need his constant care, considering the life he leads. How all the fabled state of the Oriental potentate palls before such a lesson in royal misery! The poorest beggar in his dominions is happier than he!

HIS DREAD OF ASSASSINATION.

It is not surprising that Abdul Hamid should fear assassination. Abdul Aziz was so afraid of being poisoned that he lived chiefly on hard-boiled eggs. Abdul Hamid never stirs outside his park. He refused to accompany the German Emperor to Sophia:—

Some grand duchess whom he received at his Court, on his complaining that his health was indifferent, advised him to take more exercise and change of air, and to drive about the country. On her departure he is reported to have said, "What harm have I done that this woman should desire my death? Why does she advise me to run into such dangers?"

ESPIONAGE UNIVERSAL.

He lives, like Domitian, in constant suspicion of all around him; and all who surround him are believed to live in imminent peril of their lives, should their imperial master suspect they meditate designs against his life. He changes his bodyguard every week, and never allows his ministers to go out of his palace without a written permission. Everywhere he has his spies—in the Ministry, in the harem, in the street. Brother can hardly speak to brother without one suspecting the other to be a spy. The Sultan lives in the midst of this

atmosphere of suspicion. It is to him the breath of life. If the butler could but trust the cook, the Sultan's life might be taken in the night. He distrusts every one. He once put Osman Pasha—Osman the Victorious, Osman the hero of Plevna—under arrest for three days, owing to a false report that he had saluted Reschad, heir apparent to the throne. No one is to be anybody but Abdul Hamid.

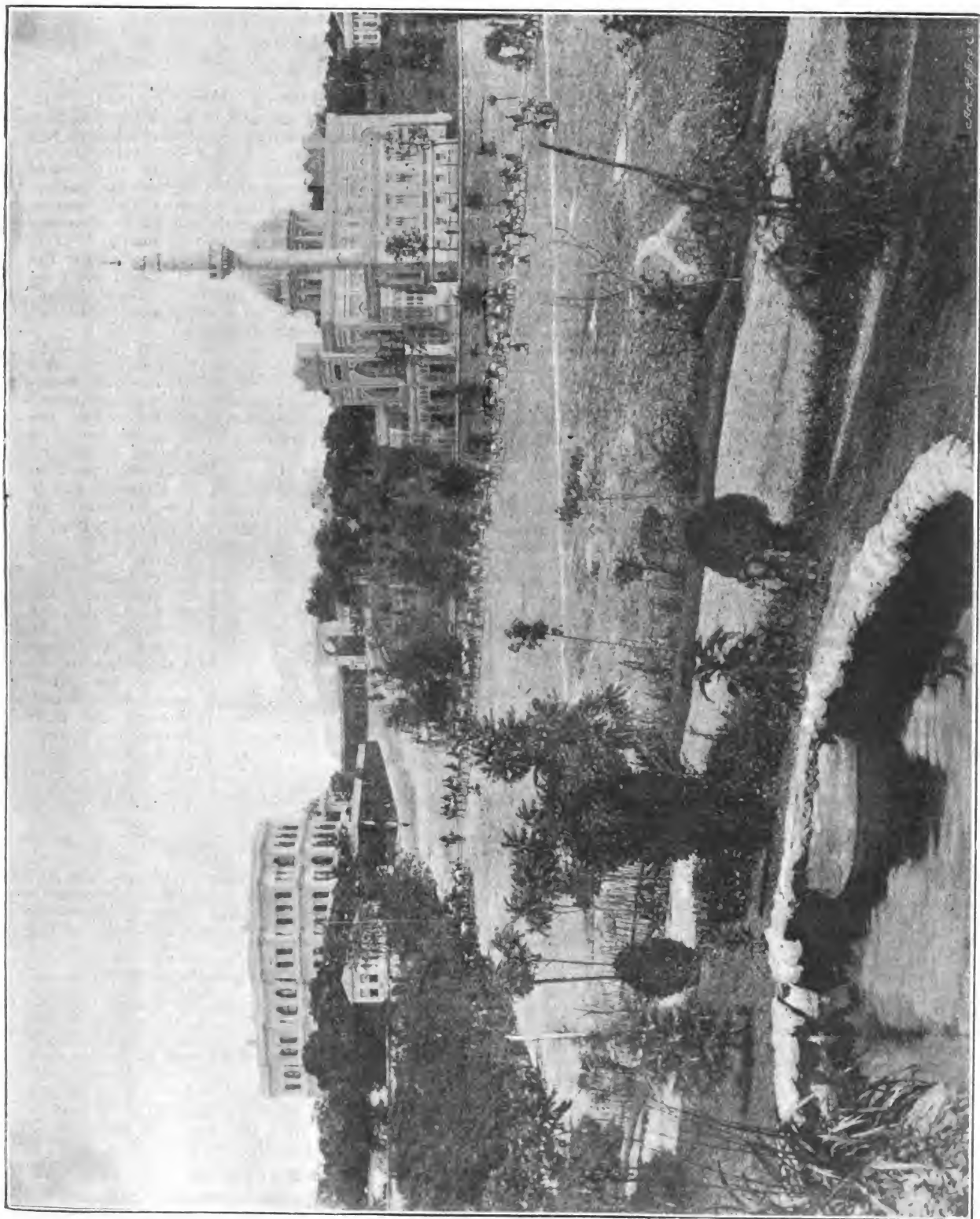
The press is gagged. Ministers are reduced to the position of mere puppets. If any one distinguishes himself in any way, his very distinction is his doom. He is banished, lest the discontented should rally round him. No one must be conspicuous. Every one must be reduced to the universal dead-level of abject mediocrity.

THE TELEGRAM TO LORD SALISBURY.

But while he thus silences criticism within his dominions, he is tremblingly alive to the comments of the press outside Turkey. He is as sensitive as Lord Rosebery was to the printed criticism of anonymous and insignificant journalists. Instead of letting the scribblers of Little Piddington rave to the desert air, he has their leaders carefully translated for his special benefit. The world was astonished, and not a little amused, by the Sultan's pathetic appeal to Lord Salisbury. The Sultan said he had been very much pained by Lord Salisbury's incredulity, and that he was resolved to execute what he had undertaken. "I have already told my ministers so. The only reason why Lord Salisbury should thus throw doubt upon my good intentions must be the intrigues of certain persons here, or else false statements have been made to cause such opinion." After some intermediate observations which Lord Salisbury did not quote (at the Brighton meeting where he read this historic document), the message went on: "I repeat I will execute the reforms. I will take the paper containing them, place it before me, and see myself that every article is put in force. This is my earnest determination, and I give him my word of honour. I wish Lord Salisbury to know this, and I beg and desire that his lordship, having confidence in these declarations, will make another speech by virtue of the friendly feeling and disposition he has for me and for my country. I shall await the result of this message with the greatest anxiety." So ran the famous message from Abdul Hamid to Lord Salisbury—a significant indication of the decadence of the Sultanate. Imagine the descendant of the fierce warrior who swore he would feed his horse with oats on the altar of St. Peter's in Rome, telegraphing to the Prime Minister of the Infidels, begging him to "make another speech by virtue of the friendly feeling and disposition he has for me and for my country!"

THE STORY OF A "P. M. G." TELEGRAM.

Mr. Cust, the brilliant and successful editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who visited the Sultan this year, told me a curious story of his own experience, which better than anything else illustrates the present position of affairs at Yildiz. Mr. Cust saw a good deal of the Sultan, and at one of his interviews, Abdul Hamid informed him that it was his intention to carry out some reforms which the Powers had not even asked for. He was going to do this, he said, as a proof of his goodwill and his anxious desire to meet the wishes of the Powers. Mr. Cust, thinking that it might please the Sultan, decided to send a telegram to the *Pall Mall Gazette* embodying the substance of the Sultan's message. He drafted the telegram and sent it in to the telegraph office.



THE MOSQUE OF THE YILDIZ KIOSK, TO WHICH THE SULTAN GOES ON FRIDAY MORNINGS.

Next morning a mounted messenger galloped in with a message from the Sultan summoning Mr. Cust at once to Yildiz. When he arrived there he found the Sultan in deep cogitation over the telegram, which had not been despatched pending the Imperial pleasure. Would Mr. Cust consent to some alteration in the telegram? "That depends," said Mr. Cust, "upon what the alteration is."

So the Sultan and his ministers set to work to re-draft the telegram. After a time it was brought out. Would Mr. Cust object to this form? He glanced at it. The amended Imperially edited message began somewhat like this: "Another proof of the beneficent goodness of His Imperial Majesty is," etc. "Nonsense!" said Mr. Cust; "it would only make the Sultan ridiculous to publish such a telegram in London." So the message went back to the Sultan. The poor man tried again; then came another draft. It was equally impossible. A third time his advisers laboured over the redacting of this telegram. A third time their efforts were abortive. At it they went again, until at last, after seven mortal hours of incessant lucubration, the message came out in a form which, although perfectly inane, was not positively ludicrous. All the compliments were dropped, and the announcement which was made of his good intentions in the original telegram was toned down to nothing. Mr. Cust, who had only written the telegram at first thinking it would please the Sultan, consented to despatch the finally revised version, which represented the net result of seven hours' deliberation. So he took it to the telegraph office and thought no more about it.

Next morning, however, came another messenger from the Sultan. Again he had to go to Yildiz, this time to learn that the Sultan had delayed the despatch of the telegram in order that he might sleep upon it. He had slept upon it, and the result of his meditations was that he thought on the whole the telegram had better not be sent! Into the wastepaper basket therefore it went, and there was an end of it.

BEDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

But what a picture we have here of the irresolute fumbler who occupies the throne of Mohammed! For these seven long hours the whole administrative machine of the Ottoman Empire was at a standstill, while Abdul Hamid and his Grand Vizier, with the aid of Osman the Victorious, and I know not how many pashas beside, concentrated their brains upon the momentous task of redrafting a trumpety telegram which was to be

despatched to the *Pail Mall Gazette* as a mere matter of courtesy to the Sultan! This is surely the ultimate of irrational centralisation and imbecile vacillation.

"THE DEVIL'S CHARIOT."

The Sultan has not the gift of administrative perspective. He bothers himself about the veriest trifles, prohibiting bicycling in and near Constantinople as immoral and "dangerous to the State," and an officer of an Italian corvette was taken into custody for having been found riding a bicycle, or a "devil's chariot," as the Turks name it. No dictionary is allowed to circulate containing such words as evolution, equality, liberty, insurrection, as such words are likely to "excite the minds" of people. Again, theatrical pieces such as "Hamlet," "Macbeth," Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse" ("Rigoletto") cannot be acted on any stage. "Othello" is allowed, but in a mutilated form.



From *Uk.*

[November 29, 1895.]

THE EXPEDITION TO THE EAST: A GERMAN VIEW.

Even the Bible must be expurgated to please his censors. The passages which are particularly objected to are those relating to the restoration of the Jews to Palestine, and to the Kingdom of Christ. The phrases "Kingdom of Heaven," "of God," or "of Christ" must be omitted. The words "Jew" and "Hebrew" must be left out. The words "According to the law of the Jews" cannot be admitted, because the Jews have no law separate from that of other rayahs in the Ottoman Empire. The reference to the "Queen of the South," contained in Matthew xii.

42, is for some reason ordered to be left out altogether. And all the time when these momentous trivialities are being discussed whole provinces are being desolated, and the great Empire is settling down to ruin.

VI.—WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

The atrocities which have recently startled the world in Armenia are nothing new. I doubt whether they should be regarded as a count in the indictment against Abdul Hamid. He is simply doing as Turks always do, and always will do as long as the Ottoman Empire exists. It would be as absurd to complain of a dog for biting or of a cat for mewing as to arraign the Grand Turk for resorting to that which has been for centuries the recognised method of maintaining the State.

"LET DOGS DELIGHT, ETC, FOR 'TIS THEIR NATURE TO."

No one knows this better than the Rev. Canon MacColl, who in his latest article expressly admits and asserts it in the following passage, which is as true as it is vivid

and powerful. After referring to the Saturnalia of horrors reported from Asia, the Canon says:—

There is, however, nothing new in this exhibition of Turkish policy. These massacres of Christians are periodical in Turkey; and they are never the result of local fanaticism; they are invariably organised and ordered by the Sultan and his ministers, for the purpose of keeping down the Christian population. Abject cowardice has made this Sultan more recklessly ferocious than his predecessors; that is all. The policy is the same, having at one time Greece for its theatre; then Syria; then Bulgaria and the Herzegovina; then Armenia. It is a deliberate system of pollarding the various Christian communities as each threatens to overtop its Mussulman neighbours in population and prosperity.

As to "abject cowardice" and recklessness of ferocity, those are points on which it is permitted to differ from Mr. MacColl. The present Sultan is like his ancestors. As they did, so does he. The massacre of Scio was quite as horrible as those of Sasun, and the horrors of Batak throw those of Erzeroum into the shade.

THE SULTAN'S SHARE IN THE ATROCITIES.

I am not wishing to defend the atrocities. They are damnable enough in all conscience. Nor do I for a moment wish to imply that Abdul Hamid is not responsible for them. He is as responsible for them as a tiger is for its stripes and its carnivorous appetite. These things are of the essence of Turkish rule. Mr. MacColl believes that the Sultan is directly personally responsible for the massacres. He says:—

In my pamphlet on "England's Responsibility towards Armenia," and in an article in this month's *Contemporary Review*, I have proved, by an overwhelming mass of official evidence, that Abdul Hamid has been engaged for four years in carefully maturing his plans for the perpetration of the horrors which have lately roused the indignation of the civilised world. He it is who is responsible, not the Kurds and Turks, who have only been the instruments of his cruelty.

Possibly in the inner arcanum of his own conscience I doubt whether Abdul Hamid would even desire to repel this accusation. Probably he feels more chagrined at the incompleteness of his work, than grieved because of the blood already shed.

THE ARMING OF THE KURDS.

There is little doubt but that in many cases the orders to kill emanated from the Sultan. But the worst sufferings inflicted upon the Armenians were due to the arming of the Kurds. Mr. Richard Davey, writing before the present outbreak, said of the Hamedyeh, as the Kurdish irregulars are named after the Sultan, their enrolment was one of the greatest mistakes ever made:—

The Sultan doubtless had in his mind the success of the Russian Emperor with his Cossack regiments, when he gave permission for these barbarians to be supplied with uniforms and arms. The only distinction they obtained in the war of 1877 was for their blood-curdling atrocities on the poor wretches who fell into their hands, and their diabolical mutilation of the dead. Their headquarters are at Melaigerd, on the Eastern Euphrates, and there are about thirty regiments of them registered in the area of the plateau, each regiment consisting of from five hundred to six hundred men. They will not, and possibly cannot, accept discipline, and their natural savageness is rendered ten times more dreadful when they are provided with modern arms and ammunition and taught how to use them.

THE ACTION OF THE TURKISH SOLDIERY.

These gentry are responsible for much. But some of the later massacres were the work of the Turkish soldiers. The *Times* correspondent in Erzeroum, writing after the Armenians had been slaughtered in that city, gave a very

vivid account of the matter-of-fact way in which the massacre had been ordered and executed. He says:—

The following is a conversation I had with the Turkish soldier who was one of three guarding our door after the affair. "Where were you when this thing commenced?" Answer: "In the barracks, playing cards. We were all called out by a signal from the bugle and drawn up in line. Our officer then said to us, 'Sharpen your swords; to-day you are to kill Armenians wherever you find them for six hours; after that you are to stop, and the blood of any Armenian you kill after this is my blood; the Armenians have broken into the Serai.' At the 'given signal, which was just after noon," he said, "the troops started for the Serai. We wondered how the Armenians could get into the Serai. When we arrived there we did not find any Armenians with arms, and I saw only one shot fired at us by an Armenian. We were ordered to kill every Armenian we saw, just as it was at Sasun," continued this soldier, who had been at Sasun; "if we tried to save any Armenian friend, our commanding officer ordered us to kill him; we were to spare no one." Other soldiers told pretty much the same story. The soldiers evidently had no great relish for their horrible work, but once begun they did it thoroughly and brutally.

Europe is of course horrified at this evidence of massacre organised as a Government department. But it is all in the regular way of business with the Turk. And England, who through Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury at Berlin in 1878, insisted upon intervening to save the Turk from the doom he so richly merited, is more guilty than the Sultan, who but acts according to his lights, and does as other Sultans have done before him.

THE UNHAPPY ARMENIANS.

There is no need for me at this time of day to go over the dismal story of bloodshed and outrage with which we are all so painfully familiar through the newspapers and magazines. There is nothing new about them. To the unfortunate population most concerned it is a very old story. Here is what St. Chrysostom said of the Armenian massacres in his day, while the Turk as yet was not, and there was no Sultan to organise the Kurds into Hamedyeh:—

Like ferocious beasts, they (the Kurds) fell upon the unhappy inhabitants of Armenia and devoured them. Trouble and disorder are everywhere. Hundreds of men, women and children have been massacred; others have been frozen to death. The towns and villages are desolated; everywhere you see blood; everywhere you hear the groans of the dying, the shouts of the victors, and the sobs and the tears of the vanquished.

Yet for all that the Armenians, like Israel in Egypt, have proved to be more than a match for their would-be destroyers. A race as tough as the Armenian takes a good deal of killing. They are like the Irish in one respect, like the Jews in another. In the Caucasus, by sheer dint of breeding and of craft, they have converted Tiflis into an Armenian city, and rule it as the Irish rule New York. The Armenian, we may depend upon it, may be harried and massacred, but he cannot be exterminated. He is as indestructible as the Jew. We need have no fear as to his disappearance from Western Asia.

THE SULTAN AS CHIEF CONSTABLE OF THE EAST.

In dealing with these Eastern races we should never forget that the Sultan and the Turks, upon whose scimitars he relies, savages though they may be, are the only savages in Western Asia over whom we can exercise some degree of influence. The Sultan is a very poor policeman, but he is the only policeman there is. Granting that he is intrinsically as barbarous and ruthless at heart as any

Kurdish chieftain whom he has enrolled in the Hamedyeh, he possesses three qualifications for the post of Constable of the East which no other savage in those parts can claim. First, he is the strongest; second, he is the easiest got at; and, third, he is in possession. Now we must either put some one else in his place or make the best of him. The great sin of England in the past has been that out of an insane jealousy of Russia she not only refused to put any one else in place of the Turk, but when, as in Macedonia and in Western Armenia, whole provinces were delivered from her yoke, she made it a supreme object of her policy to restore the rule of the Turk in regions from which it had been ejected by the Russians. But even if England had taken the other line and had united with Russia

best available policeman for the lawless native tribes which inhabit the Ottoman Empire. But if the Powers had been more on the alert—if, without troubling themselves about the Sultan's ideas, they had adopted a definite and decided policy of their own—they might have kept him going as a tolerable Chief Constable, and have warned him off relapsing into the unregenerate ways of Amurath and Bajazet. For instance, if instead of pottering on about more or less fantastic schemes of reform, they had adopted the line taken by M. Caulbon when the French Consulate was threatened at Diarbekir, the Armenian massacres would never have assumed the dimensions which they were permitted to attain. M. Caulbon sent word to the Sultan, that if the French Consulate were attacked he would demand the head of the Governor, and the French



From Puck.]

MISERY LOVES COMPANY.

[November 6, 1895.

THE SULTAN: "Allah be praised!—Now that they've got another 'Sick Man' maybe they'll let up on me a little!"

in narrowing down the area of Ottoman domination, there would still have remained a wide region within which the Turk was the only possible Chief Constable. The problem therefore would have been the same then as now, although it would have affected a smaller area of territory. That problem is in brief this. How far can Europe utilise a sovereign who regards himself as the Shadow of God on Earth and Commander of the Faithful, as Chief Constable of Christendom in Western Asia and Eastern Europe?

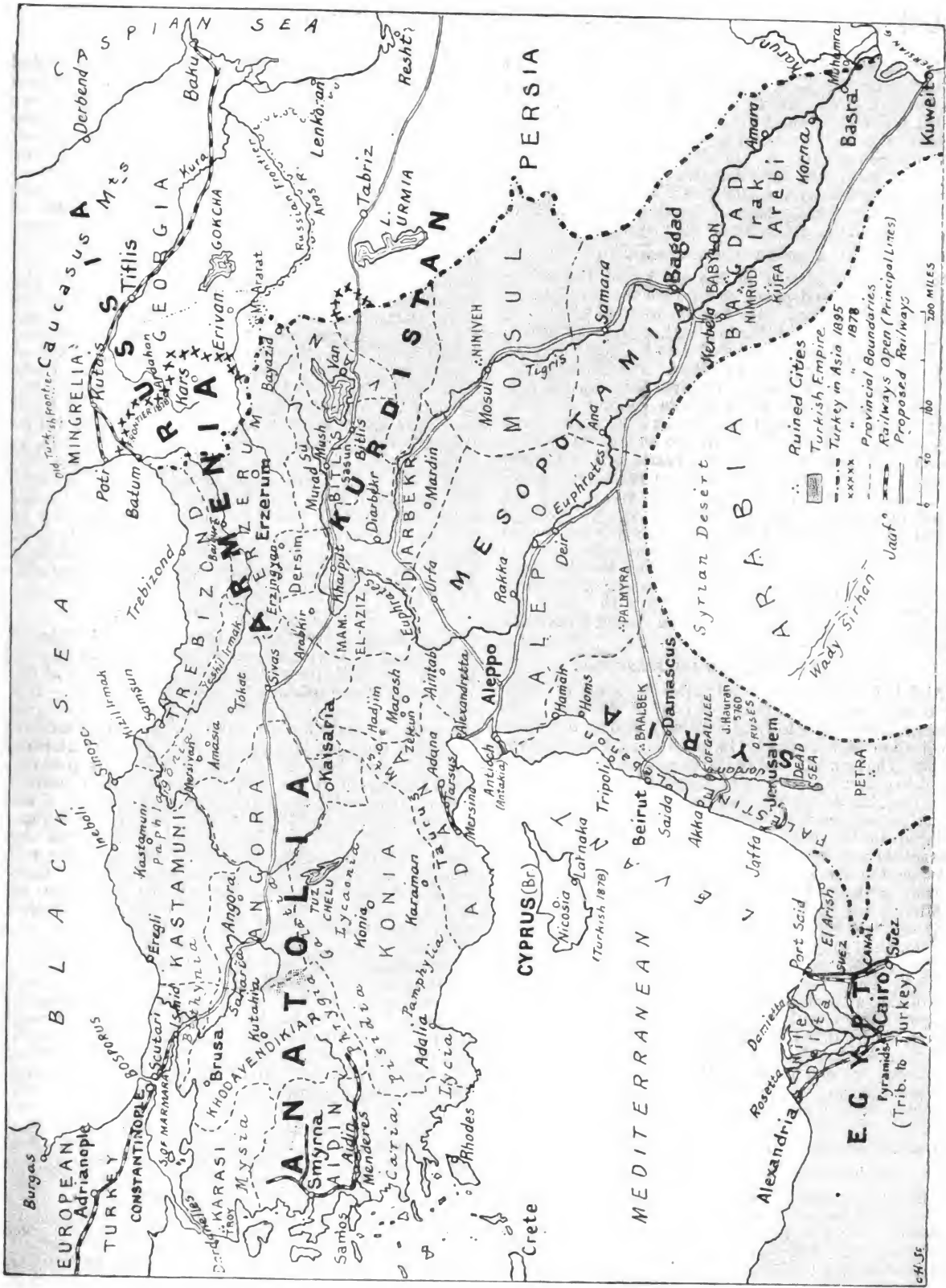
WHAT THE POWERS MIGHT HAVE DONE.

If the Powers had frankly faced this question the Sultan would never have got so completely out of hand as he has done these last two years. Abdul Hamid, full of confidence in his position of Vicegerent of Allah, can never be got to recognise the fact that he is only allowed to rule because the infidels of Europe regard him as the

fleet would occupy Alexandria to await the arrival of that head. Within a few hours after the receipt of that ultimatum Diarbekir was as quiet as Bedford. That is the only kind of message the Sultan can understand. He is always trying it on, endeavouring to revert to the old massacring methods of his forebears, and he needs to be headed off with hot iron. In no other way can he be utilised as a possible Chief Constable.

THE ONLY SOUND POLICY.

The main outlines of a sound policy in Turkey are quite clear. First, never lose any opportunity, whether by cession outright or by the evidence of autonomous provincial governments, to exclude as much territory and as many people as possible from the rule of the pashas; and, secondly, within the area which must perforce be left under their sway, keep them under constant surveillance, to check with peremptory pressure at Constanti-



THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE IN ASIA.

nople the first incipient effort of the local authorities to substitute for the rôle of Chief Constable of Christendom the time-honoured part of massacer of the Infidel. The Sultan will always prefer the latter rôle, and he must not be blamed for wishing to act according to his nature and according to his religion. He must be reckoned with as a constant force that, like a mountain torrent, will always attempt to tear away the dam which is thrown across its bed. But the maintenance of the dam is the *conditio sine qua non* of the utilisation of the torrent.

A TOUGH OLD EMPIRE.

It is of course always on the cards that the Sultan may go mad, or be deposed, or that the Ottoman Empire may finally burst up. But the chances are against it. Long ago an eminent French statesman remarked to Nassau Senior, "Don't be misled into believing that the Ottoman Empire is going to pieces. It will outlast my time and yours. These old Empires are like the old-fashioned carts you meet in remote country districts. They groan, they creak, they seem as if at any moment they would fly to pieces, but at the end of the day the cart is still there. As it is with old carts so it is with old Empires. They may appear to be on the very verge of extinction, but the toughness and the vitality that has lasted for centuries will carry them through." Even if Abdul Hamid were to be assassinated, were to be deposed, the Sultanate would continue. Reschad, the heir apparent, would be summoned from the obscurity of his secluded palace to mount the throne of Ottoman, and Europe would be confronted with the same old problem, in which nothing would be changed save the person of the Grand Turk.

THE UNION OF EUROPE INDISPENSABLE.

Abdul Hamid is at least fully alive as to the necessity of conciliating the public opinion of Europe. His remarkable message to Lord Salisbury is only the latest illustration of his anxiety to be well spoken of in the West. That anxiety will continue as long as the Powers stand together. The moment the Concert of Europe is disturbed, the Sultan feels free to do as he pleases. Only by union among the Powers can he be permanently reduced to his proper rôle of Chief Constable. The journalists who sow dissensions and ferment ill feeling between the Powers, are the most effective agents for converting the Sultan from a Chief Constable into a Lord of Misrule and Master of Massacre. It is as sport to the fools of Fleet Street to do mischief, but the penalty is paid for their folly by the luckless Armenians tortured in Turkish dungeons, and the wretched girls outraged to death by the light of their blazing homes. The problem of utilising a Moslem as policeman, when his conscience compels him not to do constabulary duty in favour of the infidel, is very difficult. But it is not insoluble. And a plain simple rule, that any measure will be approved by the occupation of a Turkish territory until justice and reparation made, would do more than anything else in making the Ottoman within decent limits put something better.

O FOR

I never hear of Asia without Cobden, the lamenting in the head think over appear that the

yet be the destined instrument by which these wasted lands may be restored to the use of mankind. The idea seems chimerical, especially to Americans. But, the Texan judge who represents Uncle Sam at Constantinople has already been threatening to bring up the American cruisers to the Bosphorus to demand the head of the Vali if the hair of the head of an American missionary in Asiatic Turkey is injured. The American missionaries are everywhere in Asiatic Turkey. They are the one hope of the country. The Robert College at Constantinople made Bulgaria possible. Without the young men trained by the American missionaries the Bulgarian movement would never have attained such dimensions as to render the Principality a possibility. What the Robert College has done for Bulgaria other American seminaries are doing for Armenia, for Asia Minor, for Syria. The American heaven is leavening the whole lump. Sooner or later an American missionary is certain to be picturesquely killed, possibly impaled. And when that happens the guns of the American men-of-war will be turned upon the Yildiz Kiosk and the American blue-jackets will be landed in Constantinople, as they were in Alexandria, to maintain order and prevent the destruction of the city. If only the American flag could be hoisted over the Porte, Europe would never bid it come down. The United States are the only power in the world who could be trusted to occupy Constantinople. This, it may be said, belongs to the realm of fantasy. But the realm of fantasy is often the hatching-ground of many of the most notable designs of providence.

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.

What seems more likely is that the United States of Europe will be developed out of the European Concert by the very difficulties and dangers arising out of the liquidation of the affairs of the Ottoman Empire. It is usually out of appalling problems that beneficial reforms are evolved. Only when a very palpable devil confronts Christian does he gird up his loins for the victorious conflict. And here in the East we have a palpable devil indeed, which can only be cast out by concerted action. The jealousies, the rivalries, the hatred of the Christian powers enabled the Turk to come into Europe. The same evil passions have kept him there, and now that he is tottering on the edge of the abyss, he will involve all Europe in a catastrophe unless these same jealousies and rivalries can be overcome by a deep sense of the incalculable perils attending independent action. In the European Concert we have the germ of the federation of the Continent. It has hitherto been chiefly deliberative; it must now become executive. The Ottoman Empire can be partitioned provisionally. Russia can occupy and administer Armenia as far as Trebizond and Erzeroum. Austria can come to Salonica. Italy to Albania. France can occupy Syria. But there will remain a vast remnant where the Sultan must rule and reign. In this region the Powers must act as a unit for purposes of supervision and control. The International Commission of Public Debt affords us a model of how it can be done. We want another commission, not of the public debt, but of the Sultan. And of that International Commission the Abdul Hamid or another, will of necessity be a member. And the peace of the world will depend on how far he can be induced or coerced to fulfil that rôle.

Reading this article show the flow and ebb of the river Euphrates, as it was in the Prophecies, has proved to be a

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

WHY IT IS NECESSARY, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE FORMED.

It is very satisfactory to find the world in general waking up to a recognition of a truth which you have been preaching in season and out of season for a quarter of a century. At the same time it is difficult to refrain from a passing regret that John Bull should be so exceedingly slow in the uptake. Never to discover that it looks like rain until after it fairly pours, is not very creditable to our intelligence. Even now, although there is an astonishing agreement as to the need of a Russian alliance in the press, it is doubtful whether Downing Street is fully alive to the urgency of the situation.

THE ARGUMENT FROM 1920.

Mr. E. T. Dillon, who on this occasion prefers to write anonymously, contributes a very weighty, thoughtful paper to the *Contemporary Review* for December, entitled "1920." In that year he calculates the English-speaking nations will number 180 millions, and will govern a subject population of 400 or 500 millions in India and elsewhere. China will come next with 500 millions, then Russia with 150,000,000 to 200,000,000. No other nation will exceed 100,000,000. Dr. Dillon says:—

About the year 1920, or well within the prospects of life of the youngest members of our present House of Commons, the population of Germany is likely to be at least 60 per cent. higher than that of France, and may easily be double as high. The white population of Russia will probably be more than double that of Germany and may approximately equal that of the Anglian or English-speaking race. Hence it follows that, as above stated, the Anglian and Slav races are the great coming Powers and seemed destined to divide the empire of the world.

This being the case, he asks naturally:—

Why not divide the primacy of the world amicably between us? Why not come to a full, frank, and friendly understanding and agreement with Russia on all outstanding questions between us, and consistently maintain this attitude henceforward as a cardinal point in our foreign policy?

He thinks the future of the English-speaking race will largely be outside England:—

The cardinal fact is that in thirty years' time the white population outside the British Isles will be not less than thirty millions, or a good three-quarters of the whole population of the British Isles at present.

This estimate is likely to be exceeded if Japanese and Chinese competition were to force our people to seek fresh fields and pastures new. This he does not think unlikely:—

The general outlook for the future is very threatening for Great Britain, whose prosperity is so largely based upon and bound up with manufacturing supremacy and commercial success. We seem likely to be underbid by Eastern competition, first in all the Eastern markets, and then, in the natural and inevitable course of things, in all the world's markets. Concurrently with this we have to face a growing competition from the nations of Europe and from the United States. If so, the whole vast fabric of our commercial greatness which we have laboriously built up may gradually be undermined, and may even by-and-by be swept away.

He would not hurry up the Chinese, and he would make a firm fighting alliance with Russia. Failing that,

he thinks we ought to spend twenty-five millions a year on our navy. That is the price of our independence:—

If not, we should apparently, as the only alternative, seek a strong alliance, preferably with Russia as the great coming Power, and submit to all the inevitable and admitted drawbacks inherent in alliances. The independent attitude has many advantages, no doubt, but it will be extremely perilous without the overwhelming naval strength. Failing this, we shall very probably see the British Empire broken up before long, as the after-consequence of a disastrous war which will show our Colonies that, while committing them by the Imperial connection to all hazards of war, we are not strong enough to protect them. The hegemony of the scattered fractions of our race will then fall naturally and almost inevitably to the United States, and Great Britain proper will be reduced to the level of a third-rate Power. But should we, to avoid such contingencies, make up our minds to the necessary financial sacrifices for our fleet, I repeat that the burden will be only for one generation.

IS THE ALLIANCE NOT WORTH CONSTANTINOPLE?

Mr. A. J. Wilson, in the *Investors' Review*, is all for the Russian alliance in the East. But in the Far East he is rather on the other side of the fence. Alliances, however, cannot be limited to one end of the Asiatic continent, so as to leave the allies free to fight each other at the other end. This, however, is Mr. Wilson's view of the case:—

We feel more and more convinced that the view of the *Spectator* is the right one. We ought to be on the side of Russia in this business, and make that great aggregation of tribes our friend. If it is the desire of the Russians to possess Constantinople, as it unquestionably is, it is no longer our business to oppose her; no good interest of ours is furthered by opposition. If she should have to fight for her new dominion, it should be our care that it is not with us. But the probability is that there will be nothing but domestic bickerings if we do not drift into a warlike attitude. Austria would be encouraged to draw the sword if we did; hardly otherwise. In the interests of the world's peace, then, it is of the utmost moment that we should come to a speedy understanding with Russia. The "European concert" will soon else become little better than the farce which precedes the tragedy.

Although Mr. Wilson would give up Constantinople, he clings to China. He says:—

Once permit Russia to establish herself in Northern China, and the fate of that empire and of our commerce there—of India's as well—is at her mercy. Some have thought we have advocated war in that distant region to redress the balance in Europe. Our thoughts went not so far. War is, to us, the most horrible calamity that can overtake mankind. What we did advocate was a warlike attitude towards the Chinese mandarins, and a compact with Japan against Russian aggression, such as might avert a frightful struggle with Russia in the not distant future. We owe it to the Japanese, to the future of our Oriental commerce, to the prosperity of India, ay, to the miserably "squeezed" inhabitants of China itself, to stand up for our rights out there and refuse to be fooled.

RUSSIA THE HEIR OF NORTHERN CHINA.

Despite Mr. Wilson's gloomy prognostications as to the consequences of Russian ascendancy in Northern China, Mr. Demetrius Boulger, writing in the *Contemporary Review* for December, declares that no human power can

prevent her dominating that region, and possibly possessing herself of Peking. He says:—

In some form or other Russia will take the place of the Manchu dynasty, and the progress of that empire over Northern China, once it commences, will be as rapid and irresistible as the hand of fate.

Believing that Northern China will be Russian in any case, he thinks Southern China should be British. He says:—

The development and realisation of Russia's plans will entail counter-measures on our part. At Shanghai we control the most important and valuable portion of the trade of the whole Empire. In Hongkong we have a commanding base for operations. If we care to take the initiative, we could promote the creation of independent Governments in more than one of the most populous provinces of China. Very probably they would be no better than the one they displaced, and perhaps no remedy would be found short of the gradual extension of our own authority. Thus insensibly shall we be drawn into the conquest of Southern China—the richest and most prosperous provinces south of the Great River. While deprecating the necessity, we should take steps in good time for such a contingency being forced upon us, and railways to the frontier of, and even into, the province of Yunnan are as necessary from our point of view as the Siberian line is for Russia. These should be constructed, not in the leisurely manner the financial position of the Indian Government alone renders possible out of State funds, but with the rapidity that private capital and energy can ensure. Twenty millions sunk in Burmese railways will bring a surer personal, to say nothing of the public, return than any doubtful mining ventures. Even China's western provinces of Szechuen and Yunnan, contiguous as they are to different parts of British India, would alone constitute a kingdom of which any monarch might be proud; and with railways to their doors they would easily fall to our share in the impending disruption of China. The enterprise seems so vast that it may terrify the imagination to contemplate it, but there will be no practical alternative when Russia's power is established in the North, with perhaps a Romanoff installed on the Dragon Throne of Peking. We shall want associates and assistants in that undertaking; and with these possibilities ahead the one immediate step that could be taken is to support Japan in her task of pacifying Corea. The condition of that country has so far been aggravated by the war that was nominally undertaken for its benefit, and China has formally waived all her pretensions in that quarter. Our cordial support would enable the Japanese, now that they have concluded their operations in Formosa, to achieve this portion of their programme, but, for our true and best allies in maintaining our premier place in the Far East, we should look to men of our own race, to that Australian nation which in the course of years will constitute the new and perhaps the predominating influence over the China seas.

ET TU, BRUTE!

Even *Blackwood* appears to have discovered the imbecility of the Russophobists; for we are told in the political article in the December number:—

So far from hindering Russia, we have, by incessantly snapping at her heels and flourishing our hostility which was absolutely impotent, provoked her to aggressions which she perhaps never contemplated. Of late our anti-Russian press has changed its tune, and we are now deafened with a chorus of proposals to come to an understanding with Russia respecting Eastern Asia. An excellent idea, were it not an anachronism. If we are frivolous, other Great Powers are not. Alliances do not hang like Christmas turkeys in a poulterer's shop at the call of the first bidder. It had been wiser to agree with our adversary while we were in the way with him, to offer a compromise while the issue was still doubtful—in a word, to bargain while we had something in hand to trade with.

In the *National Review* Professor Rob K. Douglas,

writing on the Greater Eastern Question, argues on behalf of a different policy. He says:—

It cannot be too often repeated that from countries over which either Russia or France throw their ægis English goods are practically ostracised. At present our merchandise finds ready sale in the northern and southern provinces of China; but if these districts should pass into the hands of the Powers which now overshadow them, those markets would, to a great extent, be lost to us. Our immediate policy is therefore clearly marked out for us, and should consist in forming a coalition with those nations whose interests in this regard are identical with our own. For this purpose we need look no farther than the United States, Japan, and possibly Germany, to find Governments which would be prepared to join in maintaining affairs *statu quo ante bellum*.

A THOROUGHGOING CHAMPION OF THE ALLIANCE.

The Rev. Canon MacColl, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, renews once more the plea he has never wearied in urging upon the British public in favour of a more rational policy with regard to Russia. Mr. MacColl is no half-hearted partisan. He would, if need be, buy the Russian alliance by making over to the Tzar Port Arthur, Constantinople, and Persia. He says:—

But why should the possession of Port Arthur by Russia be injurious to England? She would oust us from our trade with China? A dispassionate examination of the facts will, I believe, show that Japan, in possession of Port Arthur, would be a much more formidable rival than Russia. She is so even now. Her contiguity to China, her rare power of assimilating Western ideas and copying Western methods, her industry and activity, with Port Arthur and a powerful navy dominating Peking, would enable her to outstrip all competitors in the markets of China. Russia, on the other hand, will for years to come find abundant scope for her resources and energies in developing the enormous wealth in which the regions to be traversed by her Siberian railway abound. And England is more likely to profit than any other foreign country by the opening up of Russia. A progressive nation of vast undeveloped resources like Russia, be its commercial policy what it may, must be more profitable to a commercial country like England than an effete empire like Turkey. Mere self-interest, it seems to me, should make us welcome rather than oppose the apparition of a Russian fleet at Port Arthur; and I believe that John Bull, who is always sensible when he looks his bugbear fairly in the face, is rapidly coming round to that view, thanks to the wise and gentle irony, with just a *souffron* of scorn, with which Lord Salisbury treated the subject in his statesmanlike speech at the Guildhall. Surely it stands to reason that any civilised government would be commercially more advantageous to England than the governments of the Shah and Sultan. Let Russia, for the sake of argument, get possession of Persia and Asia Minor, and let her impose protective duties to her heart's content, she would, nevertheless, so develop the boundless resources of those countries that England, the carrier-in-chief of the whole world, and still its preponderating manufacturer, would benefit incalculably.

That is on the assumption that Russia would be not only our peaceful rival in trade, but our political antagonist in addition. But is that a necessary assumption? If it be, the outlook for England is indeed an ominous one. What is at this moment and has been for some time past, the lever power of other governments against us? Has it not been the assumed antagonism of Russia—the belief that we dare not assert ourselves freely, with Russia lying in wait on our flank? Destroy that belief and our Foreign Office will at once breathe freely. Let us come to a friendly understanding with Russia as regards both Turkey and the Far East, and the effect will soon be visible in foreign chancellories. If, on the other hand, we insist on treating Russia as if she were a hateful foe who is inexorably set on doing us mischief, and whom we must therefore thwart whenever we have an opportunity, Russia will be forced to take us at our word and countermine our hostility in every way she can. And she can do it in many ways, and with most

damaging effect. We have had a foretaste of this lately in Turkey and China.

WHAT THEY THINK IN COREA.

An anonymous writer in the same review describes Corea, Vladivostock, and the extreme Eastern end of the Siberian railway. He visited the country this year, and his paper is up to date. Incidentally he drops a remark as to Anglo-Russian policy which is worth quoting in this connection. He says:—

The Russophobia notions prevalent in some countries of Europe find no reception among the white men in Corea. Although "jingoes" in policy, almost to a man, they see in Russia a would-be friendly Christian power, in concert with which the Chinese question might be settled by the partition of China; and in Japan a dangerous rival to European nations, not only in the political but also in the commercial field. The question has become now, not what articles of export the Japanese can make which Europeans make, but what articles the Japanese can *not* make, and cheaper if not better? And this second question will soon have a very laconic and true answer: None.

WHAT IS THE RUSSIAN'S FATHERLAND?

WHERE THE GREEK CHURCH IS THERE RUSSIA IS.

THAT in brief is not an unfair summary of a short, brisk and characteristic paper by Madame Novikoff in the *Nineteenth Century* for December. Her article is entitled "The Religious Basis of Russia's Policy," and its gist is to claim all Greek Orthodox lands as part and parcel of the Russian's Fatherland.

The first conception which a Russian has of the human beings in the midst of whom he is born is that they are brothers. He does not call them fellow-citizens. He does not address them as fellow-countrymen. Neither does he call them "Russians" in his everyday plain speech, which embodies his simple sense of things as they are; he calls them "Brother" ("Brat," "Bratzi"). He did this long before the French Revolution popularised the doctrine of fraternity. He learnt it in the Church. But it was not "the brotherhood of men"; it was the brotherhood of Christians. "The brotherhood of all men" is a phrase; the brotherhood of Christians is a fact. That is a somewhat important distinction. No doubt many Christians are unbrotherly; but all Christians, at least of the Greek Orthodox rite, recognise the reality of their brotherhood both in their religion and in their politics.

What are the two great signs of brotherhood? (1) Equality, absolute equality as of brothers in a family. (2) Readiness to sacrifices for the service of the brotherhood. Tested by either of these principles, the Russians can proudly claim that the Greek Orthodox Church is a sterling reality, and has always been such.

EQUAL FRATERNITY REAL IN RUSSIA.

Take, for instance, the question of equality. In the Greek Orthodox Church—as in no other communion of Christendom, unless it be among the Quakers—the most brotherly equality prevails. I am almost ashamed to quote such a venerable authority as Baron Haxhausen, but he was at least a German Protestant, an impartial witness.

Speaking of the Russian Church, he says:—"In the submission to the usages of the Church there is no difference visible between a Russian of the highest rank and a common man; everywhere prevails the unity of the national Church and national worship. There is moreover in the Church a principle which is very beautiful: there is not the slightest difference between high and low. In Russia there is complete equality, as there should be in all Christian Churches. Here the lowest does not yield place to the most distinguished. The beggar, the serf, places himself without hesitation above or before the rich man, his lord and master. The latter, on the other hand, claims no precedence. In the Russian churches pews are unknown, and there are in general no chairs, not even stools to kneel on."

What is said here of the Russian equally refers to all the Eastern Churches. Amid all the inequalities of social and political conditions the Church has kept as a living reality during all these centuries the practical brotherhood of believers in complete equality.

RUSSIA THE MODERN CRUSADER.

The equality will not be disputed, nor can any one who is honest and impartial deny the reality of the sacrifices which we of the Greek Orthodox rite have made for our brothers—sacrifices, alas! the very mention of which makes the heart bleed. For our history during several centuries has been largely a series of crusades. To the European diplomatist Russian wars have appeared principally a hunger for land or thirst for conquest. To the Russian people they have always been simply the sacrifices necessary for the deliverance of their brothers from the hated yoke of the infidel. Russians have gone forth willingly to die in every age, and "greater love hath no man than this: to lay down his life for his brothers."

The Russian, therefore, never regards himself as primarily a citizen of the Russian State. He is always, and first and foremost, a Greek Orthodox, and as such he is a member of a much wider and greater, more ideal realm than any merely secular community.

This religious nationality is divine in its origin, its aspirations, its objects. Like the English Imperialists, who cling to all the English-speaking races, we feel even more strongly drawn towards all who utter their religious sentiments in the language of their orthodox rites.

The Greek Orthodox world, that is our Fatherland, and all Greek Orthodox are our brethren. The Greek Orthodox Churches of Bulgaria, of Greece, of Macedonia, Serbia, Montenegro, etc., may be united by ties hardly perceptible, but you cannot help seeing and feeling them in times of united dangers or trials; and among all the Greek Orthodox Churches there is the most absolute recognition of this fact, that it is from Russia alone that some effectual help can come to deliver them from their tribulations.

If this fact be borne in mind, you will perhaps be able to realise the reason why Russians never could acquiesce, except under protest, in the presence of a Roman Catholic prince on the throne of Bulgaria. Remember Bulgaria is a Greek Orthodox community; she has been liberated by the sacrifices in blood and money by Russian Orthodox armies. To see on the throne of Bulgaria a man who by his creed may be the deadly enemy of the Greek Orthodox Church cannot be otherwise than painful.

The Tallest Men in the World.

MR. W. J. GORDON, in the *Leisure Hour* for December, writes an interesting paper concerning "The Measurement of a Man," in which he tells us that English professional men are the tallest men in the world, and are getting taller. He says:—

The average Scotsman stands 5 ft. 8½ in., the average Irishman 5 ft. 7½ in., the average Englishman 5 ft. 7½ in., the average Welshman 5 ft. 6½ in.; the average of the four being 5 ft. 7½ in., the same as that given for the Leedsmen, whereas the British professional class, according to the bulk of the statistics, average 5 ft. 9 in., and are the tallest men in the world, except some of the South Sea Islanders. And the height of this class is increasing, some authorities giving it at present as half an inch more; the reason for such superiority of stature being probably that they are better taken care of in their early days, the food and treatment of children under a year old having a marked influence on condition, weight, and height. They get more sleep, too, in their later youth, and more regular and systematic exercise. The Briton is evidently getting longer and heavier, and seems to be approaching the time when he will average 5 ft. 8 in. and weigh 10 st. 10 lb. His recruiting standard, low as it is, is even now three inches higher than that of any European army and two inches higher than it was eighty-five years ago.

THE UNITED STATES AND "BRITISH AGGRESSION."

VARIOUS VIEWS ABOUT VENEZUELA.

MR. G. H. D. GOSSIP contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* for December a statement of the American case against England in Venezuela. Mr. Gossip writes reasonably, and his article contains more information than any of those recently published from the American point of view. Mr. Gossip describes, for instance, how the Venezuela Government has contrived to mix up the interests of American citizens with their claims to the disputed territory:—

Early in April, 1895, the Venezuelan Government granted another far more important concession of land at the mouth of the Orinoco, on the border of British Guiana, extending 125 miles south, and from fifteen to twenty miles east and west, to Messrs. Grant, Fisher, and Bowman—all American citizens. These lands are believed to be enormously rich in minerals, mahogany, rosewood, and dyewoods, and cover an area of about 15,000,000 acres. The syndicate, to which this concession has been granted, is composed of some of the wealthiest and most influential persons in the United States; Grant being a wealthy contractor of Faribault, Minnesota, while Fisher was formerly manager of the Duluth and Winnipeg Railway Company, and Bowman is a Grand Rapids banker. The syndicate has also acquired the right to mine asphalt on a small island near Trinidad; the President of Venezuela having guaranteed, as far as he can, absolute control over the territory thus granted. It was then predicted that this concession would become famous in the history of the diplomacy of the United States and Great Britain, being so well calculated to bring to a crisis the most troublesome diplomatic question before the Washington cabinet, and one which has caused the American Government more real anxiety than the Alliance affair with Spain, the late Guatemalan-Mexican dispute, and other international episodes.

It is easy to see how awkwardly this concession complicates the dispute. Mr. Gossip says that the American Syndicate

is on the eve of taking possession of its concession (if it has not already done so) on the territory disputed by Great Britain in Venezuela, and beginning its operations. If Great Britain objects, Venezuela will insist that the concession is within her own territory, and will protect the Syndicate, which, as has before been pointed out, is composed of some of the wealthiest men in the United States, persons prominent in both political parties being associated with these capitalists, and millions of dollars of American capital being at stake. The Venezuelans believe that their interests will be protected by the United States.

A REASSURING RUMOUR.

Mr. Gossip is evidently alarmed at the possibility of grave trouble arising from the difference between the American and British points of view. It is therefore satisfactory to read in a postscript that he is more hopeful:—

Since the foregoing article was penned, there are indications that an amicable adjustment of the strained relations between Great Britain and Venezuela will be soon effected. If this result be attained, it will be due mainly to the influence of the United States, and to the persistent tender of its offices to both countries. Great Britain appears to be weary of her contention, and Lord Salisbury seems to realise that a continuance of the dispute may bring the United States into the affair, and thus cause trouble between the two great English-speaking nations. It is now rumoured that he will make some concession to American public sentiment, by consenting to arbitrate the question of title to a portion of the territory now claimed on behalf of British Guiana, and contested by Venezuela. Should this result be happily obtained, it will have been brought about by the good offices of the United

States, but not as the result of any ultimatum, as incorrectly reported both in the English and American press.

This is only a rumour, but it is a rumour which I hope is correct. The difficulty, however, is not as to arbitration so much as to the basis of arbitration. It is nonsense going back to the maps of a century since, when even Venezuela herself no more than ten years ago offered to accept the Rosebery line. Why not go to arbitration on the territory outside the Rosebery line? Up to that point our claim may be regarded as admitted even by Venezuela. Mr. Gossip's last word relates to this subject. He says:—

Once, in 1886, Venezuela offered to accept the Rosebery line, but England refused, and every proposition to arbitrate has been spurned, because (according to Señor Andrado) England feels better able to cope with Venezuela than with a stronger power. Venezuelans are sanguine and confident that the United States can force the questions at issue to arbitration, and that arbitration will dispose of England's contentions. It should be added that diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Venezuela have ceased since 1888, from which date England has not had a representative at Caracas.

In the *North American Review* for November, Mr. Wheeler, representative of Alabama in Congress, writing on "Our Duty in the Venezuelan Crisis," says:—

GO ONE BETTER THAN MONROE.

Our Government should, by a frank and manly communication, demand that England agree that arbitrators shall determine, by such evidence as can be produced, the boundary lines between the Spanish and Dutch colonies prior to the cession of 1814, by which England first acquired title.

If this request is not acceded to, it will show conclusively that England has decided to dispute the right of the United States to maintain the doctrine laid down by President Monroe in 1823. It will also prove that Great Britain has determined by force to extend her colonies in America, and we cannot be too prompt in meeting and resenting any such purpose.

England's success in extending her trade and commerce is largely due to her first establishing colonies or footholds in countries the trade of which she sought to secure. American toil now produces substantially 30 per cent. of the staple products of the world; we have but 4 per cent. of its population, and foreign trade has become an essential outlet for American products. The principle of the Monroe doctrine did very well in 1823.

President Polk advanced a step in 1848. We must take another step forward in 1895.

Mr. Grosvenor, representative of Ohio, writing in the same sense, says:—

The attitude of the United States towards the Venezuelan question should be that of determined opposition to any movement of England, the result of which would impair or weaken our ancient declaration of support of the Monroe doctrine. Our construction of the scope of that doctrine should be proclaimed and adhered to.

ENGLISH RULE A BOON TO ALL.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, on the other hand, expresses the more reasonable view of the question in a paper entitled "Jingoes and Silverites." He says:—

We may regard the parcelling out of barbarous or semi-barbarous continents like Africa among the Powers of Europe with perfect equanimity, and yet we may regard it as being to our great interest whenever or wherever the power and protection of the English-speaking people is extended over barbarous countries. Wherever Germany and France gain a hold their effort is to keep the sole control of commerce; and so it has been with the Dutch in the Philippine Islands. Wherever England establishes her control or protectorate it is to the benefit of the masses of the people of that land, even though they resist the somewhat rough and tactless methods

by which they themselves are benefited. The French may have tact; but they use that tact for private gain and plunder. The Englishman may lack in tact; but, in these latter days, he uses his power to establish justice in the administration of semi-civilised countries. Witness the fact that the Egyptians are no longer spoiled. For the first time in history, the fellahs in Egypt are beginning to enjoy the fruits of their own industry. Wherever England exerts her control the purchasing power of the people is increased, a demand for goods made by machinery begins, and England attempts to make no discrimination, but gives to all an equal chance to supply these wants. Contrast her policy with that of the Spaniards. Contrast the condition of her colonies with the condition of those which were under the control of Spain and Portugal. Witness the present conditions of South America as compared to any English colonies or settlements. What a boon it would be to the world if systems corresponding to English law, English administration and the English regard for personal rights, could be extended over the continent of South America!

WHAT MONROEISM MEANS IN VENEZUELA.

In *Harper's Magazine* for December, Mr. R. H. Davis describes Venezuela under the title of "The Paris of South America." Mr. Davis was very recently in Caracas, and it is interesting to have his testimony as to the effect all this talk on the Monroe doctrine has on the Venezuelans:—

The Government of Venezuela at the time of our visit to Caracas was greatly troubled on account of her boundary dispute with Great Britain, and her own somewhat hasty action in sending three Foreign Ministers out of the country for daring to criticise her tardiness in paying foreign debts and her neglect in not holding to the terms of concessions. These difficulties, the latter of which was entirely of her own making, were interesting to us as Americans, because the talk on all sides showed that in the event of a serious trouble with any foreign power Venezuela looks confidently to the United States for aid. In expectation of receiving this aid she is liable to go much further than she would dare go if she did not think the United States was back of her. Her belief in the sympathy of our Government is based on many friendly acts in the past: on the facts that General Miranda, the soldier who preceded Bolivar, and who was a friend of Hamilton, Fox, and Lafayette, first learned to hope for the independence of South America during the battle for independence in our own country; that when the revolution began, in 1810, it was from the United States that Venezuela received her first war material; that two years later, when the earthquake of 1812 destroyed twenty thousand people, the United States Congress sent many shiploads of flour to the survivors of the disaster; and that as late as 1888 our Congress again showed its good feeling by authorising the Secretary of the Navy to return to Venezuela on a ship of war the body of General Paez, who died in exile in New York city, and by appointing a committee of Congressmen and Senators to represent the Government at his public funeral.

All of these expressions of good-will in the past count for something as signs that the United States may be relied upon in the future, but it is a question if she is willing to go as far as Venezuela expects her to go. Venezuela's hope of aid, and her conviction, which is shared by all the Central American Republics, that the United States is going to help her and them in the hour of need, is based upon what they believe to be the Monroe doctrine. The Monroe doctrine as we understand it is a very different thing from the Monroe doctrine as they understand it; and while their reading of it is not so important as long as we know what it means and look up to it and enforce it, there is danger nevertheless in their way of looking at it, for, according to their point of view, the Monroe doctrine is expected to cover a multitude of their sins.

He did not say that if a Central American Republic banished a British Consul, or if Venezuela told the Foreign Ministers to leave the country on the next steamer, that the United States would back them up with force of arms.

This evidence is more noteworthy because Mr. Davis

evidently shares the belief that the Monroe doctrine has, after all, something to do with the Venezuela boundary. He says:—

They will, however, probably understand better what the Monroe doctrine really is before they are through with their boundary dispute with Great Britain, and Great Britain will probably know more about it also, for it is possible that there never was a case when the United States needed to watch her English cousins more closely, and to announce her Monroe doctrine more vigorously than in this international dispute over the boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana. If England succeeds it means a loss to Venezuela of a territory as large as the State of New York, and of gold deposits which are believed to be the richest in South America; and, what is more important, it means the entire control by the English of the mouth and four hundred miles of the Orinoco River. The question is one of historical records and maps, and nothing else. Great Britain fell heir to the rights formerly possessed by Holland. Venezuela obtained by conquest the lands formerly owned by Spain. The problem to be solved is to find what were the possessions of Holland and Spain, and so settle what is to-day the territory of England and Venezuela. Year after year Great Britain has pushed her way westward, until she has advanced her claims over a territory of forty thousand square miles, and has included Barima Point at the entrance to the Orinoco. She has refused to recede or to arbitrate, and she should be made either to submit to the latter method of settling the dispute or be sent back to the Pomeroon River, where she was content to rest her claims in 1840. If the Monroe doctrine does not apply in this case, it has never meant anything in the past, and will not mean much in the future.

Municipal Fire Insurance.

MR. ROBT. DONALD contributes to the *Contemporary Review* for December one of his well-informed, suggestive papers on Municipal Insurance. After describing the dispute between the Insurance Companies and the Corporation of Toronto, which is leading to legislation in the province of Ontario, he says:—

The Manchester Corporation is just now making an investigation to ascertain how it stands with the insurance companies. The Tariff office sprung an advance of 100 per cent. on the Corporation without warning, which that powerful body resented. It is now finding out how much it has paid the insurance companies in premiums during the last twenty years, and the amounts received from the companies for damages by fire in the same period. The subject is being inquired into by other municipalities, including the Glasgow Corporation in its capacity of the City Improvement Trust, which, as such, owns a large amount of property in dwelling-houses, shops, and warehouses. This leads to another phase of municipal insurance: if municipalities are not yet capable of undertaking a general insurance business they are equal to act as their own insurance authority. In every reasonably-sized town public property presents a sufficient variety, mainly of a non-hazardous kind, to make it a safe risk. If the Town Council, the School Board, and the Board of Guardians were to combine in a scheme of public insurance there is no doubt that it would be successful and would lead to considerable saving. We have a good example in the case of the London School Board. It insures all its own schools itself, except one or two situated near dangerous buildings. It began this policy in a partial way in 1878 by taking part of the risk. Since 1885 it has effected the whole of the insurance itself. Instead of paying premiums to an insurance company it pays them into an insurance fund. That fund now amounts to £30,000, and earns £1000 a year in interest. This is the amount which the Board has saved in about eleven years by being its own insurance authority. The total amount drawn from the fund to repair damage caused by fire is less than £2000. Board schools are not safer than other classes of public property. Other authorities owning a large amount of property could insure themselves with equal success.

DO IRISH AMERICANS HATE ENGLAND?

A REPLY TO THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

In the *American Magazine of Civics* for November, Mr. Thomas Burke Grant contributes an interesting article in which he maintains that no mistake could be greater than to regard the recent Convention of Irishmen in Chicago as representative in any way of the Irish-Americans. Of Irish-Americans there are, he maintains, about ten millions, but according to the statistics of the attendance at the Chicago Convention only three thousand Irishmen were represented there. Six hundred delegates were present, nearly four hundred of whom came from Chicago and the State of Illinois, leaving only two hundred representatives for all the Irish-Americans outside that single State.

MR. FINERTY NOT REPRESENTATIVE.

He ridicules the tall talk of Mr. Finerty, and declares that the conclusion which might fairly be drawn from Mr. Finerty's ravings, is that the Irish in America are a set of fanatical barbarians, at right angles with the drift of civilisation, and thirsting for the disruption of the British Empire, or for the humiliation of a friendly people, who have only within the past five years obtained the right to rule themselves, and have ever since done bravely by their Irish brethren.

Speaking of Mr. Finerty's remarks, he says:—

These absurd and atrocious sentiments are a libel upon the convictions and opinions of the average Irish-American people, who are quite as intelligent, as refined, as Christian, and, I will add, as prudent, as any other race of people in the United States.

EVEN OF THE CONVENTION.

Although the Convention only represents the very extreme fringe of the wildest hot-heads in the Irish camp of America, it could not be induced to pass resolutions framed in the spirit of the chairman's declamation:—

The contrast between chairman Finerty's blood-curdling address and the mild and cooing phraseology of the platform is most striking, thus showing conclusively that the stand taken by the chairman was almost as pointedly rebuked by the committee as Mr. Finerty had previously been by Mr. Davitt in 1886. Indeed, the resolutions and the platform do little more than call for the liberation of the dynamiters, for beligerent rights for Cuba, and recommend young Irishmen to devote a portion of their valuable time forming amateur rifle companies, and the balance in acquiring a well-grounded knowledge of the ancient language of Fin McCool.

THE STORY OF THE "GULNARE."

Mr. Grant then tells the following story of two previous attempts made by this Chicago faction to levy war on Great Britain:—

Some years ago there was a sloop called the *Gulnare* equipped and fitted up in New York by the Clan-na-gael Society that was destined—well, to blow England up into the clouds. She was a small tramp sloop about eighty-nine feet long and something like 160 tons burden; but, according to the representations and the descriptions given nightly in the camps about her sea-going capacity, the *Minotaur*, or the *Iron Duke*, or the *Bellerophon* was simply not in it with the *Gulnare*. She was said to be fitted out with the most destructive machinery, and first a sum of 50,000 dols., if I remember rightly, and subsequently a sum of 35,000 dols. was voted from the funds of these "friends of Ireland" in order to send her triumphantly to sea. The members of the camps expected great things from the *Gulnare*.

But they were rudely undeceived. One fine morning not very long ago they read instead, in the newspapers, a four-line despatch saying that the *Gulnare* had herself sunk in a gale off the coast of Florida. . . . And when they read later that the sloop upon which they had expended 85,000 dols., their indignation knew no bounds.

But more humiliating still, they ascertained that there was never a gun put into her hold, that she was not really intended for any such purpose as represented, and that, horror of horrors, she was carrying not dynamite to London, but good ripe bananas from the West Indies for the New York trade. In other words, somebody was drawing money for repairs and seamen for the *Gulnare*, and she was earning money also in trade. Such was the fate of the last naval expedition to free Ireland.

ANOTHER EXPEDITION TO IRELAND.

I remember another expedition to Ireland many years ago. It originated, I am reliably informed, in a jamboree in New York City, and some young and enthusiastic souls went on board. There was a certain leader appointed to take charge of the expedition. When the vessel got outside the Narrows, a pugnacious fellow jumped upon a beer barrel, remarking to the captain: "Be jabers, I know how to take command as well as you," and levelling a revolver at his head the admiral of the fleet that was to land arms upon the Irish coast was sent into the fore-castle, and the mutiny raged more or less on the voyage across the Atlantic. One man was killed instead of the hated Saxon, and his body was put ashore, discovered by the Irish coastguards, and the Channel squadron chased the sloop and her owners so hot and hard that they were forced upon the rocks and nearly lynched by the people. It was the best stroke of good fortune they had ever seen in their lives the day they received the shelter of a British prison. Such was the welcome which these expeditions obtained at the hands of the Irish people, and such was the fate of the *Gulnare*, as the last naval venture to fool Irish-Americans under guise of freeing Ireland by force of arms.

WOMEN IN THE FAR EAST.

In the *Geographical Journal* for November, Mr. H. Warington Smyth in his "Notes on a Journey to some of the South-Western Provinces of Siam," says of the Siamese women:—

The Siamese, if he wants a good bargain driven, always calls his wife or daughter, and in business matters he is generally ruled by them. Thus in Siam, where the differences of rank are so marked, the "equality of the sexes" is almost a reality, and the women may be said to be the rulers as well as the workers.

Mr. John Dodd in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, writing on Formosa, says:—

The savages of the female sex are in many ways far more interesting than the men, and the young girls and young married women possess many inherent good qualities not to be found in their husbands and brothers. Notwithstanding their wild surroundings and complete lack of anything in the form of education, they are well conducted, hard and willing workers, and good wives—more like slaves, indeed, than wives. When moving from place to place they carry all their household goods in a net suspended from the forehead—a child, perhaps, included. I have seen women with loads of fifty to eighty pounds on their backs following a party of men who considered it beneath them to carry anything but their guns or bows and arrows. With all the hardness of their fate they are of a kindly disposition, and are ready to help one another or a stranger. They are modest to such an extent that one is inclined to believe that they are ignorant of the meaning of the word; I could never detect any false prudery among them. They are wonderful pedestrians, and are used as messengers, as scouts and spies in time of trouble, and sometimes as go-betweens and peace-makers. I have always found women the best passports. When traversing dense jungle and forest the traveller is often interrogated by unseen savages. If alone and unable to give satisfactory answers, a featherless arrow will probably put an end to his explorations; and, but for the female passports, my skull would long ago have been hung up in the ancestral shanty of some dashing young warrior.

THE BRITISH-AMERICAN RUPTURE.

HOW IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AVERTED.

In a strikingly interesting article in the *American Historical Review*, Mr. M. C. Tyler vindicates the Loyalists in the American Revolution from most of the aspersions which the victorious Republic has for a century showered upon them. They numbered a third of the entire population. They included more than a third of the influential classes. "No taxation without representation," was a principle they accepted in the old and correct Constitutional sense, which claimed representation not for places, but for orders in the State. The American colonies were thus as much represented in the House of Commons as the then memberless towns of Leeds and Birmingham. Mr. Tyler also roundly declares that the "Independence" of the American colonies in 1776 was exactly equivalent to the "Secession" of the Southern States in 1861, the Loyalists occupying the same Constitutional position as the Federals now. But perhaps the most important fact which Mr. Tyler brings out is that the Loyalists were no negative or stationary politicians, but advocated a policy of advanced and imperial reform.

SCHEME OF FEDERATED HOME RULE.

Their plan was brought forward in Congress by Joseph Galloway:—

This was simply a scheme for what we should now call home-rule, on a basis of colonial confederation, with an American Parliament to be elected every three years by the legislatures of the several colonies, and with a governor-general to be appointed by the Crown. The plan came very near to adoption. The member who introduced it was himself a man of great ability and great influence; it was supported in debate by James Duane, by John Jay, and by Edward Rutledge; it was pronounced by the latter to be "almost a perfect plan;" and in the final trial it was lost only by a vote of six colonies to five. Could it have been adopted in Congress and outside, the disruption of the British Empire would certainly have been averted for that epoch, and, as an act of violence and of unkindness, would, perhaps, have been averted for ever; while the thirteen English colonies would have remained English colonies, without ceasing to be free.

It is not now apparent that those Americans who failed in their honest and sacrificial championship of measures which would have given us political reform and political safety, but without civil war and without an angry disruption of the English-speaking race, can justly be regarded as having been, either in doctrine, or in purpose, or in act, unpatriotic.

So far Mr. Tyler. To reflect "what might have been," and was not, is in this case not so foolish as it is generally said to be, for in view of future *rapprochement* between Republic and Empire, the old Loyalist scheme may possess more than antiquarian value.

Tommy Atkins, 1860 and 1895.

COLONEL KNOLLYS contributes to *Blackwood* a capital paper on the British soldier now and thirty-five years ago. He gives many illustrations of the happy change that has been wrought in the army. He succeeds in his object, if it is

to convince the civilian reader that the new pattern is, on the whole, superior to the old, and that the 1895 soldier is better adapted to the requirements of the age than his predecessor.

Colonel Knollys says in conclusion:—

The modern private soldier is drawn from a class distinctly superior to that which furnished recruits in 1860; he is somewhat better paid and clothed; a great deal better lodged and instructed; incomparably better fed and cared for in every professional, social, and sanitary detail.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW NOVEL.

THE LITTLE ENGLAND AND THE GREAT.

THE second instalment of "Sir George Tressady," which appears in the December *Century*, has in it plenty of movement and vivacity. Already, in the third chapter, Mrs. Ward has got her hero engaged, and in the fourth she introduces with almost parental fondness the heroine of her last novel, Marcella, now Lady Maxwell. Sir George's love for his Letty is thus piquantly described:—

He wanted the right to carry off the little musical box, with all its tunes, and set it playing in his own house, to keep him gay. Why not? He could house it prettily, and reward it well.

He was in no way disturbed to find that she had no serious interest in his political lifework. His political philosophy is put in these words:—

It was the common philosophy of the educated and fastidious observer, and it rested on ideas of the greatness of England and the infinity of England's mission, on the rights of ability to govern as contrasted with the squalid possibilities of democracy, on the natural kingship of the higher races, and on a profound personal admiration for the virtues of the administrator and the soldier.

Now, no man in whom these perceptions take strong root early need expect to love popular government. Tressady read his English newspapers with increasing disgust. On that little England in those far seas all depended, and England meant the English workingman with his flatterers of either party. He blundered and blustered at home, while the Empire, its services and its defences, by which alone all this pullulating "street folk" existed for a day, were in danger of starvation and hindrance abroad, to meet the unreasonable fancies of a degenerate race. A deep hatred of mob rule rooted itself in Tressady, passing gradually, during his last three months in India, into a growing inclination to return and take his place in the fight—to have his say. "Government to the competent—not to the many," might have been the summary of his three years' experience.

Lord Fontenoy, so marvellously transformed from a wild sporting youth into a political leader, is made out to be the creation of a saintly widow, Mrs. Allison by name. The story promises to be more and more a vivid delineation of inner Parliamentary life "Day by Day."

Cut or Thrust? Racial Preferences.

THE origin of modern infantry is traced by a writer in *Macmillan's* to the Swiss peasants who upset the Austrian chivalry at Morgarten and Laupen and Sempach. The story of the last battle, "stripped of the embroidery added by later generations, legends of Winkelried and so forth," turns out to be a sorry tale of Austrian stupidity and cowardice. But these battles sounded the death knell of chivalry, and passed the palm to infantry, first Swiss, then German (*landesknechts*), then Spanish. The writer mentions a singular racial distinction:—

It is curious to note how the Teutonic nations, even to this day, prefer the cut and the Latin nations the point. We have been told by German officers that, when the German and French cavalry met in the war of 1870, the German sword blades always flashed vertically over their heads while the French darted in and out horizontally in succession of thrusts. Even the German dead lay in whole ranks with their swords at arm's length. So the English at Hastings worked havoc with their battle-axes; the Netherland mercenaries carried a hewing weapon at Bouvines; the Flemings at Courtrai used their *godendags*, fitted alike both for cut and thrust; and finally the Swiss made play with their halberds.

KILLING HOME RULE WITH KINDNESS.

THEY CAN'T DO IT, SAR! MR. J. REDMOND.

MR. J. E. REDMOND prints in the *Nineteenth Century* a characteristically Irish article, in which he first declares that the Government can never, will never, shall never kill Home Rule by kindness, and then proceeds to tell them how they should set about it if they wish to try. He says of the new Government:—

They are entering on a serious and most interesting experiment. They are about to endeavour to prove (1) that it is possible under the Union to govern Ireland satisfactorily, and (2) that such a satisfactory government would kill Home Rule. We tell them frankly that their experiment will fail. If they succeeded in governing Ireland well, they would not kill Home Rule, but they will not succeed even in the first part of their programme. This being our view, how do we regard Mr. Balfour's new policy? We heartily welcome it. We do not believe it can succeed. Success for it would mean that the demand for Home Rule was a sham. Its failure, on the other hand, will prove that demand to be a reality, and will clinch the argument in its favour.

Meantime we are quite willing to give the fairest possible field to Mr. Balfour's experiment; even Mr. William O'Brien has recently publicly, and with characteristic effusiveness, invited the new Chief Secretary to begin. If the experiment be boldly made much good may be done, many grievances may disappear, and much benefit may accrue to the poorest and most suffering portions of the community. To aid in this work should be the duty of every patriotic Irishman; and all the more so if he believes, as I do, that no amount of 'kindness' can 'kill Home Rule.' The demand of Irish Nationalists is one founded upon historic and national right. It has its root in national sentiment. It does not spring from grievances. Ireland's sufferings, her depopulation and her poverty, because they are distinctly traceable to ignorant and unsympathetic government by another nation, have tended, no doubt, to intensify that sentiment.

Mr. Redmond scouts the policy of holding aloof from the Greeks bearing gifts. He says:—

The truth is that Mr. Balfour's policy will be welcomed by the overwhelming majority of the Irish people. There shall be no "illusions" so far as we Nationalists can prevent them; but we welcome the experiment, and are quite willing to aid it. Certainly no more favourable time for the trying of this experiment has ever occurred since the Union.

HOW THEY OUGHT TO TRY TO DO IT.

Having thus liberated his conscience by prophesying failure, he was forced to explain to Mr. Gerald Balfour what he should do.

In the first place, they ought at once to release the little handful of Irish political prisoners who are still confined in English prisons. This really ought to be a small matter to the Government. The majority of the so-called dynamite prisoners have already been released without the smallest harm resulting. The men who are still in prison have been there for nearly thirteen years. It has practically been announced by Mr. Asquith that they will be released at the completion of fifteen years of their sentences. For the same offences, the Englishmen tried at Walsall only received sentences varying from ten to five years each. An open sore would thus be closed, a wretched chapter of Irish history would be ended; and I know of no single act which would do more to win the good-will of Ireland, without which Mr. Balfour's new policy can never bear any useful fruit.

Secondly, the Christian Brothers should be allowed to have the State grant, notwithstanding their images. Thirdly:—

An Evicted Tenants' Bill would, I am convinced, be popular with all sides in Ireland, with landlords as well as tenants, for we are all weary of a situation so full of present suffering and future danger. With this question once out of the way, Mr. Balfour would have a fair field for his Irish Land Bill. Upon

the character of this measure may be said to depend the future of the Government and its new policy in Ireland. Of necessity the Land Bill must be large and comprehensive, but still, with regard to most of its provisions, it ought not to prove controversial.

PLENTY OF SCOPE.

The Land Bill, he thinks, should be supplemented by a Bill amending the Land Purchase Act. By that measure the State

provided a sum of no less than thirty-three millions. The latest returns show that loans to the amount of only a little more than one million have been sanctioned, and the rest of the thirty-three millions provided by Parliament has been absolutely useless for the object in view. The Act therefore has been a failure, and Mr. Balfour must set himself at once to the task of remedying its defects or enlarging its operation, and, as I hope, of introducing into the system, under proper safeguards, the element of compulsion, without which the policy of Land Purchase can never afford a complete solution of the agrarian difficulty. It is no doubt unwise to look too far ahead, but if Mr. Balfour's new policy is to be a reality, the Government must also deal sympathetically with the Catholic University Question, with the Question of Irish Local Government, and with a host of smaller questions, such as the assimilation of the Municipal Franchise in Ireland to that enjoyed in England. I have said nothing on the subject of developing the industrial resources of the country. It may, I suppose, be taken for granted that the brother of Mr. Arthur Balfour will endeavour to continue the policy set on foot by that gentleman in the West of Ireland, and which, so far as it has gone, has been productive of much benefit to the people.

It will be seen from what I have written that there is scope enough for a policy of "kindness" to Ireland, or a policy of justice and wisdom, as I should prefer to call it. On no single one of the matters I have mentioned, nor indeed on any other matter whatever, did the late "friendly" Government during its three years of office make any advance. They reformed no abuse, they removed no grievance, they conferred no benefit upon Ireland. They were profuse of promises, they were prodigal in declarations of friendship, and—they increased the taxation of the country! This was their record.

AN AMERICAN ESTIMATE OF MR. BALFOUR.

MR. NORMAN HAPGOOD, in the *Contemporary Review*, thus describes "Mr. Balfour seen at a distance":—

When Mr. Balfour's political career began we used to read ironical criticisms of him as a *dilettante*, a literary man, a youth without vigour, loving music and art, incapable of stern practical work. He has now proved that it is in practical activity that his strength lies. His importance is neither in literature nor in philosophy, but in the field from which his tastes seemed at one time furthest removed. He has the power of dealing with the complex facts, guided partly by general theories, partly by instinct. He puts into practical politics a subtler, broader, more complicated intelligence than is usually found there, a thorough scepticism combined with thorough earnestness. His beliefs and his doubts alike strengthen him in this branch of his activity, though they are not beliefs and doubts that form a great style or a great philosophy. He is an object of uncommon interest to many to-day, not because he is remarkable as a writer, a philosopher, an aristocrat, or a *dilettante*, but because he has become strong in political action, with no loss of his less practical interests. It is a rather singular figure that rises out of his books—a character of much fineness and force, with general, broad fairness mixed with some strong prejudices, a mind without exuberant powers though with rare keenness, interested always, and never excited. It is a mind of logic primarily, with little passion or sense of form. It is probably altogether a combination that exists seldom, if ever, outside of England. It is in England that we see most often the unpromising critic of the final ends of life in the man who has the keenest taste for the battles about him, and the combination has seldom been seen in so striking a form as it can be seen in Mr. Balfour.

THE ART OF LETTER WRITING.

By MR. JOHN MORLEY:

UNDER cover of a review of Matthew Arnold's *Letters* Mr. Morley contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* a pleasant literary essay upon letter-writing and letter-writers:—

THE FIRST CANON OF THE ART.

The first canon in the art of unsophisticated letter-writing is that, just as a speech is intended for hearers rather than for readers, so a letter is meant for the eye of a friend, and not for the world. Even the lurking thought in anticipation of an audience destroys true epistolary charm. This is one reason why stories told in that form, or portions of stories so told, in spite of some famous old-fashioned examples to the contrary, have fallen out of vogue, give but inferior pleasure, and are even found thoroughly tiresome. The very essence of good letter-writing is, in truth, the deliberate exclusion of outsiders, and the full surrender of the writer to the spirit of egotism: amiable, free, light-handed, unpretending, harmless, but still egotism. A good letter, like good talk, must always be an improvisation. The best letters are always improvisations, directly or indirectly, about yourself and your correspondent, and the personal things which you and your correspondent happen to be interested in and to care about. The public breaks the spell.

CICERO AND DE SÉVIGNÉ.

Few will deny that the highest performance in epistolary art is to be sought in the letters of Cicero. Mommsen's criticism may or may not be true; but, true or untrue, it does not affect the delight which long generations of educated men have found in these intimate effusions of that expansive, lively, and impressionable nature, in contact with great personages and stirring times, and the master of the most copious and varied style that ever was known since men first learned to write.

Next to Cicero the cherities place Madame de Sévigné. Adding to native genius good literary training and the habit of cultivated society, this great woman wrote letters of such rare quality, distinction, and enduring charm, that fourteen volumes of them were the first foundation of that massive and imposing structure, "*Les Grands Ecrivains de la France*." No other modern letters that I know of have risen to the dignity of an established classic of the first rank.

COWPER.

No English writer of letters, as most competent judges are agreed, is comparable to Cowper. His letters fill half a score volumes of Southey's edition, and there is surely no such delightful reading of that kind in our language. This is because they are the genuine outpourings of the writer's own feelings; of all his simplicity, purity, gaiety, despondency, affectionateness, just as mood follows mood, and as this trivial daily incident, or that or the other interests or moves a refined, sensitive, gentle, and pure nature. Somebody told him that one of his correspondents found his letters clever, entertaining, and so forth. It stayed his pen. "This foolish vanity," wrote Cowper, in explaining his silence to his friend, "would have spoiled me quite, and would have made me as disgusting a letter-writer as Pope, who seems to have thought that, unless a sentence was well turned, and every period pointed with some conceit, it was not worth the carriage. Accordingly he is to me, except in very few instances, the most disagreeable writer of epistles that ever I met with. I was willing, therefore, to wait till the impression your commendation had made upon the foolish part of me was worn off, that I might scribble away as usual, and write my uppermost thoughts, and those only" (iv. 15).

HORACE WALPOLE.

The famous letters of Horace Walpole, interesting, invaluable as they are for the manners, politics, and general gossip of his age, have no more epistolary charm than a leading article; so self-conscious are they, so affected, artificial, and full of smirking animation. That he had underneath his frivolity and his forced and incessant efforts at satire a firm understanding, or that he may have deserved Carlyle's praise as

about the clearest-sighted man of his time, does not affect the proposition that his letters are essentially not letters, but annals composed with a view to ultimate publication, like the letters of Grimm in French, or of Howell in English.

SCOTT, LAMB AND BYRON.

Scott's letters are like all else that came from that brave, manly, whole-hearted genius; they are sincere, unaffected, friendly, cheerful, and humane. 'You know I don't care a curse about what I write!' This was the temper to make a good letter-writer. Charles Lamb, of course, has a high rank among the letter-writers of mark and genius, with his inexhaustible vein of whim and drollery, with his many strokes of pathos and tender humour, with the flashes of serious and admirable criticism in the midst of all his quips and jestings. Byron's are undoubtedly the best letters after Cowper, and some may possibly choose to put Byron first; their happy carelessness, their wit, their flash, their boldness, their something dæmonic, all give them a place among the pleasantest and liveliest reading for idle hours to be found in any library, whether English or foreign.

MILL, GEORGE ELIOT, CARLYLE, ETC.

In our own day, Mill wrote generous replies to all comers; but they deal with serious subjects, and answer grave riddles propounded to the most patient of oracles. George Eliot's letters have a suspicion of the episcopal charge about them. Emerson to Carlyle is adequate and sufficient, but without much colour or feature. Carlyle to Emerson, and to every other correspondent, has colour and feature enough for a dozen men, and nowhere does the more genial, friendly, and fraternal aspect of him come into pleasanter light. Dickens is observant, graphic, bright, and full of high spirits. The letters and journals of Miss Caroline Fox admit the reader to an enchanting circle of intellectual refinement and spiritual delicacy.

Macaulay's letters and journals are so stamped with the love of literature and the glory of it as the best companionship for a man's life, that, just as Heine said, whenever he read Plutarch he immediately resolved to take the next mail-post and become a great man, so Macaulay stirs a reader to take a pen on the instant and immediately write something which the world will never willingly let die.

FITZGERALD.

On the whole, of volumes of letters very recently given to the world, those of Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam, seem to have most of the genuine epistolary spirit in them, in association with a true feeling for good books and the things that good books bring into the mind. . . . One who was an expert connoisseur in good music, who could seriously master strange and hard tongues, could enjoy and judge the weightiest books and the lightest, who was never so happy as in his herring lugger, with a Montaigne on board, or "smoking a pipe every night with a delightful chap who is to be captain," or sailing for hours, days, and weeks on the river Deben, "looking at the crops as they grow, green, yellow, russet, and are finally carried away in the red and blue waggons with the sorrel horse"—here was the man who should write, and did write to the friends that he loved, letters that, without his ever meaning or designing it, are not only letters, but agreeable and diverting literature.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

What place in this catalogue will ultimately be taken by the two new volumes of the "*Letters of Matthew Arnold*," nobody can now decide. Those who looked for a grand literary correspondence, rich in new instruction, fresh inspiration, profound social observation, will be disappointed; and they deserve to be, for Arnold was one of the most occupied men of his time. Those, on the other hand, who had the happiness to count him among faithful and affectionate friends, and to whom his disappearance leaves a truly painful void in familiar haunts and meditative hours—and those others who know his books only, and would wish to know something of his personality—will not be disappointed at all, but will be grateful to the relatives who have consented to give to the world these memorials of a fine genius and a high and most attractive character.

LÈSE-MAJESTÉ GONE MAD.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN GERMANY.

A FEW weeks ago, when the murder of a manufacturer by a man said to hold Anarchist opinions was reported from Alsace-Lorraine, the German Emperor, in a telegram to the Governor, commented as follows on the case:—"Another victim of the Revolutionary Agitation fanned by the Socialists! If only the German nation would bestir itself!" What the Emperor wished his people to do is not quite clear; but it is evident that he ascribed the blame for the murder to the Social Democrats, and that his telegram fanned the German police into bestirring themselves to institute prosecutions for any utterances in speeches or in the press which might by any possible means be construed into *lèse-majesté* or high treason. So far "this father of his people."

AWAY WITH SOCIAL
DEMOCRACY!

Since the Breslau Congress was held, the prosecutions for *lèse-majesté* bid fair to beat the remarkable record of the previous year. In the month of October the fines amounted to 2,941 Marks (£147), and the imprisonments to ten years and one month. In November the convictions have been equally numerous and severe—and equally absurd. Herr Liebknecht, for instance, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment for some utterance in his inaugural address at the Congress. He took care not to mention the Emperor at all, therefore his judge decided that his hearers might take his remarks as allusions to the Emperor, and it was in the possible meaning which others might attribute to his words that lay *lèse-majesté*. Such a view to take of a speech may well be alarming. Next we may expect absolute silence to be construed into *lèse-majesté*, and there will be an end to freedom of silence as well as of speech under the rule of the young madcap on the throne. Herr Liebknecht, who is about seventy, has suffered so many terms of imprisonment for his opinions that he may at least join St. Paul with "In prisons more frequent."

THE "PREUSSISCHE JAHRBÜCHER."

More childish still is the prosecution of Dr. Hans Delbrück, the editor of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. In the October number of his review, in an article entitled "The True and the False Cartell," he commented as usual on the political situation in Germany. About a month after, his remarks were suddenly alleged to be insults to the political police, and he was summoned to appear before the tribunal whose conduct he ventured to criticise. Under these circumstances it is interesting to return to the article and discover, if possible, which were the offending passages.

Dr. Delbrück considers that the Government lacks both decision and courage. Last year it made itself ridiculous by its anti-revolutionary campaign, and the only party which reaped any advantage was the Social Democracy. This mistake is now being repeated when there is absolutely no danger of violence on the part of the Socialists. Are not the German Empire and the army to be depended upon? Those who think otherwise can only be cowards, or traitors, or fools.

Repressive measures are not needed. What use is it to prohibit a few meetings, confiscate a few journals, or prosecute a few editors who may be acquitted, or at best achieve cheap martyrdoms? Social Democracy only laughs at such weakness, and intelligent people shrug their shoulders.

The German Socialists include not only Socialists and

Revolutionists with convictions, but a large number of orderly skilled workmen, who only join the party because they feel that the social conditions and legislation in Germany do them grievous wrong. In many ways it must be admitted German legislation has done much for the working classes, but there are still departments of social life in which Germany is far behind other countries.

In Prussia the great mass of the people is unrepresented in Parliament, not because they have not the franchise, but because they are practically prevented from exercising it freely. There is need for reform here, but a law that will enable workmen to form organisations is even more urgent. The present unworthy police restrictions are an insult to honest men, and it is from the discontented mood thus aroused in the people that Social Democracy derives its life-blood.

Dr. Delbrück continues his criticisms in the November number, but his article on the treatment of the Social Democrats was already in print when he received the summons which roused almost the whole European press into indignation at the high-handed conduct of the German police. Meanwhile, Herr Köller, the Minister of the Interior, has had an interview with Dr. Delbrück, and having satisfied himself that the Professor did not intend to insult the police, has abandoned the prosecution. Dr. Delbrück, however, was in no way intimidated by the probability of punishment hanging over him, for in the December number of his review he is even more outspoken about the blundering policy that has been adopted. He puts all blame on the Minister of the Interior and the Chief of the Police. If only there was method in their madness!

The most interesting article in the fourth number of the *Rivista Musicale Italiana* is that entitled "The Geo-Topography and the National Song," by C. Levi. Musical illustrations and diagrams are added.



PROFESSOR HANS DELBRÜCK.

(From a photograph by Braatz, Berlin.)

THE MURDER OF MR. STOKES.

A PLEA FOR HANGING CAPTAIN LOTHAIRE.

LEON DECLE, who wrote the articles on the murder of Mr. Stokes in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, contributes to the *New Review* for December a vigorous plea for hanging Captain Lothaire. The only doubt the reader has, after reading M. Decle's paper, is as to whether all the Belgian officers in the Congo State should not be hanged at the same time. Certainly, if M. Decle does not bear false witness, they—or most of them—richly deserve it. The Belgian officers, he says, are guilty of the most savage practices which are enough to justify the extirpation of the Congo State as a nest of pirates. He accuses a single officer of having one thousand human hands brought in to him as a penalty for not collecting enough ivory or india-rubber, and he maintains that this is quite a normal atrocity. It is not surprising that men guilty of such practices should have yielded to the temptation of murdering Mr. Stokes, for he had no less than £40,000 worth of ivory with him, and Captain Lothaire's commission in this would be £4,000. M. Decle asserts:—

The murder—no other word is possible—of the unfortunate Stokes is no more incident in the history of the Congo State, but is the final outcome of a long-standing policy, and the most abominable of an abominable series of crimes.

M. Decle brings out very clearly the importance of Stokes—a fact which hitherto has been imperfectly realised.

Had any other ten Englishmen been executed, the effect on the native mind would have been far less striking; but the mere idea of any white man daring to lay hands on Stokes, must be—nay, will be—the talk for months to come in every remote and petty village from Lake Albert to Tabora and the coast. There has never been, and there will never be, another man, white or black, so well known and so highly honoured and respected as Stokes was over such an immense area of Africa. Between Tabora and Lake Victoria Nyanza, through the whole of Unyamwezi and Usikuma, he was regarded as the real and paramount chief. Not only was he respected as an individual, but also his example had impressed the native races with the firm conviction that Englishmen are kind and honourable men, who may be trusted by man, woman, and child alike: are men, in fact, who never plunder and who never allow their men to plunder—and worse. In every village I heard the same story. According to the people, the country belonged to Stokes: Stokes was their Sultan.

After telling us again the shameful story of Mr. Stokes's murder, M. Decle concludes his paper thus:—

The question at issue is not whether Stokes was or was not guilty. The miserable attempts made by Mr. van Eetvelde to establish his guilt are meant to divert attention from the main point: which is, that in open defiance of existing laws a European was sentenced to death by a single officer sitting as prosecutor, judge, and jury; was denied his privilege of appeal; and was executed—that is, murdered—in the dead of night, in the absence of the only European witness who was in the camp. What is the fitting punishment? I say death; and I should like to see the sentence carried out.

THE AIR CAR.

THE LATEST RIVAL OF THE BALLOON.

In the *National Review* for December Lieut. B. Baden Powell expounds his patent plan for enabling men to ascend into the air. He says he has been up with it 400 feet high, and if this can be done as he describes it, kite-flying will soon become a recognised branch of military strategy. Here is his description of his machine:—

The latest machine consists of a varying number (usually four to six) of sails, of a flattened hexagonal shape, looking not unlike the square sails of a ship. These are connected, one

behind the other, to the ground line, from which latter is suspended a basket car. A parachute is spread out above the car in case of accident. The number of kites used depends upon the strength of the wind, and thus, the stronger the pressure, the less is the area presented, so that the strain on the retaining ropes is always about the same. This apparatus has now been tried on a number of occasions and under many different circumstances of weather, and, although through lack of wind, or rather insufficiency of kite-power, it has occasionally not lifted as well as I should have liked, and frequent mishaps, the results of inexperience, have occurred, yet on the whole it has behaved very well, and has generally carried its man easily and steadily to a considerable height. I have myself been lifted over a hundred feet high, and had I not been firmly held down by a rope I might have risen much higher. Never once have I experienced the least uncomfortable motion. When the car has been let up to the full extent of the rope, equivalent to a height of some 400 ft., it has invariably floated steadily and well.

Now this machine packs up into two bundles, twelve feet long, and a small basket of ropes, each of which can be easily carried by one man. A very few minutes are required to unpack and set up the apparatus. The whole paraphernalia, including all ropes, canvas, poles, basket, spare gear, and covers, actually weighs but 110 lb., and I have no doubt but that this weight might, if necessary, be considerably diminished.

The machine is started thus. The kites are opened out and laid on the ground and connected together. The main ground line is attached, and the car, with its parachute, is fixed in place. The pilot kite is let up to its full height, so that one is enabled to judge, by its pull, of the strength of the wind. Its line then being attached to the next kite, the whole system is carried aloft, each car "drawing" as it gets clear of the ground, the car being held down. The aeronaut then gets into the basket, and the "regulator line" is pulled taut, which causes the kites to bring their full power into play, and the whole thing rises, lifting the car straight up. By means of the regulator, of which the man in the car has control, the ascent can be graduated to a nicety, so that at any moment he can lower himself, quickly or slowly, to the ground again. It is a beautiful motion, this floating in mid-air, and the ability to regulate the ascent gives great confidence; a factor decidedly wanting in a balloon, when you rise right up without being able to stop or descend, except with the assistance of those below.

On the whole, then, though not yet quite perfected, I think we may say that sufficient evidence has been gained to show that, with a very little improvement, the invention should undoubtedly prove serviceable. It thus becomes difficult to foresee what limits can be put to the use of an apparatus which might be made so light that each man could almost carry on his own back an aerial coracle to lift him high above the heads of his enemy. The transport of a balloon section is composed of six wagons, which, if loaded with air-cars instead, could carry enough apparatus to lift 150 men! There is no reason why a rope a couple of miles long should not be used; and if only the wind blows in the right direction, or if a point to windward can be attained, a position may be taken up right over the enemy's heads whence explosives can be dropped on desirable spots.

Besides these, there are innumerable other uses, some minor, some important, to which it may be applied. Not only is it the army which may be assisted. At sea, where the wind is usually steadier, and where there are neither trees nor buildings to interfere with the lines, there is, I believe, a great scope for the air-car. Floating high above a man-of-war (by which it might be towed in calms), a distant view could be obtained, in which the enemy's ships could be descried at vast distances. And during an action, is it too much to suppose that the machine might be floated over a hostile vessel to discharge a torpedo from above?

Turning now to more peaceable ideas. As a means of rescue from shipwreck, a kite has often been suggested, but seldom utilised. A simplified air-car could be stowed away with the greatest of ease on the deck of any ship, and might prove of supreme importance in case of disaster.

CASH FOR SECTARIAN SCHOOLS.

WHAT THE CATHOLICS WANT. BY CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

In the *National Review* for December Cardinal Vaughan, at the close of a long and ponderous exposition of the claims of the Denominationalists to quarter their schools upon the rates as well as upon the taxes, thus summarises what he wants:—

1. That all Voluntary Schools complying with the requirements of the Education Department should have secured to them by law the right to receive an equal proportionate share, with the Board Schools, of all public moneys for educational purposes both from rates and taxes.

2. That it shall be competent for any religious denomination to open new Voluntary Schools whenever required by a sufficient number of parents—having, say, thirty children of school age—and who conscientiously object to sending them to any existing Voluntary or Board School.

3. That the cost of the *site, the erection, and administration* of such schools shall *not*, as in the case of Board Schools, come out of the local rates, but shall be met by the religious denomination to which they belong.

4. That when completed according to plans previously sanctioned by the Department for at least sixty children, such schools shall have a legal right to be recognized as public elementary schools in accordance with Section 7 of the Act of 1870. During the ten years ending with the present Blue-Book, twenty-six new Voluntary Schools have been refused recognition and a grant, because the School Boards or local authorities have deemed them unnecessary. Of these, eighteen have been Catholic schools, so that Catholics have been forced either to go to non-Catholic schools or to maintain efficient schools unhelped by rate or Government, and entirely at their own cost. It is time that School Boards should be compelled to climb down from the position of superiority which they have assumed, and be deprived of their vindictive and despotic power to persecute.

5. That whilst the cost of the *sites, building, and administration* of all Voluntary Schools shall, in the future as in the past, be defrayed from private resources, the cost of their *maintenance*, as of all other public elementary schools, shall be provided out of public money, that is, the Department, the County Council, or local rates.

6. That the School Boards shall no longer be allowed wantonly to pursue their policy of crippling and emptying Voluntary Schools by building sumptuous fabrics at their very doors.

7. That the Education Department or County Council shall have the power to limit the School Board rate and also its borrowing powers.

8. That whatever borrowing powers School Boards shall have, Voluntary Schools shall have the same.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S OPINION.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, writing on the Evolution of the Teacher in the *Contemporary Review* for December, makes the following remark upon the clerical claims:—

As significantly bearing on the evolution of the teacher, let us further note that at the present moment there is going on a struggle to re-acquire that clerical control which a secularised system of public education had in chief measure thrown off. Even when established a quarter of a century ago, this public education was not completely secularized, since certain biblical lessons were given; and now a strenuous endeavour is being made to add to these biblical lessons certain dogmas of the Christian creed established by law, and so to make the teachers of Board Schools to a certain extent clerical teachers. Nor is this all. Clerics have striven, and are still striving, to make the public help them to teach Church dogmas in Church Schools. At the present time (June, 1895), the Archbishop and clergy at large are fathering an Act which shall give them State-funds without State-control. With an arrogance common to priesthoods in all times and places, no matter what the creed, they say to the State—"We will say what shall be taught and you shall pay for it."

MR. LYNULPH STANLEY DESPONDENT.

Mr. Lynulph Stanley, in the *Nineteenth Century*, puts the case on the other side to that urged by Cardinal Vaughan with cogency and vigour. He is not very cheerful. He says:—

We shall, if this goes on, see the re-establishment of the Test Act, not by law, but by the abuse of patronage. The Church training colleges and church managers are accustomed to ask of applicants, "Are you a communicant?" and when School Boards have, according to Lord Salisbury's advice, been captured by the Church party, there will be found servile teachers who, even if the question be not asked, will make a parade for professional purposes of their presence at the most solemn rite of the Church of England.

For the moment it looks as though the ecclesiastical forces of reaction, with the help of those who resent the present cost of education, were going to bear down religious liberty and local self-government. The Church press thunders like Hannibal at the gates of the capital. To gain their object and to prevent the people from getting any more power over what should be their own schools, the Archbishops are willing to put themselves under further subjection to the central authority. Should anything of the sort take place, should a bureaucratic centralised system supersede the free initiative of local management, the old fable of the horse, the stag, and the rider will be reproduced, to the destruction of all vitality and progress in education.

THE SECONDARY EDUCATION REPORT.

TWO VIEWS FROM OPPOSING STANDPOINTS.

PROFESSOR MASSIE, writing in the *Contemporary* for December on the Report of the Secondary Education Commission, stoutly defends the recommendation to place the control of secondary education in the hands of the County Council. He says:—

It was the duty of the Commission so to organise as to pave the way, or not to block the way, towards subsequent unification. Would they have attained this end if they had made the School Board their starting-point, supposing that school boards had been available? It is more than doubtful. County councils (as distinguished from borough councils) are elected from a wider area and by a more truly representative method; both county and borough councils (though but recently established) are gathering to themselves an ever-increasing weight of influence, and are far more likely, as time goes on, to absorb school boards than to be absorbed by them. They are a permanent authority, whereas a school board may be here to-day and (by the action of the Education Department) gone to-morrow; fresh school boards may any day spring up; and all school boards, though commonly spoken of as representative bodies, are elected by a kind of vote which has now but few friends. County and borough councils have already some secondary education work in their hands, and will be the rate-collecting authority when the secondary education rate supplements the "whisky money." Finally, the traditions of school-board management, and of elementary education generally, are not desirable traditions to lay as a foundation for a secondary education system.

Mr. Macnamara, in the *Fortnightly*, analyses the Report of the Commission on Secondary Education. This is the summary of his judgment:—

Taken altogether, then, the report of the Commission fails entirely at the critical stage. It deserves the greatest credit for many good points, and these I hope I have recognised. What is wanted to make it an instrument upon which wise legislation may be founded, is the complete revision of the proposals affecting the local authority, a revision which will give the county a general board of education; which will make the borough School Board the predominating partner in the borough county authority; and which will secure that the same body which manages secondary and technical education shall have the direct supervision of the primary educational system we have already called into being.

HOW TO CREATE SMALL HOLDINGS.

By ONE WHO HAS DONE IT.

SIR E. R. P. EDGCOMBE has a very interesting article in the *Country House* for November, in which he describes the result of an experiment he made in establishing small holdings in Dorsetshire. He says:—

Seven years ago I purchased a farm of three hundred and forty-three acres, known as Rew, in the Parish of Winterborne St. Martin, situated a little more than three miles westward of Dorchester—the “Casterbridge” of Thomas Hardy’s novels—and about six months later I re-sold it to some twenty-seven small purchasers in quantities varying in size from two to thirty acres. The Rew soil is of the class of light Dorset soils, a thin black earth on chalk for the most part, though some of it is richer, almost of a loamy character. The lightness of the soil is an advantage to small people, as it enables them to plough without “shire horses.” One-third of the soil may be classed as good, two-thirds as poor, though by no means worthless. Riding over the farm a few days before it was to be sold, I was struck by the ease with which it might be adapted for small holdings provided a roadway was driven through it. This determined me to bid for it, and it was knocked down to me for £5,050. Tillages and tenant right added £190 to the price. In addition to this I had to lay out the sum of £340 upon the roadway already mentioned, £120 on wells, and £140 upon a survey, maps, and law costs. The cost of the farm then stood, in round figures, at £18 per acre.

So far from there being any difficulty in the way of finding purchasers, he sold the estate without trouble, with the exception of one patch of land that was not suitable for allotment purposes, and the small men who bought it paid up their money with astonishing punctuality:—

Not only did they meet their instalments with regularity, but several of them applied from time to time to make speedier payment. So that now some six-and-a-half years since the property was sold out in small lots—only £400 remains due to complete the whole of the payments for the land. The twenty-seven small holdings averaged in size eleven acres each.

When the farm was purchased, the outgoing tenant was a bankrupt. He was paying £240 a year rent. If the land had been let as a whole no one would have given more than £180 a year for it. Now its rateable value is £313 a year. The rateable value in the rural portion of the Union fell in nine years 13 per cent., while the rateable value of a Rew farm rose 34 per cent. in seven years. There are now seventeen families residing on the estate. If this plan were followed generally it would be the best method of checking the depopulation of the rural districts. Sir Robert concludes his paper with the following anecdote, which will show that his experience is not exceptional:—

A Dorset Squire, who recently wished to dispose of about ten acres of good land, determined to follow the Rew precedent. He got from his lawyer a draft conveyance, and made it known that he would sell in lots of half an acre at the rate of £50 an acre. He expressed his surprise at the rapidity with which he sold it all, intending purchasers coming with bags of twenty-five and fifty sovereigns and wanting to go back with their deeds in their pockets.

A VIVID sketch in *Macmillan’s* of Oxford turbulence in the thirteenth century leads up to a salutary reflection on the value of University sports. The ancient violence is easily explicable. “The energies which in our day find vent in half-a-dozen forms of athletic exercise, had in the thirteenth century hardly more than the single outlet of fighting.”

HOW THE LANDLORDS WERE BOUGHT OUT IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

MR. CHILDERS contributes to *Good Words* an account of an operation in which he was engaged in 1875 for the settlement of an agrarian feud which had long troubled the peace of Prince Edward Island. He says:—

Some particulars of this very curious operation, the compulsory transfer of the entire land of a colony from a small number of proprietors (chiefly absentees) to several thousand tenants may perhaps prove of interest. In Prince Edward Island the grants to the sixty-three landlords—among whom the colony was originally divided—were grossly improvident, and the conditions, subject to which the estates were granted, had not been enforced; so that immigration and settlement had been checked, if not entirely stopped. In fact, in most cases, the proprietors could not make a title even if they were willing to sell. What the tenants sought was not so much to enforce particular prices at which they might purchase their holdings as to secure the power of purchasing them at some price.

Mr. Childers carried out the scheme for expropriating the landlords, with the result that

by the end of 1878 the whole of Prince Edward Island was free from what was called landlordism. Nearly a million acres had been either comprised in the sixty-three estates which formed the subject of the lottery in London, or were originally reserved for public purposes. I find from official papers that all these estates have been bought by the Government at a cost of about 1,200,000 dollars. Four-fifths of this acreage has been, according to the same authority, resold to the tenants, who, in 1892, had already paid instalments of their purchase money, reaching nearly 840,000 dollars. The Government has been able to effect this with the help of a grant from the Dominion Parliament (one of the conditions of confederation) of 600,000 dollars. So, not only has the policy of the Act been successful, but, as a financial operation, it has been satisfactory.

Whether the abolition of landlordism has been an unmixed good, I do not pretend to determine. If I live to pay an eighth visit to North America, I may have an opportunity of collecting opinions on this point. Anyhow the complete agrarian transformation through which Prince Edward Island has passed affords much instructive material for reflection.

Machinery and Labour.

MR. OUTERBRIDGE, JUN., writing in the *Engineering Magazine* for November on “The Prevailing Scarcity of Skilled Mechanics,” calls attention to the great expansion of skilled industries in the United States and the difficulty of securing skilled workmen to carry on the industry of the country. His paper is very well informed, and leads up to the following conclusions:—

That high wages and intelligent service are to be preferred to low wages and ignorant labour; that the introduction of labour-saving machinery, instead of supplanting human skilled labour, has increased the demand; that the more highly developed the machine becomes, the more highly skilled the operative must become; that there is an ever-increasing demand for skilled labour of the highest class and a constantly decreasing chance for mediocrity to find employment; and that this supply must come, not, as heretofore, mainly from training boys in factories, but from the enlargement of manual training schools, whose teachers shall be practical graduates from the factories. The introduction of machinery in place of hand labour in manufactures is thus shown, from whatever point of view it is studied, to be mutually beneficial to the employer, the employee, and the consumer—that is, mankind in general.

LAST month a printer’s error made me speak on p. 452 of “Mr. R. Gibson’s clever picture in the Royal Institute of Painters in Oils.” Of course reference was meant to Mr. J. Vincent Gibson.

THE TOILERS' PARADISE.

WHAT NEW ZEALAND IS DOING FOR LABOUR.

While I write these words the fan and long gloves of our "general servant" are lying on the kitchen dresser. She is an excellent servant, and the dresser is a very clean one. She is going out to-night in full evening costume to the W—— Boating Club Ball. This club is composed chiefly of young working men. Her invitation comes through the Captain, a well-known barrister, the Secretary and Treasurer, who will introduce to her plenty of partners—all in swallow-tail coats! I anticipate that her programme will be filled up at once. She will meet there, and may dance in the same set with, the daughters of the Premier of New Zealand and other notable personages.

THE foregoing extract is a foot-note in the article entitled "Adult Male Labour in New Zealand," which Mr. Edward Reeves has contributed to the *Westminster Review* for December. It is a very interesting paper, carefully written, almost encyclopedic in its detail as to labour conditions of the most advanced of our colonies.

AN AMERICAN TESTIMONY.

Mr. Reeves quotes the following testimony from the United States Consul at Auckland as to the success with which the New Zealand Government has ministered to the needs of the working population:—

The land laws of this country (New Zealand) are unique, having no parallel in the modern world that I am aware of. The tendency of legislation is to force the earth-grabber to either sell, subdivide, or improve his land so it will produce what Nature intended it should, thereby administering to the wants of the people, and placing the land within the reach of those who desire homes . . . to check, if not absolutely prevent, the acquisition of vast estates in the hands of individuals or companies, to the detriment of the people, but without directly interfering with the laudable accumulation of thrift and industry . . . The poor, the working-man, and the struggling small farmer and mechanic are relieved from the burdens of taxation as much as possible. . . . The hours of labour are shortened to eight per day, and to the constant worker is given a half-holiday in every week, besides at least half-a-dozen full holidays in the year, under full pay, thus affording him more time for rest, recreation, and intellectual development than is enjoyed by his fellow-workers in any part of the world. . . . The admission of pure air and genial sunshine into the workroom and factory is compelled under Government supervision. . . . There is a general diffusion of wealth, no great poverty, and not a single millionaire, as far as I know. . . . The men who have inaugurated these honest Christian reforms are animated by a sincere desire to promote the universal welfare, to resist the aggression of the strong, and lend a helping hand to the weak and lowly. You may call these principles by any name you choose, but the facts are as herein related. . . . The people of New Zealand are blessed beyond all others."

ITS ECONOMIC RESULTS.

The Consul's evidence, however, will probably impress the public less than Mr. Reeves' own story as to the fan and long gloves of the general servant who is going out to a ball with the daughter of a Prime Minister. Mr. Reeves explains the Labour laws, the Arbitration Act, and the other measures that have been passed to emancipate the workers. Measured by economic results, wages are lower now than they were in 1877, but the price of food necessary for maintenance has fallen to an even greater extent. A labourer's daily wages have fallen from seven and sixpence to six and threepence, and an artisan's wages from ten shillings and sixpence to eight and threepence. As he can buy the same quantity of food for one shilling and tenpence three farthings that cost him formerly three shillings and twopence halfpenny, the position of the labourer is improved, and that of the artisan not much impaired. Vegetables cost the colonists only the labour of growing them. Potatoes are sold at three pounds for a penny and oatmeal costs a penny a pound. The price of plain wearing apparel is twenty per cent. cheaper than it was seventeen years ago.

THE LABOURER OF THE FUTURE.

The following is Mr. Reeves' sketch of what the labourer of the future will be if he advances along the lines which New Zealand has now mapped out:—

Part of the money squandered formerly by his father in the public-house is now spent by his mother in buying good clothes for him. "Her child must be dressed as well as the best of them," for he sits beside their employer's children at school. There the education, like the legislation for him, is based on common-sense. He is not left to books and his inner consciousness to form ideas of a forest or a factory. He is taken to see them. Free periodical excursions of whole schools by railway are organised. Country children come to town, where they are received by school committees, who conduct them over museums, newspaper offices, gas works, ocean steamers, and explain everything. A thousand town children see a field of waving yellow wheat reaped and bound, write essays on the matter, and ever after distinguish this grain from barley or oats. Scholarships are for the poorest labourer's son, if he be clever; technical workshops, if he be of a mechanical turn; state farms, if he lean to agriculture. Built up with good food, good clothes (no trivial item in the formation of character), sound education, athletic games, he emerges from school to join his mates in the Friendly Societies, the Trade Unions, among the "Knights of Labour" of a working world; to make new friends in the handsome working men's clubs, on cricket and football grounds, at their boating and yachting club balls. On Saturday nights he walks through town or village, his wages in his pocket, his wife by his side, busy with the thoughts of Sunday's dinner; perhaps a prettily dressed baby daughter in his arms, or in a handsome go-cart. What does he love more than he loves that child? Had he a half-a-dozen daughters he would not fear for them.

The old-world terror of absolute penury is unknown to him. Ladies, bountiful and idle, rich persons (who, impelled by a pleasurable emotion, misnamed Charity, itch to sharpen the teeth of Benevolence on the bones of poverty) cease their efforts to degrade him. If he be left without friend or employment he seeks the kindly aid of the Labour Bureau. If there be no room for him in any trade or job, he goes on the land, to the kauri gumfield, to the "Bush Section," which Government will partially clear for him, to the State saw-mill of the almost inexhaustible forest. *He cannot starve.*

To Those About to Speculate: Don't!

MR. WILSON, in the *Investors' Review*, which ought to be entitled a guide how not to invest, utters a strong word of warning against all investment in mines and kindred companies at present. He says:—

We have said nothing about the political dangers to which all speculations in stocks and shares are now subject, but as a matter of fact these alone ought to deter any man from "putting his arm forth" at any point "further than he can draw it back," and in mines and kindred companies the dangers from politics are acute. So, to the men who have not bought, we say, "Do not buy, however tempting a rising market may appear. The whole parade of high prices and advancing market is a mere mirage of wealth, the reality behind which is a waste, howling wilderness of despair." To the man or woman, especially to the woman, who has already bought, and who thinks of "averaging on the fall," we, with even more earnestness, say, "Do nothing of the kind. By sitting still quietly and waiting, it is possible, though not excessively probable, that you may escape on some upward flutter of prices with the partial loss of what you have risked; by trying to average, you put yourself in a position where you are almost certain to lose all. Recollect that, in spite of appearances, the stock markets here and abroad are at this moment loaded down with the wreckage of disasters which have already occurred, and that appearances are kept up, and prices hoisted, with no other object than to add you and such as you to the number of the fleeced." About the prudence of this advice there can be no doubt whatever, but that it will be accepted by many is more than experience allows us to expect.

"THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER SAW."

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

ARCHIBALD FORBES has seen so many brave deeds that it was with some natural curiosity that I turned to his paper in *Pearson's Magazine* under this title. The deed which he selects as the bravest that he ever saw was the rescue of a wounded trooper, which won for Lord Charles Beresford the Victoria Cross. He thus tells the story:—

Colonel (now General Sir) Redvers Buller had been ordered to make a reconnaissance before Cetawayo's Kraal of Ulundi. Beresford led the advance, Buller bringing on the main body. Beresford, on his smart chestnut, with the white ticks on withers and flanks, was the foremost rider of the force. The Zulu chief bringing up the rear of the fugitive suddenly turned on the lone horseman who had so outridden his followers. A big man, even for a Zulu, the ring round his head proved him a veteran. The muscles rippled on his shoulders as he compacted himself behind his cowhide shield, marking his distance for the thrust of the gleaming assegai.

It flashed out like the head of a cobra as it strikes; Beresford's cavalry sabre clashed with it; the spear head was dashed aside; the horseman gave point with all the vigour of his arm and the impetus of his galloping horse, and lo! in the twinkling of an eye, the sword point was through the shield, and half its length buried in the Zulu's broad chest. The gallant induna was a dead man, and his assegai stands now in a corner of Beresford's mother's drawing-room.

The flight of the groups of Zulus was a calculated snare; the fugitives in front of the irregulars were simply a decoy. Suddenly from out a deep watercourse crossing the plain, and from out the adjacent long grass, sprang up a long line of several thousand armed Zulus. At Buller's loud command to fire a volley and then retire, Beresford and his scouts rode back towards the main body, followed by Zulu bullets.

Two men were killed on the spot. A third man's horse slipped up, and his wounded rider came to the ground, the horse running away. Beresford, riding behind his retreating party, looked back and saw that the fallen man was trying to rise into a sitting posture.

The Zulus, darting out in haste, were perilously close to the poor fellow, but Beresford, measuring distance with the eye, saw a chance of anticipating them. Galloping back to the wounded man, and dismounting, he confronted his adversaries with his revolver, while urging the soldier to get on his horse.

The wounded man bade Beresford remount and fly. Why, said he, should two die when death was inevitable but to one? The quaint resourceful humour of his race did not fail Beresford in this crisis; he turned on the wounded man and swore with clenched fist that he would punch his head if he did not assist in the saving of his life.

This droll argument prevailed. Still facing his foes with his revolver, Beresford partly lifted, partly hustled the man into the saddle, then scrambled up himself and set the chestnut a-going after the other horseman; another moment's delay and both must have been assegai'd.

A comrade fortunately came back, shot down Zulu after Zulu with cool courage, and then aided Beresford in keeping the wounded man in the saddle till the laager was reached, where no one could tell whether it was the rescuer or rescued who was the wounded man, so smeared was Beresford with borrowed blood.

Going into Beresford's tent the same afternoon, I found him sound asleep, and roused him with the information, which Colonel Wood had given me, that he was to be recommended for the Victoria Cross.

"Get along wid your nonsense, ye spalpeen!" was his yawning retort as he threw a boot at me, and then turned over and went to sleep again.

THE whole of the December issue of the *Minster* was destroyed in the recent fire at Messrs. Unwin's printing works at Chilworth. The edition is being reprinted as rapidly as possible, but its appearance is naturally delayed.

WHY PAY OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT?

THE APPROACHING FAMINE OF CONSOLS.

IN the *Investors' Review*, of all places in the world, Mr. Schloss is permitted to make solemn protest against our present policy of reducing our National Debt. Mr. Schloss begins thus:—

There are two facts which, at first sight highly satisfactory in themselves, present a very different aspect when regarded together, and give food for our most serious consideration. One is that the aggregate National Debt, which fifty years ago stood at £838,000,000, and which as recently as 1888 was computed at £706,727,000, now stands at £660,160,000 only (at the end of the financial year of 1895). The other is that Consols, which but a few years ago were quoted under par, are now worth nearly £108 per cent. These remarkable figures may fill the hearts of Treasury officials with joy, but to ordinary mortals they have a somewhat sad significance.

The sadness consists first in the artificial scarcity of Consols, and, secondly, in the price we have to pay for redemption. He says:—

By taxing ourselves so heavily to pay off the debt, we are not only rendering it costly—almost prohibitive—for investors or institutions to acquire a holding in Consols, but we are also giving a handsome premium to those who are fortunate enough to hold them already, a result which was surely never desired or intended. As applied to manufactures or agriculture, such bonuses would be stigmatised as protection; in relation to national finance, they are apparently regarded as orthodox economics. At the present moment we must be losing in the premium on purchase a large part of the saving in interest effected by the Goschen conversion; whilst every million pounds invested in extinguishing debt will make it more expensive to extinguish the next nominal million of stock, and we may yet live to see capitalists buying Consols with a view to the gradually increasing premium they may reach, as redemption narrows the circle more and more, just as now speculators buy Turkish groups B, C, and D with a similar object.

If pressed too far, the arguments contained in the above paragraphs would point to the conclusion that Government should create Consols to meet the growing demand. This, of course, is absurd; but it seems fair and reasonable to demand that redemption should cease, as far as possible.

His idea of what should be done is to fix a limit below which the National Debt should never be reduced:—

Let us take £700,000,000 as the limit which might be fixed: as soon as the Debt passed that figure, annual purchases could again be made, to an extent to be annually agreed upon in proportion to the necessities of the case; and when it should be reduced to £700,000,000 again, redemption should automatically cease. This seems to be practical finance; it is certainly simple enough. If total cessation of redemption is considered too strong a measure, at all events let a further reduction be made in the amount available for extinction of Debt. The gradual disappearance of Consols is a fetish to which at present everything is being sacrificed. It should be borne in mind that our Government securities, though created in evil times, have grown to be a mighty engine of thrift, a splendid bulwark of our economic stability. The prejudices of generations, the formule of other days, must be brushed aside, and the whole question analysed carefully from a present-day point of view. We are under no obligation, moral or legal, to redeem the Debt.

TOLSTOI the novelist and Tolstoi the prophet are, according to Mr. W. J. Dawson, writing in the *Young Man*, no contrary characters. "Sincere realism" applied to life is the secret of the novelist, applied to religion the secret of the prophet. "Tolstoi is the idealist of the New Christianity."

MRS. JOSEPHINE BUTLER ON THE RISE OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

All the World for this month contains a tribute from Mrs. Josephine Butler to her zealous allies in the Salvation Army. The Purity movement and the Salvationist movement seem to her the two great features of the age. She tells how she first became acquainted with the later and the larger of the two:—

My memory goes back a number of years to the time when my husband and I were living at Liverpool. I recall one evening when I drove . . . in order to accompany him home. As he seated himself by my side in the carriage, he laid upon my knee a poor little shabby newspaper, saying, "There, that will interest you. I am sure you will rejoice to see it." This was the first number (as I believe) of the *War Cry*. . . My husband, a scholar, a literary man and critical, had read this paper himself, and rejoiced in what it recorded, overlooking its many and obvious defects and its peculiar style. He was right in thinking that I should rejoice in it. I took it to my room, and read every word of it, and thanked God.

A PREMONITION.

Some five or six years before, when resting on my bed during a slow recovery from illness, a great thirst took possession of my soul for national blessing—above all, for revival and blessing and help for the millions of the poor and suffering and ignorant, the "submerged" in our great cities; my prayer for them went up night and day. One evening, awaking from a refreshing sleep, the words came to me with great distinctness and power, as if spoken by an angel of God in my chamber—

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze!
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.

And I was kept in stillness and expectancy. When the wretched little paper came into my hands I said to myself, "Here are the first drops of a great and gracious shower."

When Mrs. Butler first attended the Army meetings in Liverpool, she found them making "a terrible noise." She says, "My head ached a little, but my heart rejoiced."

"THE DEVIL TERRIBLY AFRAID OF YOU AND ME."

She tells a characteristic story of the General:—

Some seventeen or eighteen years ago I called at the Army headquarters in London. The General and Chief-of-Staff were there. At the close of a conversation on the war which we, each in our own sphere, were carrying on, the General took both my hands, and, looking at me with his kind but piercing eyes, he said, "The devil is terribly afraid of you and me, Mrs. Butler." I went away, pondering this saying, "The devil terribly afraid of me!" "Why not?" I asked myself, "since God elects to use the weak things of this world, things that are not, to bring to nought things that are. I will believe it, more than I have yet dared to do."

A LIFE OF CHRIST IN PICTURE-FORM.

BY AN ARTIST CONVERTITE.

SUDDEN "conversions" are by no means—as is too generally supposed—a monopoly of the past or of the lower order of Methodists and Salvationists. In the higher walks of literary art, Count Tolstoi is a striking instance to the contrary. There are those who see in him a sort of modern St. Augustine, whose wild youth forms but the dark background to the religious devotion of his later life. And in this month's *Century*, Edith Coues briefly tells the story of the great French artist Tissot, whose character has undergone a similar transformation. In his early career in France and in England he was known by "pictures of a purely worldly character"—ball-room scenes, garden parties, portraits of fashionable and Court celebrities. He made a fortune by his etchings alone.

To what combination of circumstances, fatigue of the world, or spiritual renewal, the abrupt change in M. Tissot's art was due, the world may never know. Suddenly, in the full tide of worldly prosperity and success, he withdrew himself, and in retirement, almost solitude, devoted himself to the development of this idea of a truthful, historical, and ethical portrayal of the life and times of Christ, bringing to it the patience and devotion of a monk of the Middle Ages, combined with the most refined skill of the nineteenth century.

Until recently this work was entirely unknown, save to the comparatively few who were fortunate enough to have access to his studio. In the spring of 1894, however, he exhibited about two-thirds of the series in the salon of the Champ de Mars, where two large rooms were reserved for the unique display of his pictures.

PILGRIMS KNEELING BEFORE THE PICTURES.

Of the work thus carried on in seclusion we are told:—

M. Tissot's work, colossal in its proportions, will consist of a great number of pen-drawings in the text, and some three hundred and fifty compositions in aquarelle, comprising portraits of the principal personages in the life of Christ, symbolic representations of certain phrases or passages of the New Testament, and scenes from private and public life or representations of Jewish customs and manners. These pictures are all small, and so exquisitely finished, so flawless in drawing, and so instinct with vitality, that a glass only brings out new beauties. Many have wondered why M. Tissot should have selected such small sizes for his work.

To witness these pictures is to undergo a religious experience:—

The effect on those who visited the exhibition was both curious and interesting to observe, and testified amply to the emotional power of the work. People were seen to go away weeping; women made the tour of the rooms on their knees. Many came from the provinces in groups, with return tickets. It partook, indeed, toward the end, of the character of a pilgrimage, seeming a new source of light and strength for pious souls.

The beautiful reproductions which the *Century* contains of twelve of the pictures makes this statement easy to believe. The treatment of the sacred themes seems to be as bold and as novel as it is accurate and reverent. We ought to have the series made accessible to the multitude by means of lantern slides.

The Secret of England's Greatness.

MR. A. J. WILSON thus expounds the secret of England's greatness in the December number of the *Investors' Review*:—

But although wars founded our dominion, it has not been sustained by war, nor is its greatest attribute that of conquest with arms in hand. England is great to-day because she has cultivated the arts of peace, and filled the world with the products of her industry. Splendid, nay heroic, as our people's qualities are, the finest genius of the race is not expressed in the successful warrior, but in the inventor and handicraftsman, by whose perseverance, ingenuity, and toil we have risen to an unrivalled position as leader in that peaceful exchange of commodities between nation and nation by means of which the whole world has been made happier, and the lot of humanity immeasurably changed for the better. Our true imperial domination is expressed in the figures of our foreign commerce, is seen in the millions upon millions of tons of our shipping engaged in circulating the products of our industry and of that of every people under the sun. Ours is an empire of barter and exchange of commodities; and we have done more to spread the benefits of civilisation in the world, to lift mankind in all parts of the earth out of the dead uniformity of uncivilised routine, than any great nation the world ever saw before.

MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A., AT HOME.

AN INTERVIEW AT LIMNERSLEASE.

THERE is a charmingly-written article on Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., in the *Young Woman* for December, by Miss Friederichs, who recently visited Mr. Watts at his country house at Limnerslease, near Guildford. It is very different from the usual illustrated interview, which has shown a tendency of late to degenerate into an auctioneer's catalogue. Miss Friederichs is sympathetic, picturesque, and painstaking, and her interview is one of the best that has been published of late years.

THE ARTIST'S DIET.

She tells us, among other interesting things, that Mr. Watts gets up every morning at four o'clock. He is indeed near eighty years of age, but he says, with cheerful energy, that he shall do some of his best work yet. Although in good spirits, he has all his life lived very abstemiously. Miss Friederichs noticed that he took no dessert on one occasion, and in reply to her questioning look Mr. Watts said:—

No, I never eat fruit; I mustn't. I have to be strict in my diet. Beef in certain forms, or a little game, a tiny piece of toast, and a little cream. That is all; no fruit at all, no vegetables; nothing but what I told you; and as it is one day, so it must be every day. Otherwise, I am not well enough to work. It has been like this all my life. Yes, it is a little deprivation, but it cannot be helped, and I really do not mind much.

When asked as to how he got into faces of his portraits the looks which one likes best to see there, Mr. Watts said:—

Before I paint the portrait of any man who is at all known to the public, I get to know a good deal about him. And from what I know about him I also know that a certain expression *must* sometimes come into his eyes. And I put it there.

A PLEA FOR POMP.

Questioned about politics, Mr. Watts gave the following exposition of an artist's confession of faith:—

I am not a Socialist by any means, although I take what are called broad views of social questions. So far from being a Socialist, my inclinations are all the other way. I love pomp and ceremony; I would like to see a duke wear his ermine, and a king his crown; I would like to see them drive about in gorgeous, picturesque state-coaches, and I would like to see the nobility live again in the pompous, stately way of former ages.

Also, I would like the working classes to retain their distinctive dress, which was not only infinitely more picturesque, but also infinitely more dignified than the present straining to imitate the clothes of the wealthy, which, of course, can only be done by buying what is cheap and ugly and machine-made. But I know that the pomp and stateliness of olden times cannot return. The conditions of life have changed, and with them the manners and customs, and what was right and fitting for the slow-going days of the past is no longer appropriate to the rush and hurry of the present. There are many things in the past which can never return, but there are some that may be revived.

A PICTURE FOR "CARMEN SYLVA."

When "Carmen Sylva" was in England she called on Mr. Watts, and this interview led to the painting of the picture which is described and reproduced (by no means successfully) in the article:—

By chance, Mr. Watts repeated the lines—

What I spent I had;
What I saved I lost;
What I gave I have,

and the discussion arose whether the spirit of the saying could be embodied in a picture. Mr. Watts was in doubt about it, but said he would see, and perhaps at her Majesty's next

visit he would be able to put before her an attempt at representing the lines in some symbol. The queen, shortly after, became very ill, with the long illness from which she is only recovering. She has never again been in England. But the picture is ready for her when she comes. It is a glorious work of art, this "Sic Transit," as the artist has called it.

On a raised bier, and covered with a white pall, is stretched a human figure in the sleep of death. A solemn majesty lies upon the silent form of which the folds of the pall do not hide the outlines; and on the floor, in front of the bier, are scattered such things as are generally considered to make up life's happiness. The crown and the ermine, emblem of power; the warrior's shield, denoting glory and honour; jewels and trinkets, typical of the possessions of wealth and beauty; the pilgrim's staff and shell, whereby the pious seek to reach happiness; a handful of flowers, the joy of the simple of heart; and many other things lie there, at the feet of the form representing humanity. "They are nothing now. *Sic transit.* But at the head of the bier a laurel wreath has been placed; a simple thing. 'What I gave I have,' it says. The glory of having given is the one that lasts, which represents at the end of life all that was worth living for."

THE NEED FOR DISCIPLINE.

Talking about art, Mr. Watts said, "Art should in one way or another always express our highest ideals as we see or realise them. As we see them at our best moments. It should always have a religious or ethical purpose." He always knows before commencing a picture what he means to depict or preach. Unlike Burne-Jones, who sees his pictures before he begins them, Mr. Watts only has the idea of the picture, not the picture itself, in his mind. Miss Friederichs asked Mr. Watts if present-day artists could live up to his ideal. Mr. Watts replied:—

No, they can't. If they wish for wealth, position, social honours, an easy life, *then* they can't. Especially if they have a wife and children, they can't. The wife must "be a lady," wear fine clothes, entertain, etc., etc.; the children must be educated. It is not possible to do this without sacrificing art at the throne of Mammon; therefore I say, every artist ought to take a vow of celibacy and poverty for a dozen years. I am no ascetic; I don't believe asceticism a natural thing. But temporarily it ought to be practised by every true artist. For, as a matter of fact, we all, artists included, have lost the habit of simplicity, of work, and before we can regain it we must undergo a course of discipline. When the habit has returned we shall be on a higher level, and have a better chance of being great artists.

How Shoeblacks are Organised.

THE working of the Ragged School Shoeblack Brigade, which was started forty-four years ago and has since counted 8,500 boys and £102,000 earnings, is pleasantly described in the *Sunday Magazine* by Mr. Chas. Middleton. The Brigade now numbers sixty-five. A boy in the second grade bringing in more earnings than one in the first, changes places with him; and the competitive principle keeps the boys up to the mark. The best lads' takings average 4s. a day:—

Every evening the boys bring in their earnings to the superintendent. Sixpence is allowed for the day's work, one third of the remainder is retained by the boy, one third is put to his credit in the bank, and the remaining third goes to support the society. When a lad has saved ten shillings he is at liberty to draw against it for clothes, etc. For their lodgings and the general benefits of the Institute the first grade boys pay 1s. 6d. per week, the second grade 1s. 3d., and the third grade 1s. Each inside member is charged 2d. extra for the washing and mending of linen.

It is somewhat comic to learn that considerable difficulty is found in getting the shoe-blacks to clean their own boots.

HOW MR. HALL CAINE WORKS.

MR. R. H. SHERARD contributes to the *Windsor Magazine* for December an interesting account of his talks with Mr. Hall Caine. "The Manxman" was begun originally as a story of the Jews, whom Mr. Caine had visited in Russia in 1892, but the more he thought about it the more he felt he could not enter into competition in their own field with the great Russian novelists:—

In the meanwhile, circumstances had obliged him to give up Castlerigg Cottage in disgust, and he accordingly removed to the Isle of Man, with the determination of fixing his residence there definitely. For the first six months he lived at Greeba Castle, a very pretty but very lonely house, about halfway between Peel and Douglas on the Douglas Road, and it was there that most of "The Manxman" was written.

"I turned my Jewish story into a Manx story, and 'The Jew' became 'The Manxman.' In my original scheme, Philip was to be a Christian, governor of his province in Russia, Pete, Cregeen, and Kate were to be Jews. I thought that the racial difference between the two rivals would afford greater dramatic contrast than the class difference, and it was only reluctantly that I altered the scheme of my story."

"The Manxman" was finished at the house in Marine Parade, in Peel, where Hall Caine is now temporarily residing, a large brick house which was built for a boarding-house, and is certainly not the house for an artist. As he has determined to make his home on the island, he is at present hesitating whether to purchase Greeba Castle or to build himself a house on the Creg Malin headland at Peel, than which no more wondrous site for a poet's home could be found in the Queen's dominions, overlooking the bay, with the rugged pile of Peel Castle, memory-haunted, beyond.

Mr. Sherard tells us also of a book which Mr. Caine wrote in 1870, which has not yet seen the light. He describes it as a hasty "Life of Christ":—

"I had read Rénan's 'Life of Christ,' and had been deeply impressed by it, and I had said that there was a splendid chance for a life of Christ as vivid and as personal from the point of belief as Rénan's was from the point of unbelief." This book he wrote, but was not satisfied with it, and has refused to publish it, although only last year a firm of publishers offered him £3,000 for the manuscript. "No, I was not satisfied, though I had brought to bear on it faculties which I had never used before in my novels. It was human, it was most dramatic, but it fell far short of what I had hoped to do, and so I put it away in my cupboard. I hope to re-write it some day."

The following is Mr. Caine's account of the way in which he writes his books:—

"I don't think," he says, "that I have sat down to a desk to write for years. I write in my head to begin with, and the actual writing, which is from memory, is done on any scrap of paper that may come to hand, and I always write on my knee. My work is as follows: I first get my idea, my central motive, and this usually takes me a very long time. The incidents come very quickly, the invention of incidents is a very easy matter to me. Then labour like mad in getting knowledge. I visit the places I propose to describe. I read every book I can get bearing on my subject. It is elaborate, laborious, but very delightful. Then make voluminous notes. Then begins the agony. Each day it besets me, winter or summer, from five in the morning till breakfast time. I awake at five and lie in bed, thinking out the chapter that is to be written that day, composing it word for word. That usually takes me up till seven. From seven till eight I am engaged in mental revision of the chapter. I then get up and write it down from memory, as fast as ever the pen will flow. The rest of the morning I spend in lounging about, thinking, thinking, thinking of my book. For when I am working on a new book I think of nothing else; everything else comes to a standstill. In the afternoon I walk or ride, thinking, thinking. In the

evenings, when it is dark, I walk up and down my room constructing my story. It is then that I am happiest. I do not write every day—sometimes I take a long rest, as I am doing at present—and when I do write, I never exceed fifteen hundred words a day.

"I do not greatly revise the manuscript for serial publication, but I labour greatly over the proofs of the book, making important changes, taking out, putting in, recasting. Thus, after 'The Scapegoat' had passed through four editions and everybody was praising the book, I felt uneasy, because I felt I had not done justice to my subject; so I spent two months in re-writing it, and had the book reset and brought out again. The public feeling was that the book had not been improved, but I felt that I had lifted it up fifty per cent."

The *Windsor* announces that Mr. Caine's next serial will appear in that magazine next year.

IN PRAISE OF THE POETS.

THE Rev. Dr. Horton contributes to *Good Words* a paper upon the practical uses of poetry, which may be read with advantage by all those who think "they have no use for poetry":—

The poets who have won an undisputed place for all time in European literature are they who may be described as the outcome of the great periods in European history. May we not say they are the voices of these periods? For the connection between them is too regular to be accidental. When history is travelling with fateful things, it gives birth to poets who make vocal its passion, its purpose, and its thought. But if this is so, to be conversant with these master minds will be to maintain a living contact with the salient and significant points of human development, to understand man at his best, and the progress of man in its ordered and fateful connection.

Here then is a practical use of poetry: it is a principal means of culture, that only genuine culture which consists in a sympathetic understanding of the human race to which we belong.

As they are the interpreters of the great times to which they belong, so the genuine poets are the teachers of their own times, and the greatest among them are the teachers of all times.

To know the poets is a liberal education. As the science of life is the most important of the sciences, and the art of conduct the greatest of the arts, the poets as the interpreters of this science and this art, are not only the most agreeable but the most practical of our teachers.

John Bright was accustomed to say: "There is nothing which gives so much pleasure as poetry, except little children;" a beautiful saying, because children are the poems of the human race, and poetry is the perennial childlikeness of the human heart. But every one who studies the career of John Bright will notice that poetry gave him something more than delight; it was the making of him. It was from the poets he learned that "scorn of scorn, that love of love" which made him the apostle of a beneficent cause. It was from the poets he derived that singular magic of feeling and diction which enabled him to move multitudes, and even a nation, along the course which his heart desired. It is no accident that the greatest speaker, and one of the most powerful political leaders of our century, was a lover of the poets.

In conclusion, Dr. Horton says:—

There is a specific function of poetry, a function which is discharged by that which is the essence of it, and it is well-nigh indispensable.

This specific function is the revelation of the reality of the world to man:—

What is called the glamour of life is life itself, that deep passion of inexplicable emotion, that subtle sense of all that lies behind phenomena, and holds phenomena in a unity, the pulsation of thought, the thrill of love, the conjecture of the unknown. All this has to be apprehended if we would know reality, and imagination alone can apprehend all this.

GOSSIP OF AND BY KINGLAKE.

LADY GREGORY, who was brought into close communication with Mr. Kinglake by the efforts they both made to save Arabi from execution, contributes a pleasant gossiping paper about Kinglake to the December number of *Blackwood*. She quotes the following sayings of Kinglake about Gladstone:—

"I am sometimes taxed with having said or printed that Gladstone was 'a good man in the worst sense of the term,' but there does now seem really good ground for saying that his management of England's Imperial tasks is tainted with amiability." "But, heavens! the wickedness of Gladstone's Home Rule escapade! His idea is to cut a limb off the empire and to trust to Parnell to sew it on again. 'But don't you think Gladstone conscientious?' he was asked. 'Yes,' he answered, 'but he has a diseased conscience. Yet, he added, 'there is something of Christ's idea in his present one, that the secret of truth has been delivered to the unlearned.'"

Here are some of Kinglake's *obiter dicta* strung together with some amusing anecdotes:—

He did not look on General Gordon with unqualified admiration. He writes: "There is something interesting in that device of sending out Chinese Gordon. I take it he is a sagacious fanatic, so that it is practically sending out a true prophet against a 'false prophet.'" He said of him at another time, "Gordon has fits of sanity and then relapses into lunacy"; and again, on hearing of his proposal to restore his old bug-bears, Zebuhr and the Turks, "I must confess he is a kind of divine weathercock."

The short-lived desire to seize Khartoum after Gordon's death he looked on as a romantic desire on the part of England to possess the site of a martyrdom. "But they should remember the Duke of Wellington's advice to 'always see what is on the other side of the hill.'"

Speaking of the Khedive, Tewfik, for whom he had no admiration, he said, "Yet Gladstone seems to have an acquired taste for him."

"That is a Providence worth trusting!" he exclaimed, when he heard of the hurricane that had destroyed the fleets at Samoa, for he had looked very jealously on German colonial ambition.

His words seemed to crystallise into epigram as they touched the air.

His deafness was of late years a great privation to him, loving as he did to hear and join in the play of witty speech. Sir Edward Hamley used to say sadly, "When I talk to Kinglake at the Athenæum everybody in the room hears every word I say—except Kinglake."

When I first knew him he lived in Hyde Park Place, in rooms overlooking a churchyard. When he had first looked at them he said to the landlady, "I should not like to live here—I should be afraid of ghosts." "Oh no, sir," she replied, "there is always a policeman round the corner." I really believe he took the rooms on the spur of his delight at this truly British answer.

Gout was the first malady to attack him, and to wean him from his daily club. He had a fancy to try a lady doctor, and wrote to one to ask if gout was beyond her scope. She replied, "Dear Sir,—Gout is not beyond my scope, but men are." Then he called in Sir James Paget, because he had been very much struck with a portrait he had seen of him by Millais.

PORTRAITS of Mr. Gladstone's paternal and maternal grandfathers and grandmothers, of his father and mother, of Mrs. Gladstone's grandfather and grandmother, her father and mother, as well as portraits of the aged statesman himself, form one of the principal attractions of the *Ludgate* for December. Mr. Gladstone has expressed himself as much pleased with these reproductions of the family portraits. Mr. R. Donovan contributes to the same magazine a sketch of Dublin. Fiction, and pictures of current topics, abound.

DR. ALBERT SHAW.

MR. W. B. MURRAY, writing in the *Altruistic Review* for November an interesting character sketch of my American editor and partner, Dr. Albert Shaw, says:—

It was through the intervention of Mr. P. W. Bunting, the editor of the *Contemporary Review*, that Dr. Shaw met Mr. Stead, when the latter was contemplating the American edition. Mr. Stead almost immediately recognised in Dr. Shaw the man for the work, and subsequently entered into relations with him which resulted in a second visit to England on the part of Dr. Shaw, and the appearance of the initial number of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, April 1st, 1891, with Dr. Shaw as editor. In a year's time it had gained a circulation of 75,000 copies. Mr. Stead and Dr. Shaw work quite independently of each other, although they exchange advance sheets and cuts, to use or not, as they deem expedient.

Dr. Shaw has brought into the service of economic and social reform the energies of a splendidly trained mind and heart. His magazine exhibits the tact of a successful editor and that accurate knowledge of the public's desire for information which makes the modern newspaper an indispensable part of the daily life of the people. The *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* is a monthly edition of the ideal newspaper, giving a sufficient idea of everything transpiring in the political, social, industrial, literary and religious world to keep its readers thoroughly abreast of the times. But it is more than a newspaper, condensing the news of the world for a month in a single issue; it is a magazine with brilliant original articles, and presents in addition an intelligent review of the best articles that have appeared in all the magazines of the world. It is a faithful reflex of all phases of human activity, and its regular perusal is a liberal education. But the *Review of Reviews* is not only interesting and instructive; it is the vehicle of an altruistic heart that is ever striving to promote the public good by its sympathetic presentation of altruistic endeavour. The magazine is directed in such a manner as to make it acceptable to the largest possible number, and for that reason its sympathetic interest in reform enables it to exercise a potent influence with a host whose prejudices keep them aloof from other presentations. It is strictly non-partisan and non-sectarian, ideally independent, thereby gaining the privilege of speaking frankly and honestly under all circumstances, a privilege not enjoyed by the partisan of whatever sort, and one which it does not fail to exercise.

Dr. Shaw's literary style may be described as lucid and entertaining. The most complex question of the day grows easily intelligible when he writes of it. The mysteries of political situations and economic conditions are readily grasped under his tuition, and the pupil congratulates himself upon his own mental superiority in such facile understanding of the world's problems.

The Centenary of the Institute.

ON October 25th the Institute of France celebrated the centenary anniversary of its foundation, and among the articles in connection with it attention may be directed to those in the *Monde Moderne* for November, by M. Leo Claretie, and in the *Revue Encyclopédique* of November 1st by M. John Grand-Carteret. The *Monde Moderne* also gives an excellent article on Chantilly, which the Duc d'Aumale gave to the Institute about eight years ago. All these are profusely illustrated. Another article in the same periodical is one on the Hospital de Beaune, which was founded in the fifteenth century. The illustrations to this paper are specially interesting.

THE MONTHLY INDEX, or Supplement of the *Review of Reviews*, is published at the beginning of every month at 1d. It contains a list of the leading articles in the most important magazines, and a descriptive list of the new books issued during the past month. The *Monthly Index* is forwarded to any address for 1s. 6d. per annum. REVIEW OF REVIEWS Office, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

THE SHEEP-KILLING PARROT, or the GOBLIN KEA.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* publishes a very interesting account of a bird which affords the most remarkable illustration of the fact that feathered bipeds can become as depraved under evil environment as if they were bipeds of the non-feathered variety. The kea, or New Zealand parrot, is a bird which has become carnivorous under necessity, and is not only a carnivore, but is a very epicure among the carnivores:—

The kea in colour is a dull olive, which brightens on the upper parts, especially in the tail feathers, where it shines with much lustre. Over the rump is a patch of brownish-red; the plumage under the wings is of a rich red and bright lemon colour. It is extremely amusing to watch the kea when it is feeding on the ground. Having selected a spot which it considers favourable for the purpose, it sets about unearthing the larvae on which it sometimes feeds with a thoroughness and evident earnestness of purpose that are quite refreshing to see. Rapidly, and with astonishing force, stroke follows stroke of its pickaxe-like beak, the loosened soil flying about in all directions. The natural food of the kea consists of larvae of insects, and berries and roots of various alpine shrubs and plants.

Such was the kea before the fall. Man was the serpent which brought the temptation into the way of the unfortunate kea, and kidney-fat was the apple that ruined the vegetarian of the New Zealand Eden:—

The kea, in the days before the country was stocked with sheep, was obliged to leave its mountain home temporarily and descend to lower levels to eke out a hardy existence in winter time. With the advent of sheep, even the scanty means it there found of sustaining life during the winter were taken from it. By repeatedly burning off the face of the country for the purpose of obtaining fresh pasturage, the run-holder speedily swept away all berry-bearing shrubs and insectivorous life alike in a billowy sea of flames.

On a dismal winter night, with little in it to soften the hard lot of this feathered starveling, a famished kea must have come poking about the killing-yard of some sheep station, seen the strange sight of a woolly skin hanging over the fence-rails, picked at the fat which adhered to it in places, found it good, and in that act changed its feeding habits, and, one might almost say, its whole nature. From picking the pieces from the skins it proceeded to feed upon the kidney-fat of carcasses on the meat-gallows, and from that to prey upon the living animal. This is all of the origin of this strange practice that we can be at all sure of pursuing aright, all that we shall ever know. To conceive how the bird, having selected the kidney-fat on the carcass as an especial delicacy, was able to tell with such exactness where the tit-bit was situated in the living animal, is a task beyond our power.

The writer tells some gruesome stories of the rapacity of this bird. He says:—

So rapacious has it become that it has been known to attack a sheep when directly under the charge of a shepherd, and in broad daylight; indeed, there are not wanting cases where it has been known to attack foals, and one instance is reported of a horse becoming its victim.

In a single twelve months in a corner of one run these birds destroyed over one thousand sheep. They have been known to kill as many as two hundred healthy sheep in a single night. Still more horrible is the story told round the camp fire at Mount Cooke of a shepherd who had recently arrived in New Zealand, and who wagered a month's pay that if he clothed himself in a sheep's skin, and went out into the hills and feigned distress on his hands and knees, by imitating the bleat of a lost sheep, no birds would dare to molest him. The wager was accepted. The skin of a sheep was tied round the shepherd, and he vanished into the darkness. It was a stormy night, and all trace of the man was soon lost. Once they thought they heard a wild cry as of a human being in death agony borne down the gale, but they could not locate it, nor could they find him the whole of the next day until sundown. Then they found him a hopeless idiot, while his body was in such a condition from

the attacks of the birds as to be indescribable. This parrot has multiplied and increased exceedingly, even as mankind did before the Flood, since it fell from its native innocence and ate the forbidden meat. In vain County Councils offer so much a beak for every head brought in; the keas continue to increase and multiply and render sheep-farming unprofitable.

If only those sportsmen who seek the wide world over for opportunities of congenial slaughter were to concentrate their efforts on the New Zealand parrot, they might render some service to humanity.



THE TRANSMISSION OF ELECTRIC POWER.

MR. ALTON D. ADAMS, in the *Engineering Magazine* for November on "The Limits of Electric Power Transmission," maintains that—

all plans for the transmission of power from great waterfalls or of power derived from cheap fuel at the mines, with a view to competition with steam power produced in our large cities, are based on a misapprehension of the facts, and can only result in financial disaster if attempted. The electrical transmission of power can certainly be accomplished over very great distances when expense is no object, but under usual circumstances it cannot compete commercially with that great vehicle of long distance power transmission—an ordinary coal-car.

In *Cassier's Magazine* for November Dr. Louis Bell, writing on "Electric Power from the Coal Regions," comes to much the same conclusion. He says:—

The present state of the case is that, on a large scale, the transmission of power from the culm pile—or the now unworked coal mine—over even considerable distances stands a good chance of commercial success. The larger the plant and the steadier the service, the greater the distance over which power can be sent to compete with that generated on the spot. In a desultory way and on a small scale the chances of success are not particularly good, unless under very unusual circumstances. Where there are fairly good facilities for transportation, and good coal is under consideration, electric transmission is at a very manifest disadvantage.

Still he is hopeful that a good deal may be done in transmitting power to a long distance. He says:—

For periods of time ranging from two years down to a few months, not less than fifty power transmission plants have been working regularly in different parts of the world, ranging in magnitude from Niagara down to fifty horse-power, and in distance from the Folsom-Sacramento transmission, in the United States, having an extreme length of about twenty-five miles, down to a mile or two. All these plants have been singularly free from trouble, and have done their work well.

Admitting that distances up to twenty or twenty-five miles can be successfully overcome, is there a reasonable probability that the transmission of power can be extended over distances much greater? Yes, if necessary. We have no plants over twenty-five miles, but the methods and apparatus for longer transmission have already been thoroughly tested, and up to at least fifty miles we are sure of our ground—perhaps up to a hundred miles. The transmitting and receiving machinery would be quite identical whether the line between them were twenty or fifty miles long, so that, as regards apparatus, the ground is well trodden.

The Body as a Water Engine.

IN *Longman's Magazine* for December Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson reprints the address which he delivered to the National Temperance League on the "Physical Foundations of Temperance." The following is his own summary of his paper:—

(1) That the body as an engine of life is a water-engine, and was never intended to be worked, at the temperature provided for it, by any other fluid than water. (2) That from a purely physical point of view, alcohol is too light a fluid for the purpose. (3) That alcohol contains an element—carbon—which is not wanted for the natural part water plays in the living creation. (4) That by well diluting alcohol it may, as indeed is too often seen, make a kind of living world, but that such a world is one having two leading false qualities, a shortly-endowed bodily mechanism and an idiot's mind, neither of which objects is of the selection and manifestation made for us by the Giver of Life.

Temple Bar is chiefly noticeable this month for a brief history of the Poet-Laureateship, a sketch of the visionary William Blake by A. T. Story, and Mrs. Wister's study of cats and their affections.

HOW CAMPHOR IS CULTIVATED IN FORMOSA.

THERE is a very interesting paper in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for November by Mr. John Dodd, in the course of which he describes the manufacture of camphor in the island of Formosa:—

Small shanties are scattered over the hills where the camphor-trees grow, and in all directions the clearing of the woods is going on at a rapid rate. Some trees are cut up for camphor-making, others are sawn into planks and knees for the building of junks and boats of all descriptions. On the hillsides are built distilleries consisting of oblong-shaped structures principally of mud bricks, and about ten or twelve feet long, six feet broad and four high. On each side are five to ten fire-holes about a foot apart and the same distance above the ground. On each fire hole is placed an earthen pot full of water, and above it a cylindrical tube, about a foot in diameter and two feet high, passes up through the structure and appears above it. The tube is capped by a large inverted jar, with a packing of damp hemp between the jar and cylinder to prevent the escape of steam. The cylinder is filled with chips of wood about the size of the little finger, which rest on a perforated lid covering the jar of water, so that when the steam rises it passes up to the inverted jar, or condenser, absorbing certain resinous matter from the wood on its way. Whilst distillation is going on, an essential oil is produced, and is found mixed with the water on the inside of the jar. When the jar is removed the beady drops solidify, crystallisation commences, and camphor in a crude form, looking like newly-formed snow, is detached by the hand, placed in baskets lined with plantain leaves, and hurried off to the nearest border town for sale.

With regard to camphor, as in other commercial matters, the Chinese Government has acted very foolishly. For over thirty years to my knowledge there has been a constant demand for camphor, and yet the administration has done nothing to prevent the reckless waste of the forests and taken no steps to provide for the reforestation of uninhabited tracts useless for cultivation. True, as far as I have explored the mountains of the interior, camphor-trees seem to be exceedingly numerous, and there is at present no fear that the supply will run short for many years to come. But the increased demand for camphor in these days of smokeless powder may hasten the destruction of the trees, and therefore it is to be hoped that the Japanese will assure the supply in the future by planting saplings on waste lands. I planted a lot in my garden in 1869, and when I left in 1890 they were trees thirty to forty feet high and upwards. From this experiment I conclude that trees fifty years old would be large enough for all ordinary purposes to which the timber is applied. As for camphor, it may be extracted from leaves and twigs, so that comparatively young forests will yield material for the industry.

Announcements for the New Year.

THE serials in *Good Words* will be "False Coin or True?" by F. F. Montessor, author of "Into the Highways and Hedges," and "Charity Chance," by Mr. W. Raymond, the author of "Tryphena in Love." Lord Charles Beresford promises a yarn about the navy, and Edna Lyall will tell how she became a novelist.

The *Sunday Magazine* announces as a new feature replies to such questions as may be properly discussed in its pages. Book-prizes, two of 10s. value, and two of 5s., are to be given for the four best papers on given subjects. Subject for January, "Christmas Bells; or, Thoughts for New Year's Eve."

The *Ladies' Home Journal* announces that in their Christmas number they will begin a new story by Rudyard Kipling entitled "William the Conqueror." It is a story of life in India. Ex-President Harrison will contribute papers explaining what the Government of the United States is, and how it works. Mary Anderson will begin her autobiography.

THE BALANCE-SHEET OF MONTE CARLO.

THE *Pall Mall Magazine* publishes an interesting and well-informed paper as to the profits of the gaming tables at Monte Carlo. It gives the balance-sheets for the years ending March 31st, 1894, and March 31st, 1895. The number of suicides in the year ending March 31st, 1895, was four. The Company received £30,000 of rent, and £764,000 receipts from the tables. This revenue is spent as follows:—

<i>Expenditure.</i>	£
1. Payment to Prince for Concession . . .	50,000
2. Monaco Government and Municipality . . .	30,000
3. Army and Police . . .	12,000
4. Bishop, Clergy, and Education . . .	11,000
5. Law Courts and Officers . . .	3,000
6. Contribution to Reserve Fund . . .	40,000
7. Directors, Officials, and Agents . . .	30,000
8. Croupiers, Personnel, and General Expenses . . .	50,000
9. Repairs and Depreciation . . .	8,000
10. Secret Service Fund . . .	5,000
11. Theatre, Orchestra, and Amusements . . .	25,000
12. "Publicity"—Subventions to the Press . . .	62,000
13. Pigeon Shooting, Races, Carnival, and Charities . . .	15,000
14. The Viatium . . .	6,000
15. Pensions Fund . . .	3,000
	<hr/>
	350,000
Payment of Interest Coupon of 25 frs. upon 60,000 Shares . . .	60,000
Dividend at the rate of £6 8s. per Share upon 60,000 Shares . . .	384,000
	<hr/>
	£794,000

The article abounds with plenty of curious facts. For instance, here are the statistics as to the earnings of the tables:—

An exact record is kept of the profits of each table every day, but it is sufficient for our purpose to strike an average. The earnings of a roulette table during the winter average £400 a day, and during the summer £350. For the trente-et-quarante tables the averages are £300 and £250 a day respectively.

One of the most discreditable features of the balance-sheet is the sum that is devoted to bribing the press. And it would seem that there are English papers who sell themselves to Monte Carlo:—

In 1893-94 the French press received from the Company £58,000, and £2,000 was paid to English newspapers on the Continent and to half-a-dozen correspondents, who performed certain services in the way of encouraging sport on the Riviera and "correcting" reports of irregularities in the management of the Casino which may appear in the English press. A famous Paris newspaper (which was founded by a personal friend of Père Blanc) heads the list of the French press with a subscription of £3,000 per annum, and in return gives "publicity" to one line per day devoted to the state of the weather in Monaco. Then follow all the leading Paris papers, with grants ranging from £400 to £1,500 a year. The newspapers published all along the line of railway from Paris to Lyons, Marseilles, and on to Nice and Mentone, get hush-money in amounts varying from £40 to £500 per annum. Papers in other parts of France, especially at the summer and winter resorts, are also "upon the list." The great hunting-ground for the subventioned press, however, is the Riviera. In Nice alone (a town of 100,000 inhabitants) there were up to the last annual meeting of the Casino Company no less than sixty subventioned publications, each receiving from £50 to £500 per annum. Three parts of these journals actually live on the sums they get from Monte Carlo; they issue from fifty to a hundred copies.

Less disreputable is the Monte Carlo pension list:—

Monte Carlo has also a very curious pension list. Here are

inscribed the names of the men and women who have lost their fortunes at the tables and who are allowed small sums daily for the rest of their miserable lives. This practice, which was inaugurated by Père Blanc in his paternal care for the *decarés*, is also being dropped as the *pensionnaires* die out. The pensions now paid range from five francs to forty francs a day, according to the amount which had been lost at the tables and the social position of the recipient.

The lease of the gambling tables runs on until the year 1913. The Gaming Company confidently expect a renewal of its concession for the simple reason that if the Prince were to refuse it, he would be deposed.

If I am correctly informed it will even then be given a new lease of life. Should the Prince attempt to use his absolute power in this direction the managers of the Casino have all their plans laid. They would simply foment a revolution: the Monegasques would rise like one man at the command of the Bank; the "army," which is paid by the Company, would throw in its lot with them; Prince Albert would be deposed, and Prince Radziwill or some other tool of the concern set upon the throne of the Grimaldis in his place.

IN PRAISE OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTS.

THERE is an interesting paper by Mr. H. H. Statham in the *Engineering Magazine* for November entitled "Contemporary English Architects and Their Work," with a sub-title of "Valuable Object Lessons for American Architects." Mr. Statham says:—

If we take the men who are admittedly prominent among the English architectural designers of the day, I believe it will be found that in regard to quality, if not quantity, English architecture is not inferior to that of any other nation at the present moment. The French, it must be admitted, are superior to all the world in the planning, designing, and detailing of a large and grandiose building of the classic type, but it can hardly be questioned that English architects could give them many a lesson in the qualities of grace, variety, picturesqueness, and refined taste in buildings of a less pompous class. The development of original and picturesque types of architecture, especially domestic architecture, of late years in the United States has been watched with much interest from our side of the Atlantic, but I do not think we could reasonably be expected to feel that the American architects are our superiors in this respect, except in so far as they have larger and more extended opportunities. For the essential change in English architecture, referred to above, consists in the fact that we are at last really beginning to shake off mere revivalism.

His paper describes the work of Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Aston Webb (who built the new Law Courts at Birmingham), Mr. Norman Shaw (to whom we owe the abomination of New Scotland Yard), Mr. T. G. Jackson, Mr. Basil Champneys, Mr. John Belcher, Mr. T. E. Collcutt, Mr. E. W. Mountford, Mr. J. L. Pearson, Mr. Leonard Stokes, Mr. Ernest Newton, Mr. W. D. Caroe, Mr. H. Wilson, and Mr. Ricardo. Mr. Statham concluding his article says:—

The few illustrations which accompany this article serve only to give a very inadequate idea of the amount and variety of good, interesting, and refined architecture which is being produced by the best English contemporary architects. A more extended illustration would, I think, fully bear out what I have tried to impress on American readers in this article—that, although the French may be superior to us in the grandiose treatment of large city buildings of more or less classic type, the English architecture of to-day is not inferior to that of any nation in the world in point of variety, picturesqueness, and refined taste, and that American students of architecture would do well to give it a little more of the attention which they at present seem disposed to bestow almost exclusively on Paris and the *École des Beaux Arts*.

THE "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" OF TO-DAY.

MR. H. D. LLOYD'S "WEALTH AGAINST COMMONWEALTH."

The *New England Magazine* for November publishes a long and interesting review of Mr. H. D. Lloyd's remarkable book on "Wealth against Commonwealth." The reviewer says—

This is the most powerful and impressive, because the most detailed and definite statement which has ever been made of the character and methods and achievements of the baleful power whose advent and ascendancy Lincoln so clearly foresaw. When Edward Everett Hale first read this book he said, "It is the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the present crisis." Widely as it has been read, and deeply as it has affected the earnest thinkers of the country, it has not been read half enough nor aroused half enough discussion. It is not a book for scholars simply: it is a book for the people.

Mr. Lloyd's book is strong because, facing all the facts, stating them all at their worst, it is not a black and despairing book, like the books of so many of our present social reformers, but a hopeful, brave and confident book. He believes in the American democracy, in the people.

THE DESPOTISM OF THE TRUST.

Mr. Lloyd is no abstract or exclusive socialist, nor in any point a dogmatic doctrinaire. His mind is a true English mind, dealing with the masses of facts which confront us in the commercial world in a practical way, only in a courageous and Christian way. Violating every principle of brotherhood and social obligation, the great monopolies of the country have come also to the violation of all law and to menace the very order and safety of the state. The object of Mr. Lloyd's book is to show in detail how this is true—to show how the great trusts and corporations which he subjects to special analysis "evade or defy the laws of the states and of the nation, and the decisions of the courts, state and national. Guided by the advice of the skilfullest lawyers, they persist in open violation, or make such changes in their procedure as will nullify statute and decision without danger to them. . . . They rise superior to our half-hearted social corrections: publicity, private competition, all devices of market-opposition, private litigation, public investigation, legislation and criminal prosecution—all. Their power is greater to-day than it was yesterday, and will be greater to-morrow."

A STORY OF COLOSSAL CRIME.

One gigantic trust controls substantially the whole sugar market of the country—and the power of that trust in the United States Senate was demonstrated in the settlement of our present tariff bill. Half a dozen men determine whether bread shall be cheap or dear. The "big four" control almost the entire meat supply of the country. Our coal barons are a handful of men. The transportation interests of the country are dominated by a group but little larger. The Standard Oil Company has an almost absolute monopoly. At all of these great combinations, and at the whiskey trust,—for it is coming about that the American cannot even get drunk without paying tribute to monopoly,—Mr. Lloyd glances, pointing out the colossal crimes—the truth permits no milder term—by which most of them have attained their present dimensions and power.

"Wealth against Commonwealth" has provoked warm feeling and discussion. Newspapers of the *Outlook* sort have praised it, and newspapers of the *Nation* sort have damned it. We have seen only one considerable attempt to answer it—an article of a dozen pages in one of the economic reviews, by a writer, curiously enough, whose name rumour has associated with the service of the great monopoly itself.

THE CRIMINALS IN CHURCH AND UNIVERSITY.

By the very irony of fate it happens that the great monopoly whose crimes Mr. Lloyd exposes is mixed with the Church. "The oil trust," says one of its reverend apologists, "was begun and carried on by Christian men." "He and his family," urged the leading Baptist paper in New York, defending the president of the trust, as the charges against him multiplied, "are at church every Sunday when in the city, and

no husband and wife keep up the good old Baptist habit more faithfully of exchanging a kind word with the brethren and sisters after the regular services are over."

It is a distinct misfortune to the cause of higher education in America that, of the two great universities whose rich endowment in this time has attracted most attention, the money of the one should now be under attain in the United States courts, the money of the other be money got together by the unrighteous processes described in Mr. Lloyd's "Wealth against Commonwealth." It is a misfortune for any seminary of "sound and religious learning," where young men are trained for leadership in the Church and in the State, to have to look to a man of the type of John D. Rockefeller as its "founder," instead of a man of the type of John Harvard. Such a misfortune, however, is not irreparable. It would be a special misfortune at this time if any teacher of political economy or social science in any university, where students are supposed to be not boys but men, were led to feel that he must be silent or diplomatic concerning the infamies of our commercial and industrial life. The American school, high and low, must be above all other places, as it always has been, the nursery and home of freedom, of democracy and of courage. With God alone worshipped in the church, and with a brave public spirit informing the school, we need not fear the most nor the worst that mammon can do to the republic.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

M. GABRIEL COMPAYRE, rector of the Academy of Poitiers in France, writes in the *Educational Review* for November, giving an account of the efforts that have been made in France to supplement elementary education. He says:—

In America out of 100 pupils 91 go to the public schools, only 9 to the private ones; in France out of 100 there are about 77 pupils in the first category, 23 in the second. Certainly we have not as brilliant a step forward to record during the period from 1887-92 as America has. In the majority of points, however, the progress is marked. In five years 2705 schoolhouses have been built; there are only 50 small parishes without schools.

At a recent conference in France, at Havre, the great question discussed was:—

"How can we continue and complete the work of instruction and education commenced by the primary school?" The first thing to be done is to reorganise the adult courses which, after having been in a flourishing condition several years ago, have gradually declined. The problem is to multiply them, render them more efficient by adapting them to the needs of local industries, and to impress upon them a character of practical utility. The Government undoubtedly will consent to encourage, by financial aid, the courses for adults, and to pay the teachers who will take charge of them, but we cannot expect to reach solid results unless the municipalities and the free associations also give them their co-operation. It is the same with the popular lectures which, for several years past, have become acclimated in our little villages. On Sundays the teacher assembles men and women of all ages in the schoolroom and, either by readings from the great writers or familiar talks about national history, moral virtues, and civic plans, on the new methods of agriculture, manufacturing processes, or great scientific discoveries, he interests and instructs them. One condition of making these lectures a success is, that they should be not only instructive, but attractive. Hence, the importance of the third question considered by the Congress, that of teaching by objects.

Many useful ideas and ingenious views were brought forward at the Havre Congress; but the principal result will be the arousing of public sentiment to co-operate with the Government in the work of public education.

THE Special Courses Section of the *National Home-Reading Union Magazine* for November contains a study of the "Religio Medici," by Professor Dowden.

PROGRESS IN BIBLIOGRAPHY.

SOME NEW SCHEMES.

THE number of papers relating to Bibliography read at the congresses of the present year affords remarkable evidence of the growing interest in this all-important question. On every hand it has been felt that the old haphazard way of chronicling the progress in knowledge is sadly inadequate to present needs. Every one who has had occasion to search for information on any topic in which he may be interested knows how difficult, how almost impossible, it is to discover what has already been written concerning it. How to stay this trouble, henceforward at least, is therefore no new problem, but during the past congress season it has been reconsidered from various interesting points of view.

AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The most ambitious to take up the matter was the International Conference of Bibliography which met at Brussels early in September. Here the question of Universal Bibliography was the order of the day, and it was decided that though it would be extremely desirable to have complete bibliographies of all existing works, it would not be possible to achieve that end now, at any rate not without the Governmental aid of all countries. The Belgian Government, however, seems to have taken the initiative, for there has been founded at Brussels an International Office of Bibliography.

This name does not imply that other governments are co-operating, but that the Belgian Office is making an attempt to deal with international literature. According to present arrangements the new office is compiling special bibliographies only—that is to say, topics which are considered important are selected, and everything that has been printed in relation to them, no matter in what language, is to be collected and classified. But here are dangers ahead, surely. Would it not be more satisfactory for each country to attend to its own literature? The language difficulty is no small matter, since it is generally admitted that titles must not be translated. A more serious drawback is the uncertainty which must attend the plan of wading through all matter issued from the press to pick out what has appeared on the particular subject under treatment, whatever it may happen to be.

While all studious persons must admit that special bibliographies are in many ways admirable, a scheme which limits itself to the compilation of them at once prompts one to ask, When will every topic have been reached? Will there not ever remain a multitude of subjects whose turn may never come at all? Moreover, while a special bibliography is passing through the press is there not accumulating a mass of new literature in connection with the subject? And how are the old bibliographies to be kept up to date while new subjects are in hand? A cursory examination of some special bibliographies which have been published lately will perhaps show more clearly the undesirability of such a mode of procedure.

SOCIOLOGY AND LAW.

Under the auspices of the new office at Brussels there has just been issued a bulky bibliography of Sociology and Law. It is compiled by Messieurs La Fontaine and Otlet, and contains over four thousand references. It is not indicated what period the volume covers, nor is there a list of the publications whose contents the volume purports to represent. Judging by the references, it is chiefly review articles which are included, and the period is the end of 1894 and the beginning of 1895.

Many of the articles referred to are in French, and as the French economic reviews are excellent, it is well that their contents are to be duly recorded. The classification is made on Mr. Melvil Dewey's decimal system, and thus no items are placed under more than one heading. Agricultural Statistics, for instance, may go under Agriculture or under Statistics, according to the cataloguer's pleasure. The only industrial questions referred to are agriculture, mining, pisciculture, and a few odd manufactures.

Since the bibliography is in no sense alphabetical it is difficult to see why the author's name should always precede the title of the article as if he were the chief subject. In this way some English names have suffered by transposition. Justin McCarthy, for instance, is Carthy, J., and Canon McColl is Coll, Mac. Many writers have no Christian names or initials accorded them at all. But Sociology and Law are unwieldy subjects, and there can have been no pretence at completeness. Nevertheless the book represents much labour, and those who are interested in sociology will be grateful to the Belgian Government and the International Office of Bibliography for their heroic effort to grapple with the social question. Bibliographies of Astronomy and Philology are in preparation, so that instead of a complete bibliography of Belgian literature, these subjects are to be singled out and taken in hand on a universal plan, and meanwhile there will in all probability be considerable duplication of work.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

A striking instance of duplication is afforded by two books on Psychology. A few months ago a bibliography of Psychology and Cognate Subjects for 1894 was published in America. It contains over thirteen hundred references, and is classified under a number of headings and sub-headings. It includes books and review articles, and is probably a fairly complete bibliography of the subject for the year. But when a solitary subject is selected there is danger of omitting many items, while the difficulty of deciding between Psychology and Philosophy must often cause articles to be passed over altogether, or some to be included as Psychology which might be classified with equal appropriateness as Philosophy.

About the same time "*L'Année Psychologique*" was published in Paris. It is said to contain competent expositions of twelve hundred and seventeen publications of 1894, and has been described "as a book of absolutely German completeness and thoroughness." The Institut Philosophique of Louvain has just compiled a bibliography of Philosophy, and "*L'Année Philosophique*" (for 1894), has made its fifth annual appearance at Paris. But with Philosophy there is the additional difficulty of deciding between Philosophy and Ethics and even Religion, and it will not be safe to presume that Psychology and Philosophy have even now received all their due.

SCIENCE BIBLIOGRAPHIES.

The largest order of all is Science, and it is the question of science bibliographies that has been most debated. Probably the science world stands in greatest need of the assistance to be derived from catalogues and indexes, but the task of satisfying the various demands of scientists is no light one. When the French Association for the Promotion of Science sat in congress at Bordeaux in August, the general question of Science Bibliographies was considered. Dr. Field propounded his scheme for a Zoological Record to the British Association, and an International Congress of Physiology, which met at Berne, discussed

the question of a bibliography of Physiology. Dr. Field, too, is anxious that a Bureau of Physiology should be added to the Bureau of Zoology, admitting thereby that subjects have a great tendency to overlap, and that it is scarcely possible to do justice to one without getting involved in another. The *Revue Scientifique*, an American weekly called *Science*, and other scientific publications, have continued the discussion, but no feasible scheme has yet been evolved. The only practical outcome of it all so far seems to be a few general rules for making references of medical subjects which Mr. James Blake Bailey, Librarian to the Royal College of Surgeons, drew up a few months ago in the *British Medical Journal*.

A PASTEUR BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The *Revue Encyclopédique* of October 15th, and the *Revue Scientifique* of October 5th, publish interesting accounts of M. Pasteur and his work. The latter adds a bibliography of his writings, most of which are to be found in the *Comptes Rendus* between 1848 and 1887; a few have appeared in the *Bulletin de la Société Chimique de Paris*, and other journals. The list of biographies is not very complete, for there is no mention of any of the many articles on Pasteur which appeared in the reviews in 1893.

A PUBLISHERS' SHOWROOM.

In these days of book production, the library world, with perhaps only a limited sum to spend on new books, must often find it extremely difficult to make judicious selections. As we know, satisfactory results will not always follow reference to publishers' lists or the reading of reviews. What is wanted is an opportunity of examining the books themselves. It would be hopeless however, to expect any bookseller to have on view all the new books, and equally impossible for the would-be purchaser to go from publisher to publisher to see them all. Hence, How get specimens of all current books congregated together in one place for inspection? has long been a bitter cry of librarians and other folks of literary tastes. The Library Bureau, which is established at 10, Bloomsbury Street, has now met the difficulty by opening a Book Exhibition on the premises. In this show-room any publisher may make arrangements for space to be set apart for his novelties; and here the book-buyer, the librarian, and the bookseller may come and at their leisure choose wisely and well from the stock on view. They will not be asked to buy. For that they must go to the booksellers or elsewhere. Orders are not even taken by the Library Bureau. The exhibition is simply a show-room open to all who meddle seriously with literature, but it must soon prove itself a boon, not only to the man who reads, but to the publisher, and to the writer of any merit. And all authors claim merit for their works. Many leading publishers have already sent their publications, and as more new books are issued the older stock will be withdrawn to accommodate them. It only remains for the exhibiting publishers to state on their lists that their books are now on view at the Library Bureau.

Another institution quite apart from the Exhibition is the monthly "New Book List" for booksellers and others. This is an author-catalogue compiled from information supplied direct by the publishers.

As its name indicates, the Library Bureau undertakes the furnishing of libraries, and many fittings and appliances may be seen there. Commercial men would be interested in the Index Cards by which a handy record can be kept of each customer. They are also adapted for many other purposes.

A SWEDISH SARAH GRAND.

A COLLECTION of cleverly-written stories by Ellen Idström has been published by P. A. Huldberg,



ELLEN IDSTRÖM.

Stockholm, under the title "Vinddrifne" (Wind-driven). The first and longest of the stories, 'Abishag,' is in plot somewhat reminiscent of the 'Heavenly Twins.' Its theme may indeed be inferred from the title, but, as the moral aims of the two books coincide, the slight similarity is an unavoidable one, and the novels differ so materially in all other respects that the resemblance will

scarcely be noticed. "Abishag" is the most ambitious story in Ellen Idström's collection, and is of medium length. It has already, along with the rest, been translated into German by Dr. Brausewether, the well-known interpreter of Ibsen, and appears to have enjoyed a very fair measure of success. Isa Hornklou, the heroine, is a pure-minded, inexperienced little maiden, the youngest daughter of a noble house, now poverty-stricken and disgraced. She is destined to fall heart and soul in love with Colonel von Below, an elderly woman-hunter and gifted woman-charmer, who has lived so fast a life that he is already all but broken down, and owes most of the personal attractions which have captivated poor Isa, to the genius and sympathetic interest of his hairdresser and his valet. Of his relations with his housekeeper, the elderly and portly Miss Sophie—whom the Colonel cannot afford to part with, because "she understands his ways so well"—Isa never could dream, and she is so genuinely proud of her handsome, fine-figured lover, and so thoroughly happy, that her dearest friend, who knows how utterly rotten at the core is the splendid-looking apple, refrains from overturning the young girl's cup of joy. But on the marriage-day a catastrophe occurs which brings in its train a worse one; the discovery that her husband is not only a broken-down, repulsive-looking old man, but that never at his best could he have had aught in common with the lover of her dreams—he is a soulless, sensual, selfish, conceited woman-hunter; that and nothing more. Naturally her love gives place to loathing. Naturally, also, she refuses to be the old man's "Abishag." He must be content with his "Bathsheba." For the rest of Isa's interesting history readers must turn to the novel itself. The characters are all clearly portrayed, and the book is not without its humour as well as its tragedy. "Xenia," Isa's step-sister, a creature as widely different from the heroine as night from day, says some good things in her coarse, outspoken way, and is in herself an interesting study.

There are several other good stories in the collection—notably, "Lille-Sven," a pathetic little study of an old-fashioned boy-child who has the misfortune of being almost wholly under the care of an over-pious servant, and is finally sacrificed on the altar of fanaticism.

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

LAST month Eugene Field, the poet of childhood, died suddenly in Chicago. I reproduce here his "Little Boy Blue":—

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.
"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.
Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

MRS. MARGARET L. WOODS contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* for December a weird poem entitled the "Ballad of the Dead Mother," "from a poetical play shortly to be published, entitled *Wild Justice*." It is a poem of power. It begins thus:—

In the dead of the night the children were weeping;
The mother heard that where she lay sleeping,
And scratched at the coffin-lid.

The shrill of the lark, the scream of the owl,
The dogs that bark, and the storms that howl,
She never had heard them where she lay hid,
But she heard her poor little children weeping.

The sexton hears, but he replies, "Hush, hush, hush!
The dead must sleep sound, and never wake." The
angels hear, but they "harp on 'twixt earth and moon."
Last of all a devil hears:—

"O, help me, dear angels, for pity, pity's sake!
My children have wept till their hearts are like to break."

"The angels are fled, and the sexton is sleeping,
And I am a devil—a devil from Hell!"

"Then help me out, devil—O, help me, good devil!"

"A price must be paid to a spirit of evil,

"I am thinking what price," said the spirit from Hell.

For a lock of her hair the devil lets her out, and she
flies to her children. The poem breaks off there; nor is
any hint given as to the ending.

MR. W. H. CARRUTH, in the *New England Magazine* for
November, contributes a poem of four verses entitled
"Each in His Own Tongue." I quote the first and last
verses:—

A fire-mist and a planet,—
A crystal and a cell,—
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.
A picket frozen on duty,—
A mother starved for her brood,—

Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

IN *Pearson's Magazine* Mr. J. F. Sullivan contributes a
very cleverly illustrated comic poem setting forth the
ways of the Water Companies. The Progressives in the
London County Council might do worse than reprint
it as an electoral tract at the next election. Mr.
Sullivan describes as follows the system of the Com-
pany after laying a pipe a quarter of an inch below the
surface:—

"O, PUBLIC!" said the COMPANY, 'the time has come to pay:
I'll jot you down a little bill in quite a friendly way.
You hand me firstly fifty pounds to pay for your "supply" '—
But still the gentle PUBLIC found his little jug was dry.

"Supply," exclaimed the COMPANY, 'is simply an occult
And purely esoteric term involving no result;
It simply means "domestic use," and, if you come to think,
It's not domestic use, you know, to wash yourself and drink.'

"That PUBLIC paid an extra rate—(he *was* a simple chap!)—
For ev'ry cistern, gully, sink, and service-pipe, and tap;
And when he'd duly paid on them, the COMPANY arose
And counted all his pots and pails, and made him pay on
those.

"O, PUBLIC!" said the COMPANY, 'I notice you forgot
To say you had a buttercup a-growing in a pot:
Your drawing-room, which harbours it, becomes, in point of fact,
A rateable conservatory well within the Act.'

"He paid upon the garden which surrounded his abode,
The COMPANY assessed him on the puddles in the road;
They made him pay an extra on the tear within his eye—
Yet after all he'd gone and paid, his little jug was dry!"

Mr. Chamberlain as Cheap Jack.

IN the *Investors' Review* for December, Mr. Wilson says
of Mr. Chamberlain's speech at the Natal banquet:—

He has begun beautifully. Old Age Pensions are forgotten,
all the trappings of the popular demagogue are laid aside like
the unsaleable wares of the Cheap Jack of a fair, and Mr.
Chamberlain has become an "Imperialist." At the dinner
given by the Agent-General of Natal, Mr. Walter Peace, on
the 6th ult., he spoke, not as a statesman, but as a "jingoo,"
not as a man of prudence in the management of difficult
political affairs, but as an investor in colonial stocks, or as a
"bull" of the paper wealth of Rhodesia. But he did his part
well, and efficiently, as always. We never read any of Mr.
Chamberlain's speeches without thinking what a splendid
commercial traveller he must have been. The last article he
takes in hand is always the finest he ever had to vend, and now
he vends "Imperialism" better than any.

People do not take enough account of the commercial form
of Mr. Chamberlain's intellect. His political opponents are
for ever raking up old programmes, and throwing them at his
head with the charge of inconstancy. It is absurd. Mr.
Chamberlain is never inconstant, never a betrayer. He
honestly, and to the best of his ability, serves his own political
interests, and those of the party in whose ranks he may for the
time be. If it be dispossession of the landowners, he has to
advocate to please his masters of the moment, then he wordily
devotes them to perdition with a heartiness no man could
excel. Should, on the other hand, his task be glorifying the
"Empire" and its plutocracy, he throws himself into that
work with just as great ardour, and is always consistent in
doing his best. Opinions, principles, they are the furniture of
his travelling wallet. As the Cheap Jack with his unvendable
scissors, so he with his unpalatable views. "This 'ere article
don't suit you, gentlemen and ladies. Werry well, I shall put
it o' one side, and show you summat else."

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

I NOTICE elsewhere Madame Novikoff's article, Mr. Lyulph Stanley's paper on Education, Mr. Redmond's "Killing Home Rule with Kindness," and Mr. Morley's article on the Arnold Letters.

MR. MORLEY ON THE NEW WOMAN.

Mr. Morley has a notable passage in which he commends Matthew Arnold's advice to women to read regularly one hour a day, "desultory reading is a mere anodyne, regular reading well chosen is restoring and edifying." Commenting on this Mr. Morley says:—

The future historian of the time covered by these volumes will mark, as the most far-reaching of all the changes in the English society of the period, the signal enlargement of the education, the position, and the opportunities of women. From the fine ladies in great houses, through the daughters of doctors and lawyers and tradesmen, down to the shop-girl who lives by herself in a flat, it is among women that a revolution in ideals and possibilities is working its way, far exceeding in real significance any mere political changes, and perhaps even the transformation both in speculative religious beliefs and the temper in which they are held. Arnold's advice, which is worth pressing in days when women in certain circles are beginning to exercise an influence, not quite beyond comparison with the influence of women in France in more than one great epoch in French history.

MR. RUSKIN'S GOSPEL IN ONE TEXT.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, having recently written an essay on John Ruskin for the *Forum*, seems to have found his soul stirred within him by the exercise, and in a paper entitled "Unto this Last" he boils over in dialogue for the purpose of setting forth Mr. Ruskin's praise. He says—for he is "professor":—

I should like to hear the Archbishop of Canterbury preaching a sermon to the House of Lords on a text which I read from Ruskin this very morning. It is from "Unto this Last," and I put the little book in my pocket when we started for our walk. Here it is:—"In a community regulated only by laws of demand and supply, but protected from open violence, the persons who become rich are, generally speaking, industrious, resolute, proud, covetous, prompt, methodical, sensible, unimaginative, insensitive, and ignorant. The persons who remain poor are the entirely foolish, the entirely wise, the idle, the reckless, the humble, the thoughtful, the dull, the imaginative, the sensitive, the well-informed, the improvident, the irregularly and impulsively wicked, the clumsy knave, the open thief, and the entirely merciful, just, and godly person." That little sentence, the keynote of that little book, contains an entire gospel in itself, a complete manual of Political Economy, and a treatise on Ethics. A thousand sermons might be preached upon it, but they will hardly be preached by our courtly prelates and cultured divines.

UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENTS.

Canon Barnett says:—

Twelve years ago a paper published in this *Review* suggested "University settlements in our great towns." There are now Toynbee Hall, Oxford House, Mansfield House, the Bermondsey Settlement, Trinity Court, Caius House, Newman House, Browning Hall, the Southwark Ladies' Settlement, and Mayfield House in London. There are settlements in Glasgow, Bristol, Manchester, and Edinburgh. There are Hull House in Chicago, Andover House in Boston, besides perhaps twenty others in different cities of America.

Many people don't understand what a settlement is—therefore Canon Barnett has written this paper to tell them that—

a settlement is simply a means by which men or women may share themselves with their neighbours; a club house in an

industrial district, where the condition of membership is the performance of a citizen's duty; a house among the poor, where the residents may make friends with the poor.

WHAT THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS IS.

Sir W. M. Conway, replying to Mr. Laurie, thus explains what the Society of Authors is, and what it does:—

It is an association of some 1,300 *bonâ fide* authors for the furtherance and protection of their just interests and rights. It exists to gather information and to give its members advice and help. It examines agreements and points out their actual meaning, and how they will work out. It has succeeded in expunging various tripping-up clauses that used to overthrow the unwary. It has disclosed certain mischievous practices, such as that whereby on a half-profit agreement the publisher used to charge against a book advertisements for which he actually paid nothing, and the full amount of bills (printer's, binder's, etc.) on which he received a considerable discount. It has discovered a number of purely fraudulent publishers, who lived by dishonesty and were as harmful to their honourable colleagues as to authors. In cases of dispute it steps in and procures, if necessary, counsel's opinion for an author, and thus promotes settlements just to both parties. It is prepared to take suitable cases into court and to pay the expenses of litigation to decide doubtful points of law; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it has arranged disputes without need of appeal to courts, and last year in no less than a hundred such cases it was able to operate satisfactorily.

Sir W. Besant follows defending the Literary Agent, who in this case is Mr. A. P. Watt, whose praises he sings with sonorous voice.

WHY NOT TAKE A HINT FROM THE TURK?

Rafiuddin Ahmad tells us the Sultan might save his empire if he would but model his forts on the British Indian pattern. After pointing out what an improvement this would be, the ingenious writer continues:—

It is just fair that I should ask England to pick up one or two practices from Turkey. The Sultan allows his Christian subjects to fill the highest places in some departments of the State, especially in that of diplomacy. The most enviable office in the diplomatic service—namely, that of the Turkish Ambassador in London—was occupied by a Christian, the late Rustem Pasha. In fact, the diplomatic and the consular services in Turkey are full of Christian subjects of the Porte. There are hardly any Mohammedans or Hindoos in Her Majesty's diplomatic service. I do hope that Her Majesty's Ministers will appoint the Queen's Moslem subjects, at least as consuls and vice-consuls, especially in Mohammedan States, where their services can be of great use to England.

A DOCTOR ON DOCTORS.

Dr. J. Burney Yeo discourses on many subjects of interest to the profession. Incidentally he remarks:—

If I were asked to name the three *personal* qualities of greatest use to a physician in helping him to achieve success, I should answer: (1) *Tact*, (2) *gravity*, and (3) a calm and even temper.

One of the most serious statements in the paper is that which he quotes from M. Leon Daudet's attack on Parisian doctors. He says of M. Daudet's book:—

It accuses them of inordinate greed and extortion, of the grossest immorality, of the brutal disclosure of professional secrets, of sharing profits with chemists and instrument makers, of receiving bribes from the doctors of various spas to send them patients, and, to complete the picture, accuses them of the most rancorous hatred and persecution of one another, and of the basest intrigues to obtain advancement to coveted places in the medical faculty.

I have made some inquiries as to whether these charges have any foundation in fact, and I am assured that, although

in this book they are grossly and shamefully exaggerated and conceived in a spirit of the most bitter and mendacious antagonism to the members of the medical profession, yet they are not altogether without some slight substratum of reality.

WHY NOT COLONISE KASHMIR?

Sir Lepel Griffin, who gives a gratifying account of the improvement wrought in Kashmir, suggests that that garden of the world would be an admirable field for British colonisation:—

The colonisation of Kashmir by Englishmen, so far as this is consistent with the independence of the Maharaja and the advantage of the people, is a question of the highest interest and importance. There is a large and increasing class of Englishmen, chiefly composed of retired military and civil officers, who would be glad to settle in the valley, where they could live far more economically than in England, and where the climate would allow them to bring up their families, and there are large tracts of land suited for rice, and with every convenience of water-carriage waiting for the European capitalist. The time may come when Kashmir will be the chosen playground of Europe; when well-appointed hotels will be built at Srinagar and Gulmurg, and the great resources of the country developed by the judicious enterprise of English capitalists.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Gladstone deals with Matthew Arnold, and other critics of Bishop Butler. Of the former he says:—

Mr. Arnold was placed by his own peculiar opinions in a position far from auspicious with respect to this particular undertaking. He combined a fervent zeal for the Christian religion with a not less boldly avowed determination to transform it beyond the possibility of recognition by friend or foe. He was thus placed under a sort of necessity to condemn the handiwork of Bishop Butler, who in a certain sense gives it a new charter.

Sir Lintorn Simmons writes of the transformation of the Army under the Duke. Mr. Deane replies to his critics about the religion of the undergraduate, and Professor Geffcken discourses on the proposed reforms in Armenia.

THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

CAPTAIN OLIVER concludes his notes on the Madagascar Expedition. Major Baldock continues his essay on Cromwell as a soldier. Our Consul at Moscow translates from the *Moscow News* an article on the British Army, in the course of which we are informed:

In India it appears that women were provided for the troops, and these ladies were written in the official books, had their own officers, and wore an uniform. Nothing of this kind exists in the metropolis: but here a curious arrangement exists, for the Life-Guardsmen let themselves out to admiring housemaids at 80 many shillings per day.

Dr. Hill-Climo writes on the Recruit and his Training, and Colonel Hanna replies forcibly to an article by a Staff Corps Officer, who had argued that Russia could invade India. Colonel Hanna knows she cannot, and proves his case. He says:—

That dominion does not rest on the sword, "but," to quote from myself, "upon our administration which, on the whole, keeps the bulk of the inhabitants of our Indian Empire passively content." It might do far more, if the money and energy which are now being wasted from Quetta to Chitral were devoted to the development of India herself and to the elevation of her people: if the forward policy is to be persisted in and carried further, it will end by failing to do even this.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE December number is well up to the average. I notice elsewhere the "Ballad of the Dead Mother," Canon MacColl's plea for a Russian alliance, and Mr. Gossip's statement of the American view of the Venezuelan boundary dispute.

A FRENCH ESTIMATE OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

M. Augustin Filon, in the course of his essay on Lord Salisbury, speaks in terms of high praise of Mr. Chamberlain, of whose colonial policy, however, he professes a salutary dread. He says:—

During the last thirty years I have watched the careers of many democrats in all parts of Europe; they all understood perfectly well how to destroy, but only one could construct, and that was Mr. Chamberlain. He is one of those men who spare their country a revolution. He has infused some drops of his own blood, and those not the least precious, into the veins of the Conservative party, and the transfusion has been complete. Let any one try now to distinguish the Chamberlain corpuscles in the veins of Lord Salisbury!

WORK FOR "LORD SALISBURY."

M. Filon defends Lord Salisbury from Mr. Traill's reproach of lack of original initiative, and suggests that Lord Salisbury has now a splendid opportunity of vindicating his title to be considered more than a mere opportunist. M. Filon certainly pays scant regard to the beatitude: Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall never be disappointed. For M. Filon, it will be seen, expects very much:—

The Conservative party has never since the day of its birth been confronted with a task more frankly and fundamentally Conservative than that which lies before it to-day. If Lord Salisbury succeeds in lightening the burdens on agriculture, arresting the depopulation of the country, relieving land from the depreciation which inevitably precedes bankruptcy, and which constitutes one of the gravest dangers of the present situation, as well as one of the best cards in the hands of the revolutionary party; if he can grant allowances to the aged and pensions to the victims of labour, whilst throwing the burden upon the community; if he can attach the labourer to the soil, like the peasant of old, by making him owner of his home; if he can unite employers and employed in a joint organisation which will recall the best features of the ancient guilds; he will have proved that the social problem is not insoluble, and that up to a certain point a solution can be found on Conservative principles and by Conservative methods. He will thereby render no mean service not only to English Conservatism, but to what I might call European Conservatism, to all, indeed, who hope and trust that society may yet be saved without recourse to the rough surgery of revolution. These persons form a numerous body in France, and they look upon Lord Salisbury's ministry as an experiment of vital importance, to be followed with sympathetic curiosity and a fervent prayer for its success.

A WISE WORD OF WARNING TO THE WELSH.

Mr. Rathbone shakes his wise head at the naughty Welsh members who wrecked the Rosebery Government and destroyed their chance of disestablishment by their dictatorial impolicy. Mr. Rathbone sits for a Welsh constituency, and he is much distressed at the conduct of some of his colleagues:—

I am satisfied, on the contrary, that, had the Government put their foot down at once against the dictation of groups, the groups would not have forced on defeat in the House, and their own annihilation in the constituencies, by insisting on taking, in every difficulty, the reins out of their leaders' hands. By careful preparation and determined steering I believe the late Government could have carried most of their measures through the House. The most important lesson of the General Election is that the nation will not tolerate the degradation of

this Mother of Parliaments by its being split up into groups selfishly intent on narrow local interests and quite inconsiderate of the national warfare.

THE LABOURS OF THE UNIONIST HERCULES.

Mr. Stuart Glennie believing the Unionist majority to be a very Hercules, would start it on a series of Herculean labours without delay. He says:—

Unionist enthusiasm will pass beyond dreams or draft schemes, will effect a Federation of all our Colonies, and at least a defensive and offensive Alliance, if not Federation, between the two great Eastern and Western branches of what has hitherto been, considering its true ethnic composition, no less falsely than mischievously called our "Anglo-Saxon," but which would be more truly named our Norse-Keltic Race.

That, however, is but a beginning of things. Mr. Stuart Glennie tells us that—

While, however, the first place must, for the present, be given to both securing and expanding the Unity of our Race, it would be folly to imagine that the equally profound, though not, it may be, equally pressing, needs of Industrial Reorganisation and Parliamentary Reconstruction can be safely overlooked.

His great anxiety is however to make India loyal and contented. The way to set about this, he thinks, is to appoint a Royal Commission:—

For its mere appointment would or should convince both the princes and peoples of India of what is undoubtedly the fact, that popular sentiment and opinion in this country need but to be stirred by the report of such a Commission to be overwhelmingly in favour of whatever, in the way both of diminution of taxation and extension of rights of self-government and British citizenship, may be thus authoritatively recommended as Justice to India.

EPILEPSY AND GENIUS.

Mr. Newman has a subtle masterly analysis of the genius of Gustave Flaubert. He defends the epileptic theory of M. Maxime du Camp. He says:—

It was Du Camp's theory that the epilepsy from which Flaubert suffered during the greater portion of his life had arrested his mental development, had limited his powers and exaggerated his defects. It is evident that such a malady must have had at least some influence upon Flaubert's work, and the extent to which it did actually influence him can be readily perceived from his correspondence.

Mr. Newman concludes his interesting essay by the remark that:—

Considering the many difficulties under which he laboured, we may wonder that he has achieved so much; for he has left at least two perfect works, half-a-dozen others that none but a master could have written, and a correspondence that reveals to us the breadth and depth of one of the most philosophic intellects of our time.

WAS HAMLET MAD OR ONLY SHAMMING?

Mr. Beerbohm Tree, by the aid of his prompt book, argues triumphantly that Hamlet was only shamming madness. Mr. Tree says:—

It has been my aim by the practical assistance of an actor's prompt-book to show that Hamlet's supposed madness was a feigned madness, and that many of the difficulties of this Shakespearian masterpiece are really little else than the outcome of a super-acute but unpractical comment. If to the pure all things are pure, to the plain-seeker many things often appear plain. And if some of the alleged obscurities of Hamlet have been dispelled by an actor-manager's prompt copy, the reason may lie in the fact that Shakespeare was an actor-manager himself.

GAMBETTA'S DICTATORSHIP.

Mr. Vandam pursues his vendetta with Gambetta in his paper on the beginnings of the Third Republic. The following passage affords some idea of his animus:—

The wonder up to this day is that among all those whom he bullied and hectored, both military and civil, there was not an officer, a journalist, or a former parliamentary colleague either to twist his neck or to send a bullet through his brain and thus to rid France of a scourge. It need not have been murder or assassination, an ordinary challenge would have done the trick, for Gambetta was a coward from nape to heel. It would appear that later on, at Bordeaux, there was a plot to carry him off, of which plot he got wind and which he frustrated, but at Tours, where I spent three days in the end of October, one could only come to the reluctant conclusion that he had the whiphand of every one. And what strikes one as still more wonderful, the submission in most instances was voluntary.

THE EDITORIAL ETHICS OF MR. JAMES KNOWLES.

In Canon MacColl's paper on Russia and Turkey there is a passage which sheds some light on the strange thing which has, in default of any thing better, to do duty as editorial conscience of the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Justice Ameer Ali having attacked Mr. MacColl very roughly in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. MacColl, whose article in the *Quarterly* had first begun the discussion, says:—

The *Quarterly* reviewer innocently assumed, as an axiom of civilised controversy, that he would be allowed to defend himself in the magazine in which the attack was made. He wrote to that effect to the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, thus revealing in confidence his identity. The editor refused to receive "any reply to Mr. Ameer Ali." My rejoinder to the Judge accordingly appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*.

Mr. Knowles then allowed Mr. Justice Ameer Ali to renew his attack on Mr. MacColl, which he did with more temper than taste. Mr. MacColl says:—

Mr. Justice Ameer Ali having thus twice made a series of entirely false accusations against me without any attempt to substantiate them when challenged to do so, I wrote to the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, and begged him to supply the omission. He, too, has declined; naturally, for the accusations are as baseless as they are base.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Fulcher pleads for the larks which are sold by the bushel in London markets, and Mr. H. H. Statham indulges in a critical estimate of Mendelssohn, and Mr. St. George Mivart replies briefly to Mr. Pearson's strange challenge to demonstrate the existence of a soul to biologists.

McClure's Magazine.

THE December number of this magazine continues Lincoln's biography, publishes the interview with Hall Caine that appears in the *Windsor*, and begins the autobiography of Elizabeth S. Phelps, whose portrait will interest readers of "Gates Ajar," but the most interesting article is that which gives us an immense number of pictures of the Madonna and the Infant Jesus. The modern Italian, French, and German painters are well represented. Their representations of the Virgin and Child are very beautiful, and it is interesting to compare them with the pictures by the old masters.

THE charities to which the Queen is publicly announced to contribute are set forth in the *Quiver* by Mr. F. M. Holmes, who concludes from his research in this direction that the "idea of national as distinct from sectional appears largely to guide Her Majesty in the selection of the charities to which she contributes." In the same magazine Mr. Arnold White reiterates his plea for the effective education of the children of tramps, and Rev. J. Woodhouse describes the habits and habitat of "sandwichmen."

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

I NOTICE elsewhere the articles "1920," Mr. Boulger on the Far Eastern Question, Mr. Herbert Spencer on Education, and Professor Massie on the Secondary Education Report; Mr. Francis Peck restates his objections to Sacerdotalism, and Mr. A. D. Vandam produces from his inexhaustible wallet some reminiscences of "Berthelot and his friend Renan."

ORIENTAL JUSTICE.

Mr. Theodore Bent describes Muscat, which, like other places, is now reformed and semi-civilised. Mr. Bent says:—

When we first visited Muscat, seven years ago, the Sultan's palace was more interesting than it is now. When the warder opened the huge gate with its massive brass knobs you found yourself alongside the iron cage in which a lion was kept; adjoining this cage was another in which prisoners were put for their first offence. If this offence was repeated the prisoner was lodged in the cage with the lion at the time when his meal was due. In the good old days of Sultan Saeed this punishment was very commonly resorted to, as also were cruel mutilations on the shore in public, tying up in sacks and drowning and other horrors; but British influence has abolished all these things, and the lion, having died, has not been replaced.

PHYSICS AND SOCIOLOGY.

Mr. W. H. Mallock is too much of the professor to be a welcome contributor. His paper—one of a series apparently—is devoted to setting forth the shortcomings of Herbert Spencer. He leads up to a modified and rationalised form of the great-man theory:—

We have it in a form which will at once suggest generally to the reader how the study of individual character connects itself with, and is the necessary complement of, the study of the action of aggregates; but in order to make the details of the connection clear, it will be necessary to enter on a new set of considerations, and in especial on a consideration of the real meaning of evolution—a process, the fundamental meaning of which not even the genius of Darwin has succeeded in perceiving, still less in exhibiting to the world. When this meaning is once clearly grasped, it will be found to shed a new light through the whole region of social science.

LANCING PROFESSOR SAYCE.

Professor A. A. Bevan plunges eagerly into the fray with Professor Sayce, and claims to show that the conclusions which Professor Sayce wishes to thrust upon the public in the name of "archæology" are conclusions which the most eminent archæologists of our time emphatically repudiate. It has been shown that the evidence which he brings forward is of the most doubtful kind—conjectural identifications of names and vague theories about "literary culture" in ages with regard to which our information is extremely defective. Finally, it has been shown that, while assailing Biblical critics with the utmost violence of language, he betrays lamentable ignorance of their works.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S BLUNDER.

Mr. Quiller-Couch deplores, like every one else, Lord Dunraven's incomprehensible conduct, and says:—

We pride ourselves—and in this case surely not without reason—that public opinion in England is sufficient guarantee, without need of legislation, that an American yacht would be given a clear course in English waters. Oddly enough, triumphant democracy, or rule of the people, seems to connote over there an utter ineffectiveness of public opinion; and true liberty to consist in this, that any casual captain of any six-cent steambot shall have full power to veto a friendly contest upon which two nations have set their hearts. The position is absurd enough. But a very little legislation will cure it. Meanwhile, Lord Dunraven seems to owe *Defender's* crew one of two things—a prompt conviction or a prompt apology.

THE NEW REVIEW.

THE *New Review* for December contains one important article, that on the murder of Mr. Stokes in Africa, which is noticed elsewhere. There is a Fo'c'sle Yarn entitled "Job the White," by the Rev. T. E. Brown in verse which runs to a length of a dozen pages. Mr. Whibley once more digs down among the Chronicles of Newgate. It is odd what a taste he has developed for highwaymen, but possibly as a boy he was reared on penny dreadfuls. Mr. D. Hannay pleads for more marines. He would like to see 20,000 or 25,000 of this useful body of men at the service of the nation. Mr. Runcieman writes on "Our last Great Musician," and there is the usual quantum of fiction.

WHY ARE WOMEN MORE CHASTE THAN MEN?

The author of "A Superfluous Woman" replies to the author of the "Mutual Relations of Men and Women" in a paper which she entitles "Each Sex its own Moralist." Her argument is rather cumbrous and too long in the preliminaries. Women, she admits, are not naturally more chaste than men.

How, then, have they arrived at such a living force of virtue? It seems to me that the first conception of any virtue resembling our modern chastity, in either women or men, must have grown up around the person of the first "tabooed" woman. And that three points should be observed in this connexion: (1) the "taboo" did not carry with it notions of chastity in women at all comparable to our own; (2) it involved a corresponding restriction on men, and was enforced by stringent and equal penalties; (3) it nevertheless fell unequally between the tabooed women and the men.

This need for securing a pure paternity to the child necessitated chastity on the part of the woman, and does not require it on the part of the man. This, she thinks, explains the superiority of women in chastity.

It appears to me that the modern virtue of chastity and honour in women has its origin not in any occult superiority, nor (as is now the fashion to say) in any physical inferiority, insensibility, or incapacity, but is an inherited superiority of will and control based on a more practised but still active output of virtuous force in discharge of a distinctive social duty.

Probably, if the truth were told, the ruinous responsibility of the baby has more to do with it than anything else.

NEW SCOTLAND.

Mr. Francis Watt writes an interesting paper on the New Scotland, which he maintains is very unlike the Old Scotland with which we are familiar in Scott's romances. Instead of being poor, New Scotland is extravagantly rich, and alike in Church and in State the New Scotland is as unlike the Old Scotland as can be. The following list of Scots worthies is significant. It will be well if New Scotland can produce their like:—

The Scots Pantheon is a strange jumble, most of whose deities would on this coast have diligently sought each other's lives. Enthroned there are the English Queen Margaret, the Plebeian Wallace, the Norman Bruce, the Papist Mary Stuart, the Presbyterian John Knox, a crowd of Covenanters and Cavaliers, godly Samuel Rutherford, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Sir Walter, and Robbie Burns. Yet is Scotland justified of her children. Each one deserves his place for his virtue, his splendid courage, or his genius. Seen in the pale light of history, Scots annals have a unique magic; they will for ever furnish themes for poetry and romance. But the record is closed. The distinctive features, even in literature and art, must vanish.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE December *National* has an interesting paper on "The Air Car," and a ponderous manifesto on "Religious Education," by Cardinal Vaughan, both of which are noticed elsewhere. The "Chronique" is excellently done, although here and there rather longer-winded than necessary. Capt. Maxse of the Coldstream Guards begins to set forth "Our Military Problem—for Civilian Readers," and W. Barclay Squire writes on Mrs. Bilington's last home at Treviso, Italy.

ARE WE GROWING SOBER?

"Yes," says Mr. Arthur Shadwell, who has a right to be heard as the only writer who of late has uttered a novel or sensible word about the drink question. Mr. Shadwell indulges in a survey of the last sixty years with most reassuring results. He sums up the results as follows:—

I submit that a survey of the whole period shows a great and progressive change from 1834 to 1894. It has been slow, and retarded from time to time by the operation of natural causes, but it has gone on; and that seems to me the best guarantee of its lasting character. It has not been due to a spasm of enthusiasm or other transient influence, but to the action of steady and reliable forces. There has been a real improvement, an organic change, and it is not possible to conceive a complete relapse into the condition of the past. Individual drunkards there are still, as bad as ever, and at times they become more numerous, mainly when trade is good and money plentiful; but the open, rampant, daylight drunkenness-in-the-mass, which history records, has become a matter of history.

Statistics of course can be used or abused so as to prove anything, but the following figures certainly do seem to show a change for the better. The first gives the number of "drunks" in London, the second the number of publicans in England and Wales at two selected periods:—

	Population.	Cases of drunkenness.	Proportion of cases to population.
1833	1,550,000	38,440	1 to 40
1894	5,633,806	25,903	1 to 216
	Population.	Publicans.	No. of Publicans per 1,000.
1831	13,897,187	57,664	4.1
1891	29,001,018	63,678	2.3

WHAT INVESTORS SHOULD DO.

Mr. Stutfield preaches at the few rich men who don't know what on earth to do with their money. At present they fool it away in a fashion which Mr. Stutfield cannot too severely condemn, and here is a piece of his sermon with a special sting in its tail for Sir Joseph Renals and his friend Barney:—

But they should at least think for themselves, and endeavour to master the salient characteristics of undertakings in which they embark their savings. They should satisfy themselves of the character and capacity of the men in charge of those undertakings, and bring them to book if they abuse the confidence reposed in them. Company promoters, whose machinations have in the past wrought widespread loss and misery, ought to find the sphere of their powers for mischief curtailed, instead of being rewarded with seats in Parliament and other signal marks of public favour. Things have got to a pretty pass when a South African millionaire who recently floated off upon the public a gigantic Trust of the pig-in-the-poke order at a high premium, is honoured by an official Lord Mayor's banquet and the lieutenancy of the City of London.

THE HUNGRY CHILDREN IN SCHOOL.

Mr. Diggle discourses on the wickedness of those Non-conformists, Socialists and others who would have it at the last School Board Election that 40,000 children were attending school habitually in want of food. As the

statement was made by a Committee of the Board, the culprits may be recommended to mercy. A new Committee has reported, and according to them in the worst week of the year

the number of separate children who had during the week one or more meals was 51,897. If every one of these children received an equal number of meals, the proportion of each would be two and a third out of a possible total of ten meals per week.

The Committee report that the existing agencies were able to cope with the need. Mr. Diggle complacently observes:—

The Special Committee have therefore rendered a service to the public by indicating more accurately than before the extreme point to which the distress may, on occasion, temporarily rise; and by recording the fact that at such a period remedial agencies existed sufficient to alleviate it. This latter fact marks a great advance upon the reported state of things in 1889.

ALFRED AUSTIN ON MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Writing on Matthew Arnold's Letters, Mr. Alfred Austin digresses into a criticism of the poetry of his brother bard. He remarks firstly:—

That the ethical element in them predominates conspicuously over the emotional element; and secondly, that, when they were written, the author was too young, and as yet too imperfect a master of the instrument he was using, to strike so high a note quite successfully. There is something almost unnatural in a young writer's ideal being Tranquillity; nor is Serenity the gift a kind fairy would hang on the cradle of one of its favourites.

What strikes one next is that this premature craving for tranquillity, this too precocious reasoning and moralising tendency, hampered him, as yet necessarily a novice, in the use of his instrument.

Mr. Austin concludes by paying tribute to Mr. Arnold's personal character:—

Perhaps, there never was, before, so much cleverness as is now to be observed in almost every walk of life. But Character—character that shows itself in filial piety, in conjugal tenderness, in good and conscientious citizenship—is perhaps not too conspicuous, especially in persons exceptionally endowed. One looks in vain for a serious blemish in Matthew Arnold's Character.

NEW LIGHT ON GOUT.

Dr. Mortimer Granville maintains that the excessive secretion of uric acid is not the cause of gout, but one of the symptoms of the presence of the real secret of gout. It is all a case of over-population. Gout, according to Dr. Granville, is merely a matter of overcrowding of the body by leucocytes. He says:—

The gout is, I submit and contend, although I am perfectly conscious of breaking entirely new ground in the contention, a malady which has for its cause the presence in the organism of an undue proportion of leucocytes, not necessarily in the blood, but in the organs and tissues generally, and assuming those diverse forms protoplasmic bodies are wont to assume, whether as lymph corpuscles, white corpuscles of the blood, connective-tissue corpuscles, or otherwise shaping themselves.

To cure gout, if this be true, we must develop the red corpuscles which feed on the white ones. Dr. Granville says:—

If this new view of gout be the true one, it is obvious that the treatment of the malady must be the treatment of leucæmia. I do not, of course, affirm that the development of red corpuscles by a meat diet must necessarily result in a corresponding reduction of the white corpuscles within normal limits; but I do contend that, on every rational ground, the initial step and primary aim should be to restore the equilibrium of these several elements of the blood by the readiest method possible, that is the multiplication of the red corpuscles.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE *North American Review* contains several articles of general interest. I notice elsewhere Dr. Thwing's paper on "What Becomes of College Women" and two papers on American policy in Venezuela by representatives in Congress. The Lieut.-Governor of New York writes on "The Outlook for Republican Success." General Miles describes how the United States acquired their territory. Civil Service Commissioner the Hon W. G. Rice puts forward his suggestions for "The Improvement of the Civil Service." The President of the Farmers' National Congress insists that the produce of land is the true source of American wealth.

MUNICIPAL REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

The Hon. Robert P. Porter contributes a very interesting paper on what he calls "The Municipal Spirit in England." He has visited this country for the purpose of observing how we are getting on at intervals of fifteen years. He says:—

If my general observation is of any value, I have noticed a tremendous change in the great British cities since I first visited them nearly fifteen years ago. The condition of the population of these large towns has undoubtedly improved. This is confirmed both by observation and statistics. A satisfactory decline in the death rate has followed all enterprises looking to the better housing of the poor, the increased area of parks and open spaces, the improvement of sewage and of water supply. Early closing and reduced hours of work have elevated labour and improved the community. Baths, libraries, reading-rooms, art galleries, technical schools, museums, have all helped to make life better worth living in the large cities. There can be but one opinion on this side of the picture.

He describes the various good works that are in progress in our great cities, and specially mentions what is being done in Glasgow. He says:—

Glasgow is also considering a plan for the extension of small bathing or washing establishments at the rear of every street of houses. It is believed from experience in this direction that such a plan would not only be self-supporting, but in time profitable.

Coming to London, he pays a high tribute to the excellent work of the London County Council both direct and indirect. He says:—

The establishment of the London County Council has crystallised and humanised the heretofore discordant elements of the Metropolis, and, as it seems to me, has done more to encourage what is best and most advanced in local life than all London's one hundred and twenty charters running over six hundred and seventy years, from William the Conqueror to George II.

AMERICAN JOCLARITY.

Mr. H. H. Boyesen has an interesting paper which he entitles "The Plague of Jocularity." He maintains:—

Nothing is more "typically American" than more or less forced jocularity. In the Western States, and largely also in the East, the man who does not habitually joke is voted dull, and is held to be poor company. Entertainment, at all social gatherings, consists in telling funny stories, and every man who has a social ambition takes care to provide himself with as large a fund as possible of humorous sayings and doings, which he doles out as occasion may demand. Even public speeches have to be richly seasoned with jokes, which (if they do not illustrate anything in particular) are dragged in by the hair, and are made the real *points de résistance* of the discourse. Our most popular orators, both in the East and the West, are as a rule, mere encyclopedias of funny stories. The American joke is the product of over sophistication and a reckless determination to be funny, in connection with a total want of reverence. Humour is the only literary product which we export. Occasionally, to be sure, an American novel is translated into French and German; but, generally speaking, our serious literature is in no great demand in any European

country. The only contemporary American authors who have really an international fame are Bret Harte and Mark Twain.

SHORTENING THE ATLANTIC FERRY.

Mr. Austin Corbin, in a paper on "Quick Transit between New York and London," argues strongly in favour of substituting Milford Haven for Southampton as the port for arrival of the American mail on this side. Even without accelerating the present railway time between Milford Haven and London, and between New York and Fort Pond, he maintains that the Milford route would give a gain of fifteen hours forty-seven minutes over the Queenstown route, and one day, eleven hours, eight minutes over the Southampton route. By the proposed change he maintains that it would be possible for the Atlantic to be crossed in less than six days, so that a letter written on Saturday in New York could be answered by the mail steamer arriving in London on the following Saturday. At present the American mail steamer arrives just too late to enable an answer to be sent by the returning steamer.

MARY ANDERSON'S YOUTH.

Mary Anderson begins her autobiography in the paper in which she describes among other things how she first made the acquaintance of Shakespeare. A friend read "Hamlet" to her when quite a child. She says:—

Though I understood nothing of the subtle thought and beauty of the tragedy, the mere story, characters, and above all that wonderful though nameless atmosphere that pervades all of Shakespeare's dramatic works, delighted and thrilled me. For days I could think of nothing but the pale face and inky cloak of the melancholy prince. The old red volume had suddenly become like a casket filled with jewels, whose flames and flashes I thought might glorify a life.

Mary Anderson had a good practical training in housewifery, but she learnt to combine domestic duties with literary culture. She says:—

In a few months I could cook an excellent dinner when called upon. I remember sitting by the stove with a basting-spoon (to be used on a turkey) in one hand and Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place" in the other. "The Winter's Tale," "Julius Cæsar," and "Richard the Third" were also read as I sat by the kitchen fire baking bread. The theory that it is impossible to do two things at once did not appeal to me. I felt certain that no one could enjoy the poet's inspiration more than I, and at the same time turn out a better loaf.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Vandam's interesting paper on "The Personal History of the Second Empire" continues. He tells the story of how the news of the defeat of Austria at Sadowa was brought to Napoleon. Fleury insisted, it seems, strongly upon immediate declaration of war against Prussia. The Minister of War objected that he had not got 30,000 troops ready to take the field at such short notice. Napoleon hesitated, and the opportunity was lost. He gives some interesting gossip on the visit of the King of Prussia and Bismarck to Paris, 1866. In the short papers at the end there is an interesting account of the success with which messages have been forwarded by heliographic signals in America over a distance of 2,544 miles. A message of 186 words was transmitted correctly through seven repeating stations, and although it was rather elaborate poetry, the mistakes were not greater than those found in an ordinary telegraphic message. Mr. C. P. Seldon maintains that in America society is threatened with a revival of the matriarchate—a return to that primitive state when the child was supposed to belong to the mother alone. The decline of paternal authority is very widespread. The means for evolving the perfected father are still to seek.

THE FORUM.

THE *Forum* for November is a full average number. The article on "A Generation of College Women" is noticed elsewhere. Mr. Anatole France's paper on "The Chief Influences in my Career" is gracefully written, but it defies condensation. Dr. Brooks reviews Huxley's "Essays" at considerable length.

STAMBOLOFF.

Sloyan K. Vatralsky devotes several pages to a eulogy of Stamboloff. The best thing in his article is this saying of Stamboloff's:—

To keep alive Freedom it is necessary sometimes to pull some of the plumes from her wings.

The Bulgarian dictator practised what he preached with a vengeance. He flouted the poor bird so ruthlessly that hardly a feather was left in her wings. Vatralsky excuses all his despotism:—

Stamboloff exercised ruthless measures; measures in his mind defensible because of their efficacy. He believed that in a successful fight with the devil a devilish severity was a necessity, and occasionally devilish weapons. He therefore fought fire with fire, and resisted Russia and her influence with her own methods improved.

In conclusion, Vatralsky assures us that:—

He has not inappropriately, therefore, been compared with Cavour and Bismarck; and if any single man deserves to wear the proud title of *Pater Patriæ* of new Bulgaria, his name is Stefan Stamboloff. "With all his faults—and they were neither few nor small"—Stamboloff is justly entitled to lead the names of new Bulgaria, writ by the finger of Fame on the roll of honour, to be read by a grateful posterity.

THE CRUX OF CO-OPERATION.

Ed. F. Adams tells the woes of the Californian fruit-farmer, who finds it almost impossible to make a living, freight charges swallowing up all his profit. Mr. Adams tried to get them to co-operate, and in this paper he explains why co-operation so often fails. He says:—

Co-operation, like Socialism, seems to offer no career to capable men; it does offer a career to the demagogue, and to the half-competent to whom the stipend which the farmer will consent to pay is something not otherwise attainable. This is the first difficulty we have to meet. Socialism has hitherto been destructive only; let constructive Socialism begin by proclaiming the principles upon which its rewards for competence and responsibility shall be apportioned, and its methods of ascertaining relative competence.

In competitive society the agent is at least sure of the support of his employers; in co-operation his employers are quite likely to desert him at any minute, and then hold him responsible for the consequences of their own desertion.

Co-operators grudge the price brains can command in the open market, and so they get left every time.

KEATS AND SPENSER.

Writing on the Keats' Centenary, Mr. M. Schuyler says:—

Keats was an Elizabethan born out of due time, but it was not in "pell-mell of Shakespeare's men and women," but in the fairyland of Spenser, that he lived and had his being. When he says "he looks upon fine phrases like a lover," he is Spenser's disciple. And when finally he writes, "I have loved the principle of beauty in all things," he is still the scholar of the poet of whom Taine says that "he has succeeded in seizing beauty in its fulness because he cared for nothing but beauty." Here, in fact, seems to lie the secret of Keats's charm. His "sensitivity" was a sensibility to beauty so delicate that, to robust natures, it may well have seemed morbid, and his "tunefulness" a capacity of expressing it which we may well agree that no man but Shakespeare has quite matched in English words.

PLAIN WORDS TO WOMEN.

H. H. Boyesen, writing on woman's position in pagan times, says some plain truths to women which will not be relished by many of those to whom they are addressed. For instance, he says:—

Until we cease to teach our girls the pernicious folly that they are to live only to love, they will, in my opinion, not be worth loving,—besides being exceedingly trying to live with.

Chivalry, he thinks, was pretty much of a curse to women under its influence:—

Their whole lives and emotions centred in the passion of love. They were sweethearts, wives, mothers (and probably fairly good ones), but they were nothing else. They had no separate individual existence, no larger public interests; and their personalities were therefore, from generation to generation, reduced, impoverished, and dwarfed. Their sex gradually came to take precedence of their humanity, which is the most disastrous thing that can happen to any creature, male or female.

Christianity was also an element that told against women. He says:—

It would be an exaggeration, perhaps, to maintain that Christianity is alone responsible for this undoubted degeneration of womanhood, as regards civic worth, weight of personality, and strength of character; but that it has been the strongest of a number of co-operating factors is beyond dispute. Social refinement, increased security of life—in a word, civilization, with its changed ideals—is responsible for the rest. And the two are so closely intertangled that it is impossible to say where the one begins and the other ends.

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR IN LITERATURE.

Mr. A. W. Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal* declares that the Almighty Dollar is the curse of American letters:—

The dollar is the curse of our literature of to-day. It has become the juggernaut of the author. It is the modern literary king.

The reason for this outburst appears to be the extent to which McClure and his syndicate have driven up the prices which authors with names can command even for their shavings. Payment by word is he thinks detrimental to conciseness and crispness of style. Authors contract years in advance for their literary output.

The time is not so far back when a price of three cents per word was considered a fair remuneration even by authors of considerable repute. Then it jumped up to five cents per word, and it has been jumping ever since, until now the highest point reached, I think, is fourteen cents per word, with such an occasional leap into the realms of idiocy as when a certain magazine editor recently offered the author of "Trilby" five thousand dollars for a story of five thousand words, with the cheque enclosed in the letter, in fact. So far as magazine publication is concerned, no story bought by it at fourteen cents per word can represent that value to it. The president of the publishing company which issues *The Century Magazine*, has said that no novel printed in that magazine ever made a perceptible increase in its circulation. And any man who knows anything of the business side of magazines knows this to be true in his own experience. A value of fourteen cents per word, or anything approaching to it, is a fictitious value.

WHY NO THIRD TERM?

Mr. McMaster objects to third terms for Presidents. He says bluntly:—

Under our system of government we do not want, we do not need, a President of extraordinary ability. The average man is good enough, and for him two terms is ample. We want a strong government of the people by the people, not a government of the people by a strong man, and we ought not to tolerate anything which has even the semblance of heredity.

The advocates of a third term for Mr. Cleveland will do well to remember the doctrine of the illustrious founder of their party, that "in no office can rotation be more expedient."

THE LAMENT OF THE RAILWAY SHAREHOLDER.

Mr. Ashley, President of the Wabash Railway Company, maintains that something must be done to relieve the unfortunate railway companies. He suggests the following two changes in the law:—

The first step in the curative process is to repeal the anti-pooling clause of the Interstate Commerce Law, and to adopt an amendment which will legalise agreements for a division of traffic under the supervision of the Commissioners. The result of this would be to enable the strong lines to allot a percentage of the gross traffic to the inferior lines, under an agreement to maintain established rates. With such an agreement the temptation to cut rates will be removed, and the power to enforce penalties agreed upon would make violations of the agreement costly experiments. The second remedy lies in the enactment by each State of a law to regulate railway construction, similar to that in force in the New England States and in New York. The operation of this law limits railway construction to the lines which receive the approval of the railway commissioners of the States.

His paper may be read in connection with Mr. Lester F. Ward's essay on "Plutocracy and Paternalism."

THE AMERICAN NAVY AS A CAREER.

Captain Mahan evidently thinks American sentiment will ere long be much more interested in foreign affairs than is the case at present. Writing on the Navy as a career he admits that now there is little or no interest taken in affairs outside the Union, but the sentiment is turning:—

Within the probable lifetime of one now entering the service such a sentiment will have become general, owing to the course that external events are likely to take; not by the initiative of our own country, but by the action of other states. If this should come to pass, the navy will undoubtedly gain that width of sympathy and recognition which, by the dignity it confers, is of itself no slight advantage to be considered in the choice of a profession. In no event will there be money in it; but there may always be honour and quietness of mind and worthy occupation—which are better guarantees of happiness.

THE ARENA.

I NOTICE elsewhere the chief feature in the *Arena*, which is the summing up of Helen Gardener in her survey of the struggle to raise the age of consent in the United States. There are several other papers of considerable local interest to America. "The People's Lamps" sets forth, with a mass of figures and facts, the case in favour of the municipal ownership of the electric light. Margaret B. Peeke writes on "Practical Occultism," and Dr. Mills has a short story of the seduction and desertion of a girl by a medical student, who repents too late. Mr. Milnes concludes his argument against vaccination, and Senator Morgan explains why the South wants free silver.

THE BOATMAN OF THE DEE.

Mr. Flower, in a copiously illustrated article, describing a visit to Eaton Hall and Hawarden Castle, reports at some length the conversation of a weather-beaten boatman of the Dee who took him across to Eaton Hall. Mr. Flower says:—

This striking individual was guileless of any extensive acquaintance with the English grammar, but was, nevertheless, a remarkable man. He was an earnest and thoughtful reader and an independent thinker, and I should say in many respects an excellent type of the sturdy yeomanry who so largely represent the strength of England. I afterwards learned he had saved more than a score of lives from accidental drowning in the treacherous waters of the Dee; he had

also rescued several persons who, under the influence of drink, or crushed by adversity, sought the suicide's end in the still hours of the night. He was strong limbed; his face was bronzed with sun and wind—his countenance was open and bore a sturdy expression.

Judging from the report of his conversation, this boatman of the Dee seems to have been somewhat of a Social Democrat.

DR. HERRON'S HOPE.

The Rev. Dr. George Herron publishes his address on "The Sociality of Jesus's Religion." He concludes his paper by the following prophecy of good things to come:—

There is a vast heroism sleeping in the church, and the world is full of Messianic potencies struggling for expression in civilisation. To these there comes the most historic and creative of opportunities for the victory of failure under the leadership of Jesus. Human life is now so settled in discontent with individualistic principles and competitive practices, so glowing with Messianic forces, so near to breathing the heavenly breath and watchful for the holy city, that it often seems that if the many sons of God now committed to the social redemption could find some way to make one supreme associate sacrifice, fully illustrative of the social law, they might lift the whole organism into a living social vision, so appealing and commanding that it would renew the strength of the common life to enter upon the strifeless progress of the ransomed society.

NO HELL IN THE BIBLE.

The Rev. Dr. Manley has a paper under the title "Hell no part of Divine Revelation." He begins by laying down the following proposition:—

There is no term in the Hebrew or Greek Scriptures which has the meaning of the English word hell.

What then is the word that is translated "Hell" in the Bible? Dr. Manley says:—

There are four words in the Bible that are translated hell, though not uniformly so translated. One of these is a Hebrew word, *sheol*, and is found in the Old Testament sixty-five times. In the old version it is rendered thirty-one times *hell*, thirty-one times *grave*, and three times *pit*. In the revision it is rendered *hell* fifteen times, *grave* fifteen times, *pit* five times, and left untranslated thirty times. The revisers admit that the word does not mean *hell*, but say it is a place of departed spirits, good and bad, and must therefore embrace a hell and a paradise.

The Greek word "Hades" occurs ten times in the revised New Testament and eleven times in the old version. Tartarus occurs once in the New Testament in the Epistle of St. Peter. He leaves the word "Geheuna" to be dealt with in another paper.

Harper's Magazine.

Harper's Magazine begins the December number with a coloured frontispiece. Colour is gradually making its way into all the magazines. An interesting paper describing an out-of-the-way country is Mr. Whitney's account of how he travelled on snow-shoes right across British America to the neighbourhood of the Arctic Ocean. Mr. W. D. Howells contributes "A Previous Engagement;" Flora Macleod puts together some short tales from the Hebridian Isles, which are illustrated; William Black begins his new serial, entitled "Briseis." Briseis is the Greek niece of a Scotch botanist, who, in the first chapter, makes the acquaintance of a Sir Francis Gordon. The scene is laid in Aberdeenshire.

ONE feature of interest in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December is the publication for the first time of three letters of John Bright to Mr. Aspinwall, written towards the latter part of the American Civil War.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

THE De Naye trial may or may not have suggested M. Cruppi's interesting and topical paper on "French Criminal Procedure." The writer, a well-known member of the Paris bar, points out that in France trial by jury has never been really popular, or indeed acclimatised. That this is so is clearly shown by the part taken by the Public Prosecutor, who, as is well known, is given almost unlimited power as regards the cross-examination of the prisoner.

Latter-day French law is a thing of yesterday. The Constituent Assembly endeavoured after the disappearance of the old *régime* to create a rational system of criminal investigation, but, curiously enough, Napoleon I. had a great prejudice against trial by jury, and the efforts of those who worked with him in elaborating the Code Napoleon did not succeed in making him accept the more modern views of legal administration.

The frugal French citizen absorbed in his business will adopt almost any expedient in order to escape serving on a jury; even at the Seine assizes nothing is taken seriously, and the public, the jury, the judges, the counsel, and even the prisoners, seem to regard the proceedings as a tragic comedy.

Vernon Lee contributes a strangely suggestive and curious essay—put in the form of a triple dialogue, entitled "Orpheus in Rome"—on the connection of Art and the Ideal Life, and between the nature and intention of the interpreter and the emotion he or she can evoke. It is suggested that artists frequently transcend their own intentions, and through them their audiences are often influenced and reached by a power quite outside themselves.

In France all passes away save the dead, and M. Perrot attempts to analyse in a thoughtful and learned article the universal cult of death. He points out that even the most convinced Christians cannot divest themselves of the idea that a personality lingers about the tomb, and he quotes a touching example of this feeling in the toys sometimes laid upon the grave of a little child, though the mother knows and fully believes that her darling is not there.

In the same number Mr. Filon, continuing his excellent survey of the contemporary English drama, gives a witty and on the whole accurate account of the influence exercised of late years by Ibsen, both on British playwrights and the London playgoer.

The most notable contribution to the second November number of the *Revue* is that dealing with French colonisation. Though M. Leroy Beaulieu had admittedly studied the subject from the point of view of Madagascar, he devotes some space to Tunis, where he naturally desires to see France become more and more powerful, the more so that he evidently does not think it possible to organise large colonial possessions as if they were French *Départements*. His ideal would be a return to the old "John Company" system, and a consequent encouragement of every kind of private enterprise.

Those interested in old Rome, and more especially the literary life of ancient times, will find much to delight them in M. Boissier's amusing article on the Roman Press. If what he says is true, the Roman citizen was better provided with news under the Cæsars than he is at present.

Arvède Barine, perhaps the most eloquent woman writer on the Continent, contributes a fine study of Hoffmann, the fantastic writer of grotesque and visionary tales, who suffered from hallucinations which he worked into his weird stories. This German Edgar Allan Poe

had from early childhood all the characteristics of genius. Widely as his work differs from that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, he adored that philosopher, and he knew every line of the "Confessions" by heart. Hoffmann was a firm believer in what we should now call spiritualism; he lived in a world of phantoms, and, according to his own accounts, goblins and vampires were his familiar visitants.

M. Edmond Planchut's paper on the invasion of the grasshopper or locust contains the following quotation from the Hadis, a document containing the utterances of Mahomet. "A grasshopper fell at the feet of the Prophet, and on its wings were inscribed these words in the Hebrew tongue: 'We are the legions of the Supreme God. We each carry ninety-nine eggs. If we possessed a hundred we should devour the whole world.'" But modern science tells us that the "Pilgrim Crickets," the locusts of the Bible and of Hadis, each lay on an average nine hundred eggs, and the world has not yet come to an end, although it has greatly suffered by their devastations. The French in Algiers have organised a methodical destruction of the eggs laid in earth and sand.

The family of Montaigne, as unearthed by M. Paul Staffer, is reviewed by M. René Domic; they do not seem to have been in themselves interesting people. The first recorded of his ancestors made a fortune by selling salted fish at Bordeaux, and bought the estate and title of Montaigne. The great author's mother was of Jewish extraction; two of her children, a son and a daughter, became Protestants. Montaigne himself "married without enthusiasm, but with conviction." Of his children by his marriage only one daughter survived. M. René Domic's own remarks on Montaigne's character and genius are all well worth reading.

M. Brunetière's paper on Augustin Thierry contains the substance of the discourse delivered by him on the centenary of that historian's birth at Blois, of which fine old town the latter was a native. Thierry, who disintegrated forgotten epochs, and narrated with a vivid and charming pen the deeds of the Merovingian Dynasty, and the conquest of England by the Normans, attributed his own inspiration to the delight he had experienced in reading the romances of Sir Walter Scott. M. Brunetière considers that his psychology was as true as his narrative was splendid in colouring and pictorial force: saying that Thierry's rendering of Fredegonde and of Thomas à Becket not only restored their place in history, but presented them to the imagination as living people to be remembered. Thierry has become a classic in France. One episode of his early career is little known. He for two years acted as secretary to that fantastic genius, the Comte de Saint Simon, the founder of the socialistic Saint Simonian School whose influence lingered long in France, and survived the reign of Louis Philippe.

The Monde Moderne.

THE November number of the *Monde Moderne* contains several articles to commend. M. Leo Claretie writes on the Institute of France; M. Paul Lippmann describes the Château at Chantilly; M. René Morot gives an account of the Hospital of Beaune, which was founded in the fifteenth century; and M. G. de Dubor gives much interesting information about the printing works in connection with the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. All the articles are profusely illustrated, and the illustrations of the Hospital of Beaune are especially interesting.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

WITH the exception of Jean Richepin's eloquent and touching account of Pietro Aretin's one ideal love, noticed elsewhere, the articles which go to compose the November *Nouvelle Revue* are singularly lacking in general interest, the subject chosen being in every case better than the substance of the article.

P. J. Proudhon's attack on Napoleon the First merits attention; it is significant that Madame Adam should have chosen at this time to publish a work signed by a one time famous polemical writer. This addition to Napoleonic literature has at least the merit of originality, and is of value if only as showing how Bonaparte struck a section of his own countrymen. Proudhon deals with the great man in the rôle of General, of Administrator, of brother, of husband, and of friend; and in each and all of these characters he shows him in a sinister and belittling light.

Captain Gilbert edits, with the addition of a number of explanatory passages, some letters written from the Crimea by Major Loizion; and the Marquis de Castellane in the same number tells at length the reasons why the energetic attempt to restore the Monarchy in 1873 (shortly after the Franco-Prussian War) failed as utterly as it did. The French Budget of 1896 is criticised in a few pages; yet another political article attempts to prove the logical necessity of a Franco-Italian alliance, and is by M. Monticorboli. M. Schefer contributes an elaborate study of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, a monarch whose life and career have always possessed great interest for Continental historians.

French Public Spirit should have inspired M. Lebon with some interesting matter, for nowhere in Europe is this quality, so appreciated in Great Britain, more lacking than in France. But though he makes some shrewd remarks on his countrymen's lack of initiative, the writer has no remedy to offer in order to mend a state of things which is gradually stifling national interest in public affairs. Another article, which promises much and performs little, is the Baron de Ring's account of Monaco. Many people are interested in this tiny state, which boasts both in the past and present a unique record. But the four pages only deal with the old quarrel as to whose protection, that of France or Italy, the tiny independent Principality may be said to really be under.

The Armenian Turkish affairs inspire Moustia Camel with a violent anti-English article. The writer urges the Sultan to enter into an alliance with France and Russia! In tendering this advice M. Camel declares he is speaking for the whole Moslem world.

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

WE have noticed elsewhere Prince Henry of Orleans' account of Tonquin. The November numbers of the *Revue* are not quite up to their usual level; in each a place of honour is awarded to articles dealing in one form or another with colonial France, but this is the only topical subject that has been dealt with this last month, if M. Ernest Lavisse's somewhat retrograde account of the higher education of French women be excepted.

A posthumous fragment of Charles Gounod's on the juxtaposition of the artist or genius to modern society cannot fail to interest those who lead a more or less public life, or who are devoted to any special form of art, science, or literature. The great composer points out that not so very long ago the word "worker" suggested a recluse belonging to the vast "guild of thinkers"; and the outside world hesitated to disturb his well filled

solitude; but now a great alteration has taken place, and the fancy novelist, painter, or inventor finds himself absorbed by the world and in society.

As can easily be understood, M. Gounod particularly pities the lot of the latter-day musical composer. "The artist or the sculptor," says he, "can shut himself up in his studio, barring the door against all comers." Not so the unfortunate musician; he is besieged by all the young poets, pianists, violinists, vocalists, professors, editors, autograph-hunters, and so on; and he quotes the example set him by a famous composer, who wrote over his door: "Those who come to me do me honour, those who stay away give me pleasure." Gounod considers the state of things described by him not only exasperating but absolutely injurious, and if his words produce any impression on the host of lion hunters who make themselves burdens to celebrities, his time will not have been wasted.

M. Masson, who may claim to be an authority on all that concerns the Revolution and the First Empire, edits some curious passages from the diary of a certain Comte d'Espinhal, in which is minutely recounted each of the incidents of that first emigration which deprived Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette in their greatest need of their closest and most powerful relations and supporters.

Allusion has already been made to M. Lavisse's article on the French girl's studies. The distinguished Academician editor is, it should be added, prejudiced against the higher exams and competitive examinations systems, whether applied to girls or boys; he considers the general effect of this kind of education on the youth of France is deplorable, and he criticises one by one the various lists of questions set to those who wish to boast of the possession of a "brevet" or diploma. M. Lavisse compares most unfavourably his young countrywomen with the English or American girl, for the former, once her exams are over and her diploma secured, does not care, he says, to again open a book or to endeavour to widen her general knowledge. He suggests a number of alternative exam. systems which will, considering the name and position of the writer, probably command the attention of the Minister of Public Instruction.

The second number of the *Revue de Paris* opens with an elaborate analysis of the Franco-Hova or Madagascar Treaty, written by Le Myre de Vilers, the French politician who has made himself more especially the champion of colonial France. He begins with a violent, and to English readers truly absurd, attack on the London Missionary Society, whose one object is, he declares, the annexation of Madagascar by Great Britain. This organisation, he adds, governs the London press through the inspiration of Exeter Hall! Apart from this grotesque point of view which he is constantly forcing upon us, M. de Vilers' article is a clear and able exposition of the rôle France may be called upon to play in Madagascar, and he also explains at length each article of the October Hova Treaty.

Viollet-le-Duc, the famous architect, sums up the great services rendered to French art and history by Prosper Merimée when the latter was Inspector General of National Monuments and Buildings. During the fourteen years in which he took an active part in this matter, the author of *Carmen* travelled all over France restoring churches, inspecting historical châteaux, and reorganising provincial town galleries and museums. Immediately following these pages is a number of letters written by Merimée to his friends, M. and Mme. Denormand, and describing some of his journeys in search of national

architectural treasures. Other articles include an exhaustive account by Prince G. Sturbeq of J. J. Weiss, the theatrical critic; the second portion of M. Greard's *Life of Meissonier*, illustrated by a number of drawings, including one of the Master by himself; and an account of Murat's death and the events which immediately preceded it, contributed by the Marquis de Sassenaye.

CASSELL'S PRIZES.

Cassell's Family Magazine is this month more attractive than ever. In addition to the usual variety of miscellaneous articles, there is a literary supplement devoted to a serial story by Mr. Hornung. The editor also announces a series of prize competitions which have been arranged for next year. Prizes of £50 and £30 are offered for the best story of forty thousand words suitable for serial publication in the magazine. The MS. must be in the editor's hands by June 1st, 1896. Prizes of £5 and £3 are offered for the best and second best snap-shot photographs of any outdoor scene. There are other prizes of a guinea and half a guinea for laundry work, for a summary of the serial story, and for needlework. The chief novelty in prizes are those offered in the current number. Prizes of £20, £5, £3, £2 and £1 are to be awarded to those who most correctly indicate the relative popularity of the contents of the December part. Further prizes of £5, £3, £2 and £1 are to be given to those who, in the opinion of the editor, give the best answers to the following questions: "Which contribution do you like best in *Cassell's Magazine* for December, and which do you like least?" The third offer of £5, £3, £2 and £1 is to be given to those who, in the opinion of the editor, make the best suggestion of three subjects for the forthcoming volume. It will be interesting at the end of the year to note how far these competitions have brought grist to the editorial mill.

A NEW HISTORICAL QUARTERLY.

THE first number of the *American Historical Review* appeared in October. It is published by Macmillan (yearly three dollars, singly one dollar). It is edited by J. Franklin Jameson, assisted by an editorial board of six, Messrs. Adams, Hart, Judson, McMaster, Sloane, Stephens. It deserves a very hearty welcome. In shape and get up it recalls the *English Historical Review*, though with many and marked differences. Its appearance is, according to Mr. Sloane, due to the increasing volume of historical study in the United States, the unfailing number of historical writers, the enlargement of the reading public, and the consequent "responsibility for co-ordination and intelligent criticism in historical work." It is supported by a wide and diversified range of academic life. While including monographs of importance and articles embodying results of inquiry, it sets out to be chiefly a critical review. Its freedom from patriotic bias is shown by the second paper, in which Mr. Tyler comes to the rescue of the Loyalists or Tories in the American revolution. Mr. Henry C. Lea quotes a Papal letter to show that Sixtus IV. did his best to introduce the inquisition into Castile. Mr. F. J. Turner describes Western State-making in the Revolutionary Era, and shows how extension by self-government triumphed over extension by chartered company. Many interesting and amusing documents are put in print, among them a letter from Colonel Byrd in 1736, in which he says, "With respect to rum, the saints of New England, I fear, will find out some trick to evade your Act of Parliament. They have a great dexterity at palliating a perjury so well as to leave no taste of it in the

mouth, nor can any people like them slip through a penal statute." Whence one perceives that Yankee cuteness is no recent development. The reviews of books occupy about ninety out of the two hundred and eight pages, and are more readable than expert criticisms usually are.

Mr. T. S. Dodge severely handles Lord Wolseley's disparaging remarks on the American troops in the Civil War. "Lord Wolseley never commanded—has never known"—the American volunteer's equal. Professor Goldwin Smith in reviewing Judge Prowse's "*History of Newfoundland*," gives a swift and readable summary. Nineteen pages of general historiographical notes and news complete a quarterly which ought to render important service to the retrospective self-consciousness of the American nation.

THE NUOVA ANTOLOGIA.

THE *Nuova Antologia*, as is only fitting, devotes its opening pages (November 1st) to a critical review of Signor Bonghi's life, from the pen of Signor d'Ovidio. To Bonghi the *Antologia* owes the most readable articles and the most able summaries of public affairs that it has been in the habit of publishing. D'Ovidio dwells both on the sources of Bonghi's strength and of his weakness—on his patriotism, his disinterestedness, his wide culture, his vast industry on the one hand, and on the other his impetuousness, his frequent want of judgment, his spirit of contradiction, and a certain intellectual dilettanteism from which he never freed himself. Bonghi suffered from the versatility of his own genius; he never succeeded in concentrating his energies on any single subject, but rushed from modern politics to studies in Platonism, from Rosicrucian speculations to foreign contemporary literature. As a result he has left no work of imperishable value behind him. It was by his personality and by his high moral character, rather than by his works, that he exercised so dominating an influence over his fellow-countrymen. The same number contains an excellent and sympathetic sketch of Louis Pasteur, whose scientific work is aptly summed up as "a splendid and luminous proof of what can be attained by the fusion of a genial imagination with a severe experimental method. He possessed at once a great head and a great heart."

In the mid-November number Raffaele de Cesare, whose judgments on Italian politics are always broad-minded and weighty, takes a very despondent view of the existing relations between Church and State in Italy. He points out that the contest is becoming more and more a personal one—a contest for supremacy between two notable personalities—Leo XIII. and Francesco Crispi. The Pope's letter forbidding Catholics to vote at the recent election, the September fêtes, and the unfortunate Portuguese episode, have all combined to embitter public opinion on both sides to an extraordinary degree, a state of things to which an irresponsible Press on both sides has contributed not a little. No immediate conflict is anticipated by the writer, but he notes that Crispi seems inclined to vent his ill-humour by petty persecutions of village priests and religious communities, thus adding fuel to the already smouldering fire. The death of Leo XIII. and the election of his successor may very likely hasten the crisis that is inevitably impending.

IN *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* there are two interesting articles on Heroines and Heroine-Worship, by Lida Rose McCabe and Mrs. Frank Leslie. Another very interesting article tells the story of the St. Nicholas Society at New York.

SOME ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

The Century.

THE *Century* for December is an exceptionally strong number. The twelve reproductions of Tissot's pictures of the life of Christ are alone sufficient to confer distinction on this issue. But there is much that is eminent beside. Benjamin Kidd comes out with a prose-poem of a nocturne. Mr. W. S. Sloane writes at length of Napoleon the War-Lord. Miss A. S. Peck depicts with vividness the Passion Play at Vorder-Thiersee in the Tyrol, which was centuries ago performed at Oberandorf, a few miles away, suppressed, and then recommenced at its present home in 1800 to cause the cessation of a cattle plague. The players are unpaid, the proceeds of the gate-money going into the public funds of the community. Mr. Riis describes a farm colony for street

fitted-up his Arctic expedition. There is an account of life in the sewers of London, which, although short, is very interesting. There is a paper on "The Legion of Honour," another on "London Crosses," but the article which is the most remarkable is entitled "A Wager with Prince Bismarck." It professes to be fiction, but it is difficult to believe that there is not something behind it. It tells the story of the forged letters which made so great a feud for a time between Prince Bismarck and the late Russian Emperor. The gist of the story is that Prince Bismarck's valet photographed Bismarck's private letters, and by rearranging their contents, succeeded in producing the communications which convinced Alexander III. that the German Chancellor was a treacherous foe. In the story, the valet is detected by an Englishman, and he hangs himself. It would be interesting to know how much there is at the bottom of the story.



COVENT GARDEN IN 1824 (FROM AN OLD PRINT).

boys at Westchester, near New York. Mr. Rudyard Kipling tells a queer quaint story of dream courtship; boy and girl, youth and maiden, man and woman, dream the same wild dreams until they meet for the first time, full grown, and, recognising each other, straightway become engaged.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* is a capital Christmas Number, excellently illustrated, including a couple of coloured pictures. It is full of very interesting reading. Sarah Grand reappears, after a long absence from periodical literature, with a short story. It is a melancholy tale, true to the somewhat sombre note of Sarah Grand's own character. William Simpson, the artist, has an interesting paper full of reminiscences of his experiences in the "Trenches Before Sebastopol." Mr. Alfred Harmsworth describes how he

The Country House.

MR. GLENNIE, whose pamphlet on the cultivation of osiers as a remedy for agricultural distress I recently noticed in these columns, contributes to the December number of *The Country House* an interesting and copiously illustrated study of the London costermonger. I am glad to be permitted to reproduce an illustration from an old print of Covent Garden in the olden time.

Scribner's Magazine.

REPRODUCTIONS of fourteen of Mr. Tadema's pictures form the most notable feature of *Scribner's* Christmas number. The famous marble of the painter is quite astonishingly reproduced in black and white. Next to the pictures the poetry commend the magazine, especially C. E. Markham's "Joy of the Hills," G. Curtis's "Starlight," and E. C. Cardozo's "Happiness."

HOW TO GET THE MILLIONS TO READ.

WHY NOT PENNY POPULAR NOVELS?

THE success of the "Penny Poets" justifies the belief that as there are ten people who read novels for one who reads poetry, a series of penny popular editions (abridged to a manageable compass) of the best novels in the world would have ten times as great a sale. No one who has anything to do has time to read all the best novels of the best authors. The millions who work have no chance of reading any but a very few of the masterpieces of fiction. They have neither the time nor the money to spare. But if the best romances were dealt with more or less as I have for some years past dealt with the Book of the Month in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, that is to say by telling the story briefly and quoting all the best passages, I think the public would respond freely, and we might have literally a circulation for the million by the million. Each number would be complete in itself. Whoever read the "Penny Popular" would have the narrative in condensed form, with a reproduction in full of all the best chapters, the most famous scenes, the most brilliant descriptions of character, and the most thrilling incidents.

The masterpieces of our novelists usually average from 200,000 to 300,000 words. I think I can undertake to condense that into 30,000 or 40,000, without entirely destroying the aroma of the original, and without omitting any of the best passages of the author. No doubt it would be better to read them in full; but to read all the best novels in full is simply impossible. The PENNY POPULAR NOVELS would at least render the ideas, the plots, and the best work of the best writers, accessible to millions for whom at present they practically do not exist.

As an indication of the immense wealth of this mine of fiction that waits to be opened up to the million, I have put together a list of fifty-two novels, all but a few out of copyright, and all of which have received the stamp of public approval, and most of which are the best of their class. In this list no author is represented by more than one of his works. It alone would keep the series going for nearly a year. But most of the best authors have written many novels. Scott wrote 28, Dickens 16, Thackeray 8, Trollope 50, Lytton 27, and so forth. The series of PENNY POPULAR NOVELS once well launched could run till the end of the century, and then begin again.

I propose to begin publishing these PENNY POPULAR NOVELS in the first week in January, bringing them out week by week throughout the year.

In drawing up a provisional list for criticism and emendation, I may as well state the principles on which it has been constructed:—

1. To give every month one novel by a foreign writer.
2. To give only one specimen of each author.
3. To avoid (with a few exceptions marked *) copyright works.
4. To select those most likely to interest the widest circle of readers.
5. To prefer—other things being equal—the most popular titles.
6. To study constant variety in each set of four.

I shall be glad if my readers would be so good as to let me have any suggestions that might occur to them either as to omission, substitution, or addition.

I may state that I have arranged with Mr. Rider Haggard and Messrs. Longman and Co., his publishers, to begin the series in January with a Penny Popular Abridgment of Mr. Haggard's famous romance "She," of which in the six shilling edition over a hundred thousand copies have already been sold. I have also arranged with Mrs. Lynn Linton and Messrs. Methuen and Co. for the publication as a Penny Popular, unabridged, "The True History of Joshua Davidson, Christian and Communist," a story which has the supreme recommendation of enabling the modern reader to understand the real life which Jesus of Nazareth lived in Palestine better, perhaps, than any other fiction which has yet been written. Messrs. Chatto and Windus have also agreed to allow me to include "Never too Late to Mend" in the series. I may add that I have received the heartiest promises of support from many foremost men and women, and I hope to launch the series in the New Year with a first edition of 250,000 copies.

The following list does not profess to be more than a provisional outline of what might be done. I do not in the least pledge myself to follow the order here given, nor do I intend to limit myself to only one book per author. But the list is printed in order to elicit suggestions, and to illustrate the wealth of the more interesting reading in the world, which to most busy working people is at present as a sealed book.

1. **She*.—Rider Haggard.
2. **East Lynne*.—Wood.
3. **Monte Cristo*.—Dumas.
4. *The True History of Joshua Davidson*.—Linton.
5. *Les Misérables*.—Hugo.
6. *The Last Days of Pompeii*.—Lytton.
7. *Mary Barton*.—Gaskell.
8. *David Copperfield*.—Dickens.
9. *For the Right*.—Franz.
10. *Ivanhoe*.—Scott.
11. *The Last of the Mohicans*.—Cooper.
12. *The Scarlet Letter*.—Hawthorne.
13. *In God's Way*.—Björnson.
14. *Vanity Fair*.—Thackeray.
15. *Hypatia*.—Kingsley.
16. *Tower of London*.—Ainsworth.
17. *Virgin Soil*.—Turgenieff.
18. *Midshipman Easy*.—Marryat.
19. **Never too Late to Mend*.—Reade.
20. *Charles O'Malley*.—Lever.
21. *Round the World in Eighty Days*.—Jules Verne.
22. *Ben Hur*.—Lew Wallace.
23. *Valentine Vox*.—Cockton.
24. *Handy Andy*.—Samuel Lover.
25. *Salamambo*.—Flaubert.
26. *Coningsby*.—Disraeli.
27. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.—Stowe.
28. **The Captain of the Guard*.—Grant.
29. *History of a Conscript*.—Eckmann-Chatrian.
30. *Pride and Prejudice*.—Austen.
31. *Diary of a Physician*.—Warren.
32. *The Scottish Chiefs*.—Porter.
33. *Tartarin of Tarascon*.—Alphonse Daudet.
34. *Tom Jones*.—Fielding.
35. *Little Women*.—Alcott.
36. **Lady Audley's Secret*.—Miss Bradlon.
37. *The Wandering Jew*.—Eugene Sue.
38. **Gabriel Conroy*.—Bret Harte.
39. *Frank Fairleigh*.—Smedley.
40. *Jane Eyre*.—Brontë.

41. *The Story of Sedan.*—Zola.
42. *The Absentee.*—Miss Edgeworth.
43. **The Gladiators.*—Whyte Melville.
44. *Fabiola.*—Cardinal Wiseman.
45. *Stories of Sebastopol.*—Tolstoi.
46. *Roderick Random.*—Smollett.
47. **Tom Sawyer.*—Mark Twain.
48. **Barchester Towers.*—Anthony Trollope.
49. *Atala.*—Chateaubriand.
50. **Schönberg-Cotta Family.*—Mrs. Charles.
51. *Helen's Babies.*—Halberton.
52. **Scalp Hunters.*—Mayne Reid.

BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.

If the forty million inhabitants of these islands have to learn to love reading, we must begin with the children—the very young children. Eminent teachers have expressed an opinion that unless the love of reading is implanted between seven and ten it is seldom acquired afterwards. But children between seven and ten have at present very few opportunities for reading interesting books. Well-to-do children no doubt have books galore. But the children of the millions are not well-to-do. And for them there is a lamentable dearth of cheap good story books.

There is the penny dreadful, no doubt, which is better than nothing. But the penny dreadful does not begin its mixed ministration of good and evil until after the critical age. Probably few read penny dreadfuls when they are over twelve. What is wanted is a picture story book for the bairns—how I love that dear old North Country word; it is so much more expressive than children. There are, no doubt, multitudes of picture books varying in price from sixpence and upwards. But the poor man's bairn is poor, and sixpence is a prohibitive price. The old penny chapbooks have gone out of fashion. They ought to be revised and brought up to date.

So as a branch of the Masterpiece Library which has been started so successfully with the "Penny Poets," I propose next year to bring out a penny monthly series of Picture Story-books for the Bairns. They will be similar in size and get-up to the "Penny Poets." But they will be illustrated with a series of pictures in every page. Children love pictures that tell the story—outline pictures in sequence, which without the letterpress explain the course of the drama. Hence my idea in bringing out the penny chapbooks for the little ones is to devote one-third of each page to a series of four outline pen-and-ink sketches of the incidents described in the text, which will be printed in the remaining two-thirds of the page. By this means I hope to have from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pictures in each monthly part—small pictures, no doubt, but pictures with life and humour and action in them—pictures which will teach the youngsters even before they have learned their letters, that the printed page is the open door to an inexhaustible treasury of delights.

Of the urgent need for some such publication there is no doubt, especially in our Colonies. In a story-book for Australian children, written by a School Inspector, it is remarked quite complacently that Australian children cannot understand the children's books of the mother country. They have never heard anything about dragons and fairies and all the delightful folk which people the European nursery. Here is a state of spiritual destitution, indeed, bad enough to justify the Primate in ordering prayers in all the churches for the relief of this sore distress. Imagine a whole population growing up without any acquaintance with the oldest, and therefore the best, time-tested literature of the world. Yet even as I

write I wonder how many of our own working people's children have ever been introduced to fairyland.

Of fairy books of this year, according to the "Publishers' Circular," there is a glut. But they are all dear books—books that is from half-a-crown and upwards, and therefore books unattainable by the million. If the millions are to be taught to love reading, they must be supplied with it at a penny in periodical portions. So I shall bring out my fairy stories at a penny a month, and I hope to see them circulated literally by the million through the homes of the English-speaking race.

I have not yet planned out the whole scheme. But I shall begin with that time-honoured veteran of the nursery and give the first place to "*Æsop's Fables*." Then will follow the Old English nursery tales of Jack the Giant Killer and all his delightful companions. Andersen's charming fairy tales will furnish two numbers, and they will be followed by two numbers compiled from Grimm. Then there are the fascinating stories of the worthies in the Bible to be found in the Talmud and the Koran. Reynard the Fox, and the adventures of Owl-glass are two capital contributions from mediæval times. There is a perfect mine of folklore stories in every language, while of fables and fairy tales there is no end. The famous old English favourites of the Seven Champions of Christendom, of Guy of Warwick, and many another doughty warrior of olden time will figure in the series, which I hope by this time twelve months will have done much to fill the imagination of the English-speaking child with visions of beauty and romance to which, alas! it is now too often a stranger.

From my readers I hope to have many helpful suggestions both as to selection of subjects, mode of illustration, and, what is most important of all, method of extending circulation. It is absolutely impossible to publish these penny books unless we start from a unit of an edition of 100,000. There must be a million homes in England alone to which these Books for Bairns would be an incalculable boon. But how to get the parents to know that such books are coming into existence—that is the difficulty. For the cost of production comes so close to the price at which they are sold as to leave no margin for the ordinary method of advertisement. In this I specially invite help.

The Sunday at Home.

THE *Sunday at Home* contains a special feature of two plates illustrating the article on Canterbury Cathedral. The first is a view of the Cathedral; the second is a view of the Lady Chapel, the scene of the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket. Another rather novel feature is that in which Dr. Grosart begins a series of papers on the handwriting of famous divines. His first subject is Richard Hooker.

The Windsor Magazine.

THE December or Christmas number is a specially well-illustrated and, I may add, well-printed number. The blocks in the article on "*The Court Life of Queen Victoria*" and in Mr. Blathwayt's paper on "*How Celebrities have been Photographed*" are very carefully and clearly reproduced. Besides stories and other seasonable literature there is an article on "*The Evolution of Christmas Annuals*," and the special attractions are a water-colour drawing by Her Majesty the Queen, and a copy of Conan Doyle's novel "*A Study in Scarlet*"—the first book about Sherlock Holmes—which is given away with the magazine.

THE BABY EXCHANGE: A BOOM IN GIRLS.

3F I were to report the condition of this department in the phraseology of the Stock Exchange, I should say that boys are dull, more offering than there are takers, but there is a decided boom in girls.

I have nine baby boys on hand, for whom there are at present five applications. Foster parents are "werry particular," and they take a good deal of suiting. The supply of boys offering is therefore not much in excess of the demand so as to allow the selector a fair margin of choice.

But in the case of girls the market is very different. I have eight baby girls open to adoption, but I have no less than twenty-one foster parents clamouring for baby girls. Not even if I adopt Solomon's suggestion to cut the babies in two would I have enough halves to go round.

I am at a loss to know why there is such a premium on girl babies. The superfluous woman may be a factor in society, the superfluous girl baby is an unknown quantity in the Baby Exchange. Why there should be so great a run on girl babies is a problem which defies solution, unless it is that foster parents believe in the new woman, and wish to invest in the very newest specimens of the sex that have arrived on the planet.

So any one who has a girl baby to spare, healthy and without encumbrances, is invited to send in full particulars, unaccompanied by the babies, at once to the Baby Exchange, Mowbray House, Temple, W.C.

I continue to receive the oddest applications from those who wish to dispose of babies, and also from those who wish to turn an honest penny by adopting them. To the latter let me say, once for all, I have nothing to do with any one who wishes to make money out of the babies. If any childless persons wish to adopt a baby for the love of children, and they will make it their own, bringing it up as if it were their very own, these persons I am glad to help in their quest for what they want. But they must take the child for love, not for lucre; and those who want to know what they are to get if they take a child may as well spare themselves the trouble of writing. They are to get the child and nothing else, and if they are not satisfied with that they shall not even have the child. A Christian Jewess hailing from Russia, but now located in the East of London, wishes me to secure a home for her five-year-old boy. It is to be feared his age and his origin will narrow the market. A French officer who had to divorce his first wife, but is saddled by law with her boy, although it is not his own child, has married again. The step-mother does not get on with the boy, who is now nearly ten. The officer writes asking me to do what I can to induce some kind family to adopt the forlorn youth. And so forth, and so forth. 'Tis a mad world, my masters! but a good deal of the madness might be conjured away if those who wished to help knew where their help is needed and how it can be given.

I continue to receive pathetic appeals in some instances from clergymen and Nonconformist ministers against my refusal to found a Matrimonial Bureau. A clergyman who is hard at work in a North Country town asks me to find him a lively suitable life companion. But, alas, I shrink from the responsibility. If, however, any ladies under thirty who would like to marry a clergyman of moderate income, whose parish is in the poorer districts of a great manufacturing town in the North of England, send in their particulars, portraits, etc., I will forward

them to my correspondent. I may add that I know the clergyman personally and have known him for some years.

CHILDREN WHO MAY BE ADOPTED.

1. A little boy, one year and nine months old. Fair, with flaxen hair; a nice healthy little fellow. Illegitimate.
2. A little boy. His mother died when he was one month old. No relatives able to help. Father alive, but in very poor circumstances, yet wishes to keep out of the workhouse.
3. A baby girl about six months old. Illegitimate; a fine healthy child. Fair.
4. A little girl, healthy, with blue eyes. Illegitimate. Born in the beginning of July.
5. A baby boy. Healthy in every respect. Fair complexion. Born end of August. Parents married, but have to go abroad to a climate bad for children. Cannot take him with them. Are willing to part with him entirely, if they were sure he would be well provided for.
6. A baby boy. A year old. Of gentle birth. Deserted by its father.
7. A baby boy. Born October, 1894. Illegitimate.
8. A grandmother wants her grand-daughter to be adopted. She is eleven years of age, and a nice girl.
9. A baby boy. Illegitimate. About a month old. Fair child. Its mother is a lady.
10. A baby boy. Illegitimate. Born April, 1895.
11. A father, whose profession obliges him to move about constantly, would like both or one of his motherless girls adopted. Ages eleven and seven.
12. A little girl, five and a half years old. Legitimate. Father dead. Is of good family. Particulars to be given when necessary.
13. A married woman, whose husband has deserted her and her children, would be thankful to have her baby girl adopted.
14. A boy, a year old. A healthy fine child, lives in the country. Illegitimate.
15. A little boy of seven years of age, a nice child. Illegitimate.
16. A baby boy, born June, 1895. Illegitimate.

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

MR. PEARSON has done for sixpence what the *Pall Mall Magazine* has not yet succeeded in doing for eighteen-pence. He has produced a magazine with illustrations and paper that rival the best of the American magazines. *Pearson's* for finish, general effect, quality of paper and all round interest, distances all its competitors. The *Strand* will find it much the most dangerous rival that has yet appeared. *Pearson's*, like everything else, has the vice of its virtue, and its failing is that of being too snippety. It is the latest and most complete result of the evolution from *Tut Bits* that has arrived in periodical literature. I notice elsewhere some of its most notable features. The greatest novelty is a play for the drawing-room, "The Voice of Love," by Sir W. Besant and W. H. Pollock. The longest articles are: Bret Harte's story, "A Convert of the Mission," and Anthony Hope's "Vigil of Count Amadeo." The paper on "Artists and their Work" is beautifully illustrated. "A Colonial King" is the rather unfortunate title of an illustrated sketch of the Aberdeens at Rideau Hall. "In the Public Eye" is an attempt to condense half-a-dozen Character Sketches into as many pages. There is a fair quantum of amusing papers, and altogether Mr. Pearson may be congratulated upon his success. But although it is magnificent, it is not business; and I doubt whether he can keep it up.

THE POETS AS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

EVERY ONE is thinking about Christmas presents. Let me make a suggestion. What is wanted in an ideal Christmas present is something that is quite new, that is permanently useful, and that cannot fail to give pleasure to the recipient. If at the same time it can continually renew that pleasure in the course of the year, so much the better, but such gifts are rare.

When you are buying a present for relative or friend, you are haunted by the fear lest he or she has already got just the very article you are selecting for them. Then there is the question whether or not they will be pleased with your choice, and over and above all there comes the ghastly reflection that even if they have never had it before, and even if they do like it, it will not be an atom of use to them, and the day after Christmas it will be thrown on one side and never glanced at again.

Now I have a suggestion to make which will, I am sure, commend itself at once to the judgment of my readers. Why not make a point of selecting the first two cases of the "Penny Poets" as Christmas presents for your friends? They only cost one-and-sixpence each. They make a neat and handsome present, showing better for the price than anything in the market. You cannot have been forestalled by any one, because last Christmas the "Penny Poets" did not exist. The cases No. 1 and No. 2 for the first two quarters' issues of the "Penny Poets" have only been issued this month, and at the moment of writing not five hundred of No. 1, and none of No. 2 have yet been issued. The case stands handy on the library book shelf, while each of the twelve parts within can be at once taken out and read separately. In each case there are over six hundred clearly-printed pages of the best poetry in the world. The contents of No. 1 and No. 2, which can be had separately or together at 1s. 6d. each of any bookseller, or by post from this office for 1s. 10d. each, are as follows:—

CASE No. 1.

Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and other Poems.
Scott's "Marmion."
Byron's "Childe Harold." Part I.
Lowell's Poems. Selections.
Burns's Poems. Selections.
Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."
Longfellow's "Evangeline," and other Poems.

Selections from Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Poems.
Selections from Thomas Campbell.
Milton's "Paradise Lost" (Abridged). Part I.
Stories from "The Earthly Paradise," by Wm. Morris.
Byron's "Childe Harold." Part II.

CASE No. 2.

Whittier's Poems of Liberty, Progress and Labour.
Tales from Chaucer, in Prose and Verse.
Milton's "Paradise Lost." Part II.
Tom Moore's Poems.
Selections from Wm. Cullen Bryant's Poems.
The Story of St. George and the

Dragon, from Spenser's "Faerie Queen."
Poems of John Keats.
Scott's "Lady of the Lake."
Whittier's Poems. Part II.
Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar."
Pope's "Essay on Man," and other Poems.
Poems of Tom Hood.

Here is an unfailing and inexhaustible spring of the purest literary delights. What better present or one more likely to be permanently remembered with gratitude?

For those who wish to give a more expensive present there is the tasteful corner bookcase, constructed to hold the whole set of the poets, and some of the forthcoming set of Penny Popular Novels. Such corner cases we have both plain and painted at various prices. For a handsome, showy, useful present, there are few articles that can be more strongly recommended than the 10s. 6d. "Poet's Corner," hand painted and finished with celluloid facing. It will be sent with a complete set of the "Penny Poets" up to date, post free, to any part of the three kingdoms for 13s. "Poet's Corner" boxes plain, the same design, cost 7s. 6d. post free or 10s. with poets up to date. Smaller boxes of plainer design are to be had at 3s. 1½d. plain and 4s. painted. If the poets up to date are ordered it will be 2s. 6d. extra in each case. Or we can supply a series of twenty-four Portraits of the Poets, beautifully executed in colours, for 3s. post free. A complete list will be found in our advertisement pages at the end of this magazine.

Those who wish to make a Christmas present to their villagers, their work-people, their scholars or their servants, will probably find that they cannot give more pleasure than by subscribing for one of our library boxes.

For three pounds, I will supply carriage paid on loan a box of sixty volumes of books, replacing it at the end of six months without extra charge by another box containing sixty volumes of different books, which can remain on loan till the end of the year. If only one box is wanted for six months, it will be sent anywhere for 30s. As the sixty volumes contain as many as eighty complete books, the subscriber can, for 30s., secure for his neighbours, or his schools, or his work-people, six months' reading of eighty capital books. This is a Christmas present that will not be forgotten.

THE NATIONAL SOCIAL UNION.

BRITISH CHRISTENDOM AND THE DRINK QUESTION.

"If the Church of God in Chicago were organised as a unit," I used to ask, "what could it not do?" It would really seem as if the very enormity of the evils connected with the drink traffic in this country were about to compel our various Christian denominations to organise as a unit in the cause of Temperance. The Conference held at London House, under the presidency of the Bishop of London, early in November, was one of the most notable gatherings that have been held of late years. The only mistake appears to have been the omission of the Jews, who on this question are more Christian than Christians. The following is the official report of the first attempt made in this country to obtain a united expression of the opinion of the Church of God, in all its various branches, upon a social and moral question of national magnitude:—

A PARLIAMENT OF THE CHURCHES.

Those present, in addition to the Bishop of London, were:—**CHURCH OF ENGLAND.**—The Bishops of Durham, Winchester, Chester, St. Asaph, and Rochester; Dean of Hereford; Archdeacon Wilson; Canons Scott Holland and Moberly.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Cardinal Vaughan.

BAPTISTS.—The Revs. J. G. Greenhough (president of the Baptist Union), John Clifford, S. H. Booth (secretary of the Baptist Union), T. H. Morris, George Short, and F. B. Meyer.

CONGREGATIONALISTS.—The Rev. Urijah Thomas (President of the Congregational Union), Alexander Mackennal, Morley Wright, and S. B. Paton.

ENGLISH PRESBYTERIANS.—The Revs. Oswald Dykes and B. E. Welch.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—Theodore Neild, Joseph Rowntree, Francis W. M. Fox, and Stephen Bourne.

UNITARIANS.—The Revs. Dr. James Martineau and Professor Estlin Carpenter.

WESLEYAN METHODISTS.—The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Charles Garrett, C. K. Kelly, H. T. Pope, T. B. Stephenson, and H. B. Workman.

OTHER METHODIST BODIES.—The Revs. H. T. Marshall, John Thomley, and W. Goodman.

ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—The Right Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, Revs. James Paton (convener of the Committee on Temperance), James Robertson, and Walter Tait (members of the Committee on Temperance).

EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—Bishop of Aberdeen.

FREE CHURCH.—The Revs. D. M. Ross and Lewis Davidson.

UNITED PRESBYTERIANS.—The Rev. Robert Primrose.

Letters expressing sympathy with the aims were received from the following, who were unable to be present: the Bishops of Manchester, Lichfield, Southwell, Moray and Ross, Argyll and Glasgow, and Dean Vaughan, the President, ex-President, and Secretary of the Wesleyan Conference, Dr. Bannermann, Dr. Regg, Dr. Hava, Dr. Berry, Professor George Stacey Smith, Dr. Fairbairn, Dr. M'Laren, the Rev. John Watson, and many others.

ITS RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were adopted:—

(1) That this Conference desires to recognise the importance of vigilant and firm administration of our present licensing laws; and, while cordially appreciating the progress which has already been made in this respect, under the influence of a more enlightened public opinion, is convinced that much remains to be accomplished by a fuller use of existing legislative powers.

(2) That in the opinion of this Conference the following reforms are ripe for legislation: (a) The more effective treatment of habitual inebriates; (b) further restriction of Sunday

trading (England); (c) registration of clubs; (d) raising the age under which the sale of alcoholic liquors to young persons for their own consumption is illegal; (e) determining an age under which delivery of alcoholic liquors to very young children shall be illegal; (f) shortening of the hours during which public-houses shall be opened on week days, subject to discretion of local authorities to make exceptions where necessary.

(3) That in the opinion of this Conference the further and more difficult problems of licensing reform can best be dealt with tentatively on the principle of local option, viz., that each community should, within lines laid down by Parliament, be enabled to choose between various methods for the control of licensed victualling within its area.

(4) That since such various methods involve the consideration of acutely controversial questions, her Majesty's Government be petitioned to appoint a Parliamentary Committee of both Houses to inquire into the matter.

(5) That to the same Committee the following important subjects should be referred:—(a) The tied house system; (b) The expediency of placing beer-houses licensed before 1869 on the same footing as other public-houses with regard to renewals of licences; (c) Grocers' licences; (d) The existing system of appeal in cases of decisions affecting the renewal of licences from the Licensing Justices to Quarter Sessions.

(6) That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to leaders of all political parties and to members of Parliament, and also to the authorities of the different religious denominations and temperance organisations, with the request that meetings may be held and resolutions passed.

THE BRIGHTON CIVIC CENTRE.

THE Brighton Civic Centre, which was formed in 1892, has done good work in years past. It has devoted its attention principally to four questions upon which the civic conscience of Brighton was practically agreed. These questions were—first, the housing and lodging of the working classes; secondly, the promotion, by seeing that existing legislation and local machinery were put in operation, of temperance, personal cleanliness and improved moral and sanitary conditions generally; thirdly, the establishment of free news rooms and branch libraries; and, fourthly, the election of suitable persons for local public bodies. On all these questions the Centre has done good work by constantly reminding the public of their duties as citizens. At present the Centre is principally devoting its attention to the unemployed question and to the housing of the working classes. It has, however, been felt for some time that the constitution of the Centre should be reorganised, so as to enable it to do more effective work than in the past. It now consists of an Executive Committee, Auxiliary Committees, to assist the Executive, and thirdly, a Debating Section. It may be of interest to other centres to give a list of the Auxiliary Committees which have been formed:—

(1) A Watch Committee, to certain members of which, acting as sub-Committees of the entire body, special duties are or will be allotted (watching and reporting proceedings of various local authorities). This Committee acts also collectively as an Election Committee, examining and reporting upon the qualifications of candidates at Municipal, School Board, Guardians, etc., elections. (2) A Finance Committee, whose duties are to assist the Hon. Treasurer, who acts as its permanent chairman. (3) A Lecture Committee, to assist the Hon. Secretary in making necessary arrangements for public meetings, lectures, etc., co-operating also with the Debating Section. (4) A Literary Committee, to assist the Hon. Secretary in drafting pamphlets, leaflets, petitions, etc.,

editing any periodical organ of the Civic Centre which may hereafter be issued, watching and commenting upon matters of public interest in the local Press which may engage the attention of the Executive and Auxiliary Committees and their officers and the Civic Centre generally.

The most interesting feature in the re-modelled organisation is the Debating Section. Many members have felt that the Civic Centres needed to be supplemented by an association which could deal with questions upon which there was no unanimous agreement. In fact, there was need of a society which could discuss theories and proposed solutions of social problems before they had been so generally approved as to be taken into consideration by the Centre itself. This difficulty the Brighton Civic Centre has endeavoured to overcome by forming a Debating Section. The object of the Section is the discussion of social questions of the day, more especially in their local aspects. Ladies as well as gentlemen are admitted to its membership. It is also to be open to non-members of the Centre as Associates. The Section is to prepare the ground for the Centre by educating public opinion. The first discussion took place last month after a lecture by Mr. J. Bruce Wallace on a proposed solution of the unemployed problem. This experiment will be watched with much interest by all those interested in the National Social Union or in its local centres. If it is successful it will probably put new life into the various centres throughout the land, and render their work more effective and more useful.

SOCIAL INSTITUTES.

For some months past an interesting experiment has been tried at the Duncombe Road Board Schools, Holloway. The Social Institute established there has already been described in the *Review*. The School Board is about to take the whole question into its consideration. All those who are interested in the amelioration of the condition of the people should rally to the support of this movement. If the working people are convinced of the benefit which they will derive from the opening of these palaces of King Demos for their education; recreation, and social enjoyment, we shall probably see the whole of London dotted over with Social Institutes before many years have past.

Some misconception has arisen as to the objects of the institutes. Their sole aim is to endeavour to help working men who need technical knowledge and wish to be instructed in regard to the business of life, the duties of a citizen, health, etc. But at the same time the institute is open to every man who wants simple social recreation and does not wish to attend any of the classes. The Social Institutes differ from similar institutions connected with churches and chapels in that they have no ulterior aim whatever. They are worked entirely on democratic lines, the management being chiefly in the hands of local men. The only conditions limiting the local management are those which the School Board imposes. These are necessary for the protection of the buildings, which are the property of the Board. In order to ensure the success of the experiment a considerable amount of money has been spent privately by persons interested in the movement. In the future, however, there will be no outlay beyond the grants which will be given by the London County Council, the City

Parochial Trustees, the City Guilds and other bodies with funds at their disposal.

This is a movement which I hope will receive the support of all those who have the welfare of the people at heart. I hope that they and the working people themselves will bring pressure to bear upon a somewhat apathetic School Board, and secure the success of an experiment which contains within it great possibilities of usefulness.

GENERAL GORDON AND LI HUNG CHANG.

To the Editor of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Shanghai, June 18th, 1895.

Dear Sir,—I have just been reading the "Character Sketch" in your number of May 15th. At page 414 there is a paragraph headed "The Viceroy of General Gordon," and about the middle of the page there are the following sentences:—"Gordon's advice, so the rumour ran, was that Li should take his command to Peking and overturn the dynasty, offering to go along and help. The pale Viceroy listened in silence. I question if history tells of a more alluring temptation."

I beg you to allow me to say that the "rumour" was entirely false, and as it imputes a charge of most dishonourable conduct on the part of one of the most honourable and chivalrous of men, who is now unable to defend himself, I hope that you will allow my denial to have the same publicity that was given to the charge.

I was living in Shanghai at the time that General Gordon returned from the north of China. During the time that he remained in Shanghai, before starting for Europe, I saw him nearly every day. He dined with me very frequently, generally spending a great part of the afternoon at my house, remaining to dine, and generally leaving about one or two o'clock A.M. On only one or two occasions were any other guests present. The subjects of our conversation were principally connected with China, and General Gordon gave me a description, with fullest details, of all that had happened during his stay in Tientsin and Peking, including all that passed between himself and the Viceroy. I may say that we were on terms of intimate friendship, and General Gordon expressed his views and gave information to me on many matters of very serious importance at the time, in the fullest confidence. I do not feel justified in giving any information as to the substance of his remarks in reference to the Viceroy or the dynasty, but I can say positively that they were wholly inconsistent with the possibility of his making any such monstrous proposal as that suggested. I cannot help thinking that all who were honoured with the friendship of General Gordon will feel deeply the attempt to throw such a terrible slur upon his character, and will be glad to have the above refutation from one who is in the best position to give it.—Yours faithfully, W. V. DRUMMOND.

Christmas Cards, etc.

From Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons (Coleman Street, E.C.) we have received a very effective selection of Christmas cards and coloured picture almanacs. This firm certainly manages to keep pace with the times; and one's only regret is that it is impossible to describe special cards. Both in colours and in black and white the reproductions are as good as they can be. One of the best is a tiny portfolio containing "Three of Landseer's Famous Dogs."

Messrs. C. W. Faulkner and Co., 41, Jewin Street, E.C., send a selection of picture calendars, coloured wall-calendars, and Christmas cards, the best of which are printed in a sort of collotype. The same firm issues a number of novel and amusing Christmas games. We have no space for individual mention, but no doubt a list would be sent on application.

OUR CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

THE popularity of our Circulating Library is still increasing. It has only been in existence a little over six months, but we have already over two hundred boxes in circulation. This is more than double the number which it was expected would be required during the first year. As the scheme becomes better known the demand for boxes grows apace. During the last two months we sent out seventy boxes of books. The larger and dearer boxes were in greater demand, some fifty being despatched to various parts of the country. Fifty boxes went to parishes and small towns in England; Scotland and Wales each took six, and Ireland four. While new subscribers are continually joining, most of the first subscribers have renewed their quarterly supply of books, and in many parishes throughout the land the REVIEW OF REVIEWS Circulating Library has become an established institution.

One encouraging sign is that the parish councils are at last beginning to move in this matter. Although very few have adopted the Libraries Act, some half-dozen within the last few months have undertaken to collect voluntary subscriptions from the more wealthy ratepayers, and to manage the distribution of the books themselves.

The librarian of the Leeds Public Library some time ago proposed that all villages which possessed any number of volumes should hand them over to the County Councils. He suggested that the County Councils should then create a system of travelling libraries, distributing the books among the various parish councils situated in their administrative areas. The scheme, which is a modification of the New York State Travelling Library, is excellent. There is no reason why each County Council should not organise its own travelling library. But County Councils are slow-moving bodies, and it will probably be some time before they take up the idea. Meanwhile parish councils, or even County Councils, will probably find that our library is the nearest approach to anything of this kind which is at present in existence. The scheme of parish travelling libraries could be worked, even now, without the intervention of the County Councils. If a certain number of parish councils, in the same part of the country, desired to establish a circulating library for the benefit of their villagers, and would agree to interchange the boxes among themselves, we would be willing to allow them to select the books which would be included in their boxes. That is to say, supposing twelve councils, within short distances of each other, were to agree to take twelve boxes of books and circulate them amongst themselves, they would find it perfectly practicable to do so. They could agree upon the books they wished to circulate, and manage the distribution and changing of the boxes themselves, returning them to us at the end of the three years. In this way they would minimise the cost, and reduce it to not more than £5 a year per parish. For this sum they would obtain the reading of two hundred books and magazines in the course of the year. Probably when more of the councils recognise their duty in this respect something of this kind may be arranged.

Several employers of labour have taken boxes of books for the use of their employés. A manufacturer in the North of Ireland, who employs three hundred girls, has ordered a box as an experiment, and hopes to extend the scheme if this should prove a success. A large workmen's club in connection with a Midland iron works has taken four boxes for the benefit of its members. Mr.

Joseph Wright, of 219, Argyle Street, Glasgow, has had two thousand copies of his book, the "Laird Nicoll's Kitchen," strongly bound in buckram for free distribution among village libraries, Sunday-school libraries, etc. He will not only distribute them free, but is willing to pay the postage to any part of Great Britain. These are examples which I hope will be more generally followed in the future.

Any member of our centres who wishes to have a better knowledge of books than that obtainable by mere desultory reading, would do well to join the National Home Reading Union. This association, which has its headquarters in Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, endeavours to promote systematic reading, which at the same time shall be recreative and instructive, among young and old, as a means of continued education. This end it tries to attain by the formation of its members into circles, which discuss the books which each member has previously read at home. The Union has drawn up courses of study on a great number of subjects, and supplies all information as to the books required, their cost, and the order in which they should be read. I print here the list of the subjects dealt with in the various courses, in the hope that some of our members may be induced to join this excellent association:—

SPECIAL COURSE (fee 3s. 6d. per annum).

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. English History, 1660–1815. 2. English Literature, 1630–1780. 3. Shakespeare. 4. Modern English Literature. 5. History of the British Colonies and Dependencies. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. General Literature (Mediæval and Early Renaissance). 7. Modern French. 8. Modern German. 9. Music. 10. Economic (Political and Commercial) Geography. |
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GENERAL COURSE (fee 2s. per annum).

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|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Economic and Social Science. 2. History. 3. Biography. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 4. Travel. 5. Science. 6. Literature. 7. Old Greek Life. |
|---|---|

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COURSE (fee 1s. 6d. per annum).

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|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. History and Biography. 2. Literature (Prose and Poetry). | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3. Romance and Travel. 4. Science. 5. Miscellaneous. |
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Some Diaries.

FROM Messrs. John Walker and Co. (of Warwick Lane, E.C.) we have received an assortment of their admirable "loop-back" pocket-book diaries. The fact that in each case the pencil fits into a loop formed by the back of the leather cover, gives the books their peculiar usefulness; and their page arrangement is convenient and sensible in the extreme, providing just as much space and information as is likely to be called upon. No. 191 (4s.), in Russian leather, of waistcoat pocket size, is one of the best; No. 67 (2s.) is larger, but of slim shape, giving, of course, far more room for notes; while the pocket-book *de luxe* is No. 197 (8s.). "The New Tablet Diary" (3s. 6d.), for the desk, is a novelty likely to be popular.

Messrs. De La Rue's (Bunhill Row, E.C.) selection of diaries, pocket-books and desk calendars, are particularly likely to gladden feminine hearts. They certainly make admirable presents. No. 3544 is business-like enough, however—a purse, diary and pocket-book combined; No. 2062½ is a dainty card-case and diary for ladies, bound in crushed-morocco, while No. 4123 of full letter-size is convenient and not too bulky. They also publish a series of desk calendars, with or without spaces for appointments, which are worth seeing; and a series of tiny "thumb diaries," no bigger than a finger of the hand.

editing any periodical organ to be hereafter be issued, watching and of public interest in the local attention of the Executive and their officers and the Civic Center

The most interesting feature of the evening's discussion was the Debating Section, in which it was decided that the Civic Centres needed an association which could co-ordinate the work of the centres which there was no unanimity of opinion as to whether there was need of a social work section. The various theories and proposals were discussed and before they had been so generally taken into consideration by the members of the Section, the difficulty the Brighton Civic Centre was experiencing in overcome by forming a Debating Section. The main object of the Section is the discussion of the day's news, more especially the social aspects of the news. Ladies as well as gentlemen are invited to join the Section. It is also to be open to all members of the Centre as Associates. The first meeting of the Section took place on the 14th inst. Mr. J. Bruce Wallace, M.P., was the guest speaker on the unemployed problem. The meeting was attended by 100, with much interest by the members of the Brighton National Social Union and the Brighton Social Union. It was successful it will probably be the case with the other centres throughout the country. The Brighton Civic Centre is more effective and more active than ever before.

For some months past it has been tried at the Devonshire Holloway. The Social has already been discussed.

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"BLASTUS, THE KING'S CHAMBERLAIN."

THE PROBLEM OF THE SPHERE OF INFLUENCE IN MARRIED LIFE.

THE story of "Blastus,"* although woven around the career of Mr. Chamberlain, is primarily devoted to the discussion of a problem of much more general interest than the fortunes of a party politician.

Those who are interested in the politics of Parliament are comparatively few; those who are interested in the politics of the home comprise the whole human race. Political crises arise, pass, and disappear; but the problem of the harmonising of the interests of man and wife with the friendships which each forms outside the home is one of perennial interest.

The question which is discussed in "Blastus" is not complicated by adultery, nor can "Blastus" pretend to be a sex novel, although it discusses a question very intimately connected with sex. What every one wants to know is, how far the admission of women to the larger and wider life will result in intimacies with the men with whom they work, which are compatible with or fatal to the happiness of the married relation. In other words, can husband and wife agree to recognise that when woman's sphere is no longer limited to the home and the family, affectionate intimacies must arise which would heretofore have been regarded as inadmissible? That is the problem discussed in "Blastus," and solved so far as a story can solve anything in favour of liberty, limited only by the strictest monogamic ideal.

In the story, Lord Adam, an experienced diplomatist, and Hermione, his Countess, work out this problem in platonic to their own satisfaction, although not without considerable vicissitudes of a somewhat tragic nature. Lord Adam surprises in a grotto his friend Delaware on his knees before Lady Adam, whose hand he was pressing to his lips. Delaware had fallen in love with his friend's wife, with whom he had been brought in close intimacy owing to their common interest in the Resettlement of

England question, and when surprised by Lord Adam was bidding her farewell for ever. Of this, however, Lord Adam knew nothing, and before explanations could be given he was summoned to Paris to settle a question which threatened to involve England and France in war. In settling that international question he discovered the

clue to the solution of the domestic problem. The French had invaded Monbuttoland, which lay within the British sphere of influence in Central Africa. But Banto Quanto, the King of Monbuttoland, who had in vain appealed to England for help, had invited the French to defend him against the slave raiders, and they justified their presence in our sphere of influence on the plea that our rights had lapsed owing to our failure to make our protectorate effective. Blastus wanted to go to war unless the French withdrew, but ultimately Lord Adam settled the difficulty by an arrangement by which the French agreed to regard themselves as our *mandataires*, so that our sphere of influence remained intact *de jure*, although *de facto* the French remained in occupation. The solution of the domestic problem lay along the same lines. Every husband is to every wife and *vice versa* not only a possession which, so far as the home and the person are concerned, is exclusive, but

also a sphere of influence which each has a right to monopolise, but only if he or she can make their influence effective. Hence if in any department of human interest any one is more to the husband or wife than the wife or husband, the latter has no reason to complain, providing the third person restricts affection within platonic limits and accepts loyally the position of *mandataire* of the wife or husband within whose sphere of influence they find themselves in effective occupation.

Lord Adam on his way home from Paris works this out in the following series of reflections:—

Monbuttoland lay admittedly within the British sphere of influence. So Hermione's interest in the Resettlement of



THE ULTIMATE.

* "Blastus, the King's Chamberlain." By W. T. Stead. REVIEW OF REVIEWS Annual, 1896. Illustrated. 1s.

England was primarily his concern. He was her husband. All her life, in its totality of interests and phases of activity, was his. But just as poor Banto Quanto had appealed to England in vain for help against the slave raiders, so Hermione had failed to find any effective support from him in relation to this particular department; and as Banto Quanto had appealed to the French, so his wife had appealed to Delaware. In response to that appeal, Delaware was in effective occupation and administration of that segment of his wife's life that was given up to the Resettlement of England scheme. He could, of course, make war on Delaware, but that would not re-establish the influence which he had forfeited by his inability to help his wife where she needed assistance. What then was to be done? The settlement he had arranged with M. Personnel, the French Foreign Minister, supplied him with an obvious answer. However reluctant he might be, he must recognise Delaware as his *mandataire*. His sphere of influence would remain intact, but in this particular department he, as representing the supreme power, must authorise the intrusion of Delaware, subject, of course, to the understanding that his wife's loyalty to him, her husband, remained perfect and intact; and that there was no question whatever of a further advance of the *mandataire* to territory within which the husband's occupation was both continuous and effective.

"It is odd," Lord Adam continued, half soliloquising, "how closely the parallel runs between diplomacy and marriage. There are no doubt those who would maintain, as Blastus does about Monbottoland, that because I am willing to recognise Delaware as in effective occupation of that segment of my wife's sphere of influence that is devoted to the Social question, therefore he might presume to interfere in my home and endeavour to possess himself of my wife. That is an absurd *non sequitur*. The home and the person of husband and wife are like the native land and its capital. A hundred spheres of influence may be made over to others better qualified to administer them, but on the sacred soil of Britain, or in the streets of its capital, no intruder can set foot and live. And so it is in marriage. The old idea that any and every interest in life must only be shared with one of the opposite sex, and that one possibly absolutely incapable even of understanding what that interest might be, is untenable. But the more ready we may be to throw open to the freest possible platonic friendship those subsidiary fields of intellectual interest, so much the more must we defend to the uttermost the sanctity of the home and the absolute fidelity of each partner to the monogamic ideal."

While Lord Adam was coming to this conclusion, his wife, who had suddenly been confronted by a Persian Princess, whose life her husband had saved as a girl, and who as a widow had in vain pressed him to make her his mistress, had come to much the same conclusion. At first she was much upset at the thought of the very existence of this Princess; but when she reflected, she heard, as it were, the voice of her better nature expostulating with her in this fashion:—

Because you have had everything, you, that can have all your heart can crave for—you dare to grudge her a share in the largeness of a soul the very horizon of which you are too short-sighted to see, and the needs of which you are impotent to satisfy. "Yes," continued the remorseless voice within, "you are the Dives of your sex. You have been clad with the fine linen and rich purple of married life; you have fared sumptuously every day, and yet you grudge this poor Lazarus at your gates the crumbs which fall unnoticed from your table."

Hermione was silent, and so, too, was the inner voice. Then it began again. "And what have you done for him to compare with what she has done? He has been yours, you say—yours altogether, absolutely, and how have you helped him? What have you to bring in your hands to prove that it was just that his choice should have fallen upon you, and not upon her? She made his career at its commencement, she has crowned it at its close. And you—what have you done?"

So it came to pass that Lord Adam and his wife settled the question on the only possible lines—and with the best results.

The Earl and the Countess understood each other from that moment better than they had ever understood each other before, and there was needed but little explanation on either part to restore each to the other with a tenderness and a sympathy before inconceivable. Hermione recognised frankly and thoroughly how impossible it was that she could occupy and administer the whole of her own sphere of influence. She felt, as she phrased it afterwards, as if she had but a corporal's guard with which to garrison a continent. On the other hand, her intellectual life, always intense, but which had hitherto found satisfaction in the brooding love of the mother for the rearing and education of her children, began to develop in many directions, in some of which her husband was as incapable of effectively occupying and administering as she was in the many phases of his public life. Both, however, agreed that no portion of their respective spheres of influence should ever pass into the hands of others without first a loyal attempt had been made on both sides to be sufficient themselves each to the other. Only in case circumstances, or sympathies, or antipathies rendered this impossible was any segment of the sphere of influence to be occupied and administered by another person, and then such occupation and administration was always to be undertaken with the consent of the person upon whose sphere of influence the intrusion was permitted. The permission could be revoked at any moment, and the position was clearly understood as that of *mandataire* of the legitimate suzerain.

Delaware, however, was too much in love with Lady Hermione to be willing even to meet her. He abandoned his work, refused to visit at Eden Hall, and generally behaved as men do usually in such circumstances. Blastus, knowing nothing of Delaware's passion, asked Lady Hermione to use her influence over him to induce him to accept the Chairmanship of the Department for the Resettlement of England. Hermione, with the cordial assent of her husband, met Delaware alone. He renewed his protestations of affection, whereupon the following scene ensued, in which the lady initiated him into the mystery of the higher platonic:—

"Now let us be sensible people," said Hermione. "You say you love me, love me to distraction; that your love for me has changed your life in relation to its greatest fault, but it seems to me at the same time it has proved but a bitter plant that has had no healing in its leaves. If you love me—"

Delaware's handsome face lit up with a sudden glow, but he did not move, nor did he speak.

Hermione paused.

Delaware took a long breath, then turning towards her stretched out his right hand with a yearning look in his eyes, which touched Hermione strangely.

"If I love you?" he said.

Hermione put her little hand into his outstretched palm.

"If you loved me," she said, "you would keep my commandments."

Delaware clasped her hand so convulsively that it hurt her, and she winced.

"And these are—?" said he, not noticing in the ardour of his emotion how he had pained her.

"And these are," said Hermione, "that you do not allow your love to spoil our friendship."

"Friendship," said he bitterly; "as if I could ever be only your friend!"

"You will not even be that," said she, somewhat haughtily, "if you are not capable of more self-control."

He let her hand drop and drew himself back in his chair.

"Oh, you men!" said Hermione bitterly. "How little you know of love! And you are just like the rest. With all your passionate protests of love for me, what does it mean, when you analyse it to the bottom? Simply this, that you wish to

have me, to possess me, to make me your own, to monopolise me against all the world. And this is to you the supreme demonstration of love! Applied in any other department of life, it would be regarded as the supreme manifestation of selfishness. True love is selfless; nay, it is more, it is self-sacrifice. Whereas your idea of love is that the supreme sacrifice should be made to you by another."

There was an indignant pathos in Hermione's voice which struck a new chord in Delaware's heart, and something in her face seemed to betoken a feeling somewhat more tender than the tepid emotion with which he had usually associated the word "friendship."

"Oh, Her——, Lady Hermione," he added, correcting himself. "What could you impose upon me as a proof and test of the reality of my devotion to you? You, who have redeemed my life, you, for whose sake alone I care to live!"

"Love," said she, in a somewhat far-away tone of voice, as if she were repeating a lesson she had learnt long ago as a child, "love suffereth long and is kind, love envieth not, love vaunteth not in itself, is not puffed up, does not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own."

Delaware heaved a deep sigh and remained silent.

"Ah," said Hermione, her face brightening up with a strange, wistful expression as of a saint and a seer, which sometimes shone beneath her long black lashes—"if love were really love and sought not its own, but that of the other, love might yet be the motive force of the transformation of the world."

Hermione rested her forehead upon her hand, and seemed to be looking out into infinite space. Then she went on—

"I have heard my husband——"

Delaware winced at the word.

She went on—"When I have heard my husband and Blastus discussing the wasted estate of England, and the wasted wealth of King Demos, and the wasted opportunities that confront us at every turn, I have always thought of one wasted estate which, to my thinking, is vaster, richer, and immensely more fruitful than all the wasted estates of the undeveloped Colonies. For I have thought of wasted wealth far more widely diffused than any of those sources of common revenue which the modern Democracy has failed to utilise for its own benefit. It is the wasted wealth of the love of man for woman and of woman for man."

Delaware was startled by the tone of her voice, which was that of a sibyl.

"What is love to me?" she continued, "or to any true man or woman? Love is the divinest thing on earth. Love of God manifest in the flesh, giving to those who feel it something of His infinite strength, to bear, to suffer, and to do. If you really loved me, you would have found in your love for me a motive force that would have transformed the most arduous drudgery undertaken for love of me into the most intense delight. Have you ever thought how it was that Christ overcame the world, the old heathen world? Not by dogma, not by preaching, but by the early Christians falling in love with Jesus Christ. They loved Him with such intense and realising passion that they enjoyed better being torn to death with red-hot pincers, mangled by wild beasts in the arena, or roasted over slow fires, so be it that these things were borne for His sake, than all the delights which the luxurious civilisation of ancient Rome could offer. It was that daily manifested miracle of love which made the weak strong, and inspired youth and age alike with a passionate thirst for martyrdom,

that divine fire which came down from on high and kindled its miraculous flame in the hearts of human beings—it was that which dethroned the ancient gods, and made Jesus of Nazareth the Lord of Christendom."

Delaware was startled. His religion sat lightly on him; but what he had was conventional in the fashion of ecclesiastical Bond Street.

"Oh, Lady Hermione," he said deprecatingly, "you seem to be mixing things up which are very different."

"Different!" said she. "They are the same. What is the test of love? Love is that which makes it easy to do things which, without love, would be difficult or impossible. It is odd," she said, "that you, who talk so glibly of love, and who have talked it to whole rows of women in your time, should need to be taught by me its very alphabet. Take the simplest of all illustrations. You are tired, you have been hunting or working, your mind is jaded, your body is wearied, and you suddenly remember you have to write a letter to somebody. If you love that somebody, to write to her is as champagne in your soul; your weariness disappears, the mere thought of her is a stimulant and inspiration, and you write a letter four times as long with less exhaustion than would come from writing to another for whom you did not care. Love is the divine miracle continually renewed in the heart of man and woman, imparting strength to bear burdens otherwise not to be borne, giving power to hope where otherwise there would be but the blackness of despair, and renewing, as by the continual descent of the Holy Spirit, the aspirations of the soul after the Ideal."

Delaware had never seen Hermione in her exalted moods before. He was awed and humbled. Love in this sense he certainly never had known; but there was something in the thrill of her rich voice and the inspired gleam of her eyes which suggested to him that after all here was a doctrine nearer the essential truth of the world than any of those upon which he had come in his gropings through life.

"But," he said, "love as you use it is a very wide term."

"It is as lofty as the love of God, and wide as are the wants of man. You have desecrated the term, limited it, cramped it, and confined it until it has come to be little more than the idealisation of one instinct, which is as selfish in its promptings as any other appetite."

Delaware was silent for a time, then he stood up. Hermione also rose. Once more extending his hand, he said to her. "What wilt thou have me to do?"

From that moment he became a new man, and loyally co-operated in all things with Lady Hermione and her husband.

The ideal may appear to some pessimists one which is incapable of realisation in many cases. But it seems to me there is no other way by which this problem can be solved, save that which has its logical ultimate in the seclusion of the zenana or of the harem.

The illustrations which I reproduce in reduced form represent the rescue of Princess Karakilis by Lord Adam, the death scene in which Lady Hermione suddenly confronts her husband with the dead Princess in his arms, and the prophetic cartoon which represents Blastus as landing on the Premiership of the Liberal Party as the ultimate evolution of his varied career.

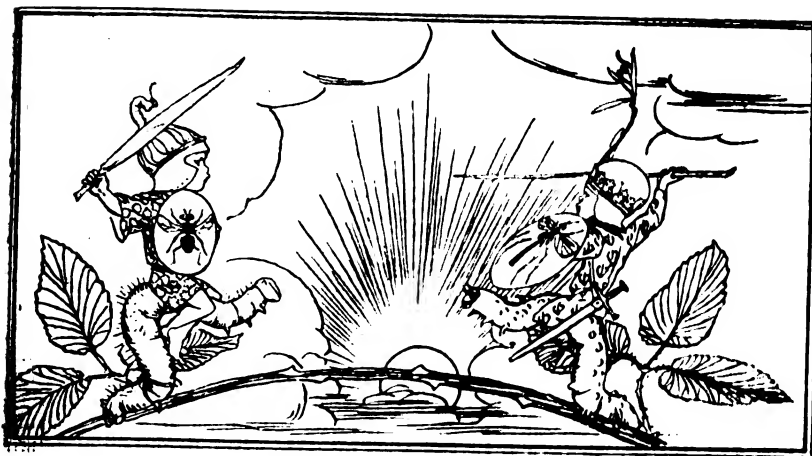


England was primarily his concern. He was her life. All her life, in its totality of interests and phases of it, was his. But just as poor Banto Quanto had failed to find England in vain for help against the slave, so Hermione had failed to find any effective support in relation to this particular department; and as Banto Quanto had appealed to the French, so his wife had appealed to Delaware. In response to that appeal, Delaware had taken an effective occupation and administration of that wife's life that was given up to the Resettlement of the scheme. He could, of course, make war on Denmark, but that would not re-establish the influence which he had forfeited by his inability to help his wife where she needed assistance. What then was to be done? The solution had been arranged with M. Personnel, the French Foreign Minister, supplied him with an obvious answer. However it might be, he must recognise Delaware as his *neveu*; his sphere of influence would remain intact, but in the department he, as representing the supreme authority, would authorise the intrusion of Delaware, subject to the understanding that his wife's loyalty to France remained perfect and intact; and that therefore whatever of a further advance of the *mandat* might be within which the husband's occupation was to be made effective.

"It is odd," Lord Adam continued, half smiling, "how closely the parallel runs between diplomacy and marriage. There are no doubt those who would make a comparison about Monbottoland, that because I am not a monarch, Delaware as in effective occupation of my wife's sphere of influence that is devoted to her, therefore he might presume to intrude, and I might endeavour to possess himself of my wife's *non sequitur*. The home and the person are like the native land and its capital. The sphere of influence may be made over to another, but on the sacred streets of its capital, no intruder is allowed. It is in marriage. The old idea that life must only be shared with one person, one possibly absolutely incapable of doing anything of that interest might be, is untenable. The home may be to throw open to the world, but those subsidiary fields of influence must be defended to the home and the absolute fidelity of the ideal."

While Lord Adam was speaking, his wife, who had suddenly appeared, Princess, whose life had been a widow had in vain mistress, had come to him. First she was much upset by the existence of this Princess, and then, as it were, the Princess, relating with her in the

"Because you have had a heart can crave for—you are the largeness of a soul and short-sighted to see and to satisfy. "Yes," said she, "you are the Divine, the fine lines and the sumptuously ornate, and the rules of the game. There is a



(From "A Midsummer Night's Dream.")

illustrations. And, strange to say, the introduction (in the form of a letter to a little girl, "a willing captive at the Court of King Oberon and Queen Titania") by Mr. Israel Gollancz is not out of place. In some forty pages he tells his child readers just so much about Shakespeare and his work, and the particular play they are to read, as they are likely to understand, tells it in fitting language, and in a manner children will be the first to appreciate.

The Aldine House has indeed learned the secret of publishing beautiful books for children. Thence also issues a series of small volumes (Dent, 1s. each, net), the most tasteful and pretty of their size and price that we have seen. They are edited by Mrs. Ernest Rhys, and entitled "The Banbury Cross Series of Children's Folk-lore and Other Stories." Six new volumes have just been added: "Blue Beard and Puss in Boots," "The House that Jack Built and Other Nursery Rhymes," "Little Red Riding Hood and Tom Thumb," "Fireside Stories," "Æsop's Fables," and "The Fairy Gifts and Tom Hickathrift"—all of them bound in neat cloth covers with a gold decoration (the volumes are about three inches broad by five inches high), tied with ribbons, and with many delightful illustrations. Mr. Anning Bell has designed the endpapers, and one of his decorations we reproduce here. A more expensive but certainly a very handsome book also hailing from the Aldine House is "More Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights" (Dent, 7s. 6d. net), a successor to "Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights," which the same editor, Miss E. Dixon, arranged last year, and like that volume "designed *virginibus puerisque*." Again, too, Mr. J. D. Batten has illustrated the volume with five full-page plates and nearly a score of smaller pen-and-ink drawings in the text. He has a vivid imagination well suited to his subjects, and his work will impress children as it will please their elders. Another book whose contents are made up from the "Arabian Nights" of our childhood is "Sindbad the Sailor and Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" (Lawrence, 7s. 6d.), a volume similar in appearance to the "Baron

Munchausen" we praised here last year, and, like that, illustrated profusely and with considerable vigour and go by Mr. William Strang and Mr. J. B. Clark. We wish we had room for some of the pictures here. Speaking just now of Mr. Batten reminds us of the reissue in cheaper form of the five volumes—"Fairy Tales of the British Empire," they are now collectively called—of fairy stories which Mr. Joseph Jacobs edited so well, and in illustrating which Mr. Batten first made a name. The only way in which these new volumes differ from the first editions is in having different covers, and in the omission of the editor's prefaces, notes, parables, and references, all of which, naturally enough, made their appeal to the

folk-lorist rather than to the child. Few people know how large a body of fairy legend has its origin in England. In two of the five volumes—"English Fairy Tales" and "More English Fairy Tales" (Nutt, 3s. 6d. each)—Mr. Jacobs has collected what is best in this national store; and in "Celtic Fairy Tales," "More Celtic Fairy Tales," and "Indian Fairy Tales" (Nutt, 3s. 6d. each), he has put together the stories distinctive of Celtic as distinguished from English, and stories culled from the vast treasure-house of Indian folk-lore. No better library for a nursery with young ones just beginning to appreciate fairy stories could be imagined than these five volumes, with their large type, and their many beautiful and fanciful illustrations.

Slightly younger children, as well as their elders, will be won by the reissue from the Pelley Head of the series known as "Walter Crane's Picture Books." In one handsome quarto volume (Lane, 3s. 6d. net) you will find "This Little Pig went to Market," "The Fairy Ship," and "King Luck's Party," with four



(From "The Banbury Cross.")

THE GIFT BOOKS OF THE YEAR: A BRIEF SURVEY.

OUR object in these pages is to sift out just sufficient of the wheat from the chaff to enable those of our readers who have decided that books shall form their Christmas presents to dispense with a hurried and wearisome search through the piles and piles of good, mediocre and worthless volumes which, at this time of the year, crowd the bookseller's counter. Caterers for children deserve the first place, and among these Mr. Andrew Lang, by right of the fact that for years he has given us an annual all his own, deserves priority; and anyhow his "Red True Story Book" (Longmans, 6s.) merits prominence, for it is far and away the best of the year's books for children that we have seen. It is a fit successor to the "Blue True Story Book," and every nursery should have it on its shelf side by side with the multi-coloured "Fairy Books" which he has edited. Even real facts are, sometimes, curious and interesting, suggests Mr. Lang in his introduction, and certainly every boy and girl who has the luck to receive this handsome volume will find the tales it contains both "curious and interesting," and exciting and enthralling withal. For has not Mr. Rider Haggard told the tale of "Wilson's Last Fight," with which the volume leads off, and has not Mr. Lang himself repeated anew the wondrous, undying history of "The Life and Death of Joan the Maid" and the story of "How the Bass was held for King James"? Then two of the Scottish stories are by Mr. Crockett, and Miss Agnes Repplier, "that famed essayist of America," tells the tale of Molly Pitcher. Other attractions there are worthy to rank with these—tales of the Conquest of Peru, of Gustavus Vasa, Sir Richard Grenville, of General Marbot and his mare "Lisette," Prince Charlie, and Gaston de Foix, and stories from the Icelandic Sagas, of whose truth Mr. Lang hardly allows himself to hesitate a doubt. And the illustrations by Mr. H. J. Ford rank with the text in excellence—one of the best, and one typical of the hundred or so that remain, we reproduce here. But in reading these books

and stories Mr. Lang edits, people forget that he himself has "made up altogether out of his own head" no few stories for the delight of children. Three of them (with the original illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne and others) he has just collected in a single volume, which he has fitly named "My Own Fairy Book" (Arrowsmith, Bristol, 6s.). Its lengthy sub-title has a promising

ring: "namely, certain Chronicles of Pantouflia, as notably the Adventures of Prigio, Prince of that country, and of his son, Ricardo, with an Excerpt from the Annals of Scotland, as touching Ker of Fairnilee, his sojourn with the Queen of Faery." Another book we have only space to allude to is "The Story of Zelinda and the Monster" (Dent, 6s. net), in which the Countess of Lovelace has tried her prentice hand at retelling "after the old Italian version" the ever delightful story of Beauty and the Beast. And she has certainly retold it with great charm—a charm enhanced by ten pictures from her own hand, reproduced in collotype, and by the general sense of luxuriance conveyed by the type, the paper, and the cover of the volume.

We have said that "The Red True Fairy Book" is the best of the year's books for children we have seen. But if anything could lead us to change this opinion it is the very beautiful edition for children of "A Mid-

summer Night's Dream" (Dent, 5s. net), from which, on the next page, we reproduce one of the smaller of the many pictures with which Mr. Anning Bell has decorated it. But a book of poetry like this, be it never so dainty in its adornment, is not for every child, and so, while the collection of stories Mr. Lang has edited remains the best for the mass, only for those few children who show already some care for verse, and for stories not wholly compact of adventures, will this delightful volume prove a veritable treasure, a door by which Shakespeare's world can be entered, and all poetry enjoyed. Everything about the book fits its contents—the end-papers, the cover, the large type picked out here and there with red, and the crowd of really beautiful



JOAN IS WOUNDED BY THE ARROW.

(From "The Red True Story Book.")



(From "A Midsummer Night's Dream.")

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The Aldine House has indeed learned the secret of publishing beautiful books for children. Thence also issues a series of small volumes (Dent, 1s. each, net), the most tasteful and pretty of their size and price that we have seen. They are edited by Mrs. Ernest Rhys, and entitled "The Banbury Cross Series of Children's Folklore and Other Stories." Six new volumes have just been added: "Blue Beard and Puss in Boots," "The House that Jack Built and Other Nursery Rhymes," "Little Red Riding Hood and Tom Thumb," "Fireside Stories," "Æsop's Fables," and "The Fairy Gifts and Tom Hickathrift"—all of them bound in neat cloth covers with a gold decoration (the volumes are about three inches broad by five inches high), tied with ribbons, and with many delightful illustrations. Mr. Anning Bell has designed the endpapers, and one of his decorations we reproduce here. A more expensive but certainly a very handsome book also hailing from the Aldine House is "More Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights" (Dent, 7s. 6d. net), a successor to "Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights," which the same editor, Miss E. Dixon, arranged last year, and like that volume "designed *virginibus puerisque*." Again, too, Mr. J. D. Batten has illustrated the volume with five full-page plates and nearly a score of smaller pen-and-ink drawings in the text. He has a vivid imagination well suited to his subjects, and his work will impress children as it will please their elders. Another book whose contents are made up from the "Arabian Nights" of our childhood is "Sindbad the Sailor and Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" (Lawrence, 7s. 6d.), a volume similar in appearance to the "Baron

Munchausen" we praised here last year, and, like that, illustrated profusely and with considerable vigour and go by Mr. William Strang and Mr. J. B. Clark. We wish we had room for some of the pictures here. Speaking just now of Mr. Batten reminds us of the reissue in cheaper form of the five volumes—"Fairy Tales of the British Empire," they are now collectively called—of fairy stories which Mr. Joseph Jacobs edited so well, and in illustrating which Mr. Batten first made a name. The only way in which these new volumes differ from the first editions is in having different covers, and in the omission of the editor's prefaces, notes, parables, and references, all of which, naturally enough, made their appeal to the

folk-lore rather than to the child. Few people know how large a body of fairy legend has its origin in England. In two of the five volumes—"English Fairy Tales" and



(From "The Banbury Cross Series.")

"More English Fairy Tales" (Nutt, 3s. 6d. each)—Mr. Jacobs has collected what is best in this national store; and in "Celtic Fairy Tales," "More Celtic Fairy Tales," and "Indian Fairy Tales" (Nutt, 3s. 6d. each), he has put together the stories distinctively Celtic as distinguished from English, and stories culled from the vast treasure-house of Indian folklore. No better library for a nursery with young ones just beginning to appreciate fairy stories could be imagined than these five volumes, with their large type, and their many beautiful and fanciful illustrations.

Slightly younger children, as well as their elders, will be won by the reissue from the Bodley Head of the series known as "Walter Crane's Picture Books." In one handsome quarto volume (Lane, 3s. 6d. net) you will find "This Little Pig went to Market," "The Fairy Ship," and "King Luckieboy's Party," with dozens

of splendid, broadly-treated, decorative coloured pictures of the sort that children delight in; or you can get any one of these three separately (9d. net) in a new paper cover, with a design which Mr. Crane has made specially for the reissue. The appeal of these books is alike to the very little child and to the "grown up" of taste, to whom Mr. Crane's decorative illustrations are a constant pleasure. We rather wonder from which they will receive the most hearty appreciation. Certainly, both parents and children owe a debt of gratitude to Mr.

Crane and to Mr. John Lane for making it again possible to purchase what are, perhaps, the most delightful "picture books" that have ever been issued. Another toy-book, rather more expensive, but appearing this year for the first time, which we certainly advise any one in search of amusing books for children to see, is "The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls" (Longmans, 6s.), in which the coloured pictures are by Miss Florence K. Upton, and the accompanying verses by Miss Bertha Upton. It is a volume exceedingly amusing, and one that very little knowledge of children's tastes will point to as sure to be popular in the nursery. Its humour is whimsical and original—both the illustrations and the verses are in a vein of their own. The way in which Miss Upton gets expression into the expressionless features and figures of the wooden Dutch dolls is wonderfully clever. Another toy-book we must recommend is "Tommy at the Zoo" (Nelson, 1s.), which shows Mr. J. A. Shepherd, the creator of the humorous animals in the *Strand Magazine's* "Zigzags at the Zoo,"

in a new light as a worker in colour. Here he is no less successful than in pen-and-ink; he gets good, strong, broad effects, and the humour of the work is as original as it is indubitable. It is a delightful book. Two other volumes of the toy-book class, which children perhaps will see less fun in than will their elders, are both by Mr. Fred Hall—"Amateur Photography: How to Become an Unsuccessful Amateur" and "Hoick For'ard" (Chapman, 1s. each). Both are printed in black and white and in colours, and show strongly the influence of Randolph Caldecott. But we cannot say that they have the simple, elemental humour of Caldecott's work.

It would appear that the writing of stories for children

has become the fashionable amusement. We have already noticed one essay by a Countess, and here is another book, "Eric, Prince of Lornia"; or, *The Valley of Wishes*" (Macmillan, 6s.), by Lady Jersey, who is, however, no new hand at the game, for her "Maurice; or, The Red Jar" was one of the best of last year's stories for children. The present volume successfully gauges children's tastes, and its sub-title, "A Fairy Tale of the Days of Chivalry," has an enticing sound. It is outwardly very attractive, and the illustrations by Miss Alice



(From "Eric, Prince of Lornia.")

B. Woodward have just the right touch of fancy. Not only two Countesses, but a Judge also—His Honour Judge Edward Abbott Parry—has unbent and produced a book for children, and a very delightful and original book it is too, although its title "Katawampus, its Treatment and Cure" (Nutt, 3s. 6d.) is not very promising. But the first paragraph puts the reader at his ease: one sees at once that Judge Parry knows children, and knows what they like. "Once upon a time," the story begins, and from that time-honoured phrase the reader is hurried on from pleasure to pleasure to the "lived happily ever afterwards" of the final paragraph. The mysterious Katawampus, by the way, is a sort of variant on the old-fashioned "Tantrums." Krab, the Cave Man, who cures the complaint, cannot himself describe it, but roughly—

When little girls or little boys
Set out to do just what they like,
Tear picture-books and smash their toys,
And cry and kick and howl and skrike,
Poor parents wonder what they're at,
Of course—they've got a fit of Kat-

a-Wampus.

Another good book, although quite obviously an imitation of the immortal "Alice in Wonderland," is Mr. G. E. Farrow's "The Wallpug of Why" (Hutchinson, 5s.). The resemblance is increased too by the fact that Mr. Harry Furniss is one of the illustrators (his daughter, "who is only fifteen years old," being the other), and his work here bears no little likeness to Sir John Tenniel's in Mr. Carroll's stories. Still, even with Alice in one's memory one can read of Girle's adventures in the "land of Why, where all the questions and answers come from," with considerable amusement. Of the strange region of Why the Wallpug was "a kind of King, governed by the people instead



A Rocking-Tune

(From "A Book of Christmas Verse.")

of governing them"—a sort of upside down arrangement very characteristic of the rest of its customs. Mr. Farrow is a long way after Mr. Carroll, but still his book deserves to be read—but only by children who have read its prototypes, of course! Yet other books of this class you must certainly see before finally making your choice, are Mr. Henry Christopher McCook's "Old Farm Fairies" (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.), quite a delightful account, with no less than a hundred and fifty illustrations, of "a Summer Campaign in Brownieland against King Cobweaver's Pixies;" "Old English Fairy Tales" (Methuen, 6s.), collected by Mr. Baring Gould from "many ancient sources," retold in his own way and expanded, and with a number of illustrations by Mr. F. D. Bedford; "Fairy Tales, Far and Near" (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), retold by "Q." and illustrated by Mr. H. R. Millar; Mr. Frank Rinder's "Old World Japan: Legends of the Land and the Gods" (George Allen, 6s.), with illustrations of real beauty by Mr. T. H. Robinson; the Rev. Gerard W. Bancks's "A World beneath the Waters; or, Merman's Country" (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), illustrated by "Crow;" "Fairy Tales of the Slav Peasants and Herdsmen" (George Allen, 6s.), translated from the French of Alex. Chodsko and illustrated by Miss Emily Harding; and three cheaper books: Miss Dollie Radford's "Good Night" (Nutt, 2s. 6d.), a collection of very charming poems for children, not unworthy even to be mentioned in the same breath with Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," all of them written out with designs by Mr. Louis Davis; Mr. Ernst Beckman's "Pax and Carino" (Unwin, 2s. 6d.), a story with pictures, forming a volume of the Children's Library, whose pretty format we have had occasion to praise in past years; and an edition, bound in cloth, in large type, and cleverly illustrated in colours by Mr. C. O. Murray, of Charles Lamb's "Dissertation upon Roast Pig" (Low, 2s.).

A few other good books for children we must mention very briefly. Mrs. Molesworth, as inevitable as she is welcome, is to the fore with two stories, both well illustrated by Mr. Leslie Brooke—"The Carved Lions" (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), and "My New Home" (Mac-

millan, 2s. 6d.) Then Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has produced a new story of the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" type. "Two Little Pilgrims: a Story of the City Beautiful" (Warne, 6s.) it is called, and it is illustrated by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A. Miss M. H. Cornwall Leigh's "How Dick and Molly went round the World" (Arnold, 5s.) is designed to impart geographical knowledge in an agreeable way, and is well done of its kind, its illustrations being pictures of the places through which the said Dick and Molly passed. "Joseph, the Dreamer" (Longmans, 5s.), by Mr. Robert Bird, is an attempt to write the story of one whom Mr. Bird considers "next to the Holy One of Galilee, to children the most attractive figure in the Bible," "set in its natural surroundings, from the shepherd's black tent to the King's golden palace." Another illustrated book of the same class is Miss Helen Jackson's "Gentle Jesus: a Life of Christ for Little Folks" (S.S.U., 3s. 6d.). "Wagner's Heroes" (Arnold, 5s.) is by Miss Constance Maud, with pictures by Mr. Granville Fell. It contains just what its title suggests—the stories of the heroes of Wagner's operas told for children. And finally, no nursery should be without one of the best and cheapest painting-books we have seen—"Randolph Caldecott's Painting Book" (S.P.C.K., 1s.), some of

the best of Caldecott's designs for children, printed first in colours and then in black-and-white outline.

The best boys' book that has come our way is undoubtedly the large volume "The Story of the Sea" (Cassell, 9s.), which "Q.," assisted by Professor Laughton, Mr. Arnold-Foster, M.P., and Mr. Laird Clowes, has edited. It tells the whole tale of the sea, and of England's share in its conquest, and is illustrated with over three hundred pictures, all as spirited as the text. Then there are Mr. G. A. Henty's three books, welcome and interesting as ever: "A Knight of the White Cross: a Tale of the Siege of Rhodes" (Blackie, 6s.); "The Tiger of Mysore: a Story of the War with Tippoo Sahib" (Blackie, 6s.); and "Through Russian Snows: a Story of Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow" (Blackie, 5s.). Each of these is excellently illustrated, and has a map of the scene of its plot. Another old favourite in M. Jules Verne has



The Good Mother.

(From "Marmontel's Moral Tales.")

put forth his yearly offering in "Captain Antifer" (Low, 6s.), but if we were boys we would rather read his "Around the World in Eighty Days" (Low,

2s. 6d.), of which a new edition has just appeared. There is nothing to choose between the volumes on the score of illustration. Then Mr. Manville Fenn commands hosts of followers. Boys will devour eagerly his "Roy Royland; or, the Young Castellan: a Tale of the Civil War" (Chambers, 5s.); and we can recommend very heartily Mr. Standish O'Grady's "The Chain of Gold; or, In Crannied Rocks: a Boys' Tale of Adventure on the Wild West Coast of Ireland" (Unwin, 5s.). Both these last books are illustrated. A lad with a taste for natural history would revel in the new and handsomely illustrated edition of Dr. F. A. Pouchet's "The Universe; or, The Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little" (Blackie, 7s. 6d.).

For girls we can conceive of no better gift than the new edition of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), from which we reproduce an illustration on this page. There are dozens of pictures equally charming, and a wise and witty introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson. And we must certainly mention Mrs. L. T. Meade's two new stories—"Girls, Old and New" (Chambers, 5s.), and "The Minister" (Jarrold, 1s. 6d.). Both are illustrated.

Among the most difficult to choose are the cheaper, simpler books suitable for both boys and girls, to be used as Sunday-school prizes and gifts to village libraries. One or two publishers make a special point of satisfying this demand, and from the new list of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge alone volumes can easily be chosen that are practically warranted "to inculcate all the Christian and manly virtues." Thus there is Miss Edith M. Daughlish's "At Duty's Call" (1s. 6d.), which tells, we are told, "of the self-sacrifice shown by a young girl in giving up an artistic career in favour of domestic duties, and her reward." Catch the "new woman" in her callow embryonic stage, give her this book, and the threatening mischief is nipped in the bud. Then for the small sum of ninepence a neat little cloth-covered volume, with a frontispiece, "A Chance Acquaintance; or, Susan's Lesson," can be obtained. It is aimed at "young servants," and shows "the danger and folly of making chance acquaintances." A moral lesson of that

sort for less than a shilling is cheap indeed! Mr. Richard Pardoe's "Ishmael Lones: an Adventure among Bombs" (1s.), is another book showing the folly and danger of "making chance acquaintances"—with anarchists this time. Moving the young idea to spirited emulation by means of biographies of well-known men who have both done good and been successful is always popular, and Messrs. W. and R. Chambers do the best to supply the demand for this class of literature with their New Series of Popular Biographies, a collection of wonderfully cheap shilling illustrated volumes.

The best gift-book for the ordinary reader we have seen, certainly the best for the reader who has any care for art and literature as such, is the new annual "The Pageant" (Henry, 6s. net), of which the art editor is Mr. C. Hazelwood Shannon, and the literary, Mr. J. W. Gleeson White. To enumerate what they have gathered would only be to give a string of notable names in both departments. Let it suffice to say that in one Mr. Swinburne leads off with "A Roundel of Rabelais," and that he is followed by, among others, Mr. W. E. Henley, Mr. Theodore Watts, Dr. Garnett, Professor York Powell, Mrs. Woods, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Max Beerbohm, and Mr. R. B. Cunningham Grahame; and that in the other, after the frontispiece, Rossetti's "The Magdalene at the House of Simon the Pharisee," appears another Rossetti, two reproductions each after Mr. Whistler, Sir John Millais, R.A., Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and Sir Edward Burne Jones, a reproduction of the



(From "Pride and Prejudice.")

new Botticelli, and a portrait in red chalk of Mr. Swinburne by Mr. Rothenstein. Another book is "A Book of Christmas Verse" (Methuen, 5s.), selected by Mr. H. C. Beeching from all the English poets, and illustrated with ten designs by Mr. Walter Crane, one of which we reproduce. The printing and binding of the book have a singular charm of their own. Professor George Saintsbury is responsible for an edition of "Marmontel's Moral Tales" (George Allen, 6s.). The editor has translated the stories himself; contributed a critical preface, and some notes; while Miss Chris Hammond has illustrated the book with nearly fifty designs, one of the smallest of which we reproduce.

OUR MONTHLY PARCEL OF BOOKS.

DEAR MR. SMURTHWAYT,—A new novel by Mr. Hardy, a volume of Robert Louis Stevenson's letters, and a fresh sheaf of verses from Mr. William Watson—these are in your parcel this month, together with some half-dozen other books of an importance more than ordinary—successors to "The Woman Who Did," "The Jungle Book," and "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," by Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. Ian Maclaren respectively, among the rest. Certainly you cannot cavil on the score of interest or quality; and as for quantity, its size is far in excess of its wont, and would have been even more swollen had I not excluded all volumes of a distinctively gift-book type. You must choose those for yourself.

In deciding what to read the public seems more and more to follow merit, and the old jibe at its fickleness loses its power in view of the way in which it remains constant to writers like Mr. Hardy, and, of a younger generation, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Kipling, Mr. "Ian Maclaren," and Mr. Wells. But here is the list of the six books "most in demand" during November:—

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
The Wonderful Visit. By H. G. Wells. 5s. net.
The Father of the Forest and Other Poems. By William Watson. 3s. 6d. net.
The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s.
Jude the Obscure. By Thomas Hardy. 6s.

I expected "The Sorrows of Satan" to appear first, and it is gratifying to find that "The Wonderful Visit" has sustained the popularity won by "The Time Machine." Mr. Wells, one may gather, has come to stay.

That there is always a market for really good verse is proved by the success of Mr. William Watson's new volume, "The Father of the Forest" (Lane, 3s. 6d. net), which, slight though it is, contains in "A Hymn to the Sea" what is perhaps the finest poem he has given us—finest in the qualities both of thought, and of execution. Here, for example, are lines which none but a writer with (let us say, to propitiate the sneerers at "state-aided poetry") moments of greatness could have written:—

When, at his banquet, the Summer is purple and drowsed with
repletion;

When, to his anchorite board, taciturn Winter repairs;
When by the tempest are scattered magnificent ashes of
Autumn;

When, upon orchard and lane, breaks the white foam of
the Spring;

When, in extravagant revel, the Dawn, a bacchante upleaping,
Spills, on the tresses of Night, vintages golden and red;
When, as a token at parting, munificent Day, for remembrance,
Gives, unto men that forget, Ophirs of fabulous ore.

"When, upon orchard and lane, breaks the white foam of the Spring"—is that not a beautiful line? And the poem contains many other passages of beauty no less insistent on instant recognition. The whole poem has a swing, a perfection of rhythm, masterly in the extreme. Mr. Swinburne has the same effect, but he too often has sacrificed sense to sound—a fault of which Mr. Watson is here never guilty. For in this poem, and in that which gives the volume its title, in his "Apologia" for his own work, and in the sonnet "The Turk in Armenia," there is thought, ample and persuasive, and a message clear and distinct. And in "The Tomb of Burns" we have again one of those expressive, finely

critical studies of a poet's life and work which the author of "Wordsworth's Grave" has taught us to expect. But you must read the book for yourself. By the way, the volume has as frontispiece a fine Velasquezesque portrait of Mr. Watson, after Hollyer.

In this short list "The Father of the Forest" is the only volume not of fiction. The next couple are both collections of short stories, sequels, wonderfully successful sequels when we consider the fate that usually dogs the writer who essays to repeat or continue a triumph. Every reader who wept over "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" will weep again over "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). Mr. "Ian Maclaren" has simply written more stories of the same type, and with all the same qualities that gave his first book so huge a circulation. Possibly you will have read the eight stories that make up "The Second Jungle Book" (Macmillan, 6s.) as they appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*; but anyhow, you will be glad of the volume. It may not be quite so good as its predecessor, but to meet Mowgli again and the beasts of the forest is a pleasure that expels criticism. The verses in the book are new—and admirable; and the illustrations—by the author's father—are new too, and enhance its interest.

To allude, even in passing, to Mr. Hardy's new story, "Jude the Obscure" (Osgood, 6s.), is no easy task. What can one say about it? The one criticism upon which all its readers, professional and amateur, seem agreed is, that in his treatment of a theme difficult certainly, but not more so than that of "Tess," Mr. Hardy is often needlessly and repulsively plain-spoken. You will read the episode of the pig-sticking, and possibly its details will disgust you. But there at least Mr. Hardy is developing character. What one may complain of are certain gratuitous phrases here and there in other scenes of the book, wantonings with the disagreeable which one reader at least found no small distraction from its really great qualities. The story "attempts," says Mr. Hardy in his preface, "to deal unaffectedly with the fret and fever, derision and disaster, that may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity, and to point, without a mincing of words, the tragedy of unfulfilled aims." You see that Mr. Hardy admits a twofold purpose in his book. It is both a pointing of "the tragedy of unfulfilled aims," and an indictment of the present marriage system, an indictment to whose aid Mr. Hardy brings every argument he can possibly invent, piling Pelion on Ossa, using every disaster which his belief "that cruelty is the law pervading all nature and society" warrants. In fact, like a too zealous advocate, he overstates his case: the story suffers; and it suffers also from the very fact of its twofold intention. But although Mr. Hardy cannot get out of any page the idea that the marriage bond is an indignity, that love is "a passion whose essence is its gratuitousness," and although he is always manipulating his characters with a view to pressing home this lesson, he does not fail in making them live in a manner which leaves them as clear, consistent, and as haunting as any figures in recent fiction. Scenes there are so true to life, so real, that one cannot read them without a lump in the throat; and one puts the book down with a sense of abiding horror and anguish that, if its characters did not live, could never be aroused. But, still, "Jude the Obscure" is a failure, I fear—almost a titanic failure, one may say.

Far and away the most permanently valuable of the historical works in your parcel this month is the late Sir J. R. Seeley's "The Growth of British Policy" (Cambridge Press, 12s.), an "historical essay" in two closely printed volumes, with an excellent portrait and a memoir of its author by Professor G. W. Prothero, who saw through the press the few chapters which Sir John did not himself revise before his death. Then you will find Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson's "The Development of Parliament during the Nineteenth Century" (Longmans, 7s. 6d.), an account of "the process of the 'democratisation' of Parliament." Mr. Dickinson's chief concern is with the question whether "a democratic House of Commons" is competent "to direct to a satisfactory issue the socialistic tendencies of the future?" Something of his attitude can be divined from his statement that the agitation against the House of Lords is "a piece of rhetorical folly." The late Dr. Lightfoot's "Historical Essays" (Macmillan, 5s.) contains five essays that he wrote before he was called to the See of Durham. They deal with "Christian Life in the Second and Third Centuries," "Comparative Progress of Ancient and Modern Missions," "England during the Latter Half of the Thirteenth Century," "The Chapel of St. Peter and the Manor-House of Auckland," and "Donne, the Poet-Precursor." They are now published by the Trustees of the Lightfoot Fund. Dr. Mandell Creighton's "The Early Renaissance in England" (Cambridge Press, 1s.) is a single Rede Lecture delivered at Cambridge this summer. To turn to history of a less remote period, General Sir Evelyn Wood's "Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign" (Low, 3s. 6d.) is sure to interest you. It is an extension of the papers that appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and contains the original illustrations. "Vladimir"—the pseudonym of a member of the diplomatic mission to Corea—has compiled a valuable record in "The China-Japan War" (Low, 15s.), a large volume, illustrated with maps, portraits, and other pictures, intended for the general reader, and not too overloaded with foreign names or technical details. "The Japanese war publications" was the chief source of the material "Vladimir" uses. Then there is Djemaleddin Bey's "Sultan Murad II.: the Turkish Dynastic Mystery, 1876-1895" (Paul, 9s. net), a most sensational story of intrigue and crime, and one of particular interest at this moment. A very different kind of history is Mr. M. H. Spielmann's "The History of *Punch*" (Cassell, 21s.), a handsome volume profusely illustrated with drawings reproduced from the pages of *Punch* itself, and with original sketches, photographs, and portraits of its different editors and its literary and artistic contributors. Mr. Spielmann has worked hard at his subject and the result is eminently satisfactory, and you who are old enough to remember the appearance of the early numbers of the *London Charivari* will find it vastly entertaining. Other volumes of historical interest of one sort and another are Mr. W. F. Slater's "Manual of Modern Church History" (Kelly, 2s. 6d.), one of the series of books for Bible students; Mr. J. M. Bulloch's "A History of the University of Aberdeen, 1495-1895" (Hodder and Stoughton, 4s. 6d.); Mr. Herbert Fry's "The History of North Atlantic Steam Navigation; with some Account of Early Ships and Shipowners" (Low, 10s. 6d.), an illustrated volume for the general reader; and Colonel H. S. Olcott's "Old Diary Leaves: the True Story of the Theosophical Society" (Putnam, 7s. 6d.), containing a number of portraits, and some reproductions of photographs of various objects "phenomenally produced."

The same month has brought "The Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-1888" (Macmillan, 15s. net),

and a large instalment of Robert Louis Stevenson's correspondence in the shape of "The Vailima Letters" (Methuen, 7s. 6d.). Matthew Arnold expressed so strong a desire that no biography of him should appear, that these two volumes of his correspondence, collected and arranged by Mr. George W. E. Russell, are likely to be the nearest approach we shall get to a formal life. They are admirable letters, full of charm and interest, but on the whole I think they have disappointed his admirers, who expected epistles less formal and reserved. As it is, they are, as Mr. Russell says, "essentially familiar and domestic, and evidently written without a thought that they would ever be read beyond the circle of his family." What elements of sensation they do contain are mostly supplied by references to certain living personalities, such as the description of Mr. Swinburne as a "pseudo-Shelley," and of Mr. Chamberlain as "the Man with a Future." "The Vailima Letters," on the other hand, made up of correspondence addressed by Stevenson from Samoa between November, 1890, and October, 1894, to Mr. Sidney Colvin, have all the delight of frankness and self-revelation, and, although written with half an eye to ultimate publication, are in no way stiff or formal. They have, indeed, the full qualities of Stevenson's prose elsewhere, and the collection will not be the least cherished of the volumes bearing his name. Mr. Colvin makes an editor in a thousand, and his "editorial note" and epilogue contain the best pen-portrait of Stevenson as a man that I know. "These letters," he says, "will be found a varied record, perfectly frank and familiar, of the writer's everyday moods, thoughts and doings during his Samoan exile." The frontispiece to the volume is an etching of Stevenson by Mr. William Strang; two others show the novelist on his horse "Jack," and with a native chief. Mr. Reginald Blunt's "The Caryles' Chelsea Home: being Some Account of No. 5, Cheyne Row" (Bell, 5s. net) will interest you. Mr. Blunt's purpose has been to give "an authentic record of the home existence in the unpretentious dwelling which sheltered Thomas Carlyle and his wife from 1834 till their deaths, and to give it, as far as possible, in their own words, illustrated by the contemporary records of their friends." It is a pretty volume, admirably illustrated with portraits, and with sketches of the house and garden. Other volumes of biography I could not omit to send you are, Mr. W. H. Craig's "Dr. Johnson and the Fair Sex: a Study of Contrasts" (Low, 7s. 6d.), "a summary of what is known about the relations that existed between Dr. Samuel Johnson and divers notable women of his time"—a harmless and interesting volume, illustrated with portraits; Professor W. M. Ramsay's "St. Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen" (Hodder and Stoughton, 10s. 6d.); the Rev. R. F. Horton's "John Howe" (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), a volume of the Leaders of Religion Series; and Miss Annie E. Ridley's "Frances Mary Buss and Her Work for Education" (Longmans, 7s. 6d.), illustrated with portraits, and with views of the North London Collegiate School for Girls.

There is nothing of the first interest to send you as far as law and politics are concerned, if we except Mr. John Goldie's "Missions and Mission Philanthropy: the Poor and their Happiness" (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net). Mr. Goldie considers that "for the amelioration, or improvement, in the condition of the Poor, we can no longer put any faith in those virtues that have been so long looked upon as the proper Regeneration of Mankind—Religion, Morality, Education!" and he states that his work is "written throughout on a basis of Natural Law." Mr. Reginald

F. Statham's "The New Kingdom" (Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.) begins with a consideration of the "existing situation," and deals with such subjects as the Family and the State as units of society, the position of women, the State at work, and the place of religion. Mr. G. F. Emery's "Handbook for Parish Councils" and his "Handbook for Parish Meetings" (Low, 2s. each), both containing "a form of standing orders for regulating procedure," you are likely to find of considerable practical use; and Dr. J. G. Bourinot's "How Canada is Governed: a Short Account of its Executive, Legislature, Judicial, and Municipal Institutions, with an Historical Outline of their Origin and Development" (Arnold, 4s. 6d.), should interest you. Here, too, I may mention that I send a new and revised edition of Mr. William Tallack's "Penological and Preventive Principles, with Special Reference to England and America" (Wertheimer, 8s.).

I have some dozen new novels to send you, and all of them worth reading. Mr. George Meredith's "The Amazing Marriage" (Constable, 12s.) must have, of course, the first place. Certainly it contains in the first few chapters some of the best work that the author of "The Egoist" has ever done. But the high comedy of the story of Captain Kirby, the Old Buccaneer, and the Countess of Cressett, gives place after the first three chapters to the lives of a younger generation, and Mr. Meredith's manner changes to that to which his more recent novels have accustomed us. In truth, however, the whole book is the most delightful of reading: Mr. Meredith has already given us several masterpieces, "The Amazing Marriage" is yet another to add to the shelf. Next, certainly, I must draw your attention to Mrs. W. K. Clifford's "A Flash of Summer" (Methuen, 6s.), must draw it the more particularly because the very qualities of its excellence forbid its wide popularity. "The Story of a Simple Woman's Life" the sub-title runs; it is rather her tragedy—the tragedy of the marriage of a young girl to a man old enough to be her father, who does not conceal from her that her money, not herself, was his attraction, and who spares her no cruelty and no indignity when he finds he is to be balked of her promised fortune. But "A Flash of Summer" is not yet another story called forth by what Mrs. Clifford calls "recent controversial discussion." Its plot occurred to her, she says, "eight years ago, before marriage problems and questions had attained their present importance in fiction." It is "a story, and nothing else." Eight years ago, perhaps, we were not ripe in England for such a novel as is this—a novel commencing with a miserable marriage, showing with infinite charm the effect of one half-year of happiness, one flash of summer, on an unhappy woman's nature, and ending with a suicide. But I am not sure that in the death of her heroine, paradoxical though it may appear, Mrs. Clifford is not restrained from the best possible conclusion by a fear of her public, some lingering respect for the old traditions of happy endings. Surely true art and a true tragedy would have made Katharine return to her husband. But the book, written with the greatest delicacy and refinement, has enough of anguish. Its dominant note is one of pity. But if "A Flash of Summer" is "a story, and nothing else," the same cannot be claimed for "The British Barbarians: a Hill-Top Novel" (Lane, 3s. 6d. net.), by Mr. Grant Allen. It is the successor to "The Woman who Did," carrying on that crusade to "a perverse generation"—the phrase is Mr. Allen's—which that famous novel was supposed to inaugurate. By the way, all Mr. Allen's talk about ideals and fresh air and decadent civilisation seems rather

absurd when one comes to notice that his "hill-tip novel" appears in the Key-Note Series; and has for cover and title-page a design by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley of a housemaid of a type distinctly strumous. Another book Mr. Beardsley assists in producing is Mr. Walt Ruding's "An Evil Motherhood: an Impressionist Novel" (Mathews, 3s. 6d. net), the work evidently of a young man who takes himself very seriously indeed, and who has very decided and possibly original ideas about the true function and conduct of fiction. But this very fact it is that gives this curious, inexplicit story its interest. In the madhouse scenes I was reminded of Charles Reade, but the impressionist style in which the whole is written is reminiscent rather of certain of the more experimental of the younger Frenchmen. Impressionism would seem to be "the new thing" in fiction, for I have also to send you "An Impressionist Diary" (Constable, 1s.), a very clever and bright little sketch, almost a short story, by Mr. Helmuth Schwantze, whose name is new to me. It has a depressing conclusion—another sign of modernity!—but it contains one scene, a proposal, of most excellent comedy. I don't remember a more unhackneyed and amusing scene of the kind in any recent novel. "Woman's Folly" is the title of the latest addition to the International Series (Heinemann, 2s. 6d.). It is translated by Miss Helen Zimmern from the Italian of Gemma Farrugia, and introduced by Mr. Edmund Gosse, who claims that "in the class of the emancipated New Woman" it takes a foremost place, leaving "George Egerton" and Madame Sarah Grand panting far behind." You are not likely to agree with him there, but you will not be able to deny the almost ferocious strength and frankness of some of the chapters of the book, and the great power in the drawing of the three women, its heroines. Do you remember "The Great God Pan?" Its author, Mr. Arthur Machen, has just produced (again in the Key-Note Series) a new essay in the horrible—"The Three Impostors; or, The Transmutations" (Lane, 3s. 6d. net). It is a better book of its class than its predecessor, and more gruesome—perhaps indeed the best attempt at "unutterable horror" since "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Indeed Stevenson is obviously Mr. Machen's master: his method is quite frankly the method of "The New Arabian Nights." For the rest you must certainly read Max Nordau's novel, "A Comedy of Sentiment" (Heinemann, 6s.); Mr. Joseph Hatton's "When Greek Meets Greek" (Hutchinson, 6s.); Mr. Frankfort Moore's "Phyllis of Philistia" (Hutchinson, 6s.); Mr. Tighe Hopkins's "Lady Bonnie's Experiment" (Cassell, 1s. 4d.), a short story spirited in the extreme, and with a pleasant vein of extravagant invention; Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban's "The King of Andaman: a Saviour of Society" (Methuen, 6s.), of a quality so much after the heart of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that, for a wonder, it worked itself into quite a fervour of eulogy; and Mr. G. B. Burgin's "Tuxter's Little Maid" (Cassell, 6s.), a Dickensian story of the London poor. And you must dip into Dean Farrar's "Gathering Clouds: a Tale of the Days of St. Chrysostom" (Longmans, 28s.), a successor and almost necessary complement to his "Darkness and Dawn." But one of the most interesting of the novels in your parcel is a new edition of Mr. George Gissing's "The Unclassed" (Lawrence, 6s.), the first book he ever wrote. It dealt in part with a side of life that caused it on its first appearance (in 1884) to be looked on askance by a world of critics and readers who were less used than they are now to a frank, if somewhat romantic, treatment of characters and scenes then considered almost taboo.

THE MONTHLY INDEX TO PERIODICALS.

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INDEX.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index, which is limited to the following periodicals.

A. C. Q. American Catholic Quarterly Review.	Fr. L. Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.	Nant. M. Nautical Magazine.
A. A. P. S. Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.	Free R. Free Review.	N. E. M. New England Magazine.
Ant. Antiquary.	G. M. Gentleman's Magazine.	N. I. R. New Ireland Review.
Arch. R. Architectural Record.	G. J. Geographical Journal.	New R. New Review.
A. Arena.	G. O. P. Girl's Own Paper.	New W. New World.
Arg. Argosy.	G. W. Good Words.	N. C. Nineteenth Century.
A. Q. Asiatic Quarterly.	G. T. Great Thoughts.	N. A. R. North American Review.
Ata. Atlanta.	Harp. Harper's Magazine.	O. D. Our Day.
A. M. Atlantic Monthly.	Hom. R. Homiletic Review.	O. Outing.
Bank. Bankers' Magazine.	H. Humanitarian.	P. E. F. Palestine Exploration Fund.
B. S. Bibliotheca Sacra.	I. Idler.	P. M. M. Pall Mall Magazine.
Black. Blackwood's Magazine.	I. L. Index Library.	Phil. R. Philosophical Review.
B. T. J. Board of Trade Journal.	I. J. E. International Journal of Ethics	P. L. Post-Lore.
Bkman. Bookman.	I. R. Investors' Review.	P. R. R. Presbyterian and Reformed Review.
B. Borderland.	Ir. E. R. Irish Ecclesiastical Record.	P. M. Q. Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review.
Cal. R. Calcutta Review.	Ir. M. Irish Monthly.	Psy. R. Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research.
Can. M. Canadian Magazine.	Jew. Q. Jewish Quarterly.	Psychol. R. Psychological Review.
C. F. M. Cassell's Family Magazine.	J. Ed. Journal of Education.	Q. J. Econ. Quarterly Journal of Economics.
C. S. J. Cassell's Saturday Journal.	J. Micro. Journal of Microscopy.	Q. R. Quarterly Review.
Cas. M. Cassell's Magazine.	J. P. Econ. Journal of Political Economy.	Q. Quiver.
C. W. Catholic World.	J. R. A. S. Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.	R. R. R. Religious Review of Reviews.
C. M. Century Magazine.	J. R. C. I. Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.	Rel. Reliquary.
C. J. Chambers's Journal.	J. R. U. Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.	R. C. Review of the Churches.
Char. R. Chartist Review.	Jur. R. Juridical Review.	R. R. A. Review of Reviews (America).
Chant. Chautauquan.	K. O. King's Own.	R. R. Aus. Review of Reviews (Australasia).
Ch. M. I. Church Missionary Intelligencer.	K. Knowledge.	St. Nicholas.
Ch. Q. Church Quarterly.	L. H. Leisure Hour.	Sci. Gossip.
C. R. Contemporary Review.	Libr. Library.	Sci. P. Science Progress.
C. Cornhill.	Lipp. Lippincott's Monthly.	Scots. Scots Magazine.
Coa. Cosmopolitan.	L. Q. London Quarterly.	Scot. G. M. Scottish Geographical Magazine.
Crit. R. Critical Review.	Long. Longman's Magazine.	Scot. R. Scottish Review.
D. R. Dublin Review.	Lac. Lucifer.	Scrib. Scribner's Magazine.
Econ. J. Economic Journal.	Lad. Ladgate.	Str. Strand Magazine.
Econ. R. Economic Review.	McCl. McClure's Magazine.	Sun. H. Sunday at Home.
E. R. Edinburgh Review.	Mac. Macmillan's Magazine.	Sun. M. Sunday Magazine.
Ed. R. A. Educational Review, America.	Man. Q. Manchester Quarterly.	T. B. Temple Bar.
Ed. R. L. Educational Review, London.	Med. M. Medical Magazine.	Th. Theatre.
Eng. M. Engineering Magazine.	Mind. Mind.	Think. Thinker.
E. H. English Historical Review.	Minster. Minster.	U. S. M. United Service Magazine.
E. L. English Illustrated Magazine.	Mis. R. Missionary Review of the World.	W. R. Westminster Review.
Ex. Expositor.	Mon. Month.	W. M. Windsor Magazine.
Ex. T. Expository Times.	M. P. Monthly Packet.	W. H. Woman at Home.
F. L. Folk-Lore.	Nat. R. National Review.	Y. R. Yale Review.
F. R. Fortnightly Review.	N. Sc. Natural Science.	Y. M. Young Man.
F. Forum.		Y. W. Young Woman.

Advertising: Shopkeepers' Advertising Novelties, by J. Scott, Str, Nov.

Africa:

West African Pioneers, by Rev. A. R. Buckland, Sun M, Dec.

Murder of Mr. Stokes, L. Dele ou, New R, Dec.

Port of the Upper Nile and Foreign Trade, by J. T. P. Heatley, Scot G M, Nov.

Agriculture: Co-operation in California, by E. F. Adams, F, Nov.

Air Car, see under Ballooning.

Altruism, Evolution of, by Dr. J. H. Parsons, H, Dec.

American History, see Contents of *American Historical Review*.

American Literature: Literary Boston, by L. Whiting, Fr L, Dec.

Anarchy: The Unrighteousness of Government as viewed by a Philosophical Anarchist, by Dr. C. Rodolf, A, Nov.

Anthropology: The Ruling Races of Prehistoric Times, by D. F. Henuigan, W R, Dec.

Arch, Joan of, L. de Conte on, Harp, Dec.

Archæology, see Contents of *Antiquary*.

Architecture, see Contents of *Architectural Record*.

Arctic Exploration: Fitting out an Arctic Expedition, by A. C. Harmsworth, E I, Dec.

Armenian Question: The Eastern Question, by Prof. Geffcken, Mdme. Novikoff and R. Ahmad, N C, Dec.

Armies (see also Contents of the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution and United Service Magazines*):

Our Military Problem, by Capt. Maxse, Nat R, Dec.

The English Soldier, by Col. H. Knollys, Black, Dec.

The Transformation of the Army under the Duke of Cambridge, by Field Marshal Sir L. Simmons, N C, Dec.

The Swiss Infantry, Mac, Dec.

Arnold, Matthew,

John Morley on, N C, Dec.

Matthew Arnold in his Letters, by Alfred Austin, Nat R, Dec.

Astronomy (see also Contents of *Knowledge*):

The Sun's Heat, by Sir Robert Ball, McCl, Dec.

The Zodiacal Light, by A. Macpherson, Free R, Dec.

Athletic Sports of Ancient Days, by T. J. de la Hunt, Lipp, Dec.

Australia: Mining at Coolgardie, Y M, Dec.

Austria, etc., Harriet W. Preston on, A M, Dec.

Authors, Society of, Sir W. Martin Conway on, N C, Dec.

Balfour, A. J., as seen from a Distance, by Norman Hapgood, C R, Dec.

Ball, Sir Robert S., Interviewed, G T, Dec.

Ballooning: Air Car or Man-Lifting Kite, B. Baden Powell on, Nat R, Dec.

Barnet and Barnet Field, by J. D. Symon, E I, Dec.

- Baseball in England, by R. G. Knowles, W M, Nov.
 Berthelot and His Friend Renan, by A. D. Vandam, C R, Dec.
 Bible and Biblical Criticism, see Contents of *Expository Times*, *King's Own*.
 Bible in Schools and Religious Education:
 The Crisis in Religious Education, by the Bishop of Salford, Nat R, Dec.
 Birds:
 Destruction of Birds, by F. A. Fulcher, F R, Dec.
 The Migration of Birds, by G. W. Bulman, T B, Dec.
 The Kea, J. Buckland on, E I, Dec.
 An Idler on Missionary Ridge, by B. Torrey, A M, Dec.
 Blake, William, A. T. Story on, T B, Dec.
 Blandford, Dr., Moral Suicide of, by W. Williamson, Free R, Dec.
 Bourget, Paul, Maurice Todhunter on, W R, Dec.
 Browning's Democracy, by I. N. Cog, P L, Nov.
 Brunner, Sir J. T., and Northwich, by F. Dolman, E I, Dec.
 Buckingham, First Duke of, by Alison Buckler, G M, Dec.
 Butler, Bishop, and His Censors, by W. E. Gladstone, N C, Dec.
 Caine, Hall, R. H. Sherard on, McCl, Dec.; W M, Nov.
 California:
 Co-operation among Farmers, by E. F. Adams, F Nov.
 Among the Old Missions of California, by J. T. Connor, Chaut, Nov.
 Canada (see also Prince Edward Island):
 On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds of Canada after Musk-Oxen and Wood-Bison, by C. D. Whitney, Harp, Dec.
 Barren Lands of the North, by J. B. Tyrrell, G J, Nov.
 Canterbury, Mrs. I. F. Mayo on, Sun H, Dec.
 Carlyle, Thomas,
 Mrs. I. F. Mayo on, L H, Dec.
 The Homes of Carlyle, by Marion Leslie, Y M, Dec.
 Catholic Church, see Contents of *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, *Catholic World*, *Month*.
 Cats and Their Affections, by C. B. Wister, T B, Dec.
 Charities: The Queen's Charities, by F. M. Holmes, Q, Dec.
 Chester: Strolls beyond the Walls of Chester, by B. O. Flower, A, Nov.
 Children:
 Child-Mistress and State Socialism, by J. R. Diggie, Nat R, Dec.
 The Rescue of the Young, by Miss Rosa M. Barretti, H, Dec.
 The Show-Child, by Miss I. A. Taylor, Long, Dec.
 China: The True Cause of China's Decay, by Mrs. Archibald Little, H, Dec.
 Christmas Customs in Central France, by Mabel Peacock, G M, Dec.
 Church and Christianity (see also Contents of *New Christian Quarterly*):
 Congregational Worship, by Rev. T. H. Pattison, Hom R, Nov.
 The Church of To-day; Symposium, G T, Dec.
 City Transit: Speculations on Rapid Transit, by J. B. Walker, Cos, Nov.
 Colonies and Imperial Federation: A Senate for the Empire, by J. Bonwick, W R, Dec.
 Compromise, J. M. Robertson on, Free R, Dec.
 Continuation Schools, see under Technical Education.
 Crabbe, George, A. L. Salmon on, R R R, Nov.
 Crime: Identifying Criminals, by A. F. B. Croft on, Cos, Nov.
 Crimean War: In the Trenches before Sebastopol, by W. Simpson, E I, Dec.
 Cromwell, Oliver, as a Soldier, by Major Baldock, U S M, Dec.
 Crosses in London, by G. Clinch, E I, Dec.
 Dairy-Farming: Our Butter-Supply, C J, Dec.
 Dale, Dr. R. W., Recollections of, W R, Dec.
 Dardanelles, Cy. Warman on, McCl, Dec.
 Deer-Forests, Dean J. C. Lees on, G W, Dec.
 Demos, King, by F. G. Burton, W R, Dec.
 Donegal, Marguerite Moore on, C W, Nov.
 Downey, W. and D., W H, Dec.
 Dublin, R. Donovan on, Lud, Dec.
 Du Maurier, George, Interviewed by A. Bright, I, Dec.
 Durnford, Dr., R R R, Nov.
 East, see under Orient, Turkey.
 Edinburgh, J. J. O'Shea on, C W, Nov.
 Education (see also Contents of *Educational Review*, *Educational Times*, *Indian Journal of Education*, *Journal of Education*):
 Re-opening the Education Settlement of 1870, by Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley, N C, Dec.
 Teachers, Herbert Spencer on, C R, Dec.
 Great Names at Eton and Harrow, by H. H. Chilton, Str, Nov.
 Electoral: Significance of the English Elections, by Sir H. Maxwell, G. W. E. Russell, and Justin McCarthy, F, Oct.
 Electric Lighting: The People's Lamps, by Prof. F. Parsons, A, Nov.
 Electricity, see Contents of *Cassier's Magazine*.
 Engineering, see Contents of *Cassier's Magazine*, *Engineering Magazine*.
 English History, see Cromwell, Middle Ages, Spanish Armada.
 "Eothen" and the Athenæum Club, by Lady Gregory, Black, Dec.
 Episcopacy's Sojourns at Minneapolis, by H. B. Hudson, R R A, Nov.
 Espronceda, José de, O. F. Dabney on, P L, Nov.
 Ethics: The Scientific Basis of Ethics, by Dr. F. H. Wines, Hom R, Nov.
 Evolution:
 Lord Salisbury and Herbert Spencer on Evolution, M, Dec.
 The Limits of Natural Selection, by Principal Lloyd Morgan, H, Dec.
 Farrar, Dean, and His Deanery, by M. Payne Smith, G, Dec.
 Fiji and Its People, by Rev. J. Telford, Sun H, Dec.
 Finance (see also United States, and Contents of *Bankers' Magazine*, *Board of Trade Journal*, *Investors' Review*):
 Investors and Their Money, by H. E. M. Stutfield, Nat R, Dec.
 Fishes and Fishing:
 Fishes: the Wonders of the Old Ocean, by F. M. Eiselas, C W, Nov.
 The Salmon and Its Kin, C, Dec.
 Flaubert, Gustave, Ernest Newman on, F R, Dec.
 Food: Meats, by Calvin D. Wilson, Lipp, Dec.
 Foreign Affairs, Black, Dec.
 Formosa, J. Dodd on, Scot G M, Nov.
 France, Anatole, Autobiographical, F, Nov.
 France:
 Personal History of the Second Empire, by A. D. Vandam, N A R, Nov.
 The Beginnings of the French Republic, by Albert D. Vandam, F R, Dec.
 Christmas Customs in Central France, by Mabel Peacock, G M, Dec.
 French Institute, Centenary of, by Mrs. Lecky, Long, Dec.
 Fulham Palace, Dr. W. Sparrow Simpson on, Sun M, Dec.
 Gambling: Behind the Scenes at Monte Carlo, by J. J. Waller, P M M, Dec.
 Garland, Hamlin, A M, Dec.
 Geography, see Contents of *Geographical Journal*, *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, *Journal of the Manchester Geographical Society*.
 Geology (see also Contents of *Geological Magazine*, *Journal of Geology*):
 A Few Geological Reminiscences, by W. H. Shrubsole, L H, Dec.
 Germany:
 The German Struggle for Liberty, by Poultney Bigelow, Harp, Dec.
 Two Scenes from German Studentdom, by J. H. Romanes, Scots M, Nov.
 Germany, Emperor of,
 The Emperor and Constitutional Liberty, by Poultney Bigelow, Cos, Nov.
 At Sea with the German Emperor, by Flora Klickmann, W M, Nov.
 Glamour, Edith M. Thomas on, C M, Dec.
 Gout; New Theory, by M. Granville, Nat R, Dec.
 Greece, Ancient,—The New Hellenism, by J. Brierley, Ata, Dec.
 Gurneys of Earham, Sun H, Dec.
 Haggart, David, Charles Whibley on, New R, Dec.
 Hampstead Heights, W M, Nov.
 Handwriting:
 Freaks and Tricks in Handwriting, C F M, Dec.
 The Handwriting of Famous Divines, by Dr. A. B. Grosart, Sun H, Dec.
 Harris, Sir Augustus, Interviewed, by Miss M. A. Belloc, I, Dec.
 Hebrides, Fiona Macleod on, Harp, Dec.
 Hedonistic Theories, by W. M. Gallican, Free R, Dec.
 Hell: No Part of Divine Revelation, by Rev. W. E. Mauley, A, Nov.
 Homes: Salvation Army Shelters, by R. Wheatley, Free R, Dec.
 Huxley, Prof., Essays of, Dr. W. K. Brooks on, F, Nov.
 Hymn-Writing and Hymn-Selection, by Rev. T. E. Bridgett, M, Dec.
 India (see also Contents of *India*, *Indian Magazine and Review*):
 Kashmir, by Sir Lepel Griffin, N C, Dec.
 Individual Freedom, by T. F. Bayard, H, Dec.
 Insect Senses, Rev. W. Spiers on, G T, Dec.
 Insurance: Municipal Fire Insurance, R. Donald on, C R, Dec.
 Ireland (see also Donegal, Dublin, and Contents of *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, *New Ireland Review*):
 "Killing Home Rule by Kindness," by J. E. Redmond, N C, Dec.
 Italy: Recent Progress of Italian Cities, by Dr. Albert Shaw, R R A, Nov.
 Japan:
 Japanese Notes from a Travelling Diary, by L. Hearn, A M, Dec.
 Japanese Sword-Lore, by Lyman H. Weeks, Lipp, Dec.
 Jingles and Silverites, by E. Atkinson, N A R, Nov.
 Jocularly, Plague of, by Prof. H. H. Boyesen, N A R, Nov.
 Journalism:
 Are Interviewers a Blessing or a Curse? Symposium, I, Dec.
 The Life of Punch, Black, Dec.
 Juan, Don, J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly on, New R, Dec.
 Keats, John, Centenary of, F, Nov.
 Kernahan, Coulson, G T, Dec.
 Korea and the Siberian Railway, F R, Dec.
 Labour:
 Organised Labour, by N. O. Nelson, N E M, Nov.
 Adult Male Labour in New Zealand, E. Reeves on, W R, Dec.
 Law: Civil and Canon Law in England, by J. E. R. Stephens, G M, Dec.
 Legion of Honour, E I, Dec.
 Lessing's Story of the Three Rings, T. Bradfield on, W R, Dec.
 Libraries, see Contents of *Library*.
 Lincoln, Abraham,
 Ida M. Tarbell on, McCl, Dec.
 Appeals to Lincoln's Clemency, by L. J. Perry, C M, Dec.
 Literature:
 The Literary Agent, by Sir W. Besant, N C, Dec.
 The Almighty Dollar, the Modern Literary King, by E. W. Bok, F, Nov.
 London, see Fulham Palace, Hampstead, St. James's Palace.
 Lord Chamberlain, History and Duties of, W M, Nov.
 Lord-Mayors' Shows, by H. How, Str, Nov.
 Madeira: Sunday in "Aftersoon-Land," by Lucian Sorrel, Q, Dec.
 Mahomedanism:
 Canon MacColl's Letters on Islam, N C, Dec.
 Islam and Sufism, by M. Barakatullah, W R, Dec.
 Manifold River, Staffordshire, by J. Buckland, L H, Dec.
 Markham, Rear-Admiral, W. G. FitzGerald on, Str, Nov.
 Marlborough, Duke of, and Blenheim Palace, M. S. Warren on, W H, Dec.
 Marlowe's "Gaveston," by J. A. Nicklin, Free R, Dec.
 Measurement of a Man, by W. J. Gordon, L H, Dec.
 Medicine (see also Contents of *Medical Magazine*, *Provincial Medical Journal*):
 Medicine and Society, by Dr. J. Burney Yeo, N C, Dec.
 Metaphysics, see Contents of *Metaphysical Magazine*.
 Mexico: Western Sierra Madre, by O. H. Howarth, G J, Nov.
 Middle Ages: English Medieval Life, by Alvan F. Sanborn, Lipp, Dec.

- Midsommer Night**, by Benjamin Kidd, C M, Dec.
Milburn, Dr., T. C. Collins on, Sun H, Dec.
Minorca: English Occupations in Minorca, T B, Dec.
Missions, see Contents of *Church Missionary Intelligencer*.
Monasteries: The Pious Monks of St. Bernard, by L. Hind, E I, Dec.
Monte Carlo, see under Gambling.
Municipal Spirit in England, by R. P. Porter, N A R, Nov.
Muscat, J. Theodore Bent on, C R, Dec.
Napoleon I.:
 Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, by W. M. Sloane, C M, Dec.
 The Signatures of Napoleon, by J. H. Schooling, Str, Nov.
Natural History (see also Birds, Rats, Insects, Fishes, Will Beasts, and Contents of *Knowledge, Natural Science*):
 A New England Woodpile, by Rowland E. Robinson, A M, Dec.
 Navarro, Mine. de, Girlhood of, N A R, Nov.
 Navies (see also Contents of the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution and United Service Magazines*):
 The Navy as a Career, by Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, F, Nov.
 The Marines, by David Hannay, New R, Dec.
 New England, see Contents of *New England Magazine*.
 New York: Taking the New York Police out of Politics, by T. Roosevelt, Cos, Nov.
 New Zealand: Adult Male Labour, E. Reeves on, W R, Dec.
 Nicaragua: England in Nicaragua, by G. H. D. Gossip, F R, Dec.
 Nineteen Hundred and Twenty, A.D., C R, Dec.
 Nive, Battles of, Mac, Dec.
 Nursing: Trained Nurses in England, by Princess Christian, W H, Dec.
Orchids, P. Rivers on, Ata, Nov.
Orient (see also Armenian Question, Turkey):
 The Greater Eastern Question, by Prof. R. K. Douglas, Nat R, Dec.
 The New Situation in the Far East, by D. C. Boulger, C R, Dec.
Oxford (see also under Universities):
 Oxford in the Thirteenth Century, Mac, Dec.
Parliamentary (see also Electoral, Politics):
 The Failure of Government by Groups, by William Rathbone, F R, Dec.
 Unlouis Policy, by J. S. Stuart Glennie, F R, Dec.
Passion-Play at Vorder-Thiersee, Switzerland, by Annie S. Peck, C M, Dec.
Pasteur, Louis, R R A, Nov.
Paternalism and Plutocracy, by Prof. L. F. Ward, F, Nov.
Pern: A Socialist State, by R. S. Long, W R, Dec.
Phelps, Eliz. Stuart, Mc Cl, Dec.
Philosophy, see Contents of *Philosophical Review*.
Photography, see Contents of *Photogram, Wilson's Photographic Magazine*.
Physics (see also Contents of *Physical Review*):
 Physics and Sociology, by W. H. Mallock, C R, Dec.
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 Turkey or Russia? by Canon MacColl, F R, Dec.
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 "Hamlet," H. Beerholm Tree on, F R, Dec.
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 England in Nicaragua and Venezuela, by G. H. D. Gossip, F R, Dec.
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